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The North American Review

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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JANUARY

FROM MADISON TO WILSON

BY THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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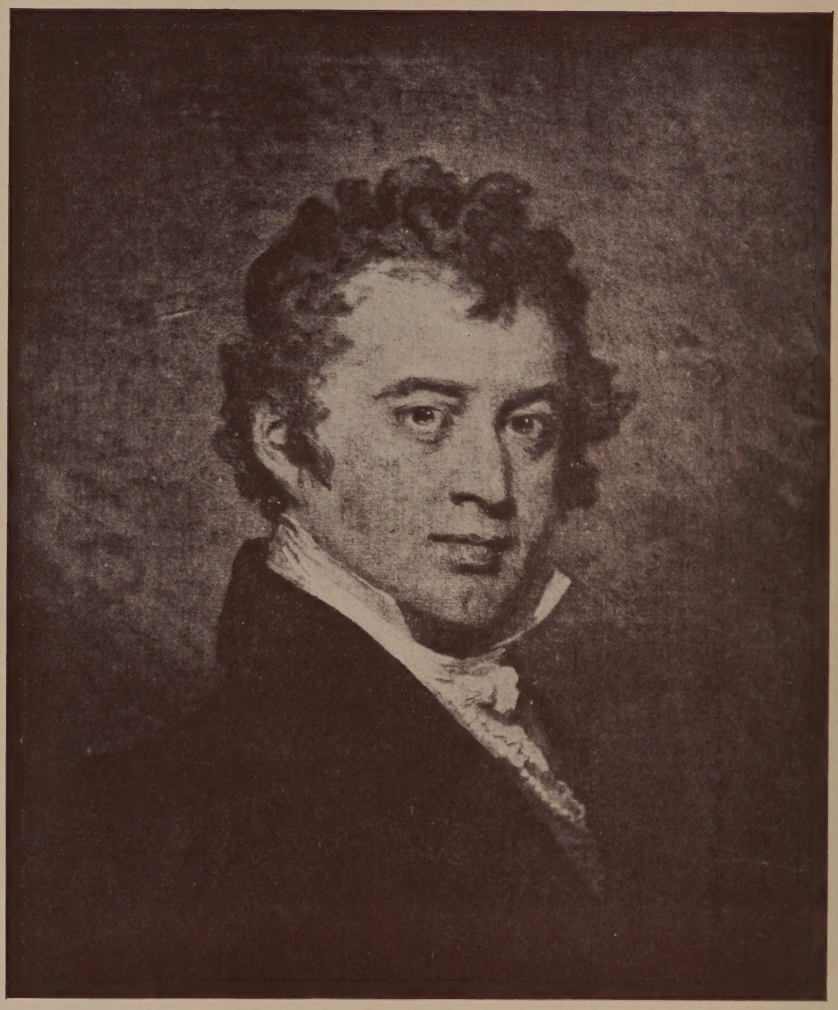

W. Tudor jr.

THE FIRST EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1815–1817.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1915

FROM MADISON TO WILSON

BY THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

We are no lady, either inconceivably perfect or more agreeably human; so we frankly confess our age; we are one hundred years old, and still single. Not that we have not been the recipient of proposals; far from it; we have received many offers of periodical matrimony from other like Institutions whose intentions were manifestly honorable; but, alas! none seemed to be fitting or advantageous; invariably the proponent was too young or too frivolous. Our solitary parent, the *Monthly Anthology*, too, was unwed, but that is a point in the family record upon which, naturally, in common with Abel, we care not to dwell, especially since, although by no means as young as we used to be, we cannot feel certain that we have yet reached the age of indiscretion.

"The literary epochs of New England," wrote Colonel Higginson, "may be said to have been three—the first issue of The North American Review in 1815, that of *The Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857"—all living and doing well in their respective environments, two having moved away, leaving the youngest upon the old place, conformably to the custom of New England of that day and generation.

When we as The North American Review were born, we as a Nation were, in the words of our present Chief Magistrate recently addressed in person, and quite impressively, to the

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Congress, "at peace with all the world"—Mexico included, although not then as not now, for various reasons, specifically mentioned. It was a far longer way from Ghent in those days than it is now even to Tipperary, and our commissioners, who signed the famous treaty on December 24, 1814, were obliged to convey the information by the hand of their secretary, Mr. Henry Carroll, who did not reach Washington until late in the evening of February 14, 1815.

A memorable night that! The *Monthly Anthology* told us all about it while supplying us with breakfast food in the following month of May, when we came comfortably into physical being. Mr. Madison, one of the few really worthy predecessors of Mr. Wilson, was President at the time, but for reasons well known to the British then, though unmentionable now in the face of our undisguised neutrality, he was occupying, not the dismantled White House, but the Octagon House, which still stands—and which you should not fail to inspect when next you visit Washington—at the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

Thither through the mud splashed Mr. Carroll and Mr. James Monroe, who preceded Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State—a most fortuitous circumstance in one way, surely, in view of the slave Paul Jennings's reminiscence that "Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at three as usual; I set the table myself, and brought up the ale, cider, and wine, and placed them in the coolers, as all the Cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected." Not that our present Secretary of State would be exasperated or even embarrassed by the sight of decanters of ale, cider, and wine. His attitude is quite evident. He does not partake of such beverages himself, and, as a consequence of his observation of the effect of such abstention, he considers it most unwise of others to do so. Logically no less than conscientiously, therefore, he would impose prohibition even upon Democrats, but we do not understand that he would decline an invitation, if he should receive one, to dine with the President because of fermented juices being offered to others. In any case, the President himself could with ready tact remove all difficulties by simply reviving the custom of 1815 of dining "at three as usual"—an obviously inopportune hour for the consumption of ales and the like. Perhaps he has. Does anybody know?

But we must not leave the prototype of Mr. Bryan splashing through the mud. In due time, of course, he reached the

Octagon House and told the good news. Instantly there arose a great and joyous uproar, even the colored servants shouting "Peace" to passers-by and somebody going to the front door and ringing the dinner-bell. Who that somebody was nobody knows, but, for ourselves, we have always suspected that it was Dolly Madison herself, who was anything but the roly-poly little person commonly pictured, but, as portrayed by Washington Irving, "a fine, portly, buxom dame" surcharged with energy, enthusiasm, and good-nature, quite unlike "Jemmy Madison" —again quoting Irving—"ah! poor Jemmy! a withered little apple-John"; or as a favorite verse of the day tripped on:

> The gallant *little man*,
> His sword did thump behind his back,
> So merrily he ran.

A justifiable description, surely, with his less than five-feet-seven. In point of fact, physically Mr. Madison was the smallest President these United States have ever had, but intellectually, possibly because he was the first we knew, we still consider him our greatest, present company, of course, excepted. Indeed, we do not hesitate to admit that the two Chief Magistrates who have held for us the most particular interest are he who retired from office on March 3, 1817, and he whose term (his first, of course, we hasten to interject, since we would imply no disagreeable misgiving with respect to the future) will expire exactly one hundred years later, on March 3, 1917.

The coincidence is rendered doubly striking to our somewhat far-reaching vision by certain points of similarity between Mr. Madison and Mr. Wilson, not in appearance, of course, because our present President, we are told by our Editor, who recently had the felicity of gazing upon him, is anything but "a solemn, sad-eyed man"; nor especially in conversation, even though Mr. Gaillard Hunt does record that "after dinner, if the men who sat around the table drinking their wine were his friends, the ladies in the adjoining room might hear loud roars of laughter from the President's guests, who were enjoying the President's irresistible jokes"—quite as Assistant-President House is privileged to do nowadays.

Other minor phases of resemblance are plentiful. We are told, for example, by Mr. Gaillard Hunt that Mr. Madison "was armed with all the culture of his century," derived primarily from his study and associations at Princeton; that he

"was a man of versatile scholarship and kept up his knowledge of the classical languages"; that he "was learned in theology, having at one time studied with the thought of becoming a clergyman, and had read the French and English philosophers and skeptics"; that he "studied law, but this science, political economy, and social science all belonged to his erudition in political science, in which it is not an exaggeration to say that he had exhausted the record of human experience and reasoning"; that "his record in public life was a guarantee that he would preserve the balance of power in the government"; that he "employed his learning with sobriety, and his political principles were practical"; that he "was well aware that in political practice the statesman must deal with human nature, human weaknesses, and human passions, and that his function is to direct, or follow, not to force, public inclinations"; that he "would have insisted upon the validity of general principles in politics, and would have denied that it was not an object of government to preserve political institutions, if those institutions were, in his view, essential to the preservation of principles"; that "in constructive statesmanship no other American had a record equal to his"; that he "hated war"; that "the people held him in respect, but he was hardly more than a name to them"; that "his character was assailed less than that of any of his contemporaries and was, in fact, unassailable"; and, finally, that he "had his enemies, but he himself hated no one"—a simple but comprehensive declaration vividly paralleled by President Wilson when, on December 15, 1914, he said to the University Commission:

> There is a charming story told about Charles Lamb. The conversation in his little circle turned upon some men who were not present, and Lamb, who, you know, stuttered, said, "I hate that fellow." His friend said, "Charles, I didn't know you knew him." Lamb said, "I don't; I can't hate a fellow I know."
>
> I think that is a very profound human fact. You cannot hate a man you know.

Of the accuracy of this diagnosis of human proclivities we, being inanimate, are unqualified to speak with authority; but as a thought, whether really a human fact or not, assuredly it is both happy and reassuring.

Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, the famous biographer, views our President of a century ago from a different angle and with eyes so critical that the likeness to our present Executive, while note-

worthy in some respects, lacks convincing distinctness. Truly he says that "the better part of Madison's life was before he became a party leader," but less indubitably he quickly adds that "as his career is followed the presence of the statesman grows gradually dimmer in the shadow of the successful politician"; and he continues ruthlessly to assert that "if Mr. Madison's conscience was not always vigorous enough to enable him to resist temptation, it was so sensitive as to prompt him to look for excuses for yielding"; that while "upon his official integrity and his high sense of honor in all his personal relations, except when obligation to party may have overshadowed it, there rests no cloud"—nevertheless "impartial historians, who venture to believe that Nature admits of imperfections in a native of Virginia, declare their conviction that Mr. Madison either lacked strength and courage, or that the ambition of the politician was strong enough to overcome any consideration of principles that might stand in his way"; and finally, speaking more philosophically, that—

> It is quite possible that one may be governed by the most sincere convictions; and if he obeys them and abandons old friends for new ones, or consents to be friendless, it is the strongest proof the statesman or politician can give of a moral courage which ought to gain for him all the more respect. But whether that respect must be denied to Mr. Madison, because he was governed by other and lower motives, is the question. There had been no change in political principles. The change was wholly in Mr. Madison. That which had been white to him was now black; and that which had been black was now as the driven snow. Why was this? Had he come to see that in all these years he had been wrong? Or had he suddenly learned, not that he was wrong, but that he had mistaken a straight and narrow path for the broad road which would lead to the goal he was seeking? These are not pleasant questions.

Indeed they are not, especially when spoken of Mr. Madison as a prototype; nor as springing from a superficial ascription of motives can they be regarded as warranted. We turn with relief, in our quest for the truth, from the apparent prejudice of the biographer to the calm and unbiased judgment of the historian Woodrow Wilson, who spoke no less aptly of 1915 than as of 1815, when he said:

> Mr. Madison loved peace, as Mr. Jefferson did, and was willing to secure it by any slow process of law or negotiation that promised to keep war at arm's-length.
>
> The United States were not strong enough,—particularly now that

the party in power had disbanded its army, dismantled its navy, and reduced its revenues to a minimum. The President's principles clearly forbade war, besides. He wished to fight only with the weapons of nominal peace: embargoes and retaliatory restrictions.

Every sinister influence seemed to draw Mr. Madison toward what he most dreaded and contemned — toward a war of arms brought on by a programme of peace.

The very war itself had come because Mr. Madison and his Cabinet had nothing to suggest, whatever wrong was wrought upon them, — except to withdraw from the seas, close the ports, build gunboats to defend the harbors, and wait until the inevitable should be at hand. While they *waited* every condition of National politics shifted and was altered, and *watchful* men who wished for action had grown deeply uneasy.

Here the analogy—if Mexico be substituted for England—is approximately perfect. Unconsciously, it would seem, Mr. Wilson drew the inspiration for his Mexican policy from Mr. Madison, but happily thus far without producing the original direful consequences of "a war of arms brought on by a programme of peace."

We cannot but believe, moreover, that the same author, then a thoughtful Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton University, rightly divined the causes of the change in Mr. Madison remarked by Mr. Gay when, in 1901, he uttered in our youthful friend, the *Century Magazine*, under the attractive title "When a Man Comes to Himself," these highly expressive and oddly revelative thoughts:

Men come to themselves by discovering their limitations no less than by discovering their deeper endowments and the mastery that will make them happy. It is not the discovery what they can *not* do, and ought not to attempt, that transforms reformers into statesmen; and great should be the joy of the world over every reformer who comes to himself. The spectacle is not rare; the method is not hidden. The practicability of every reform is determined absolutely and always by "the circumstances of the case," and only those who put themselves into the midst of affairs, either by action or by observation, can know what those circumstances are or perceive what they signify.

No statesman dreams of doing whatever he pleases; he knows that it does not follow that because a point of morals or of policy is obvious to him it will be obvious to the nation, or even to his own friend, and it is the strength of a democratic polity that there are so many minds to be consulted and brought to agreement, and that nothing can be wisely done for which the thought, and a good deal more than the thought, of the country, its sentiment and its purpose, have not been prepared.

Social reform is a matter of co-operation, and, if it be of a novel kind, requires an infinite deal of converting to bring the efficient majority to believe in it and support it. Without their agreement and support it is impossible.

It is this that the more imaginative and impatient reformers find out when they come to themselves, if that calming change ever comes to them. Oftentimes the most immediate and drastic means of bringing them to themselves is to elect them to legislative or executive office. That will reduce over-sanguine persons to their simplest terms. Not because they find their fellow-legislators or officials incapable of high purpose or indifferent to the betterment of the communities which they represent. Only cynics hold that to be the chief reason why we approach the millennium so slowly, and cynics are usually very ill-informed persons. Nor is it because under our modern democratic arrangements we so subdivide power and balance parts in government that no man can tell for much or turn affairs to his will.

One of the most instructive studies a politician could undertake would be a study of the infinite limitations laid upon the power of the Russian Czar, notwithstanding the despotic theory of the Russian constitution—limitations of social habit, of official prejudice, of race jealousies, of religious predilections, of administrative machinery, even, and the inconvenience of being himself only one man, and that a very young one, over-sensitive and touched with melancholy. He can do only what can be done with the Russian people. He can no more make them quick, enlightened, and of the modern world of the West than he can change their tastes in eating. He is simply the leader of Russians.

An English or American statesman is better off. He leads a thinking nation, not a race of peasants topped by a class of revolutionists and a caste of nobles and officials. He can explain new things to men able to understand, persuade men willing and accustomed to make independent and intelligent choices of their own. An English statesman has an even better opportunity to lead than an American statesman, because in England executive power and legislative initiative are both intrusted to the same grand committee, the ministry of the day. The ministers both propose what shall be made law and determine how it shall be enforced when enacted.

And yet English reformers, like American, have found office a veritable cold-water bath for their ardor for change. Many a man who has made his place in affairs as the spokesman of those who see abuses and demand their reformation has passed from denunciation to calm and moderate advice when he got into Parliament, and has turned veritable conservative when made a minister of the crown. Mr. Bright was a notable example. Slow and careful men had looked upon him as little better than a revolutionist so long as his voice rang free and imperious from the platforms of public meetings. They greatly feared the influence he should exercise in Parliament, and

would have deemed the constitution itself unsafe could they have foreseen that he would some day be invited to take office and a hand of direction in affairs. But it turned out that there was nothing to fear. Mr. Bright lived to see almost every reform he had urged accepted and embodied in legislation; but he assisted at the process of their realization with greater and greater temperateness and wise deliberation as his part in affairs became more and more prominent and responsible, and was at the last as little like an agitator as any man that served the Queen.

It is not that such men lose courage when they find themselves charged with the actual direction of the affairs concerning which they have held and uttered such strong, unhesitating, drastic opinions. They have only learned discretion. For the first time they see in its entirety what it was that they were attempting. They are at last at close quarters with the world. Men of every interest and variety crowd about them; new impressions throng them; in the midst of affairs the former special objects of their zeal fall into new environments, a better and truer perspective; seem no longer so susceptible to separate and radical change. The real nature of the complex stuff of life they were seeking to work in is revealed to them—its intricate and delicate fiber, and the subtle, secret interrelationship of its parts —and they work circumspectly, lest they should mar more than they mend.

Moral enthusiasm is not, uninstructed and of itself, a suitable guide to practicable and lasting reformation; and if the reform sought be the reformation of others as well as of himself, the reformer should look to it that he knows the true relation of his will to the wills of those he would change and guide. When he has discovered that relation he has come to himself: has discovered his real use and planning part in the general world of men; has come to the full command and satisfying employment of his faculties. Otherwise he is doomed to live for ever in a fool's paradise, and can be said to have come to himself only on the supposition that he is a fool.

Christianity gave us, in the fullness of time, the perfect image of right living, the secret of social and of individual well-being; for the two are not separable, and the man who receives and verifies that secret in his own living has discovered not only the best and only way to serve the world, but also the one happy way to satisfy himself. Then, indeed, has he come to himself. Henceforth he knows what his powers mean, what spiritual air they breathe, what ardors of service clear them of lethargy, relieve them of all sense of effort, put them at their best. After this fretfulness passes away, experience mellows and strengthens and makes more fit, and old age brings, not senility, not satiety, not regret, but higher hope and serene maturity.

We find this more than interesting; it is laden with a wholly true and very vital philosophy. That the change in

Mr. Madison's perspective and understanding took place at the time when he "found himself" we cannot doubt. Nor could we, if we would, ignore the welcome omens of a like transformation in Mr. Madison's natural successor—the one statesman who, more than all others combined, now holds it within the possibilities of his power, in Washington's simple words, to "make a Nation happy," and who may become the arbiter of the destinies of a world.

Mr. Madison, who, according to the author of *A History of the American People*, "had shown himself a statesman rather in the framing of institutions and the formulation of law than in the government of events," appointed, as the predecessor of Mr. Bryan, James Monroe, who, while lacking the President's "studious comprehension of principles, stood for at least a like experience in affairs. . . . No doubt," continues the distinguished historian, "it was a fortunate choice which preferred Mr. Monroe at such a time. A man of progressive force and enterprising initiative would too much have disturbed the quiet, spontaneous processes by which, in those years of peace and yet of quick transition, parties were finding themselves and making ready for a new age." Although it became "evident enough while he was a member of Mr. Madison's Cabinet" that Mr. Monroe "was no master of men," he "looked into his duties with a mind of capital integrity and ingenuous honesty" and apparently would have done very well but for the circumstance that "the dark tide of perplexed diplomacy caught him also in its fatal drift," to the end that he became "Mr. Madison's comrade merely, not his guide." As a matter of fact, says Mr. Wilson with that rare discrimination which has characterized his later judgments, the Secretary of State "lacked originative strength, but not sound character; he fell short of the equipment of a statesman, but not of the equipment of an upright and serviceable public officer." Consequently, when the suitable moment arrived, Mr. Madison designated Mr. Monroe to succeed himself and inaugurate a long period of the very peace and good-will among men which finds in our present Secretary its most ardent and persistent advocate.

Of the other members of the Cabinets of 1815 and 1915 Mr. McAdoo was preceded by William H. Crawford, who also was a candidate for the Presidency; Mr. Garrison by Alexander H. Dallas, a correspondingly forceful and intelligent official; Mr. Gregory by William Pinkney and Richard Rush, both competent lawyers; and Mr. Daniels by Benjamin W. Crownin-

shield, who would better be neither compared nor contrasted at this felicitous time, for reasons which we have assigned our Editor to set forth with due restraint in a forthcoming number.

If time, space, and weather permitted, we should take delight in depicting the characteristics of the twenty-four Presidents whose activities we have beheld with emotions varying from full admiration to mild amusement; but since nearly all of them have looked to us much alike, some good and some indifferent, but none really bad, we have felt constrained to note simply in passing the slightness of change that has taken place in a hundred years. More we might have done, but less we could hardly do in view of the patriotic interest which we have manifested from the beginning in the public affairs of our beloved country.

But we would broaden our vision. How fares mankind? One hundred years ago this very year America was striking hands with England in the making of a peace which has not only continued unbroken, but seems likely to prove everlasting. Simultaneously, at Waterloo, Europe was emerging triumphant from a succession of conflicts which had devastated the continent. The clouds of war had lifted, the skies were clear, the future of civilization seemed to be assured. And yet to-day we sit in the tragic gloom which settled down upon the world overnight and whose day of lifting no man can foresee.

What does it all mean? Can it be that Progress is, in fact, a myth? Is the swinging back of the pendulum of Time to barbarism a finality? Is God still in His world? These are the questions that tremble upon the lips of men as daily they read the sickening tales of seemingly useless slaughter of the flower of their race, of wanton destruction of priceless monuments of genius and skill, and of pitiful sufferings of the weak and unoffending. But because it is a time of infinite sadness among God's children and even, to some minds, of doubt of God Himself, must all light and hope necessarily disappear in the depths of despair? Reason, no less than Faith, answers no.

Let us start at the beginning. The causes of the great war —what were they? The killing of a prince? No; princes have been killed before without evoking the wrath of whole peoples. The violating of a treaty? No; that only expanded a war already begun. A determination on the part of England to check

the growth of her ambitious and successful rival? A lust for conquest in domineering Prussia? A fanatical belief in the minds of those who had come to regard themselves as supermen of their duty, under or with God, to rule the world? The spirit of revenge in France? The fulfilment of an age-long tradition in Russia? All these are accusations brought by one against another in extenuation, on the one hand, and in blame, on the other; all were contributory in varying degrees, no doubt. We summarize our own opinion in these few words:

That (1) Austria not only welcomed, but sought, any distraction from an internal chaos which threatened her disruption; that (2) Russia, imminently menaced by a general strike almost certain to end in civil revolution, was in like case; that (3) Germany, ready and in part willing, while not instigating action on the part of Austria, permitted what she might have prevented under a certainty that she could never be more fully prepared and under delusions respecting the attitude of England and Italy—in a word, overreached; that (4) England did not seek war, did not want war, but, having long regarded it as inevitable, breathed relief when it came in such a way as to enable her to go chivalrously to the support of her allies instead of being compelled, as she had feared she might be, to ask them to come to her assistance; and that (5) France accepted with resignation and fortitude as a simple matter of course what she had been expecting for twenty years. Turkey and Japan need not be considered.

Assuming that this summary of the technical or nominal causes of the great conflagration is approximately correct, how trivial they seem! Can it be possible that the Creator and Lord of the universe would permit the clock of civilization to be set back a full century or more—for that is what it means through the enforced propagation of the race by unfit males and the inevitably increased prostitution of unmated females—as a consequence of mere happenings such as those depicted? The thought is inconceivable. There *must be*, there *is*, a fundamental *purpose* underlying this mighty tragedy. What is it? The feeble murmuring of the preachers that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" does not suffice in this day of enlightened respect for, rather than of abject fear of, the Creator. Let History—our own history—suggest the solution.

Sixty years ago Buckle heralded the "decline of war" as a consequence of the advance of Science in the realms of knowledge

and understanding, and six years later a million men of the North were grappling at the throats of their brethren of the South. The causes? Oh yes, secession, rebellion, the Constitution, State rights, national obligations, and Heaven knows what all! Not a word—except from a few fanatics—about *human slavery* which underlay it all. The South was right in law, but wrong in morals, wrong in resistance of freedom of mankind, and the South was beaten justly and rightfully, as the South now recognizes. No lesson of history, no deduction from principles of human nature, had been clearer than the fatality of slavery upon public morals, upon politics, upon industry, upon development and progress; and yet it took four years of the most devastating warfare ever known and the desolation of half a continent to make convincing what all of the wisest men in the world had been saying for a century. That it could have been done in no other way is generally admitted now —but it was not conceded then. The terrible war was waged under pretexts of human making, but for a purpose now realized to have been divine.

May it not be so with this greatest of wars? Our struggle liberated the blacks of America; may not this be designed to free the whites of Europe? What are the millions of German, French, Austrian, and Russian boys in the trenches to-day but slaves? What have they ever been but slaves? Taken almost from the cradle and gripped by a system which held them as in a vise to become—what? Cogs in a machine, a fighting-machine, constructed with ruthless energy and superlative skill to beat down another fighting-machine; nothing less, nothing more. Patriotism? Faugh! Their words are but prattle drilled into minds forbidden to think and taught only to obey. Our blacks were at least inferior by nature, but these whites—the splendid youth of the most virile of peoples now being killed by thousands —are inferior only by enforcement, by decree, by an irresistible and unbreakable bond from the cradle to the unmarked grave. Slavery? Compared with theirs, ours which we abolished by war was beneficent and kindly; compared with ours, theirs is ghastly.

The outcome God alone knows; it looks to us afar off. And we care not for what are called the *causes* of strife if the *purpose*, the *divine purpose*, shall prove in the end to have been the extinguishment of slavery from the face of the earth, the freeing of mankind, the making in Europe of a democracy, however limping and stumbling, so it have at least the privilege in

common with our own to grope and seek, as a child in the dark, for the light of a better day.

So it is that from our century-old pedestal we do not despair. A hundred years hence we may look back to this convulsion as the final storm before the clearing, precisely as now we revert to the Waterloo of our birthyear and the last stand before Appomattox just fifty years ago. For the present, having in mind the extraordinary delicacy of so crucial a situation and the possibly determining influence which may be wielded by this most powerful of neutral Powers, we should fail in our obligation if we did not urge with utmost earnestness the heeding of our President's solemn adjuration, to be patient, supremely patient, even as he has been and is and, we doubt not, will continue to be, in the face of all complexities and temptations.

The quarrels of nations, like those of individuals, grow out of their ill-regulated passions; and these can be checked and restrained, not by considerations addressed to the intellect, or even, as so urgently, so unwisely, so almost unpatriotically demanded by Mr. Roosevelt, to questionable regulations, but, if at all, by the teachings of morality and religion exemplified by Mr. Wilson. Never was a war more obviously and ruinously destructive of all public and private interests than that into which the great States of Europe have blindly plunged; but to oppose their madness inopportunely upon grounds drawn from political economy or international law would be like preaching to a tornado. The tempest must blow itself out. Only when the wind has lulled can the voice of reason or the whispers of conscience be heard.

And God *is* in His world, only abiding His time.

> Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
> Could overthrow the pride of kings?
> They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
> His Dove its gold and silver wings
> Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
> In outcasts who adjure His name.
> Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
> Lip reverence that the heart denies,
> O nations. Is not Zeus to-day,
> The thunderer from the epic skies,
> More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
> Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O Outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world;
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

It has been for America a wonderful century. From five million souls our people have multiplied to one hundred millions who have rather more than their fair share of causes to be happy. Whether quality has kept pace with quantity is perhaps a question. We fear, indeed, that, if pressed, we should feel constrained to concede a certain deterioration in the old sturdy stock—in character, in resolution, in patriotism, in morals, in religious feeling, in fidelity to standards, even in some of the refinements of existence. Even so, much if not full compensation is to be found in the amazing growth in recent years of a spirit which is surely *humanizing* our traditionally stern and reticent race.

We look into the future, then, with eyes undismayed. Editors, contributors, publishers, and proprietors will come and go as in the past, but we shall go on and on to the end of time, always thanking God, always taking courage. In the number for January, 2015, we shall mark the events of our second century of existence for a wholly new audience, since, according to the law, all of the billions of humans now living will then have passed into the Beyond. Inasmuch, too, as in the mean time we shall maintain a discreet and rigid silence, we now say not the *au revoir* to which we feel inclined, but, as needs we must, good-by, while nodding smilingly and appreciativly to the toast which our present intrusive Editor insists upon proposing!

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone!
And still flourish he a hale green tree
When a hundred years are gone!

GAYHEART

A STORY OF DEFEAT

BY DANA BURNET

I

GAYHEART came in June, I saw his heels
  Go through the door, and broken heels they were.
His eyes were big, and blue, and young. He said,
  "Could you direct me to the Basement, Sir?"

I knew the Basement; I had grubbed there once
  Before a client tumbled in my net
And brought me riches. It was coffin-cold
  And on its bare walls seeped a moldy sweat.

'Twas next the kitchen, too, and had the breath
  Of cheap things cooking—but I led him down.
The stairs dropped naked through the clammy dark—
  He paused, and gasped, as men do when they drown.

"Is it down there?" I turned and took his arm
  (Thin as a boy's it was; all skin and bone);
I said: "The dark is just a pleasant cloak
  To veil you off, and keep your thoughts alone.

"A Boarding-House is all-inquisitive;
  You're safer here." "How did you know," he said,
"That I would want to be alone? Am I
  An open book to be so simply read?"

We stumbled down until I felt the door
  Beneath my fingers. Then I struck a light—
The room grinned at us like an ugly face
  Caught in a heart-beat from the cloak of night.

The boy's breath cracked his lips. I saw his soul
  Stand in his eyes, and look, and shrink again,
Sick with the moment's shattered visionings,
  And on his face went the slow feet of pain.

"It strikes you bleak, eh? Come, it's not so bad.
  The gas won't whimper if you turn it low.
The bed is lame, but friendly. Here's a desk
  To scribble at." He said: "I write, you know.

"I've come to be a writer." And he smiled,
  As boys do when they say their heart's desire;
"I'm from the South—a paper took me on,
  But that's just keeping fagots in my fire."

He smiled again, for he had all his youth
  To smile from. "My real work," he said, "will be
To sketch the city—not in prosy books,
  But in its native, living poetry.

"Cities were made for measures and for rhyme,
  They have an ancient minstrelsy of feet,
And rivers sweep their shipping like a song,
  And there is endless music in a street.

"Endless, I say, and never caught by man.
  Your books? Ah, how they walk, walk, walk, with words;
But verse runs on light feet, as Cities do—
  O God, I've dreamed it till it hurts like swords

"Not to be writing; but I've got to learn,
  Learn, learn it all—the streets, the parks, the ships,
The subway and the skyscrapers!" He stopped
  And brushed his hand across his trembling lips.

"Excuse me, sir. You were the first kind soul
  I'd spoken to—the rest are like the tomb."
He smiled and touched my hand; and then I turned,
  Leaving him standing in his wistful room.

II

June passed, and weather came that seared our flesh.
  The soft streets crawled; old men dropped down and died;
Within the House our summer tempers snarled,
  And every night the lady boarder cried.

Her alcove shouldered mine—and so I knew.
She came at six, her feet as slow as lead
Dragged through her door, and cried till supper-time.
I never saw her but her eyes were red.

Poor Gayheart whitened slowly, till his face
Was like the paper that he scribbled on.
But he had youth, and some vague bravery
That held him taut until his task was done.

He rasped our nerves, though, with his restless ways,
His restless, silent ways. . . . He never seemed
To see us when we passed him in the hall—
His eyes were distant with the things he dreamed.

He bolted dinner like a dog, as though
He feared his fate would snatch him unaware
With all his dreams unproved—then, starting up,
Would grope the shadowed hallway to the stair,

And down to his eternal folderol,
His spitting gaslight and his scratching pen,
Until we cursed him for his industry,
His being different from the ruck of men.

Then one dead night when all the stars did sweat
He plucked my sleeve, and smiled, and drew me down
His damned black stairs. Then, while the clogged jet whined,
He read me what he'd written of the Town.

It struck me wonderful. It had the ache
Of rush-hour traffic in it, and the swing
Of wheels, as though he'd listened in a street,
A crowded street where life ran thundering. . . .

It made me think of going to my work;
Of men in crowds, and women's faces drawn
With painted lines, and jaunty hats and ships,
And skyscrapers that reached up for the dawn.

And then beneath the step of rhyme I heard
The boy's soul speaking. . . . And I knew that he
Had spent himself like dust among the crowd
To catch the heart-beat for his poetry.

His voice went out like flame. I found myself
Shocked by the still, small room. To me it seemed
Great throngs had passed with various noise. He said:
"That's just the gateway to the thing I've dreamed!"

III

There is a street's end, where the coasters sleep,
And there, at twilight, purple waters run,
And o'er their breast the crimson-coated day
Trails the last silver of the fallen sun.

A wall is there, for men to dream upon;
And so young Gayheart went, with all his scars
Unhealed . . . and saw the lights sown through the dusk,
And his tall city in a cloak of stars.

Tier upon tier the golden windows burned,
As though man sought new freedom in the skies;
And somehow, lured by starlight and by dawn,
Built his blind cities up to paradise!

Afar the bridges spun their silver webs,
The mellow whistles talked along the stream;
But Gayheart leaned athirst upon a stone,
Hurt with the shining beauty of his dream.

And he was like a child with wistfulness,
Holding his hands out through the summer night,
Where in the dusk the great, clean towers flared,
Like swords thrust up in some red battle-light!

And then he turned, all dumb with his desire,
And stumbled through still streets, until he found
The great bridge trembling underfoot and heard
The trains go by him with a tempest sound.

Black, shapeless forms came shrieking with bright eyes;
The sea-wind rolled like drums against his ears,
And he was singing, singing as he trod,
And in his eyes were sudden, smarting tears.

The tallest spire enraptured him! He strode
Under the roofed bridge, where the newsboys cry,
And out into that little breathing-space
From whence the windows go into the sky.

And there he sought a bench and sat him down,
  Between two snoring vagabonds, who lay
Sprawled on their faces, . . . but his wakefulness
  Was like a lamp within him till the day.

. . . . . .

What did it mean? the stone flung like a song?
  The desk-light brothering the star? The whole
Up-sweep of roofs that is our native land—
  What meaning had it, and what secret soul?

He sat with upturned eyes, as young men do,
  Until the lamp upon his face grew wan;
He saw his nation toiling in its House,
  Its tall, strange House that reached up for the dawn!

And dreaming, saw the Elder Worlds asleep
  In their low houses, beautiful with Time. . . .
The vagrant at his left side groaned and breathed,
  Lifting a face of cumulative grime—

"What's in yer gizzard, lad, that twists ye so?
  I know! You're one of them wot's got a brain!
Now me—" His brother raised a blowzy head:
  "Aw, hell!" he snarled, and fell asleep again.

Across the roofs the first, faint gold of dawn
  Streaked the dun heavens, and the Day Men took
The windows of the sleepless, so that life
  Went smoothly like a never-written book.

And Gayheart shook the cramps from his dull limbs,
  Rose and went up the paper's curling stair
Until he reached the City Room. The Staff,
  Half stripped of cloth, already sweated there.

But he dropped at his crazy, limping desk,
  In the dim corner where the cubs are kept,
And wrote: "*America is wakefulness!*"
  And fell face down upon the words, and slept.

IV

Gayheart's book came back, and back again,
  And still he mailed it out, with little lies
To cloak its failure—but I think we saw
  The naked, frightened soul behind his eyes.

The lady boarder knew. I heard her say
A cruel thing: "Your book is home," she said,
"For Sunday dinner." But he passed her by
Without the slightest turning of his head.

She hated him. . . . And so mid-autumn fell,
With no abating coolness. Each new sun
Was like a murderer let out of locks,
And life went sickly, praying to be done.

A night fell when all sleep was vain. . . . I rose
And stumbled to the windowful of stars,
That was my share of heaven. . . . There I stood
Letting the soft night seep into my scars.

The window opened on a little court,
And suddenly a feeble thrust of flame
Stabbed like a pettish dagger through the dark,
Out of the night a ragged breathing came.

. . . I saw the Basement boarder stooping down,
His lean face bloodied with the touch of light.
A tongue of fire licked his hands . . . and died,
Brief as the flutter of a star in flight.

Somehow I sensed a tragedy. . . . The gloom
Was like a grave, the light leaped up no more.
I turned and groped down through the breathless house;
Until I saw him crouching by his door.

He stood there, staring at his empty hands
As though they'd done his dearest dream to death;
The palms were soiled and smeared with paper ash;
There was a reek of whisky on his breath.

"What's this?" I said. He raised his head and smiled
With a deep drunkenness that touched his soul.
"I'll tell you what it is! I've been a fool—
The sort of fool that makes a dream his goal.

"I've worked my heart out; done a decent thing—
And no one wants it! No one wants to look
Beneath the surface of this world of ours.
It's all damned artifice. . . . I've burned my book."

Even to me the thing seemed tragical—
As though he'd set a torch to half himself.
"What!" I cried, "burned your splendid poetry?
Laid yourself out like that upon a shelf?

"What will you do?" "I'll do as other men;
Harness my talent as a modern should.
I'll do the obvious with all my age—
The cheap, the counterfeit, the understood!

"I've a new job this night; a fine, new job—"
He spat into the shadows of the place—
"Verse-making on a magazine! The sort
That wears a painted simper on its face.

"I'm rich . . . and drunk. I had to drink or scream,
And drink goes deep with me; . . . get me to bed.
I've slaughter on my soul—and verse to make.
My editor wants—something light—he said—

"Something that's brisk and—funny." There he stood,
With those raw, suffering eyes and stared at me,
Until I near cried out. He was so white!
And older . . . older than a man should be.

I swear whole ages crumbled in his face,
For he had dreamed, and dreams are ancient things,
Bearing a harsher reckoning than Time
When once despair has crumpled up their wings.

I got him stripped and into bed at last,
The poor, spent lad! He lay there still and stark,
His smudged hands clenched across his shallow chest,
And moaned once as I crept out through the dark.

. . . . . .

Success came to him swiftly; made him drunk.
He gulped life as a drunkard gulps his bowl,
Forgetting all his splendid futile dreams—
He was an altered person to his soul.

He fattened and grew flushed; he learned to sneer;
His verses ran like swift, malignant flame,
Smirching the thing they touched and burning on
To wipe the pathway for his striding fame.

He left the Basement then; soared up two flights
With braggart wings, bought furniture and prints,
Nonsense, we called it!—and to crown the show
Decked out his trappings in a flowered chintz.

But that phase passed. His true self's tide flowed back,
We saw him drowning in his own strange deeps;
A crawling restlessness crept from his eyes,
The sort of serpent thing that never sleeps.

A month or two he clung to his gay nest,
Beat his wings breathlessly within a shell,
Made himself live with all his flaunted things,
Grim as a tortured convict in a cell.

And then his self's self conquered. . . . One May night
When earth was breathing fragrance to its core,
And open windows drank the breath of Spring,
He came and stood within my open door.

"Please," he said, "would you mind?" . . . And there he stopped,
Sucking his cheeks in like a timid boy.
"I've gone back to the Basement. . . . I've gone back!
The other room made life seem just a toy.

"And that's not right. . . . There's something more to life
Than turning it to playthings. . . . I've gone back,
To find my book again, to do the work
I'd planned to do according to my knack."

"Your book," I said, "your book? You burned it, boy!"
He flinched. "I know. I feel its ashes still
Here on my hands. That's what I want of you—
I know that you can help me if you will."

His tone was light, and yet I heard him breathe
As men do in the ache and grip of strife.
I rose and went with him. Again he said,
"There's something more than toys to make of life."

The Basement, with its yellow tooth of light,
Grinned at us like a long-familiar face,
Whose daily wont of ugliness, revealed,
Mounts to a sin within the moment's space.

Its gaping door still breathed the winter's chill,
  Its single window level with the street
Flickered with fragments of the passing world,
  Hummed with whispered drudgery of feet.

And yet to him its very barrenness
  Was like a savage penance. Standing there
He bruised himself upon its ugliness
  Until the sweat stood out beneath his hair.

"I asked you down," he said, "to help me think,
  To help remember." Once again the sweat
Stood out on him, and as I looked I knew
  It was his soul had made his body wet.

He gripped me with the hunger of his eyes,
  Hard as a knife his glance was, hard as steel.
"How did it go?—My book? I've thought and thought
  Until my brain is like a going wheel."

I stared at him in sudden choking pain.
  "Boy!" I said. "For my life—" He cried, "You must!
It's all behind a door inside your mind;
  It's there, if you will brush aside the dust!

"My own mind's locked against me. Now and then
  A line comes back, a bare crumb at the most.
My plan, my meaning—all the soul within
  Peers with faded features of a ghost."

"It was the Town," I said, "in all its guise.
  The Town! It was the crowds along the street;
Faces and spires and stately ships and dreams,
  Desires, and winnings, and I think—defeat."

"Defeat," he gasped, "defeat!" And then he dropped
  Down at his palsied desk and bowed his head
Upon his arms. . . . I felt my flesh grow cold
  As though that gesture meant a man struck dead.

"Oh," he said, from the prison of his arms,
  "What god would wreck a man with one mistake?
Give him two selves and to each self a sword
  So he's half slain or ever he's awake!"

He raised his haggard face. "In every man
There is division of the dust and dream,
And Youth is just the crossing of the swords
Before he takes his place within the scheme.

"The Town's a citadel for all things flesh,
And yet a man might storm it with a song,
Played he not traitor to himself. . . . I quit,
And oh, it was the quitting that was wrong!

"I was so lonely for a thing to love,
A single look, a passing word of praise—
I was as near to triumph as a smile,
And now defeat, defeat for all my days!

"Cities are cruel things," he whispered then,
"Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat."
In at the window came a thrust of wind,
Bearing the weary music of the street. . . .

He leaped up with an oath. His hand shot out,
Snapped off the light. I saw his hot eyes burn,
Then blackness. . . . Came his whisper through the dark,
"I would to God that I had never dreamed."

. . . . . .

The years go slowly in a boarding-house,
Sharpened with neither passions nor despairs;
Time seems to falter in those dim, gray halls—
The days are only footsteps on the stairs.

The Basement yawned for tenants, but none came;
It seemed completer for its emptiness.
Gayheart had been its last. . . . To me the room
Still wore the mantle of his soul's distress.

I never saw his face but once again;
It was a sharp cold midnight in the fall;
Broadway lay flaming like a polished sword,
As though one night were given to flame its all.

The theaters, bright-mouthed, poured forth a stream
Of pallid faces that the glare struck dead.
The street crawled, and the noise went up to God
In formless cries, like some great need unsaid.

The buffet of false brightness swept the night
With rosy blushes to the firmament.
Here ran the riot of a hoarded world,
Here life was only reckoned to be spent!

And here, carved in that graceless art of fire,
Stood Gayheart's name, a star's height o'er the street.
His words came back to me as clear as bells,
"Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat!"

Was this defeat, then? Was his fame defeat?
I knew the sort of comic thing he'd done.
Had he forgot those ashes on his hands?
Had he by hard forgetting played and won?

Then suddenly I saw him in the crowd,
Beneath that scarlet flaunting of his name.
A smooth, smug mask of flesh was on him now;
He was the very creature of his fame.

His boyishness had died. . . . His hard, clean youth
Was gone for ever 'neath a whelm of clay.
Yet as I looked I saw him lift his head,
And all his grossness seemed to fall away.

His hungry look went straight to Heaven's throne,
High up into the folded book of stars,
And on his face I saw the Quest again—
He was the seeker, fainting with his scars!

One glimpse and he was gone, . . . a soul blown on
And lost at last beneath those painted skies.
Yet he still lives! There never dawns a day
But I behold him in the City's eyes.

DANA BURNET.

THE HATCHING OF THE WAR

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

CHARACTERS

SATAN, the Archfiend.
BEELZEBUB, inferior only to Satan.
MOLOCH, Lord of War.
BELIAL, Lord of Lies.
RUMOR, Mother of Lord of Lies.
THE SHADE OF ATTILA, the ancient King of the Huns.
MASSACRE, MADNESS, FALSEHOOD, and other infernal shapes.

The scene is a dark, rocky, and mysterious region. Shapes and shadows are dimly discovered, and in the center, high up, a burning throne on which SATAN *is sitting, wearing an ashen crown.*

As the curtain rises the shadows uplift shadowy arms, as though in appeal to SATAN, *who remains motionless.* BEELZEBUB, *then rising, speaks.*

BEELZEBUB

Satan, how long amid the outer gloom
Must we, who shook the firmament with war,
Impotent, ineffectually plot?
Indolent malice is intolerable!
Even as that ashen crown upon thy brow.
Hark how legions murmur in the dusk!
They doubt thy leading, question thy resolve;
We stand together but for ceaseless strife,
In action is the bread of mutiny!
And to recover from that old defeat
We have had time, it seems, and time enough!
Propose some new adventure then to raise,
To rally and reanimate this host,
In some bad resurrection for us all!

SATAN

Angel, inferior alone to me,
By mutiny I am not to be moved,
No menace I regard but my own mind;
By that condemned no condemnation feel.
Too long indeed we languish in the dusk,
But dark this dungeon only from our fears,
Heavy this night, but only from our sloth.
What fresh adventure then do I propose?
The earth is but half won, a minor star,
But still a star not quite contemptible.
Speaking of earth I use the phrase of earth,
And can but call our battle there "a draw."
Some countries Christian, a king here and there,
In spiritual skirmish we have captured,
But the main field and region of grand war
Disputed lies, an indecisive plain.
The earth is but half won, though I myself
To achieve our conquest there did not disdain
To crawl upon a belly like a snake.
Where guile did fail us there let Force prevail;
With massive fury now invade the earth,
Engines and dire artilleries of Hell;
So let us teach this race to us to bow,
And batter a dread culture into man.
Our end approaches surely, though what end
It be we know not; this at least we know:
Our time is short, with fury be it filled!

BELIAL, LORD OF LIES

O Lords, I hardly know if now I am
In order in addressing this conclave;
And though I intervene 'tis not to slight
The ancient grand prerogative of Force;
Splendid is Force, but solitary Force
Falls self-defeated, unrelieved by lies.
I, Lord of Lies, suggest I play my part,
For only here in Hell I tell the truth.
With deference I submit that I convey
Earthward my swollen, bilious Bureau
To gloze defeat and magnify success.
To each land doling its particular lie,

So public sentiment may be seduced.
And with your high consent I would with me
Old Rumor and world-wandering Falsehood take,
A jade half crazy, but successful strangely.
With deference I submit I play my part!

SATAN

Lie-Lord, I personally like thee not,
Yet I admit thy necessary part
And I consent to use thee for my ends.

MOLOCH, LORD OF WAR

O Satan, with what glee thy words I hear,
I, Lord of War; of late my mind misgives;
A most unwholesome, steamy mildness taints
The air; a sickly, stealing, vaporous calm,
Pernicious to the soul if long allowed.
Now by thy leave such havoc I intend
As never yet encumbered battle-plain,
Using an earthly War-God for my ends,
While he imagines he is Lord, not I.
Where thousands did but tease this primal thirst,
Now millions shall supply the brimming cup,
In multitudinous, unimagined shock.
Arise, then, Massacre from thy moody couch,
Awaken at the smell of infant blood!
Madness, with rolling eye and hair out-torn,
Inspire the peoples with thy frantic soul!
What matter now the cause if ye are loosed?
Here have I space at last and boundless field!

RUMOR

I would not quench thy fury, Lord of War,
And but retail what has been widely spread:
There floats a land upon the western wave
Whose people never yet did bow to Force
And will not now; a stubborn brood and free.
America, with potent voice and arm,
Her most in our attempt we have to fear.

BELIAL, LORD OF LIES

I am content that this report go forth
If I am held no way responsible.

SATAN

War is approved; not yet the means of war.
Since upon mortal man we launch the wrath,
Then must we use a mortal instrument.
Whom better then than one who died, yet lives,
Although in sanguinary slumber bowed,
Can we employ? Arise then—Attila!
Shake from thine eyes the long infernal sleep!
Or hast thou lost in dream the lust of blood?
Awake! A wider carnage waits thee now!

THE SHADE OF ATTILA (*rising*)

O Master, even that sleep was flecked with blood.
What else could be my dreams but battle-plains?
Ah, fiercer is this thirst for that repose!

SATAN

Attila, I despatch thee back to earth,
And with more horrid opportunity:
The field to the familiar—Chalons-plain!
I stood behind thee in thy former rage,
And now behind thee stand in rage more vast.
Once hadst thou joy in arrow and in ax;
But now exult in engines that can belch
Armies away and lay high cities flat.
Laboring Art abolish and erase,
With one loud moment silence centuries!
Thou scourge of God be now the scourge of Hell!
Spirit athirst, to Earth, and drink thy fill!

[ATTILA, *after making reverence, rushes upward, earthward. There is a pause, then from above is heard the wail of women and children.*

SATAN (*rising and grasping a mighty spear*)

Be every Hell unlocked, loosed every fiend,
Pillage and Rape unleashed upon the scent;
For by that splendor wherefrom we were thrown,
And by this thunderscar on me unhealed,
Again we challenge Heaven, our stake a star!
War to the Earth, then! Unimagined War!

Curtain

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

FIGHTING A PHILOSOPHY

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

I

Some people who profess to know Germany well are trying to make out that the temper of the ruling caste has not been influenced in any considerable degree by Friedrich Nietzsche. They point out that Treitschke, whose influence has certainly been enormous, would have nothing to say to Nietzsche, whom he trenchantly described as "a madman, bitten to the marrow by the *folie des grandeurs*." They prove that Nietzsche repaid the Professor's contempt with interest. They show without difficulty that Nietzsche's writings abound in sentiments which cannot be pleasing in high quarters, that he was no flatterer of the Hohenzollerns, and that he even, on occasion, criticized the German character and culture and disparaged the State. How, they ask, can the author of such heresies, the man who claimed the title of "Good European" in contradistinction to Prussian Patriot, be thought to have inspired the present war?

If we take the "ruling caste" in a strict and narrow sense, it is very likely true that its members are not much addicted to the study of Nietzsche. One cannot imagine the Kaiser, for instance, giving his days and nights to *Zarathustra*. Nevertheless, the exact agreement between the precepts of Nietzsche and the policy and practice of Germany cannot possibly be a matter of chance. There is not a move of modern Prussian statecraft, not an action of the German army since the outbreak of the war, that could not be justified by scores of texts from the Nietzschean scriptures. In many cases, no doubt, it would also be possible to find texts of an opposite tendency; for few philosophical rhapsodists have been more fertile than Nietzsche in self-contradictions. But the dominant ideas of his philosophy, the ideas most frequently and emphatically expressed—the ideas, in a word, that get home to the mind of nine readers out of ten—are precisely those which might be water-marked

on the protocol paper of German diplomacy and embroidered on the banners of German militarism. This is certainly no mere coincidence.

It is no doubt the case that among active politicians Treitschke has had much more direct influence than Nietzsche. Moreover, it would be an error to regard either writer as a true originator of the ideas associated with his name. They are not the causes, but rather the most conspicuous symptoms, of the modern German temper. They are co-ordinate effects of that great disaster to civilization, the war of 1870. The German people were "overtaken," as our forefathers used to say, with the inebriation of victory, and the writings of the two German-Poles reek of its fumes. Each in his own way—the one with an imposing air of stolid sanity, the other with a freakish emphasis of insanity that for some time hindered his acceptance—they constructed a theoretical justification of the practical example of triumphant force that had startled and fascinated the world. Bismarck is the true author, no less of Nietzsche's philosophy, than of Treitschke's history, Nietzsche, of course, would have denied it with imprecations, but it is none the less true. Treitschke more or less consciously, and Nietzsche more or less unconsciously, gave articulate voice to the colossal swagger in stone and bronze with which the record of 1870 is written all over Germany.

Owing to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine—which filled even Bismarck with misgiving—it became a political necessity to perpetuate and live up to the gospel of Power. The present war is the logical outcome of the material and spiritual forces set in motion in 1871; and Nietzsche, more or less unconsciously, I repeat, had provided for the average, intelligent, uncritical public—the Culture-Philistines as he himself called them—a philosophic justification of the spiritual development. That is where his direct influence is surely unmistakable. The ruling caste troubles little about philosophic justification; but the average man hugs to his heart the philosopher's violently dogmatic asseverations, in semi-biblical rhythms, that force, rapacity, unscrupulousness, pitilessness, are indispensable parts of the higher ethics of the future. By proving that conscience, as a whole, is a despicable survival of "slave morality," Nietzsche offers a potent anodyne to uneasy consciences. Is it to be doubted that millions of Germans have recourse to this soothing drug when some trait of political or military "master morality" affects them with a momentary qualm?

It may be argued that the Germans who enlist Nietzsche on the side of Prussian Imperialism flagrantly misread him. That is possible; but the trouble is that no human being can say how he is to be read aright. To extract a coherent system from his contradictions is impossible. He recklessly flung forth wave upon wave of thought: those waves which were tuned to harmony with the prevailing vibrations of the national spirit carried their message far and wide; those which were not keyed to the right pitch were idly dissipated in space. Wherever his ideas are clear, definite, and easily translated into action, they are aggressively inhuman; wherever they stray in the direction of humanity (as, for instance, in the conception of a united Europe) they are vague, visionary, and irreconcilable with the general trend of his doctrine.

"Shall I prove to you," says Dr. Oscar Levy, who seems to be accepted by the English Nietzscheans as little less than a reincarnation of the master spirit, "shall I prove to you that a new philosophy may be a more powerful enemy than all the navies in the world?" The proof is now being attempted on a world-wide scale. Whether it will reach its Q. E. D. remains to be seen; but if not the most powerful thing on earth, the Nietzschean philosophy is certainly one of the most redoubtable.

Dr. Levy wrote in 1906. Gerhart Hauptmann, in 1914, boasts that *Zarathustra* is one of the classics which the cultured German soldier carries in his knapsack—the others being Homer, *Faust*, and the Bible. To judge by results, we may say with confidence "the greatest of these is *Zarathustra*."

Let me now show by a few quotations how strong is Nietzsche's claim to a posthumous Iron Cross of the first class, as the inspired apologist and eulogist in advance of Germany's assault upon all that the non-Nietzschean understands as civilization. My quotations shall be chosen from the four works of his complete maturity, written at a time when his ideas had attained their full development, yet before any unmistakable symptoms of insanity had set in. They are *The Joyful Wisdom*, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, *Beyond Good and Evil*, and *The Genealogy of Morals*. As Nietzsche seldom pursued a sustained argument, but chose rather to write in staccato aphorisms, he suffers less than almost any other author by the detachment of quotations from their context. In no case, so far as I am aware, does the context of the following passages modify their meaning in any favorable sense. From other portions of his writings inconsistent and even contradictory passages might, no doubt, be

selected, but, as I have already pointed out, they are far vaguer, far feebler, far less characteristic. It may safely be asserted that the Nietzschean thought-germs which inhere and rankle are those which are barbed with inhumanity.

If we look for the key-note of the whole war, where shall we find it but in this aphorism:

> The time for petty politics is past: next century will bring the struggle for World-Dominion—the compulsion to great politics (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 208).

It is perhaps worth noting that the term rendered "World-Dominion" is not "*Welt-Herrschaft*," which might be taken in a more or less figurative sense, but "*Erd-Herrschaft*"—dominion over the earth or globe. Can it be doubted that such a philosophic-historic prophecy, reverberated a thousandfold during the past twenty years, is calculated to bring about its own fulfilment, and that millions of minds in Germany have been steeped in the idea that their racial mission was, in the next war, to secure such a rearrangement of the world

> As should to all their days and nights to come
> Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom?

Now let us look for the moral arguments whereby it is declared not only permissible, but imperative, to inflict any amount of agony upon mankind in pursuit of your self-aggrandizement, or, more technically, in gratification of your Will to Power. Here a dual principle is invoked: first, that what moralists have pusillanimously called "evil" is just as necessary a factor in evolution as what they have called "good"; second, that "good" and "evil" are mere question-begging terms, cunningly employed by groups of men in order to prejudice other groups of men whose Will to Power runs counter to their own. The following are a few of the numberless passages in which these ideas are developed:

> Hatred, mischievousness, rapacity, love of domination, and whatever else is called evil, belongs to the astounding economy of race-conservation—a costly, wasteful, very foolish economy, indeed, but *demonstrably* one which has hitherto conserved our species (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 1).

> According to this [the English] theory, the term "good" is applied to whatever tends to race-conservation, the term "evil" to whatever tends in the opposite direction. But in truth the evil impulses are just as expedient, race-conserving, and indispensable as the good—only their method of action is different (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 4).

It may seem incredible that such transparent sophistries should for a moment impose on intelligent people; but that they have done and still do so is unfortunately beyond dispute. The idea is expanded in the following passages:

> We . . . believe that [man's] Will to Life had to be intensified into unconditioned Will to Power: We hold that hardness, violence, slavery, danger in the street, and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, arts of temptation, and devilry of all kinds: that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, wild-beast-like and serpent-like in man, contributes to the elevation of the species "man," just as much as its opposite—and in saying this we do not even say enough (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 44).

> To refrain from mutual injury, from violence, from exploitation, to reduce one's will to a level with that of others; this may, in a certain rough sense, be reckoned as good conduct between individuals when the necessary conditions are present (that is to say, an actual similarity in strength and worth, and a participation in some common citizenship). But as soon as an attempt is made to carry this principle further, and even to find in it *the fundamental principle of society*, it discloses itself as what it is—namely, a Will to the *denial* of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must . . . resist all sentimental weakness: life is *in its essence* appropriation, injury, the overpowering of whatever is foreign to us and weaker than ourselves, suppression, hardness, the forcing upon others of our own forms, the incorporation of others, or, at the very least and mildest, their exploitation (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 259).

If these reflections had been jotted on the tablets of a philosophic Tartar in the camp of Tamburlaine they need have occasioned no surprise; but in fact they are addressed by an ex-professor of philology, at the end of the nineteenth century, to a people which boasts itself the most cultured in the world. Is it possible to ignore the direct relation between them and the bludgeoning of Belgium, to look no farther in the German programme? How many Germans, I wonder, have soothed the pricks of conscience with this satanic optimism, and told themselves that Belgium's path to heaven lay through the raptures (*Wollust*) of Louvain, Malines, and Aerschot? That Nietzsche was sincere, in his brain-sick fashion, there can be no doubt; but the moment you think of applying such principles in justification of actual deeds of brutality they have a sickening air of cant whereof one would imagine that even the German mind could not be wholly unconscious.

Now for a passage in which it is proved that "good" and "evil" are exactly the same thing, viewed from the standpoint

of masters and slaves, respectively, the "evil" of the humble and downtrodden being the "good" of the proud and domineering:

> How different is the sense of the two words "bad" (*schlecht*) and "evil" (*böse*)! They are both apparently opposed to the same idea, "good"; but *not* to the same conception of good. Let us ask ourselves who is actually the "evil" man, from the point of view of the resentment morality [the morality of the slaves]? To answer in all strictness: it is precisely the "good" man of the other morality, precisely the noble, the powerful, the dominating man, but reversely colored, reversely interpreted, reversely regarded by the envenomed eye of resentment. Let us in no wise deny that he who learns to know these "good" men only as enemies learns to know only *evil enemies*. Those very men who are so strictly kept within bounds by good manners, respect, usage, gratitude, and still more by mutual watchfulness, by jealousy *inter pares*, who, moreover, in their behavior to one another show themselves so inventive in consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride and friendship—those very men are to the outside world, to things foreign and to foreign countries, little better than so many uncaged beasts of prey. Here they enjoy liberty from all social restraint, . . . they revert to the beast of prey's innocence of conscience, and become rejoicing monsters, who perhaps go on their way, after a hideous sequence of murder, conflagration, violation, torture, with as much gaiety and equanimity as if they had merely taken part in some student gambols. . . . Deep in the nature of all these noble races there lurks unmistakably the beast of prey, the *blond beast*, lustfully roving in search of booty and victory. From time to time the beast demands an outlet, an escape, a return to the wilderness (*Genealogy of Morals*, I., 11).

One cannot but conceive that the German Nietzschean of to-day must find this passage a little inconveniently frank, and must wish that the master had not been quite so explicit on the subject of the "blond beast." As for the non-Nietzschean, who argues *a priori* that the German army cannot have been guilty of barbarous excesses, because it contains a large percentage of cultured and kindly men to whom brutality is odious, they must surely feel some slight uneasiness when it is pointed out that the popular philosopher of the day, the man whose works the cultured soldier carries in his knapsack, sets it down as a characteristic of the victorious and "dominating" warrior that he should regard murder, violation, and torture as "student gambols." If it be said that such writing is not sane, and cannot be seriously accepted by sane men as a rule of conduct, I agree to the first proposition, but demur to the second. This

philosophy of the aristocratic "blond beast" is quite seriously regarded as an epoch-making revelation by men who (though I should be sorry to guarantee the quality of their intelligence) cannot be set down as positively insane.

Let us look, now, at some other characteristics of the aristocratic race, for whose sake the world exists—the soil from which the Superman is, in the fullness of time, to spring:

> The essential point in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it shall *not* regard itself as a function (whether of the kingship or of the commonwealth) but as their *meaning* and highest justification—that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of untold numbers of men and women, who *for its sake* must be depressed and reduced to imperfect human beings, to slaves, to instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society ought *not* to exist for its own sake, but only as a basis and scaffolding on which a selected race of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher mission, and in general to a higher *existence* (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 258).

> The noble type of man feels *himself* to be the determiner of values; he looks for no approval from others, but takes his stand on the judgment, "What is hurtful to me is hurtful in itself"; he knows it to be his prerogative to confer honor on things, to be a *creator of values*. . . . A ruling-class morality is, however, particularly strange and disagreeable to the prevailing taste of the day, by reason of the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals: that one may act toward beings of a lower order, and toward everything that is foreign, just as seems good to one . . . and in any case "beyond good and evil" (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 260).

If we did not know that this was written more than a quarter of a century ago, might we not suppose it a fresh-coined paradox designed to justify retrospectively the Prussian policy of 1914? The great German State "has duties only to its equals"; but as it has no equals, it follows that it has no duties. Especially to Belgium, a "foreign" State "of a lower order," it is more than justified in behaving with a total disregard of moral prejudices. If the philosophical education of that hapless little country had not been neglected she would have bethought her of the following "principle," and let Germany trample over her unopposed:

> At risk of wounding innocent ears, I lay down the principle that egoism is of the essence of the noble soul. I mean the immovable belief that to a being such as "we are" other beings are by nature subject, and are bound to sacrifice themselves (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 265).

Belgium ought to have felt honored by the opportunity of effacing herself at the command of the "noble" German egoism; but, alas! her pitiful "slave morality" prompted her to die rather than renounce her rights and obligations at the nod of the "blond beast, lustfully roving in search of booty and victory." In another place Nietzsche provides us with a still more striking image for the German spirit of domination. If Belgium had only kept the following pretty little fable before her eyes, she might have been more amenable to reason:

> That the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey is in no way surprising; but that is no reason why we should blame the great birds of prey for picking up the little lambs. And if the lambs say among themselves, "These birds of prey are evil; and whoso is as unlike as possible to a bird of prey, and as like as possible to its opposite, a lamb—shall we not call him good?" One can have no objection to the setting up of such an ideal, except that the birds of prey are likely to regard it rather mockingly, and say, "We bear no grudge against these good lambs; on the contrary, we love them —for nothing is more to our taste than a tender lamb." To demand of strength that it should *not* manifest itself as strength, that it should *not* be a will for overcoming, for overthrowing, for mastery, a thirst for enemies and struggles and triumphs, is as absurd as to demand of weakness that it should manifest itself as strength (*Genealogy of Morals*, I., 13).

If Nietzsche were now alive, would he, I wonder, have sufficient detachment of spirit to realize that recent events have falsified his last illustration, and shown that there is nothing absurd in the idea of weakness manifesting itself as strength? What else has Belgium done? Her weakness has been transmuted into strength by the power of a heroic spirit and an intense indignation. By any standard not purely material and mechanical, it is Belgium, not Germany, that is to-day the "noble," the "aristocrat," the "creator of values."

As for general exhortations to war and denunciations of the spirit of pity, of humanity, of gentleness, of justice, it is difficult to select from their abundance. Here is a prophecy the fulfilment of which Germany is obediently endeavoring to bring about, though we trust she may be ultimately baffled:

> We owe it to Napoleon . . . that several warlike centuries, unexampled in history, are now likely to follow one another, in short, that we have entered upon *the classical age of war*, of scientific and yet popular war on the grandest scale . . . to which all coming millenniums will look back with envy and reverence, as to an ideal realized (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 362).

The same ideas inspire the following passage, which contains the most famous, and, indeed, the finest, of all Nietzsche's maxims:

> I rejoice in all signs that a more manly, more warlike age is beginning, which will, before all things, bring bravery once more into repute! For it must prepare the way for a still loftier age, and store up the forces necessary to it—that age which shall carry heroism into the domain of knowledge, and *wage wars* on behalf of ideas and their consequences. . . . Believe me, the secret of extracting the greatest profit and enjoyment from existence is this: *live dangerously!* Build your cities on Vesuvius! Launch your ships on uncharted seas! Live at war with your equals and with yourselves! Be robbers and conquerors, ye enlightened ones, so long as ye cannot be rulers and possessors (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 283).

Apart from its context, the exhortation to "live dangerously" sounds generous and noble. It is indeed the finer sort of men who love "the bright face of danger," and choose for themselves the tasks, duties, and adventures from which those of softer fiber shrink. Life is full of opportunities for this type of man to enjoy the exhilaration of peril, either in the service of others or, at all events, under conditions which involve neither tyranny nor cruelty. But how the splendor of the saying fades when we find that it is not the danger of the lifeboat-man, the explorer, the mountaineer, that Nietzsche has in mind, but the danger of the bully and the bravo! It is not by preserving others from danger, but by inflicting it on them (of course with injustice, rapine, and cruelty in its train) that the adept of this gospel is to "extract the greatest profit and enjoyment from existence."

The reader may possibly feel that such passages cannot have been intended to be read literally—that they must be taken as figurative utterances, having reference to some spiritual plane of existence on which robbery and conquest, rapine and cruelty, mean something very different from what they mean on the common earth. It is true that Nietzsche mixes up the literal and the figurative in the most reckless way. In many of his most characteristic outpourings he himself would probably have been at a loss to tell whether he meant what he said or something quite different. It is unfortunate that, during his lifetime, criticism simply ignored his writings, and no attempt was made to cross-examine him, to pin him down to definite meanings, to confront him with the consequences of his doctrines, if read in their plain and obvious sense. He enjoyed the irresponsibility

conferred by neglect; and this is precisely what renders his "aphorisms" so dangerous. Literally interpreted, they would lead straight back to chaos; even his most ardent disciples must, at many points, read him in a figurative sense; but they are perfectly free to take his words literally whenever it suits them —as Germany is doing at the present moment.

Such an ambiguity encounters us in the following famous passage:

> My brethren in war! I love you from my heart's heart. . . . Therefore let me tell you the truth!
>
> I know the hate and envy of your heart. Ye are not great enough not to know hate and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ye shall be of those whose eye is ever seeking an enemy—*your* enemy. And some of you know hatred at first sight.
>
> Ye shall seek your enemy, ye shall wage your war, and wage it for your thoughts. And, if your thought be overthrown, your honesty shall none the less shout victory!
>
> Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars. And the short peace better than the long.
>
> I do not counsel you to work, but to fight. I do not counsel you to peace, but to conquest. Let your work be a battle, your peace a victory.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ye say a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you it is the good war that halloweth every cause (*Zarathustra:* "Of War and Warriors").

One of these verses (the fourth) may at a pinch be read as referring to intellectual rather than physical conflicts. It must be in a war of ideas, not in a struggle for material advantage, that the vanquished is adjured to shout, "Victory!"—that is, to admit that truth has triumphed, though he himself be overthrown.[1] But though this verse is, strictly speaking, irreconcilable with the idea of strife in its literal, physical sense, the whole passage has always been, and cannot but be, interpreted as a eulogy of war precisely as it is waged by the Prussian General Staff.

The ambiguity, nay, contradiction, in the terms of this passage is only an example of Nietzsche's intellectual unscrupulousness.

[1] It may be said that this interpretation is inconsistent with Nietzsche's general attitude toward the concept "truth." But in what other sense are we to read the passage? Thought can only be overthrown by more valid thought; and is not validity the Nietzchean test of truth?

Finally, that our suffragist friends may be in no doubt as to what awaits them if the spirit of Nietzsche wins in this war, let me remind them of the following oft-quoted texts:

> Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the solace of the warrior. Everything else is folly.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip (*Zarathustra*: "Of Old and Young Womankind").

II

I submit that, when a body of doctrine is known to have countless adherents in the country of its origin, and when the political and military conduct of the country is found to be in every detail exactly consonant with that doctrine, we cannot possibly resist the conclusion that it is one of the factors which render such conduct possible. In this case, as I have already suggested, it is a symptom as well as a cause. Nietzsche certainly did not beget the German frame of mind. But what can be more evident than that he has fomented and stimulated it, providing it with a philosophic background, and bringing Prussian Junkerdom into line with a congenially swaggering theory of the universe? He has hitched Mark Brandenburg to the stars in their courses.

What, then, are we to say of this philosophy? Is it a sane, a wholesome, a tenable theory of life? Is it desirable that the world of the future should be shaped in accordance with its dictates?

Let us first note that it is, above everything, a temperament-philosophy, a transcript of character. Henrik Ibsen, in a well-known epigramme, has said, "To poetize [*dichten*] is to hold judgment-day upon oneself." Nietzsche, on the other hand, might have said, "To philosophize is to effect one's own apotheosis." He admits as much, in more than one passage, saying, for example, "The greater part of the conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly influenced by his instincts."

Now the determining factor in Nietzsche's mental habit is certainly to be found in his persistent ill-health. From early manhood onward he was a chronic sufferer, with only occasional intervals of tolerable bodily comfort. A doctor, seeking to prove that the root of his malady was neglected eye-strain, has drawn up, from his correspondence and other sources, an appalling catalogue of his illnesses. One of his most frequent

afflictions was violent headache, with vomiting, which used often to last for many days on end. Those of us who are at all subject to sick headache know that a few hours of it are sufficient to bring us to the verge of suicide, and that two or three recurrences of it a year are a serious trial to an otherwise healthy man. There were long periods in Nietzsche's life when his days of anguish seem to have outnumbered his days of comparative ease. It is to me incredible that these persistent headaches were not premonitions of his ultimate insanity. His father died insane; and though an attempt is made to attribute his breakdown entirely to some accidental lesion, the coincidence is, to say the least of it, curious. But, putting aside the question of mental disease, we are certainly entitled to say that a man who was such a martyr to physical disease in the region of the brain was unlikely to take a very normal and healthy view of life. His mental attitude could not but be in some measure warped.

And warped it was, in a curious but quite comprehensible way. Nietzsche, like Robert Louis Stevenson—an almost exact contemporary who probably never heard of him—was driven by reaction against his bodily frailties into an imaginery attitude of aggressive robustness, of overpowering health, of ostentatious virility. Both men were in reality very brave, very stoical; and as Nietzsche's maladies seem to have been more painful, more depressing, than Stevenson's, his is perhaps the greater merit. But in both men the effort to react against what Cassius calls "accidental evils" led to a certain loss of equilibrium and over-emphasis of fortitude. In Stevenson's case the lack of balance was very slight, and tended to disappear as time went on. It is only in his early years that we find him a little shrill in his praises of the world as a "brave gymnasium," full of matchless opportunities for "sea-bathing and horse-riding and bracing manly virtue." It was only to such innocent exaggerations that his wholesome and kindly spirit was at any time prone. But in Nietzsche's congenitally irritable, arrogant, atrabilious nature the effort "to keep a stiff upper lip" led to far other and uglier excesses. The supersensitive, quivering little invalid, who could never even find a woman willing to marry him, constructed for himself an ideal entity, physically his opposite, spiritually his counterpart—the great "blond beast," the human bird of prey, the conqueror, the destroyer, the slave-driver, the despiser of "herd morality." And to the stridulous persistence with which he preached this ideal there

can be little doubt that his countrymen's stolid neglect of his writings contributed. They fell still-born from the press, until at last he had to break in upon his own scanty capital in order to pay for the printing of them. Tragic indeed is the tale of his struggle against chilling indifference—it might well have embittered an originally sweeter nature. The enthusiastic friendships of his youth cooled and flickered out. In the end Zarathustra had but one faithful disciple, though his last twenty years of sanity were brightened by recognition from Taine in France and George Brandes in Denmark. There have been few unhappier men than this lonely, unappreciated, jaundiced genius, wandering from third-rate pension to pension, in search of a little sunshine and health. But his pride forbade him to give in and "say Nay" to life. He felt that an invalid had no right to be a pessimist.

> Under the bludgeonings of chance,
> His head was bloody, but unbowed.

He took revenge on the world as he knew it by constructing one in which all the impulses, balked in his own nature, should have free and unbridled course. One cannot read him without feeling that he was not so unhappy, after all, since, in penning his ruthless paragraphs, he enjoyed ecstasies of that wild-beast-like destructiveness which was an essential part of his ideal.

Docked of its wantonness and virulence of expression, his philosophy is at many points acceptable enough. The Will to Power does not perceptibly differ from the Will to Live, or, if it does, it differs for the worse, as being a less universal concept. No one doubts the relativity of ethical standards or the need of a transvaluation of many of our values, though Nietzsche himself would surely have admitted fortitude to be a tolerably permanent virtue, while it is hard to imagine a transvaluation which should make temperance (for example) a vice. The Superman, reasonably interpreted, becomes an innocent eugenic ideal. What Nietzsche actually meant by him will for ever remain doubtful. Sometimes he writes of him as an individual —as though all the groaning and travail of creation had no end save the production of a single super-Napoleon. At other times (more sanely) he uses Superman as a collective term for a breed or caste, a highly developed variety of the genus "blond beast," which, as he shrewdly conjectures, will very much resemble what the common man of to-day would describe as a legion of devils. But in this diabolism there is a touch of grim

humor, a half-confessed mischievousness, and desire to "*épater le bourgeois.*" So far as his practical recipes for the reproduction of the Superman go, they are little more than eugenic commonplaces.

The really noxious feature of Nietzsche's philosophy—apart from its general inhumanity of temper—is the division of mankind into masters and slaves, and the assertion that this is a desirable arrangement, conducive to the perfecting of the race. There may be some historical truth (along with much exaggeration) in the assignment of certain moral concepts to "master morality" and "slave morality," respectively. Over this contribution to the "genealogy of morals" it is needless to quarrel. But to make the enslavement of the mass of humanity the fundamental requisite for an ideal (and apparently rigid, static, undeveloping) social State, was to supply aristocratic, plutocratic, and especially military arrogance with a pseudo-philosophic catchword that lends itself to the most hideous abuse. Very naturally it is this "stupendous addition to human knowledge" (as an English disciple calls it) upon which all the little Nietzsches of his following, who cultivate his insolence without a trace of his talent, fasten with parrot-cries of delight. They may not be exactly Superman, for the production of that glorious race is to be a matter of time, but they can here and now rank themselves on the side of the Masters, and contemn the herd. It needs no profound acquaintance with the literature inspired by Nietzsche to realize that he has at least succeeded in begetting a flourishing brood of super-snobs. Nor is it doubtful that these energumens abound in the high places of Pan-Germanism—military, political, and journalistic. Does not Nietzsche speak in every line of the following effusion by Herr K. F. Wolff, in *Pan-Germanische Blätter* for September last?[1]

> There are two kinds of races, master races and inferior races. Political rights belong to the master race alone, and can only be won by war. This is a scientific law, a law of biology. . . . It is *unjust* that a rapidly increasing master race should be struggling for room behind its own frontier, while a declining inferior race can stretch its limbs at ease on the other side of that frontier. The inferior race will not be educated in the schools of the master race, nor will any school be established for it, nor will its language be employed in public. (Should it rebel,) it is necessary to use the most violent means to crush such insurrection, and not to encumber the prisons afterward. Thus the conquerors can best work for the annihilation of the conquered,

[1] Quoted by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher in *Oxford Pamphlets.*

and break for ever with the prejudice which would claim for a beaten race any right to maintain its nationality or its native tongue.

Here we see an easy but very significant transition has been effected. Nietzsche knew nothing of any master nation existing in the world to-day. His doctrine was that within all nations there was a master aristocracy, and a "herd" living in more or less disguised slavery. But Herr Wolff gaily transfers the "Master" quality from individuals to a whole nation—the Germans—and the slave quality to a whole nation, manifestly the French, who have no right to "stretch their limbs at ease on the other side of their frontier." This is, of course, a misreading of Nietzsche, but it is a misreading to which he lends himself only too readily, and there is every reason to believe that it is a misreading very widely accepted in Germany.

That Nietzsche was a man of genius there is no doubt. He had flashes of amazing lucidity. He had a disintegrating intellect of such abnormal power that at last it disintegrated itself. To his mastery of language German testimony is unanimous, though an English reader is apt to find more than a touch of the falsetto in his constant underscorings [1] and points of exclamation. But one gift he never possessed—a gift most essential to the man who aspires to shape the spiritual life of the future—the gift of sanity. It is for specialists to determine at what stage of his career definite mental disease set in; for us it is enough to note that at no time after 1870 can he be said to have possessed either a sound body or a sound mind. His attitude to life is thoroughly morbid, his reading of its laws essentially mad; and his mad philosophy was at once an effect and a very potent cause of that German madness which is convulsing the world.

What a calamity that this national aberration should have found a man of sympathetically aberrant genius to interpret and intensify it! In a very real sense it is the philosophy of Nietzsche that we are fighting.

[1] It must be admitted that spaced words in German are rather less emphatic than our italicized words.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE WAR: A BRITISH VIEW

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

We live in great days, great and invigorating days; invigorating I call them, for England has discarded some frivolity and is risking everything in a noble battle for the right.

From one point of view we are waging war against a bullying system which has set itself to dominate the world; we are restraining a nation from placing its boot on the face of Europe, as I have good authority for saying a Prussian officer did to a wounded Englishman—a typical and unpardonable act. The European bully must be vanquished; that is one clear necessity.

From higher ground, however, the war is seen to be a war of ideals, a conflict between two ideals of government: the English ideal of a commonwealth of nations, a group of friendly States, some larger, some smaller, some stronger, some weaker, but all working together and contributing each her quota for the good of humanity and the progress of the world—that is the ideal on the one hand; and on the other, the Prussian ideal of a single glorified State, dominating all others, enforcing its will despotically, imposing its customs, its learning, and its culture on all the rest of the world. This ideal is that of a strong, resolute autocracy, ruling all Europe, not with the consent of the governed, but in spite of their remonstrance and ignoring their dislike; a government so strong as to be able to crush all opposition and to do away with all freedom except the freedom to do precisely as you are told; the replacement, in fact, of freedom by coercion. For Treitschke has taught, and his disciples thoroughly believe, that the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind, in a word, of the German character. His school looks for the establishment of a German world-empire in accordance with the motto, "World Power or Down-

fall"; and the subjugation of England is an essential preliminary. Toward the attainment of this ideal the German nation has made immense preparations; it has also made vast sacrifices; it will be a wonder if it has not sold its soul.

The years 1866 and 1870 were the fatal years of Prussian supremacy and success. Up to that time German art, German science, German history, were admired and envied throughout the world. It had gloried in the era of Goethe, of Beethoven, and of Helmholtz. Since that date the great men of Germany have been few; the decline then begun has continued. With some exceptions, no doubt, they have lost their faith in unselfish action; they disbelieve in chivalry; they deny any moral government of the world; they believe in the rule of the strongest.

In mechanism and apparatus the nation still ranks high; it has devoted itself to the design and construction of appliances, specially those which can be used in war. We are fighting a nation of machines. In war material it is unrivaled; in personnel it is lacking; its army is itself a machine.

To it we of the Allied Nations oppose Men, individual resource and character, the domination of personality—handicapped, I fear, by insufficient preparation.

Determination there is on both sides; for not in biological metaphor, but in dire reality, it is a struggle for existence. The two ideals are in the field against each other; one must emerge triumphant, the other must be defeated. There can be no halting between two opinions. It is a very ancient alternative—"If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." There can be no peace till the prophets of Baal are exterminated and the falseness of their creed displayed. Up and down, backward and forward, the fighting-line may surge, but there can be only one end. Of this we should be well assured while striving with all our might for its accomplishment. Toward this some are giving their lives or the lives of those dear to them; others are giving of their substance, and this without stint, for if the cause of God is not triumphant, life on this planet will be no longer worth living. Death is preferable to German rule of the kind we should experience if conquered and if the dormant national hate, fostered by lies and now fanned into a blaze, were set free on the vanquished. What has been done in Belgium would be done in England, and more, too. The Belgian homes are an object lesson, clearly displaying the character and consequences of the Prussian ideal. The ravages are due to

no isolated and accidental savagery; they were ordered as part of a consistent policy of terrorism and enslavement. The root of the policy being bad, the fruits are bad too.

Able Prussian writers seek to justify any and every unfair and barbarous act which may seem likely to promote their cause. It is a campaign of lying and spying, of intimidation and ruthless massacre of all who call their soul their own.

Yet I must assume that they are not consciously evil, only diabolically misguided. For they, too, have an ideal, I grant them that—one which has become deeply ingrained and has spread from Prussia to the rest of Germany, deceived as it has been, with the truth sedulously kept from it. There will be an awakening; and already there must be many thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who long for freedom as we do, and who will in due time make their voices heard. Amid the glamor of apparent success they cannot speak, but when disasters come, when they can no longer be concealed, and the nation learns how it has been befooled, when it realizes how it has befooled itself, then the wholesome elements in the nation will emerge and will strike down the dominant party with execration and anathemas.

For this conclusion we can bide our time. Internal forces will work the necessary disruption so long as we make no feeble, no hasty, no inconclusive peace. It is no time to talk of peace yet, nor will it be for long. Humanity cannot afford to forego the gain to be derived from a struggle such as this, nor can it run the risk of having such an awful conflict ever repeated. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

And, fortunately, the nations are united as never they have been before. So that a preparation is being made for friendly union among the nations of Europe, and ultimately for that federation of the world to which prophets have been long looking forward. Many horrors, much aerial fighting, will precede that time. Tennyson foresaw it all. You remember how he

> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
> Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Yes, the federation of kindred and friendly nations, each with its own independent powers and aptitudes, its separate life and genius. So will our ideal of free institutions and self-respecting communities be fulfilled—that settled policy of free government

which has resulted in the loyal colonies and devoted daughter nations of the British Empire.

The result of the struggle will be ultimately wholesome for all the nations concerned, including Germany; for what will be defeated will not be Germany, but a miserably wrong-headed philosophy of life. The Germany to which we owe so much science and learning and art will be reborn; it will throw off the schackles of a cramping and overpowering despotism of evil.

While as to Belgium—I quote from a book by members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History, called *Why We Are at War:*

> Those who have hitherto known Belgium only as a hive of manufacturing and mining industry, or as a land of historic memories and monuments, are now recognizing, with some shame for their past blindness, the moral and spiritual qualities which her people have developed under the aegis of a European guarantee. It is now beyond dispute that, if Belgium were obliterated from the map of Europe, the world would be the poorer and Europe put to shame. The proofs which Belgium has given of her nationality will never be forgotten while liberty has any value or patriotism any meaning among men. . . . In fighting for Belgium we fight for the law of nations; that is, ultimately, for the peace of all nations and for the right of the weaker to exist.

ERRONEOUS AND MISLEADING THEORIES

The errors which are now supreme in Germany are: first, a glorification of war, based on a misreading of Darwinism; and, second, an enthronement of mere power, a belief in the unmoral supremacy of the State.

Consider them for a moment. First, a misreading of Darwinism; a misunderstanding of the phrase "struggle for existence" as conducive to evolution, so that slaughter and active conflict seem the highest good. The Darwinian struggle is not of this order at all. It is a selection of the fittest to survive among a crowd of organisms which cannot possibly all survive; a selection of those most fitted to the environment. It is akin to the natural competition and effort with which we are all acquainted in peace-time; it is not like war at all. Moreover, in so far as there is savagery associated with it, Darwin himself, and Huxley, conspicuously in his Romanes Lecture, taught that this unconscious struggle ought not to apply to civilized humanity, whose business it was to contend against and dominate the cosmic process.

Since this matter is misunderstood by many people, and since Huxley's clear utterance on the subject is not so well known as it ought to be, I will make two quotations from his writings. In 1888 he wrote as follows:[1]

> . . . society differs from nature in having a definite moral object; whence it comes about that the course shaped by the ethical man—the member of society or citizen—necessarily runs counter to that which the non-ethical man—the primitive savage, or man as a mere member of the animal kingdom—tends to adopt. The latter fights out the struggle for existence to the bitter end, like any other animal; the former devotes his best energies to the object of setting limits to the struggle.

And in 1894 he developed the subject further, writing thus:

> Men in society are undoubtedly subject to the cosmic process. As among other animals, multiplication goes on without cessation, and involves severe competition for the means of support. The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilization. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best.
>
> As I have already urged, the practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. It demands that each man who enters into the enjoyment of the advantages of a polity shall be mindful of his debt to those who have laboriously constructed it; and shall take heed that no act of his weakens the fabric in which he has been permitted to live. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and

[1] These extracts may be read in the volume called *Evolution and Ethics* in the Eversley edition of Huxley's Essays, pages 203 and 81–83.

influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage. . . .

Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it.

The second error is the absolute enthronement of material power, the blasphemous notion that nothing higher than the State exists, and that there is no moral law, human or divine, to which the strongest State is subject; nothing above its own conception of what is beneficial to itself. Expediency becomes the supreme guide; all other considerations are signs of weakness and timidity; the sole national virtue is power to execute what it intends; the one fatal sin is deficiency of power. If any given State is supremely strong there exists no power above it; it is free to execute its own behests and to dominate and coerce the world.

It is this pernicious doctrine which has practically abrogated all international law; it is this which regards treaties as scraps of paper whenever they become inconvenient; this which has harried Belgium and intended to harry France and England with fire and sword. The theological doctrine of the crucial importance of right belief and of the damnation that follows wrong belief has never been so conspicuously illustrated. For these cruelties are not perpetrated out of mere viciousness, except, I suppose, by the miserable agents who lose their heads and become temporarily insane amid the unnatural license conferred upon them; no, these villainies are perpetrated as the outcome of an erroneous theory, a mistaken view of life, a miserably inadequate and essentially atheistic conception of the universe, and in pursuit of a blasphemous ideal.

All this is what must be overthrown; and so great is the importance of the final demonstration of its falsity that a heavy price is being paid for it, in suffering and death. In no other way could the conviction of error be so thoroughly burnt into the conscience of humanity.

And the conditions for the proof are sound. No one will be able to say that the German nation was weak, that it was caught unprepared, that it had not every advantage which the appliances and discoveries of the nineteenth century could grant it. In all adventitious and material ways it had immensely the advantage. It chose its own time, and it struck with vigor, determination, and enthusiasm. Only on the

spiritual, the immaterial side, was it deficient; and so the conscience of humanity has risen up against it, and it will be defeated.

This war is a veritable crusade, waged against the powers of evil, against a policy of lies, and of engineered and intentional brutality. The agents themselves, being men and not fiends, may sometimes have failed to execute to the full all the consequences of the abominable doctrine of their leaders; but enough has been done, and more, alas! will be done, to demonstrate their evil guidance.

If that view of life predominated, if the doctrine were successful that everything and anything was justified that seemed likely to strengthen the State, or to answer its immediate purpose, without any higher power dominating and redeeming the physical, then indeed hell would have come upon earth, and humanity would go down into the pit.

It may be that such a calamity is physically possible, but it must not be permitted. The whole strength of every enlightened nation and of every individual in the nation must combine to resist it. And if England is in the van, as it is in the forefront of the battle, if it draw upon itself, as it is doing, the hatred and fierce antagonism of the powers of evil, so much the more joyful and hopeful for the England of the future. It will come out of the struggle braced and invigorated and renewed in the spirit of its mind.

We needed this effort and this sacrifice of ease and prosperity, but the sinews of the nation are still sound. She has seen dark days before; indeed, as Emerson says, "*she has a kind of instinct that she sees a little better on a cloudy day.*"

And those who are young have the joy of taking part in the struggle, and will reap the fruits of the great national experience henceforth throughout their lives. Let them see to it that they make use of their opportunities and have nothing to regret when the trial is over, when victory supervenes and peace reigns once more. Other less obvious opportunities there will always be when these exceptional ones are gone—that is true—but lost opportunities never return.

I venture to say this also to those friendly nations which have hitherto remained neutral: Now is your opportunity for world service. Now are being laid the foundations of your future history.

OLIVER LODGE.

WAR THOUGHTS

BY THEODORE S. WOOLSEY

DAY by day in these autumn days of 1914 one's mind turns inevitably to the tremendous happenings abroad, studying their causes, learning their progress, speculating as to their results. One can write of nothing else, because one can think of nothing else. Six months ago I could not believe Germany rash enough to measure her strength and Austria's against the land power of France and Russia, against the navies of France and Britain, against the wealth and resources of the Entente. Yet now one sees, given Germany as she is, how inevitably it had to come; one sees how certainly the ambition of one State for greater power and wider territory will be resisted by the other States most nearly threatened. Let us state this Balance of Power principle in its simplest terms. Here are three related States, A, B, and C; A waxes so strong, so ambitious, as to threaten the existence of B or C; B and C are impelled by the necessity of self-defense to combine and pull A down. As a result C may in turn grow in power and be swayed by a similar desire; then A and B in like manner unite to check her. Thus it was with Athens, Thebes, and Sparta in the Peloponnesian War. So, too, Spain, the Pope, and Venice combined against the aggression of France in the early sixteenth century, and presently Venice found herself thwarted by the same great principle; Louis XIV. was checked by it; Napoleon was overthrown by it; the Crimean War was an example of it. Every State which desired a better "place in the sun" at the expense of its neighbors has had to reckon with it. The Balance of Power principle is an accepted part of the fundamental policy of Europe. But it was not held to apply to sea power nor to commercial greatness. And one Continent only felt its working.

There came a time when the Balance of Power principle seemed obsolete. In three wars, 1864, 1866, 1870, Prussia proved her right to German leadership, built up a powerful German Empire, greatly enlarged its borders, and won the first place in Europe. To preserve what it had gained, and maintain

the *status quo*, a balancing of alliances was introduced into European politics, a triple alliance *vs.* a dual alliance which later became a triple entente. These were based upon the same old necessity of self-defense, but the Balance of Power idea was lost sight of. Space is wanting to describe this development. It did not satisfy. The onlooking States in these recent years have seen the growth of a German military machine so perfect and so mighty as to fill them with fear for their own safety. Now and then the sword was rattled in its scabbard to emphasize the demands of German statesmen or to secure something good for German allies, since allies must be paid for their sacrifices. The creation of a powerful navy supplemented the military growth. But this was not all. Her anxious and watchful neighbors have also seen the upspringing of a political philosophy in Germany which frankly threatened the integrity of the whole European structure. Room to expand; woe to the weak; the future is for the strong man armed: such was the strong meat fed to a simple and naturally gentle people until it turned the brain. Such was the ominous doctrine preached by soldier, historian, statesman, backed by huge army increase, war Zeppelins, strategic railways, Dreadnoughts, by all the tremendous enginery of war. Was it meaningless? Is it aimed at me or me? So each State asked itself in turn, and armed itself in response. The very perfection of the war machine, the philosophy which confused might and right, the truculence of a military caste whose prejudices and interests warped the national good sense, how inevitably when the day came these found themselves confronted by a European coalition, by eight States in arms and six more in sympathy with them. It is the Balance of Power principle again, revived because it is fundamentally right and vitally needed. But it is revived with this difference, that now sea power is included, and the Asiatic Continent. It has become a world-wide principle.

Let us go a step further. Suppose, as a result of the Great War, that the Allies are triumphant and Germany humiliated. Suppose in years to come Russia so powerful and so minded as in turn to threaten the peace and independence of Europe. Then again we should see a combination: Sweden, Germany, France, England, and others united against Russia, the Balance of Power principle operative once more.

But must this Old World ever pursue this bloody round?

Yes, unless the world disarms.

THEODORE S. WOOLSEY.

THE OFFICIAL FAULT-FINDER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

If the fault-finder, like death, has all seasons for his own, he reaps, like death, a double harvest in these dark days of warfare and calamity. Whenever great emergencies have to be met and conquered, whenever the hard task of governing grows insuperably difficult, whenever men are called on to do their utmost for the safety of their endangered homes, or for the needs of their suffering fellow-creatures, the fault-finder —full of ingenious casuistry and the darkest doubts—dispenses blame with royal prodigality. He sets himself the congenial task of paralyzing energy, chilling enthusiasm, and dimming the glory of endeavor.

It is hardly worth while to dwell upon Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, in this weak age of compromise, stands gloriously alone, the one living man who finds fault impartially with everything and everybody. He does not stoop to pick and choose. He does not potter weakly over exceptions. He records at intervals his simple and sincere conviction that the world holds upward of two billion fools, and one true seer. He has the natural scorn of the man of words for the man of deeds, of the man who is care-free for the man who is burdened with responsibility, of the man who is safe for the man who is in peril, of the man who lives for himself for the man who dies for his country. His impartiality does him credit. It used to hurt our feelings when he gave us to understand that he loathed and despised Americans more than he loathed and despised other nations; but we are slowly creeping back to self-esteem. If we are only part of a loathsome and despicable universe, we must put up with our share of shame. When Mr. Shaw consents to die, it will matter little where he goes. His aversion to heaven and to hell will be too well balanced to permit a choice.

It is hardly to be expected that lesser fault-finders should bear comparison with this great master of the art; or that a

country which is at peace should be blamed as generously as a country which is fighting for its life. We have fought for our life in our day, and we know that there was then no lack of snapping at our heels. Now that the only part we play is that of the philanthropist, now that the only task we set ourselves is to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and nurse the wounded, shrill protests against our benevolence are heard on every side. Pacificists warn us that we are encouraging war; economists warn us that we are sending to Europe the help which is needed at home; socialists warn us that every cent we save, and every stitch we sew, is an injury to some working-man or to some working-woman at our doors.

One agitated correspondent writes to the *Survey* that nations would be less ready to fight if they did not rely on the Red Cross Society to help and succor their wounded; that "men who deliberately go to war should be prepared to meet its consequences without depending on outside aid," and that "such aid should be denied them by all lovers of peace." It does not seem to occur to this kind-hearted lady that governments do not always "deliberately go to war." Sometimes the war comes to them, and in a fashion that can no more be denied than can the proverbial wolf when it knocks unbidden at the door. Neither does she pause to consider that the men who, whether for love of conquest or to save the State, declare war, are not the men who lie shattered in the trenches, and whom she would have us abandon in their agony.

Other and no less determined fault-finders anathematize their fellow-citizens who—because of reduced incomes or increased charities—see fit to moderate their expenses. Saving is a sin which ranks next to spending. If a rich man gives a ball with his usual lavish expenditure, somebody calculates the number of Belgian babies he has starved by not applying that money to their needs. If, as a matter of taste, he forbears to flaunt his wealth before a community which is heavy-hearted with the thought of homeless thousands, somebody else calculates the number of florists, and caterers, and provision-dealers, and wine merchants whom he has robbed by false economy, and asks with bitterness how *these* people and their dependents are expected to live through the winter? If, as an honest man, he comes to the conclusion that he is not warranted in keeping three footmen and two chauffeurs while wounded soldiers die for want of hospital supplies, a third somebody, no less indignant, wants to know if footmen's wives

and chauffeurs' children are to pay the penalty for such capricious benevolence? And all these somebodies wax eloquent in sympathetic newspapers over their neighbor's inevitable derelictions.

Meanwhile it occurs to subtle minds that humanity breeds partisanship, that courage makes fighting possible, that patriotism is an incentive to war. We are told that knitting scarfs and sweaters for soldiers is an overt offense against neutrality. It implies that we are concerned with the comfort of French, or English, or German fighting-men; whereas, to be strictly neutral, we should seem equally indifferent to all. The state of mind which is recommended is one of absolute blankness.

Vacant heart, and hand, and eye.

We are solemnly warned that Boy Scouts and Cadet Corps "hold grave menace for the future"; that if we permit American lads to be imbued with the love of America, rather than with an impartial love for "comrades and brothers all over the world," they will end by fighting for their country if she be imperiled,—a possibility too painful for consideration. Even flag drills carry their share of danger. If children are taught to honor one flag more than another, they may some day deem it a duty to defend this flag against others,—a point of view which is, or should be, "unthinkable."

"Many men, many minds." In Germany the man whose mind runs counter to the existing order of things is clapped into prison, and no more is heard from *him*. In England and in the United States he is permitted to say his say. We are a little like the big ranchman who let his mother beat him;—"It doesn't hurt me, and it amuses her."

AGNES REPPLIER.

EUCKEN AGONISTES

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN

EUCKEN'S agonism involves the two principal points of his philosophy: Personal Freedom, as the positive condition of the spiritual life; and what he calls the Negative Movement, as the permanent characteristic of that life—a movement against the world, of concentration establishing the "inner life" and, from that source, possessing and transforming the world of which it still and for ever asserts a spiritual independence.

Eucken deliberately adopts *activism* as the distinctive characteristic of his philosophy of life; and to him activism means agonism, if we may use that term to indicate a struggle which is not exactly antagonism, though as a philosopher he may be said to antagonize all other philosophies based upon human sensibility and giving prominence to introspection and mystical contemplation as features of the spiritual life. While even more sternly antagonizing the claims of a mechanical naturalistic philosophy and of intellectualism—which are far less prevailing than he supposes—he evidently regards humanistic culture as possibly more delusive and dangerous, just because of its real and deservedly appreciated values. The dilation of thought and sensibility, permeated as these are in their whole extent by individual characteristics, runs counter to that *nisus* of concentration which is the mark and seal of Personality.

Eucken is intensely jealous for this Personality—for its freedom and integrity and for its independent activity. It is something quite distinct from Individuality. The individual integration is wholly biological, establishing a center of control which, within a limited scope of external activity, has arbitrary volition (a kind of choice involving alternative), but which, in its establishment as a center of control and in the determination of its scope of action, is independent of such conscious volition and subject to the evolutionary procedure of Nature. Personality is an integration, establishing a center of control of a far different sort and by an opposite method. According to

Eucken, it is constituted in absolute freedom—that is, independently of natural determination and of divine compulsion—as if by a supreme Choice, an all-embracing Either; Or: the constitution of a whole over against a whole. He even courts a mystical irrationalism, contrary to the main tenor of his philosophy, by making the problem of the oneness of moral freedom with dependence upon God an insoluble mystery, or, as Tennyson expresses it:

> Our wills are ours we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

The only distinction which Eucken makes, or seems to care to make, between individual and personal freedom is one of scope, direction, and motive, except that the personal purpose —that of a life within, but transcending, the individual life, and yet "a life for self"—cannot be expressed in merely biological terms. This Purpose, which is God-ward, having its own initiative, absolutely underivable from the natural world or from environment, would seem, from Eucken's phraseology, to be not only conscious, but tensely self-conscious, and, though absolutely dependent upon divine reinforcement and inspiration, yet to be deliberately sought and resolutely maintained.

The biological man, like any other animal, has no such independent initiative and spontaneity, and, being inseparably linked with Nature by the chain of necessity, would repeat the same functioning in every successive generation; and the aggregation of individual units would introduce no differentiation, and at the same time unifying principle of collective progression. Society, as we understand that term, implies personality as distinct from individuality. What we call individual distinction in any other than the biological plane is referable to personality and personal freedom. It is this personality which, itself ever renewed from its divine-human central source, becomes the principle of renewal or transformation in individual and social experience—a redemptive principle in a new world, which is not a given or finished world, but one of its own making and for ever in the making.

Thus the "inner life," as conceived by Eucken, is, in its constitution and in its realization of a transcendent Reality, an agonism, and Personality is the protagonist. This inner life he identifies with religion, the main characteristics of which are heroism and devotion. It involves "a radical displacement of our life-center."

To see how radical this displacement is we have only to compare Eucken's philosophy with any other resting on a psychological basis. Eucken seldom uses the word "soul" except in a negative sense, as when he characterizes some system as "soul-less." Hence his almost invariable substitution of "spiritual" for "psychical"—the latter term seeming to him, from the Greeks' use of it, to suggest some continuity with Nature. Indeed, Paul's "natural man" was termed by him "psychical," and to remove the "spiritual man" as far as possible from the natural bond he used for his designation the term *pneumaticos*, thus indicating precisely the "displacement" which Eucken insists upon.

Usually the religious teacher insists upon this distinction, not from a philosophical conviction, as Eucken does, but, in the interests of sanctity, to separate the sacred from the secular —not for the assertion of spiritual independence through personal freedom, which is the fundamental principle in Eucken's interpretation, but for the exaltation of divine determination in a predestined plan of salvation.

Such religious teaching during the Christian era—especially in the attempt to reconcile divine love with divine justice—has developed a system of theological dogmas for the explication of a divine drama of redemption, conceived as a transaction already completed for humanity, yet as having an ever-continuing complement in the heart of man through self-surrender and the passive appropriation of a divinely bought grace and imputed righteousness.

Eucken gives religion the primary place in human life, but postulates for it an extra-psychical center in a life within that life, which he calls the inner, or spiritual life. He seems thus to make spiritual personality supra-human, superior to what in common parlance we call the human soul. Perhaps he would not be so insistent on this division between soul and spirit if he belonged to any other country than that of Haeckel, to whom the soul is but an epiphenomenon, or by-product of the brain. In Germany more than anywhere else his heroic agonism finds the incentives which convert it to antagonism; for there he confronts, in its native home, a mechanical system of monism based on Darwinism, a determinist theory of Nature and life in its most rigid form, and, in spiritual reaction to these, a vague pantheistic romanticism—all of which he fights, showing at once the indomitable courage of a warrior and the amenities that are born of warfare.

"Action narrows," says the serene Goethe, "and thought dilates." The activist feature of Eucken's philosophy of life has the vice as well as the virtue of contractility. It throws the philosophy out of perspective. As a thinker, in the serenity of his tower, he has the true detachment of the philosopher, with full expansion of view, seeing life as a whole from its real center in its psychical integrity to the periphery of human experience, including all its contradictions and reconcilements. He sees clearly that man's action and knowledge directed toward outward goals for the satisfaction of outward human needs and requirements cannot claim for themselves the whole of Reality, or indeed any of it, save as ennobled or inspired from a source beyond and independent of them and of the experience within their allotment, disclosing another life having the quality of eternity, such as the humanist is satisfied to call the life of the soul.

From this tower of vision we have such a message as the following—one only of many equally illuminating and significant:

> Since that which lies wholly beyond experience must for that reason be inaccessible to us, this independence must be realized *within* experience, through an element detaching itself from the stream of consciousness, and so fixing and asserting itself over against it. The power thus to transcend the time-flux of events is the distinctive mark of all spiritual activity whatsoever. Such activity implies the origination within experience of control centers subsisting and operating beyond the phenomenal flux, and unfolding marvelous extensions of the psychical horizon. We can trace this procedure most easily in the sphere of thought; whatever its mode of operation may be, the distinctive peculiarity of thought is precisely this power of self-detachment or fixation over against the flow of immediate experience. Thus the concept opposes to the presentational stream a steadfast content or definition. The judgment, again, which connects one concept with another, proclaims a connection which does not pass away with the connecting act, but perseveres unaffected by all the changes of the psychical life. Experience, self-sundered, emerges from the stream of its own changes, and reorganizes itself from a higher level. It is only through its power to establish within itself a nucleus of permanence, and so assert itself in independence of its own previous condition, that it can come to oppose a world to itself, and set itself the task of reclaiming it.

In order to avail myself of so happy a translation, I am quoting this passage indirectly, as rendered by Boyce Gibson in his

admirable and adequate comment on *Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life,* not only as a characteristic example of Eucken's dialectic, but because it presents the procedure of self-realization, as a life process, in psychical terms and as going on, through detachments and unifying reorganizations, in processes not directly associated with the religious life, yet coming within the field of psychical dynamics.

But when Eucken descends from his high tower and approaches the arena of our actual human life, as his heroic attitude so often tempts him to do, he scents the battle afar off, and the whole tenor of his expression is strangely changed, so that his phraseology as an open-air prophet often contradicts the most essential formulations of his philosophy. Always he is tensely in earnest, never allowing himself any play of fancy or humor, or even a trope; carefully guarding himself against the disguise of his meaning through poetic imagery or allurements of style, and, for the same reason, avoiding illustration; but when he is dealing with the tendencies of his own time, his tone becomes one of anxious alarm and prophetic warning.

He is forced to remain an open-air prophet. There is no tent which he can enter and speak its language. While as a professor of philosophy he is eagerly welcomed by the most cultivated audiences in any country he chooses to visit, and his books are everywhere widely read, because of his heroic enthusiasm and his high and resolute thinking, yet he is especially suspicious of the culture-camp which has crowned him. He could not fellowship with any existing religion or with any religious community on its own terms, not even, in perfect agreement, with the Unitarian, which would seem to him to be satisfied with something short of the highest religious ideal—that is, with a merely ethical culture. Yet he insists upon the need of an organized religious community, in order that our religion may be not only universal, but characteristic, having color and character on its human side. In his exposition of the religious life he does not define such human traits, nor does he indicate in any fullness a positive content of belief which should inspire and bind together a distinctively religious association. Certainly his dialectic would not serve such a purpose. His writings could not serve for Scripture readings, as Swedenborg's do, in any society of average intelligence.

He is the extreme exemplar of his philosophy, standing over against the human and the natural world, for the transformation and reclamation of these, not according to any ideal hitherto

set forth or entertained or according to any method hitherto pursued in the course of human development. One would suppose that so singular an emergence as that of Christ and His Gospel, without precedent and unexplained by environment, would at least have profoundly impressed Eucken's imagination, as it has that of every leading spirit since the beginning of the Christian era. We cannot believe that he is not thus impressed; rather we would account for the absence of a full confession as due to the same caution that prompts to uniform evasion of scriptural phraseology, lest he should even seem to adopt some past expression of human belief as pertinent to the present moment of spiritual life. Only a principle is eternal. It is an essential feature of Eucken's agonism, this absolute repudiation of all past investments, and, along with these, of all merely human sentiment: it is beyond the touch of mortal things. Of Christianity he accepts only its redemptive principle, disembodied, or, rather, re-embodied in wholly new terms of investment. He is at the antipodes from Tolstoy, and unsympathetic with the Beatitudes—most of all, and most consistently, with that of the peacemakers.

Eucken distinctly deprecates the "softness" of the Gospel ethics. That the meek should inherit the earth would seem to him to savor of Oriental mysticism, a saying that might be attributed to such a religious teacher as Lao-tse, who indeed did say that softness is might. For that matter, it is a fundamental principle of biology that plasticity is power, that the unspecialized is most potent. Eucken is not a good biologist, nor is he a good psychologist, as he does not hesitate himself to confess. His constant insistence on the transcendence of the "inner life" would be at once good psychology and a very normal mysticism if he did not also deny it an essential human quality and remove it from the province of psychology altogether.

He will confess to idealism if it is qualified as ethico-religious, thus eliminating any purely human sentiment. He repudiates subjectivity as strongly as he magnifies Personality. He is afraid of nothing so much as of humanism. Religion must pervade, transform, and uplift all human existence, but not from a human center, in the sense that the soul is that center. In so far as Imagination, Reason and even—or, as we should say, most of all—Faith are activities of the human soul, the spiritual life must be considered as essentially beyond these. Why the human Will alone should be detached from these creative activities and elevated to such high privilege and intimacy as in free-

dom to exercise the supreme choice which constitutes the spiritual personality—that is a mystery confessedly beyond Eucken's dialectic; but it furnishes a convenient basis for his agonistic system, in which sentiment and sensibility are overshadowed by activism.

The main feature of the system is peculiarly Teutonic. But neither this nor Eucken's intensely patriotic advocacy at the present moment of his country's cause should blind us to the fact of his earnest antagonism to recent tendencies of German life and culture. In his *Life's Basis and Life's Ideal*—as the English translation is entitled—published originally in 1906, we find this frank criticism of the German people of to-day:

> We show a want of form and taste, a heaviness and formality, a tendency to occupation with detail and, in general, with what is petty in life, and as a result of this, an uncultured Philistinism in all spheres of society, and . . . finally—and this is the worst of all—much envy and jealousy. . . . The limitations that have been brought about by our history, which on the whole has not been a happy one, constitute an important determining factor in this matter. The more problems we bear within us, the more possibilities of genuine creation that exist within us, and the more we may be to humanity in the future, the more painful is it if attentions and activity are diverted from the chief task, and if an externalizing of this idea of nationality allows us to consider ourselves great rather than lead us to strive for true greatness. The people that has produced Luther and Bach, Kant and Goethe, cannot be devoid of true greatness, if it only remains faithful to its own nature, and if it concentrates its power and treats the chief thing really as such.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

THE RETURN OF THE SOUL

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

"MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about it. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail." When the burial of the "soul" occurred a few decades ago the register was signed by many more good people. Philosophers and biologists and psychologists and medical men and literary men all solemnly put their signatures to the register. It might have been difficult to decide which of them really officiated as clergyman and which as undertaker and which as chief mourner, but there is no doubt whatever about it—the soul was as dead as a door-nail.

A soul had indeed no longer any right to existence when the days of modern psychology began. The new idea was to treat mental life in the fashion of exact science and to handle the inner experiences of consciousness just as the chemist deals with the things on his laboratory table. Such a laboratory man sifts and filters until he finds the elements, and even what he calls the atoms to-day may be divided to-morrow still farther. Above all, he seeks the laws according to which those elements must move and combine. The modern students of the mental life have proudly proved that they are worthy disciples of the scientists. They have built their mental laboratories, too, and they have sifted and filtered the content of consciousness until they found the ultimate elements from which the ideas and emotions and memories and volitions are composed. They discovered the laws by which the sensations and affections and impulses combine. In short, they convinced the world with the authority of true scientists that the mind can be understood only if it is grasped in its atomistic structure and if everything is explained by exact psychological laws.

Laboratories sprung up like mushrooms after a summer rain; no dark mysteries were left; whatever happened in the mind

became perfectly explainable, and those who played the skeptic had to give up their doubt when finally the day of the practical test came. The psychologists had not promised too much; they could show that their formulæ were right; they could apply them just as the engineers apply the formulæ of physics. In education and law, in medicine and commerce and industry, in every field of social reform, the technique of the psychologist proved of value. His calculations must accordingly be correct; the mind is a mechanism in which causes and effects can be measured and in which every function is the result of thousands of elements.

How absurd and how ignorant it appears in the face of such modern ideas to speak the word soul! Soul means unity, and now the mental life is an endlessly composite structure. Soul, above all, means freedom, and now the mental life is an internal mechanism in which every effect follows from its causes with absolute necessity. Soul means exemption from the life of the body and its processes in days and years, and now the mental life is recognized as dependent upon the cells of the brain. No content of consciousness without an action of the brain-cells: every freshman has learned it in his college course. Psychology without a soul seemed at first the battle-cry of the progressives who wanted to liberate the science of the mind from the arbitrary speculations of the philosophers and wanted to substitute true knowledge for hazy dreams. But the battle was quickly won, and psychology without a soul became a matter of course. We might more easily lead biology back to the vague speculations a hundred years before Darwin than force psychology back to the metaphysical fancies of the believers in souls.

Some opposition to the soulless psychology started from the students of abnormal mental life who have opened the dark caves of the subconscious. While the routine psychologist searches and sifts the contents of consciousness, the physicians mock him for his narrowness. They claim that there are large parts of mental life of which we are never aware in consciousness. There are memories and emotions working in us which no psychological analysis can reach. All which we perform and experience consciously is only the product, not to say the by-product, of the deeper soul in us which thinks and acts independent of our conscious will.

In our dreams our deeper soul may throw some of its bubbling ideas into consciousness. In the diseased states of the hysteric

the conscious life becomes twisted by the subconscious emotions. In the queer cases of double personality and split consciousness the other individual in man appears in the daylight. We may tap the subconscious mind by hypnotism. We may even extract its secrets by experimental methods. The patient may have electrodes in his hands connected with a galvanometer which shows the excitement of the organism under mental influence. We speak to him about a hundred things, and suddenly the needle of the galvanometer shows violent disturbances. The patient does not feel anything, the words which he heard did not remind him of anything; and yet we can take this excitement which must go on in the subconscious mind as a starting-point for further inquiry, and slowly we discover that the words hurt a sore spot as they touched on some old, long-forgotten painful experiences in youthful days. The subconscious soul has held them and has brooded over them, while the conscious mind did not remember them. Thus the study of the conscious experiences of which the modern psychologist is so proud seems a sham success. The most important inner life may lie outside of the psychologist's hunting-ground. There may be a soul which is untouched by the mere analysis of consciousness.

The revolt which followed the discovery of the subconscious by the students of abnormal mental life is an interesting case of mass suggestion. The consistent psychologist must ask, with astonishment, why this noise and this perturbation about the hysterics and psychasthenics while every single normal man and woman and child in every hour at every task can demonstrate to us exactly the same interesting situation? Has any serious psychologist ever dreamt that he could explain everything which goes on in the mind from preceding happenings in consciousness? Fancy the simplest intercourse. You ask me where I spent my summer, and I answer with a story about the mountains and the seashore, about people and towns; and every word which I say is an action of mine which I as psychologist might try to explain from its causes. But can I really imagine that I can find those causes in the light of my consciousness?

We too easily disregard the real happenings during such trivial life affairs. We are speaking, and therefore we take it for granted that we prepared the sentences in our consciousness, that we selected the words, that we decided upon every idea. But if we stop and watch our experience we find it very different. I give my reply and am aware that I speak the words, and I hear

the words and understand them while I am speaking them, but no mental idea acts as pacemaker in my consciousness. The words break out of the darkness. I do not know them before I actually speak them. Somehow, somewhere outside of consciousness my thoughts and my words were chosen. When the iceberg is swimming through the ocean, ten times more is below the surface than above; but when our experiences, our emotions, our thoughts, our decisions, float through our inner life, a thousand times more is below the surface than above. Billions and trillions of experiences from the first breath to the moment which is just past must linger in us and fuse and rival one another and work together to produce the decision which flashes up in our mind or the solution of a problem which suddenly presents itself. Truly we do not need the hysterics to be reminded that the causes of a mental act cannot be found simply by disentangling the threads of our consciousness.

To be sure, the sober psychologist might warn the physician against his hasty hypothesis that these causes outside of consciousness must be subconscious mental states. He would tell him that such a theory of explanation is very illogical, but he would not for a moment deny the facts which the physician finds and which he wishes to see explained. He would insist that such a theory of the subconscious cannot possibly furnish the desired explanation, and that, on the other side, a much simpler explanation is at hand which is far more in harmony with all the other experiences. He would point, for instance, to our perceptions of the outer world. At this moment a hurdy-gurdy on the street disturbs my thinking. The tunes of the waltz rush into my consciousness. What is the cause of their unwelcome intrusion? Was my upper or my lower mind producing them out of its own resources? No one would believe that either was responsible. Those tones of the "Merry Widow" do not come from my subconscious mind, but they arise because my brain-cells are excited through the mechanisms in my ear, and those get their cue from the air-waves which the strings of the hurdy-gurdy stirred up. The music is in my consciousness because certain centers in my brain are made to act by preceding physical causes.

But if the brain action is responsible for all our hearing and seeing, it seems only natural to seek also in brain action the causes for our memory images. From this starting-point the psychologists have developed their modern theories, which assert that all the conscious states are accompaniments of brain

processes and that all the connecting acts which lie outside of consciousness are processes in the millionfold paths of the central nervous system. The rôle which the physician hastily ascribes to the subconscious is more consistently played by the brain. The subconscious itself is, of course, not accessible to any one; it cannot be anything but a hypothesis proposed to explain certain conscious facts. If it can be shown that these same facts can be explained better by another agency which we really know—namely, the brain—it is untenable to prefer the obscure hypothesis of a subconscious soul. Its only advantage would be that, as it can never become the object of real experience, we should not feel hampered in ascribing to that great unknown anything which is convenient.

One thing above all: whether we accept the explanation of mental life through the subconscious or reject it, in any case the subconscious mind as the physician or the psychologist understands it would necessarily have the character of an extremely complex mechanism. It would be composed of just as many elements as the brain, it would be just as atomistic as our surface mind, and it would be just as much controlled by rigid laws; in short, it would certainly not be a soul. The struggle about the subconscious which appeared to many an onslaught on the soulless psychology has brought the world not a step nearer to the realm of souls. Even if we prefer the subconscious for our explanations, we remain completely in that psychological world in which everything results from foregoing causes and must be explained from elementary processes. There is no freedom and no unity, and only in the valley of complete confusion some have provided such a hysteric subconscious mind with an attachment for wireless telephony to the absolute. The psychologist who is trying to explain must be loyal to his task. He cannot beguile himself with the luxury of a soul which seems to explain everything and explains nothing.

But may there not be a fundamental error at the bottom of this whole discussion? It seems as if there were only two alternatives open. We understand mental life by explaining it with the help of a soul, or we understand it by explaining it without a soul. But is there not an entirely different, third possibility—namely, that we understand inner life without trying to explain it? Is it not possible that human experience allows an entirely different approach? The world of the stars cannot be understood otherwise than by explaining every movement through laws from the foregoing causes. If we

should try to grasp the reality of the stars by seeking emotions in their twinkling or by linking them with human fate, we should have left the path of knowledge and should be speaking the inspired language of the poet and mystic or the uninspired but lucrative language of the astrologer. But if we deal with inner life it is not poetic nor mystic nor lucrative if we leave mere causal explanation and turn to an entirely different pathway: it leads to the problem of meaning.

Surely, if there is anything an actual fact in our mental experience it is that it has meaning for us who live through it and for those with whom we are in contact. To have a meaning and purpose and inner reference and aim is the most fundamental reality of our inner world. We do not propose it by a fancy of our imagination, but it is the rockbed of our inner life. Every idea and volition and emotion means something and points to some purpose, and if we leave this out we omit just the concrete fact. We may be doubtful whether our mental life has causes, but we cannot possibly doubt that it has a meaning. Even if we were doubtful about it, this doubt of ours would be such an act with meaning and purpose.

Yet, however astonishing it may appear, this meaning aspect was indeed left out by the modern student of inner life. He was hypnotized by the one aim, to describe mental life and to explain it—that is, to treat it as if it were simply a content of consciousness which is found, as the fish are found in a pond. But the psychologist ignored the most significant fact concerning the perceptions and feelings and volitions, that which cannot be described and explained, but which must be interpreted and referred to a purpose.

There is no scholarly research necessary to dig up this wisdom. If two men meet on the street and one says, "Fine weather to-day," and the other answers, "I think it will rain, after all," perhaps neither thinks of the fact that he has contents of consciousness, but both know exactly that they express a meaning. If we are really to give an exact and true account of our inner states we must surely develop the science of these meaning experiences, must interpret them, must show how one refers to another and how they are bound up with purposes and how one man understands the meaning of another.

This much-neglected meaning aspect of our self is not only real and important, but it is much more important than the explanatory aspect, because it is the only real one. The other, with which traditional psychology is satisfied, is by no means

real; it is artificial. It is a scientific construction which is far from our immediate life experience. It has value only as long as we stick to our purpose of getting an explanation of inner life. Yet this very purpose is foreign to the naïve mind. If we make ourselves understood, we take inner life only as a meaning and not as a cause and an effect. The enthusiasm for the study of the causes and laws in mental life was so overwhelming, and the joy in this new science of the mind after the pattern of the natural sciences was so intense, that the true inner life with its meaning and purpose became entirely neglected.

But the reaction had to come; and, suddenly, it is noticeable in many quarters. Through all kinds of side doors and back doors some elements of meaning are admitted into the description and explanation. The first result is often a rather confusing mixture. But signs are plentiful that this stage is only one of transition. The meaning of inner life will soon be admitted through the wide-open front door of the temple of science. Then we shall have two independent systems of psychology—a causal and a purposive one. In the one, the causal part, the psychologist studies mental life in that artificial setting in which it appears as a chain of causes and effects; and in the other, the purposive part, he studies it in that natural setting of real life in which every pulse-beat of experience is understood in its meaning and in its inner relations. Both are perfectly justified as long as they are not carelessly mixed and as long as neither is pushed forward as complete. In practical life the two views are intertwined. Thus our neighbor is first of all the personal self whom we try to understand by grasping the meaning of his ideas and intentions, but he may at any moment become to us a mere object of observation which we try to explain.

As soon as this purposive psychology is acknowledged as a full-fledged science we cannot go very far without discovering that it leads us straight to the old idea of the soul. We understand the meaning of a thought or memory or will act by linking it with the aim toward which it points, and this inner forward movement is understood as the act of a self. What do we know of this self? One thing above all—it is perfectly free. We saw that in this whole world of meaning everything is completely understood as soon as every act is linked with its purpose, hence we have no right at all to ask for causes. It has no subconscious causes, and it has no brain causes. The mere inquiry after its causes would falsify its status. It has

not causes any more than it has weight or color. Its whole reality lies in its purposiveness, and this detachment from any possible cause, this completeness in itself, is the fundamental freedom of the self which stamps it as a soul.

Moreover, for the causal psychologist, whether he be of the subconscious or of the physiological temper, mental life is a multitude of elements. The parts of the mind are externally linked, but they remain separate mental atoms. In the world with which the purposive psychologist is concerned one act is internally bound up with another, one idea means another, one thought refers to another, and every single act points backward to the self which expresses its meaning in its purposive deeds. This is a self which is not a mere pile of psychical doings, but which really asserts itself as the same in every new act. Everything which springs from it is involved in its selfhood. This is the true unity of the self which knows itself as the same in every function.

This soul, finally, cannot be dependent upon the beginning and the end, upon the days and the hours of the physical body. It expresses itself through the body, and the sense organs determine the selection of objects toward which it takes its attitudes, but the soul is neither in the time nor in the space of the physical molecules. If we curiously ask, "How can we describe the soul?" we must learn to recognize the absurdity of the very question. Every description refers to an object, but the essential meaning of the soul is that it is never an object, but always a subject, always a self, always an action. We cannot describe and we cannot explain it, not because our purposive psychology is still unfit for this task, but because the task itself would be meaningless. A soul must be understood in its unfolding and in the inner relation of its acts. We are still at the beginning of the soul psychology, but no doubt the soul has returned, and soon it will appear one of the most curious episodes of human civilization that it was possible for half a century to take a descriptive and explanatory account of mental life as the only real rendering of inner experience. The stubborn, one-sided, causal psychology which does not admit a soul psychology at its side will be "dead as a door-nail."

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

LATIN-AMERICAN TRADE POSSIBILITIES

BY C. T. REVERE

Owing to hasty interpretation of the economic results of the war in Europe, two misconceptions have arisen regarding the effect on our oversea commerce. The first conclusion, rather short-lived, held to the view that the military embroilment of the Old World spelled commercial opportunity for America. This was quickly dissipated by the realization that reduced competition in neutral markets could not atone for the loss of our best customer.

The second fallacy—a fallacy, however, chiefly of mistaken attitude and prematurity of judgment—relates to Latin-American trade. In most discussions of the extension of our commerce the newly aroused manufacturer, the progressive editor, the patriotic layman, spoke in terms of Latin-American trade. It mattered not that Europe in normal years buys sixty per cent. of all we have to sell; that Latin America at best takes only twelve per cent.; that Canada, whom we hardly think of as a foreign customer, buys more than South America and Central America combined.

In a sense the popular imagination of the United States rediscovered Latin America. The exploits of Pizarro, Cortés, and Balboa were to be given industrial reproduction by the commercial *conquistadores* of the Northern Republic. The well-meant publicity, which concerned itself chiefly with the rewards, failed to point out the pitfalls, and some of the results of the hysteria have been unfortunate. Small independent manufacturers rushed investigators down to Brazil, Argentina, and other countries "to look over the situation," to be rewarded only with shivers over physical contact with the actual horrors of moratoria.

Apparently it was not generally appreciated that trade with

Latin America was already "established." Probably it is not a matter of general information that we now have in the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans alone more than two hundred firms which do a prosperous business in the export and import trade with our sister Republics. Some of these business houses operate their own steamship lines, conduct their own banks, and maintain scores of branch offices in Central and South America.

It is only fair to state, however, that Latin-America also rediscovered us. The European war revived the brotherhood of the Western Hemisphere. Overtures for commercial interchange and appeals for capital quickly followed the outbreak of hostilities. Samples of articles of European manufacture were sent to this country, asking if they could be duplicated, oblivious of the fact that these same articles were in the stock of the great American mercantile houses operating in the same or adjacent territory.

Notwithstanding obstacles, disappointments, and counsels of caution, the tendency to put an apparently disproportionate value on Latin-American trade persists. In vain do experts point out the desirability of adhering to the beaten path in older fields instead of undertaking the hardships of pioneer work in less-developed territory.

Notwithstanding the disposition of trade authorities to criticize our choice, it is possible that the sixth sense of the American business instinct once more is asserting itself. The tendency, while perhaps based largely on intuition rather than knowledge, is evidently born of the belief that the time is coming when our raw materials and foodstuffs which now form such a large proportion of our exports to Europe will be needed at home. As a result we should vastly increase our imports of raw materials, and in exchange for these products we should have to ship out proportionately larger quantities of manufactured goods. The competitive markets of Europe afford meager opportunities and small profits for finished products, except in the case of patented articles or goods possessing some distinctively American feature.

With the shifting of our activities from the agricultural to the industrial field it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that the time is not far distant, as history is calculated, when the changing character of our commerce will call for a corresponding change in the character of our markets. We are large consumers of Brazil's coffee, rubber, and forest products. We

import meat, hides, and some grain from Argentina. We use fifty per cent. of the forty thousand tons of tin produced by Bolivia. We take sixty per cent. of the cocoa produced by Ecuador, although we obtain one-third of it *via* Germany. The nitrates of Chile are largely employed to repair the ravages of our soil inflicted through the carelessness of the American farmer.

It is fast becoming a tenet of the business gospel of this country that our exports of steel products, oil products, locomotives, farm implements, and typewriters must be followed by an increasing outgo of cotton goods and similar manufactures. With the resources of the Southern Continent energized by American capital and American business talents, it is believed that the market for our industrial output will be doubled or even trebled in a decade or so.

This, however, is largely the vision of American commerce. Caution is counseled for the present, not that we may neglect current opportunities, but that we may approach them with full recognition of difficulties and responsibilities. At present we are concerned not so much with dreams and prospects as with conditions that cannot be ignored. It is admitted that this country and the Republics of Latin America, by reason of existing industrial and commercial conditions, occupy positions that are essentially reciprocal. There is an opportunity for a very large and profitable trade if proper means are employed. The commercial prizes will come to us, however, not as the result of a "campaign," but by patient and persistent effort. Sacrifice and system will be important elements in such growth.

Just now it should be borne in mind that Latin America has been prostrated by the war in Europe. The purchasing power of those countries is represented largely by the value of exported products. A large share of the prosperity which has been enjoyed has resulted from benevolent financial despotism in the form of British and German loans. European investment in South America, while creating a market for European manufacturers, also has made possible increased purchases from the United States. European banking, which has handled Europe's trade in the Southern Hemisphere, also has furnished the chief provisions for our own commerce with those countries.

As a result of the war Latin America has been confronted with the curtailment of markets for exportable products, due partly to decreased purchasing power or the inaccessibility of belligerent nations. There has been a sharp diminution of purchasing power through the cessation of European investment,

thus suspending enormous industrial and agricultural enterprises. In addition to this there has been paralysis of commercial machinery, owing to the dislocation of London exchange, which is the universal currency for the oversea trade of Latin America. Moratoria have been declared, making impracticable or highly expensive either payments or collections in London bills of exchange. Exports of copper, tin, nitrates, coffee, and other products have been reduced because of the loss of normal European markets. The financial upset has extended to American exporters, as it has delayed the collection of bills on account of the extension of the moratoria.

This, however, represents only immediate conditions. In order to gain an idea of the commercial situation in South America proper, attention is called to the following table, giving imports and exports of South American countries from and to England, Germany, and the United States for the years specified. This report was compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce from the official reports of the respective countries:

		England		Germany		United States	
Country	Year	Imports	Exports	Imports	Exports	Imports	Exports
Argentina.	1913	$126,305,556	$116,154,937	$68,815,721	$55,888,788	$59,861,703	$22,096.385
Brazil.....	1912	77,509,079	43,006,473	52,945,352	51,856,965	48,043,322	141,720,216
Chile.....	1912	38,599,282	55,340,706	33,189,070	28,321,776	16,806,341	24,526,811
Peru.....	1913	7,779,616	16,561,235	5,138,902	2,970,857	8,541,934	14,761,355
Ecuador..	1911	2,835,854	986,148	2,385,758	2,139,552	2,591,629	3,190,069
Uruguay..	1912	[1] 12,575,508	6,508,127	[1] 7,849,094	7,860,272	[1] 5,638,402	2,655,371
Paraguay..	1912	[2] 1,295,248	[3] 799	[2] 1,500,958	[2] 843,459	[2] 304,888	[2] 590
Colombia..	1912	[2] 7,838,878	[2] 4,376,182	[2] 4,201,125	[2] 1,854,211	[2] 7,612,037	[2] 15,832,882
Venezuela.	1913	3,994,733	767,031	2,586,986	5,563,768	6,944,136	8,470,563
Bolivia....	1912	3,528,042	26,044,974	6,423,802	4,357,101	1,787,321	152,583

[1] Figures are for 1911 and are taken from the *Almanach de Gotha*.
[2] Figures taken from U. S. Daily Consular and Trade Reports.
[3] Figures are for 1911 and are taken from Pan-American Union publication.

These figures show that exports from Great Britain and Germany are considerably in excess of imports, while the balance of trade runs strongly against the United States. The balance in favor of Europe, however, may be explained by the investment policies of Great Britain and Germany and the fact that proceeds of loans to the less-developed countries are frequently remitted, not in cash, but in exports of industrial equipment or other manufactures. Our own trade with Latin America—this applies to the South rather than the Central American States—is concentrated. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of our principal exports to South America represents the products of large organizations. To Argentina we send chiefly agricultural machinery and allied products, steel products, oil products, and printing-paper. Our shipments to Brazil, Chile,

and Peru consist largely of steel and oil products, locomotives, and electrical machinery. Along the lines of general manufactures, such as textiles, shoes, hosiery, wearing apparel, and miscellaneous goods, we have not played an important part, because of our failure to meet British and German competition.

Furthermore, our failure to meet this competition has not been so much a matter of price as a failure to adjust ourselves to existing social, commercial, and financial requirements. We have fallen short largely in respect to attitude. Our disinclination to grant credits of the customary duration might be excused, but our shortcomings in respect to social usages have furnished the basis for international resentment, which has been ingeniously nourished by our competitors.

Notwithstanding our national fondness for innovation, the soundest opinion favors the view that any plans for the extension of our commerce with Latin America, and particularly South-American countries, should follow the lines of seasoned business experience. British trade is strongly intrenched by nearly a century of painstaking effort. The earliest definite steps to establish close relations were taken during the Napoleonic wars when the great Corsican tried to lay his continental embargo on English importations, thus diverting British commerce into new fields. With the revolutions of the Spanish colonies in the first quarter of the nineteenth century additional impetus was given to these new affiliations. These have been carefully fostered by that trade skill in which, until the advent of aggressive German competition, Great Britain has known no peer.

Starting with the formation of the London and River Plate Bank in 1862, came the establishment of direct banking relations until eight great financial organizations with a subscribed capital of $106,000,000, with branches or agencies in every important center of the Continent, cement the union between British and South American trade and testify to the pre-eminence of the pound sterling as the measure of value. Through the medium of these banks London has controlled the exchange-market and levied commissions on the trade of all nations. Millions of bags of coffee imported into the United States annually pay a toll of five to six cents per bag in commissions on drafts. Collection fees and interest on loans have added further to the profits of British shareholders.

The loss to American commerce, however, does not lie so much in the toll paid to British banks in exchange transactions

as in the diversion of trade to competitive channels, with the logical result that our imports, instead of laying a basis for purchases from this country, tend merely to facilitate the payment of old European obligations and stimulate increased trade with Great Britain. With the present banking connections the more products we buy from Latin America the more goods will Latin America buy from England and the greater will be our adverse trade balance with Latin America. The following table of trade distribution giving the figures for 1913 and 1914 supplies an excellent illustration of this point.

EXPORTS

	1913	1914
Central America, West-Indian Republics and Mexico	$177,627,892	$157,530,244
South America	146,147,993	124,539,909
	$323,775,885	$282,070,153

IMPORTS

	1913	1914
Central America, West-Indian Republics and Mexico	$224,685,344	$246,405,592
South America	217,734,629	222,677,075
	$442,419,973	$469,082,667

TRADE BALANCE ADVERSE TO UNITED STATES

	1913	1914
In trade with Central America, West-Indian Republics and Mexico	$47,057,452	$88,875,348
In trade with South America	71,586,636	98,137,166
In trade with all Latin America	$118,644,088	$187,012,514

The above figures do not provide a coincidence or a paradox. They merely show the inevitable workings of a system which leaves the mechanism of credit and banking in the hands of competitors.

In one of the bulletins issued by the Department of Commerce appears the description of a striking instance of the burden imposed by our reliance on foreign steamship connections and banking facilities. About three ships a month are required to carry to New Orleans the two million bags of coffee

consigned to coffee-roasters in the southern and western parts of the United States. If we had a well-balanced trade, these ships would be available for return cargoes of such products as this country sells to Brazil. Nothing of the sort happens. After discharging their coffee these ships are loaded with cotton and other raw material needed by European manufacturers. Upon arrival at their destination they replace their cargoes of American raw materials with manufactures which are sent away to Brazil.

The financial transactions follow the triangular route taken by the ships. Owing to the lack of American banking facilities in South America, the coffee importer buys a letter of credit on London with which to satisfy the ninety-day sight draft drawn on him by the Brazilian coffee exporter. In this way he transfers from New Orleans to London the obligation created by the purchase of the coffee. If this obligation could be liquidated through American banking channels direct with Brazil, it would exercise a certain "pulling" power in behalf of return sales to South America, and would tend to the reduction of the adverse trade balance.

London, of course, does not ship gold to Brazil. It discharges the obligation in British manufactures or credits it against the returns on investments in Brazil. In any event the process succeeds in alienating from the United States the market outlet that should be created by our heavy purchases. Rio—New Orleans—London, or if you will, Rio—New York—London! In either case the triangle operates effectively to siphon gold from this country, and by this method the more we buy the more we add to the selling power of our competitors.

No illustration could emphasize more strongly the necessity for direct banking relations with Latin America or give more forcible indorsement to the step taken by the National City Bank of New York with this purpose in view.

In addition to the establishment of direct banking relations with the advantage furnished by superior credit information a tremendous leverage is exerted by investments. The *South American Journal*, published in London, is authority for the statement that British investments in Latin America at the end of 1913 reached a total of $5,008,673,000. The estimated annual return of $250,000,000 tells only the minor part of the story. This vast sum has entailed the reaping of stupendous profits in the sale of materials according to agreements stipulated at the various times these loans or investments were made.

In addition to the investment return, British industry and commerce have been so strongly fortified that they can afford to view complacently any fortuitous effort to dislodge them.

The German invasion of the Latin-American trade field began about 1870. The methods were characteristic of Teutonic patience and vigor, and were ideally suited to competition with an established rival. Direct banking relations were established, not as in the case of Great Britain, to meet the demands of trade, but as a stimulus to trade. At the outset German commerce was dependent on the banking facilities of other nations, particularly those of England. German economists at once saw the fallacy of this position, and in spite of the debtor position of their country and notwithstanding the fact that their commerce was insignificant in comparison with the trade which the United States now possesses, no time was lost in correcting the situation.

As a result of this movement four large German banks exercise an influence in Latin America second only to those of England. In proportion to their number their influence is even more pronounced, owing to the aggressive tactics of their branch establishments. They have been noted for extraordinary liberality in the extension of credits, and in fact their policy has been criticized as being responsible for financial reactions in some of the republics where they have operated aggressively.

While their investments do not approach the impressive total presented by Great Britain, the Germans have used this asset efficiently and have been even more active than their English competitors in identifying themselves with the commercial life of the communities with which they have cast their lot. They have been alert in internal development, and their extensive work in the hydro-electric field has been the means of introducing a vast amount of electrical equipment into South America.

The emphasis herein laid on British and German trade methods in Latin America has a twofold purpose — first, to point out striking examples of successful precedents; second, to give some hint of the responsibilities involved by the extension of our operations in that territory. As a result of the war Latin America is facing urgent problems of a financial character. The Southern Republics are confronted with the necessity of marketing their products notwithstanding the shrinkage of the world's purchasing power. Funds must be obtained for the conduct of enterprises normally dependent on European financing.

With an adverse trade balance of approximately $187,000,000 it would seem that the United States should be in a position to offer assistance. With the present credit machinery this is impossible. The operation of a gold pool to reduce exchange rates would result finally in the diversion of our selling power to Great Britain and a restoration of the old order.

Cohesive action by the firms engaged in the export and import trade furnishes the most practical basis for a solution of the existing problems. With the co-operation of powerful banking interests it might be possible to liquidate obligations through the matching of credits. Such unity of action, while suggested as a means of temporary relief, would lay the groundwork for permanently improved methods. Reciprocal balances and credit machinery are the chief essentials of exchange relations. This machinery has not been available prior to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act permitting American banks to maintain branches abroad, and, with the exception of certain assistance afforded by the National City Bank, has not been a factor in the existing crisis.

The most feasible suggestions for meeting the present emergency and furnishing permanent relief are contained in the recommendations by the Latin-American Committee of the National Foreign Trade Council. These were made in response to a request made by a recent conference in Washington between the representatives of Central and South American countries and some of the leading industrial and commercial organizations of the United States. These recommendations were as follows:

1. *The establishment of a dollar exchange.*
   (*a*) By the ultimate creation of a discount market.
   (*b*) Pending the establishment of a discount market, by the extension of adequate accommodation by banking institutions, and the establishment of reciprocal balances in the United States and in Latin America for financing Latin-American trade.

2. *Perfection of our selling machinery.*
   (*a*) By furnishing additional support to commission houses already familiar with Latin-American business.
   (*b*) By forming associations of merchants and manufacturers to be jointly represented in Latin-America.
   (*c*) By obtaining information as to the possibilities of developing retail stores in large Latin-American cities.

With the establishment of direct banking relations and credit machinery the extension of our investments in Latin America should be a logical development. Intimate knowledge of individual enterprises is no more essential than in the case of the British investor. At any rate, the investigation by American banks offering such securities would be a determining influence, just as it is at present in the case of domestic flotations. The time perhaps is not far distant when the line will not be sharply drawn between foreign and domestic securities, for foreign investments may be regarded as domestic investments if they exercise a stimulating effect upon this country's commercial and industrial welfare.

The philosophy of oversea commerce is essentially one with domestic commerce. If an American community is prosperous, business is good. The same principle applies to Latin America. The volume of purchases depends on buying power, and in the Republics which lie to the south their buying power is dependent largely upon the development and utilization of their almost boundless resources.

Hitherto European capital and European organization have measured and directed the progress of Latin America. These funds and this energy have been withdrawn, perhaps for years to come. If the manufacturers, the merchants, and the investors of the United States are able and willing to meet the demands of the present crisis, the experience gained in this emergency may lay the basis for permanent and vastly increased trade relations. The opportunities are well-nigh infinite, but the responsibilities are sobering.

C. T. Revere.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Memories of a Vanished Wonderland.—Some Fresh Discussions of an Old Theme.—Dr. Muck and the Standpatters.—The Youthful Korngold and His New Symphony

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

To the normally parlous occupation of theatrical reviewing has been added, in these difficult and treacherous times, an element of exceptional piquancy. It is highly probable that the play which you have liked enough to want to speak about will have vanished into the region of abandoned hopes by the time your comments are in print. As we write, one of the loveliest things that has graced the stage in years has gone the way of other ill-fated undertakings of these tragic months. The spectacle which Mr. Edward Sheldon, setting his feet in new dramatic paths, contrived out of Hans Andersen's classic romance of the Little Mermaid and her human lover, and which Mr. Joseph Urban's decorative genius helped to put upon the stage of the Park Theater as a visualized fairy-tale of unexcelled pictorial charm—this "Garden of Paradise," where indeed Beauty, if not Happiness, reigned with infinite graciousness, has vanished overnight, like the enchanted and gorgeous dream it was. We may not see again the lovelorn and romantic King of the Blue Mountains and those two whose destinies were tangled with his own—the devoted and noble Swanhild, and the adorable young Queen of the Southland, with her goldfish and her pet kitten and her little black page Eglamour. Nor shall we behold the terrible Sea Witch in her cave in the green depths; nor the Emperor of the Crabs, nor the Prince of the Jellyfish. And how admirable were the players who made these personages live for us!—Miss Emily Stevens, so gentle, so wistful, so simply pathetic, as Swanhild; Miss Renee Kelly, so enamoring in her youth and her gay sweetness. Above

all, we have only our memories to enable us to see again those miracles of illusive loveliness, those glimpses of an authentic fairyland, that Mr. Urban, by his magical manipulation of paint and canvas and electricity, of color and line and texture, evoked for our ravished eyes: those green and liquid and mysterious regions under the sea; that apple-blossomed shrine on the shore by the convent; and that unforgettable tableau of the bridal feast in the queen's garden, with its gleaming flower-hung walls and terrace, the gorgeous riot of the banquet-board and its happy guests, bathed in a mellow golden radiance against the background of a turquoise sky.

But all these things are no more to be seen—the stage of the Park Theater no longer knows the sinister incantations of the Sea Witch, the frolics of the seafolk, the sighs and raptures of Swanhild and her King, the wondrous visions of Mr. Urban's dreaming. It is a pity. But at least Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Urban and the others have given us something to remember—better yet, something to dream of.

Mr. Willard Mack, whose ingenious melodrama, "Kick In," is thrilling audiences at the Lyric, has given us a second play in his "So Much for So Much," now at the Longacre, that may possibly rival his other productions in popularity—although we hasten to add that both of these "attractions" (to use the generic term of the showman) may have passed into outer darkness by the time our observations fall under the reader's eye. That would be a regrettable event—especially in the case of "So Much for So Much," because Mr. Mack has produced in this diverting comedy a play of very considerable freshness and vitality. He chose to handicap himself at the start by selecting as his theme that stalest, most jejune of subjects, the pursuit of the virgin stenographer by that traditional monster of venery, her employer—for in the philosophy of the lesser playwright, all pulchritudinous female employees are in a continual state of siege by the incorrigible satyrs who control their commercial destinies. Mr. Mack, however, puts us in his debt by causing the particular pursuit with which he deals to occur, for the most part, off stage. We know of it chiefly through Mary Brennan's description of the perfidious Steadman's beleaguerment—the method of which, as Mary's sweetheart, Tom, would say, is certainly "very slick." Nor is Mary playing the game with her eyes shut. She knows men, and she knows employers—knows them for the miscreants they invariably are.

Also she has her own philosophy of the subject. She is quite willing to accept certain favors from the wretch—as motor rides and champagne suppers (from one of which she returns home at 1:40 A.M. plainly—in the language of the older morality—"under the influence of liquor"); she even permits the deluded ogre to pay for her sister's operation. And she gives certain returns—"so much for so much," as she says. So much, but not *too* much. "Oh no!" exclaims her mother in horror, seeking to quiet the fears of the apprehensive Tom—"oh, no! Not *that*—not our Mary!" But, as we are clearly shown, Mary is playing a losing game, as Tom repeatedly told her she was. The ogre finally demands settlement in full; and Mary, confronted with the necessity of rendering "*that*," revolts in horror from the monster unveiled, and turns at last to the devoted and rescuing Tom, who, being merely a poor but virtuous newspaper reporter, can offer her only what she herself had previously derided, with the contempt engendered by an easy familiarity with limousines and champagne, as "love in a cottage." Incidentally, Tom threatens to expose the iniquities of the ogre—who is, to tell the truth, rather an unpleasant person, a middle-aged voluptuary who shams rheumatism to inveigle unsuspecting stenographers to his home, keeps a revolver in his drawer for use in repelling would-be rescuers of imperilled virginity, and has a satyriacal eye for the neighbor's French maid. So, in the end, we are convinced by Mr. Mack that all employers are quite as bad as they are painted, and that none but females of advanced years and insuperable plainness are safe in business offices.

This deplorable conclusion is borne in upon us by Mr. Mack's third act, in which the villainous Steadman reveals the blackness of his heart and the wickedness of his intentions; and here Mr. Mack is disappointing in his dependence upon conventional deviltry and conventional heroics, culminating in the rescue of the too-trusting Andromeda by her journalistic Perseus. It is in his first two acts that Mr. Mack is successful and likable. There he shows us, in passages full of shrewd observation, pungent humor, and illuminating characterization, the life that is lived by Mary, her fond and genial mother, her petulant little sister, in the proletarian flat of the Brennans. And the play is uncommonly well acted—especially and most memorably by Miss Marjorie Rambeau, whose performance as the imperilled stenographer is an unqualified triumph. She makes you believe in Mary from the start, so quietly eloquent, so

persuasive, is her impersonation. For her sake, and for the sake of the playwright's admirable two acts, we are almost ready to forgive Mr. Mack for his brutal ruthlessness in forcing upon us his disillusionizing conclusion respecting the infamy of employers and the precariousness of being both feminine and well-favored in that haunt of menacing turpitude, the modern business office.

In Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's play "Outcast"—which, as we write, seems to have established itself at the Lyceum—one is again presented with a reworking of old theatrical material. The subject, in at least one of its aspects, is as old as "Camille"—that of the harlot transformed by love and then confronted with the prospect of losing all that love has meant to her. But Mr. Davies's play is more than this: it is a study, and a very honest, sincere, and sober study, of the mutual responsibilities engendered by the relations between a man and his mistress. It is immensely to his credit that Mr. Davies sheds no maudlin tears over the case which he exhibits to us. His treatment of the situation is admirably free from extravagance and insincerity—he has achieved the quite staggering feat of dealing simply and reticently with a subject that at every turn offers tempting opportunities to the sentimentalist. This is the noteworthy, the outstanding virtue of his absorbing play—therein lies its chief excellence. It would be excessively generous to say that it is at all points persuasive and credible. Mr. Davies's fourth act does not quite carry one away. The machinery moves creakingly, imperfectly there—that passage between Geoffrey and the girl who had jilted him for a title leaves us cold. It is lifelessly written, and it is acted in such a lukewarm way by Mr. Cherry and Miss Leslie that the scene—a most crucial one—goes for almost nothing. But the chief distinction of the piece as it is done at the Lyceum is the exquisite performance of Miss Elsie Ferguson as Miriam. A more expert and eloquent piece of acting, a more moving impersonation, it would be hard to discover upon the contemporary American stage.

Was it Lamb or Hazlitt who said that when a new book appeared he read an old one instead? It is a bigoted and a reactionary attitude, an indefensible attitude, whoever expressed it—the attitude of those æsthetic stand-patters, those "haters of the new," of whom we spoke last month in this place, and

who are ever active, intolerant, and energetically vocal in their objection to any artistic manifestation which displays a novel aspect and nonconformist tendencies. The excellent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, is at present a victim of this sort of opposition because he was sufficiently progressive and generous to present to the patrons of his New York concerts last month a number of unfamiliar modern scores, two of them remarkable expressions of contemporary tendencies in creative music.

Now it is beyond dispute that Dr. Muck is not an impeccable programme-maker, and he is, indeed, sometimes rather inexorable in his provision of offerings. He is prone to arrange a programme made up exclusively of the earlier classicists, or exclusively of the more flagrant of the modernists. He should not, for example, have asked our squeamish New York musical public to listen to the forbidding austerities of Sibelius's A-minor symphony, the intricate and exacting rhetoric of Reznicek's symphonic biography, "Schlemihl," and Scheinpflug's highly spiced "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare" all in one evening, without the relief that would have been afforded to the ears and souls of the æsthetically timorous by the addition of a little Haydn, Mozart, or Brahms. It would seem to follow from the foregoing remarks that we regard these compositions of Sibelius, Reznicek, and Scheinpflug as works of value and importance. We do not. We regard the symphony of Sibelius as a sigularly arid and sterile piece of music, save for a few moments of seemingly fortuitous impressiveness; we have no love for the sedulously Strauss-like history of Schlemihl's life which Reznicek offers us—though we were touched by the deep emotion and noble beauty of the passage which gives brief utterance to the "Wanderers Nachtlied" of Goethe; and the Shakespearean music of Scheinpflug seemed to us rather trivial in style and invention. Yet we feel no animus toward Dr. Muck for his presentation of these works; we even dare to be grateful to him. And we beg to assure him that there are a few lovers of music in the artistic capital of this country who will always listen eagerly to any manifestations of creative activity in the ever-evolving art of music which he may see fit to offer for our inspection, even if they prove to be something less than masterpieces.

It is a wonder that Mr. Stransky, the energetic and enterprising conductor of the Philharmonic Society, did not suffer

like condemnation with Dr. Muck; for he saw fit to play for us, only a week after the objurgated venture of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the exploitation of musical modernism, an orchestral work of forward-looking tendencies and imposing scope by the youthful Viennese, Eric Wolfgang Korngold. Probably it was because the presumably bitter draught was sweetened by a merciful infusion of Wagnerian nectar that the ordeal was endured with comparative docility.

Young Mr. Korngold, who is only seventeen, is regarded with considerable awe and much amazement because he presents the supposedly anomalous spectacle of a youngster speaking the complex and sophisticated idiom of Richard Strauss. It is assumed that the natural, the normal thing, would be for him to employ the simple and naïve idiom of Mozart or Haydn—which is manifestly absurd. The youthful Mozart spoke in the habit of his day; the youthful Korngold speaks, naturally and expectedly, in the habit of his. There is nothing in the least abnormal or monstrous in the phenomenon. Nor do we find it extraordinary or reprehensible that Korngold chooses to employ in this "Sinfonietta" of his a large and elaborate orchestra—comprising a celesta, bells, a piano, two harps, and so forth. It is quite beside the point to say that Mozart and Beethoven were content with smaller and simpler orchestras. They had to be—they had no others. If Mozart could have obtained such effects as young Mr. Korngold gets from his use of the celesta, or—not to come so far forward—such effects as Wagner obtained from his use of a choir of tubas, is it to be supposed that he would not have done so? The only question that is germane here is: What—given his rich and intricate expressional resources—does this young music-maker do with them? He does much. He handles them with fine freedom, ease, and security, with breadth and *élan*—there is an inspiriting energy and gusto in his writing, a hint of mastery that is full of promise. It is less agreeable to note that this able and confident lad has yielded overmuch to the hypnotic power of the mighty Strauss, and to the sensuous allurements of Puccini. But at seventeen much may be forgiven a composer who can write as well as this accomplished Austrian, who tosses off a forty-five-minute symphony with the aplomb and address of a seasoned craftsman. In twenty years he will have forgotten Strauss and Puccini; and we think he will then be well worth hearing for his own sake.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

THE conservative attitude of Professor Sloane shows itself very early in the present volume in such *obiter dicta* as:

> If there be anything sure in the examples of history it is that the broader the democracy, the more certain sooner or later will be its centralization under a one-man power, legal or illegal.

To which is appended a footnote bidding us mark the encroachments of the Executive during the last ten years. Yet he is by no means a member of the frightened minority to whom political or social change means the beginning of dissolution. On this same subject of the Presidency, for example, we find him, later on, remarking that:

> There was no golden age in American history as we have seen; the Presidency of to-day as molded by party government is inherently a finer office than at the outset, because it is strong and directly responsible to a nation, to a party, and to a social condition hitherto non-existent.

By a process which he considers "beneficent," there has been since the formation of our Government a continuous confusion of powers which were intended by the framers of the Constitution to be kept separate, and almost every organ of Federal government has been changed in a manner that was not foreseen. This is especially true of the Presidency. Nor is the influence of the Presidents on public policy a new thing in our history.

Even Presidents of little renown realized important ideals. Van Buren forced the independent-treasury system; Tyler, a definite financial and tariff policy, as well as the annexation of Texas; Polk, the Mexican War; while Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan compelled the compromises of the slavery question. Johnson failed in his policy of reconstruction, but Congress prevailed only by an appeal to the

[1] *Party Government in the United States of America.* By William Milligan Sloane. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1914.

people, sovereign over all the powers of government. Congress, indeed, blusters and legislates, but vital bills do not pass without the support of the administration; even tariff and silver have not commanded the support of a favorable majority when openly condemned by the President. And in 1893 the Senate was literally dragooned into repealing the Sherman Silver Act against the convictions of the majority.

These are very consoling chapters on the Presidency when you think of the frequent scares we have had lest some mild or commonplace Executive person should turn into a Nero overnight. "When once constitutional government is abandoned," said Mr. Bryan on a certain occasion, "the reign of arbitrary power is inaugurated." It was, I believe, when the late Mr. McKinley had become of a sudden a "blood-guilty usurper," and Mark Twain was advising us to replace the Stars and Stripes with the Skull and Cross-bones, and people down Boston way were for changing at once the name of Thanksgiving Day to Shame Day or the Devil's Own Day or something of the sort. We had torn up the Constitution, it will be remembered, spat upon the Declaration, violated the tombs of the Fathers, and, so far as liberty was concerned, had receded in about six months to the condition of Egypt under the Pharaohs. Saved by a miracle—the same old family miracle—we regained composure, but not for long. The blood-guilty usurpation of McKinley was soon followed by the Cæsarism of Theodore Roosevelt, and at this moment there is plainly discernible in the most respectable corners of any respectable club the shadow of the iron heel of WoodrowWilson.

While Professor Sloane does not go into these details, he manifests in general a reassuring calmness in the presence of impending despotism, having seen it impend so often in our oratory any time these hundred years. He does remark, however, that this tendency to anti-royalist agitation ought to be rebuked. "The effort of men with perverted concepts of history to prove a reversion to type must be resented." This seems a little too severe. Why resent that harmless and frequent illusion in American middle-aged political discussion that one is a Cato in this dying Republic? Nobody proceeds on this assumption to inconvenient acts of heroism. Nobody ever falls upon his sword, or even, for purposes of self-injury, takes the train for Utica. On the contrary, there is much comfort in that Cato feeling, and a political old age without it would be like an old age without cards. Says Professor Sloane: "Those

who assert that we have a 'king' are the very men who promote the entelechy of absolutism." To one who has come in contact with them personally it does not seem so bad as that. They promote rather the entelechy of hypnogenesis or the apocolyntosis of the human head noticeable in all American political discussion. The author's style at times spurs one on to an equal verbal exertion.

There can be no evolution without agitation, and prophets of evil have their important uses. By their ingenuity of attack upon existing institutions the fallible quality of the American Presidency has been thoroughly exposed. They find the President under bondage to the Senators, each of whom sits because he has secured the voting power of his State and holds that *in terrorem* over the President. Emancipation could only be secured by taking from the Senate its power of confirmation, and placing all patronage without control in the President's hands. This would give him the entire responsibility. Furthermore, the public welfare can secure the attention due from the Executive by separating the man and the office completely from the party "machine," and to this end his term should be seven years with no re-election. His eyes, ears, and hands—the Cabinet officers—should have seats in Congress and in the committee-rooms to advocate administrative measures and co-ordinate the powers of government.

These are pure assumptions that another thing is better than the existing thing merely because it is another. The basic fallacy of such reformers may be exposed a million times; like all naughtinesses, it reappears.

In this discussion of the Presidency, and elsewhere, there is admirable temper and balance of mind, and the conservatism is not that of the usual "stand-pat" intellect, but of one accustomed to a long view of affairs, who has observed antecedent phenomena closely resembling the mighty portents of the present moment, and who does not believe that human nature changes radically, even from age to age. Historical study has disposed him to a benevolent skepticism, and he is patient even with that class of frivolous reformers whose real value is so hard to guess, unless perhaps Heaven means them as an object-lesson in infertility, and so bestows on them a single thought, like a china nest-egg, which they cannot hatch.

His discussion of recent American foreign policies is too brief for the development of his point of view. Like many others, he is sure that something very serious is happening to the Monroe Doctrine.

In the last analysis the Monroe Doctrine is the expression of our determination to have within close proximity no powerfully armed neighbor. Of necessity the expansion of the comparatively small but populous and powerful states of Continental Europe created a system of military interventions. . . . But the American temper can brook no great standing military establishments, no compulsory military service in time of peace. . . . If such a pacific system is to be maintained on this Continent it means wardships or clientage in some form for all other states. Our southern neighbors have so understood the Monroe Doctrine and with growing strength have finally flouted it. Our acceptance of the South-American mediation for ever frees the mediators from all sense of such dependency as they have felt, and indicates the termination of a phase marked toward its close by much exasperation. . . . What our problem in Mexico or Central America may be no one can foretell, but the old Monroe Doctrine has lost its vitality south of the Canal strip, and has been repudiated by its beneficiaries with our assent.

His early chapters sketch briefly the political ideas of the eighteenth century, the formation of the Constitution out of elements already existing in our colonial institutions, the gradual appearance of party lines in the first decade of the nineteenth century, strict and loose construction, the Democratic-Republican party, its policies, leadership, inconsistencies, the gradual development of party organization, the régime of Andrew Jackson, and the evolution of the Presidency into a representative office. He emphasizes the practical turn of American politics, the readiness to sacrifice theories to material advantage. "The country for which I am patriotic must be a country in which I thrive." Parties here have not been revolutionary or radical in the European sense. "The outs want to get in, they seek legislation to justify their struggle, but they do not attack government itself." Theories are always modified by the responsibilities of office. Democratic-Republican rule "began as theoretical," but soon became "pragmatic." Parties in the American sense cannot exist except under a constitution which admits them to power, and in gaining power they must seek immediate and practical results. Idealists and reformers, therefore, will be unable to realize through them their own convictions, and will form groups or factions which may in time have an effect on practical politics; but the two real parties are conservative, reckon with numbers, and proceed by compromise. The powerful party has been one about whose "simple creed men of all sorts could rally," as it was with the Democratic-Republican party at the beginning.

Adroit as the party manager may be, and sensitive to the demands of his voters, he is likely to win many at the cost of losing many, and his success in the nice calculation of results constitutes his supremacy. Jefferson was no exception; he is the hero eponymous of millions of Democrats at this moment; but it was public sentiment at whose shrine he worshiped.

In the party the American finds his political education; it is an extra-legal institution for satisfying the "basic wants" of his nature, and within it there is a "safety-valve for every striving." He feels himself sovereign and wants to exhibit himself in that capacity. Party agitation within party organization gives him a chance without danger to himself or others. Through the complexities and incoherencies of party history down to the present moment Professor Sloane discerns the same tendencies recurring under different forms. There is the divergence between the strict and loose constructionists, as marked and apparently as persistent in history as that between a bilious and a sanguine temperament. There is the growth of the democratic principle with the extension of the suffrage almost if not quite to women; and there is the gradual development of the idea of immediate popular control which threatens to replace the methods of representative by those of delegated government. As to this latter movement, while admitting that it is characteristic of "all present-day political action," he is by no means sure that it is "progress." Nor is he greatly excited about it one way or the other.

There is still a Federal Constitution pivotal to legislation and administration. It is remarkable that in the new stage of society no suggestion has been made for a national convention, similar to the familiar State conventions for the purpose of framing a new system consonant with the existing innovations of thought.

Social change has not affected the actuality of party government, and there is no reason to doubt that differences of opinion on strict and loose construction, on the limits of government, and on territorial expansion will continue to divide parties as heretofore.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

If the peculiar quality of interest aroused by Gertrude Atherton's stories were due primarily to a special kind of skill in the handling of plot, or to a singular deftness and persuasiveness in the exposition of character, we should hardly expect to find in her historic narrative, *The Story of California*, the same essential appeal that makes itself felt in her fiction. But her originality is, in truth, something more than a limited gift of story-telling. It depends upon a superior breadth and intensity of imagination, and upon a superior eye for fact. These superiorities, used in combination, produce a powerful effect that is more or less independent of the minor literary merits, though not inconsistent with them. An imaginative, a poetic, view of events in the large is combined with unsparing truth to fact in every detail. A paradoxical union of romance with realism takes place, and as we read we are led to believe that we have achieved, or are struggling toward, a more satisfactory view of things than would be otherwise attainable.

This view of things regards the universe as spectacular; it places the efforts of men toward goodness and toward other human values in a setting of hostile forces none too well understood—forces both of nature and of human nature—and in this way all kinds of interests become romantically enhanced. We are somewhat interested in geology, let us say: Mrs. Atherton makes the story of California's geologic transformations a majestic pageant, a Gargantuan spectacle; and in her narrative the prehistoric past takes on a new interest from its apparent affinity with the human present. We are all moved in some measure by any struggle for civic righteousness. Mrs. Atherton shows us the California vigilance committees going about their work with the grimness of fate, with a certain deliberateness and majesty, like the persons of a tragedy. The characters of men like "James King of Wm." and William T. Coleman stand out in her story like the sculptured figures of a frieze: not that the men themselves are made to appear remote or lifeless—far from it. It is merely that important personalities gain in sharpness of outline and in romantic interest through being a part of the magnificent pageant of

Californian history as Gertrude Atherton sees it in its wholeness. Every story that forms a part of the larger story of the state is similarly enhanced in interest, through the operation of an imaginative power that does not transform the quality of facts or distort their truth, but rather infolds them and sets them against a spectacular background. From Father Serra to David Broderick; from the strangely romantic love story of Concha Argüello and Rezanov in 1806 to the Arabian Nights tale of the rise of the California millionaires in 1872—every event is profoundly felt and largely visualized, attaining through the bigness and splendor of its setting something of poetic or dramatic significance.

The history of California is full of strange contrasts—contrasts of violence with peace, of nobleness with meanness, of the spiritual with the practical. It is a story, vital and picturesque, in which even what is sordid attains to the interest of vitality and picturesqueness. Gertrude Atherton's imagination revels in this rich field; the stranger, the more paradoxical the story, the more baffling the mixture of good and evil in it, the more violent its contrasts, the greater is the opportunity for the effective use of the author's own romantic method. And in the end Mrs. Atherton does imaginative justice to her theme as perhaps no other writer could. It is as if the theme had been made for her; or rather, it may be, the same influences which made the history of California what it is explain the special genius of the author.

We may read her book not only for its artistic effect, but for the information it contains. Though the narrative is in one sense almost a "dream fugue," it makes no real sacrifice of actuality. For it is only when the author sums up and dwells upon her theme that she substitutes the general for the particular; at other times she shows as much care for actuality and detail as if she were writing of recent happenings for a daily newspaper. Indeed, she seems sometimes to write rather profusely and carelessly than for studied effect. But her view of the whole is large enough to include a multitude of not too meticulously related details, and always her energetic style succeeds in its aim of strongly impressing the imagination.

William James and Henri Bergson. By Horace Meyer Kallen, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1914.

Comparisons, particularly in philosophy, are likely to be fruitful; indeed, it is doubtful whether a person may be said really to understand one philosophic system unless he understands two. Dr. Kallen's contrast of James with Bergson is fundamental; in going deep enough to find the essential lines of difference the author not only makes the doctrines of both philosophers stand out plainly, but he gives substantial meaning to the problems with which both dealt. In short, he makes us understand a little philosophy; and this is much, for it is

none too easy to come at a knowledge of philosophy by reading philosophies.

The striking and immediate contrast which Dr. Kallen brings out is this: that Bergson, for all the novelty of his views, adheres to the metaphysical tradition as closely as did Spinoza, while it is James who represents something new in the world of thought. Plato would have found no difficulty in comprehending the meaning of the *élan vital* or of intuition; he would have been, to say the least, startled by "radical empiricism." Like Plato, like Aristotle, like Plotinos, like the medievals, Bergson considers that in true knowledge—that is, in the knowledge of intuition—*the knower is identified with the known.* Not only so, but Bergson's system, like all the traditional systems, is of a compensatory nature. It seeks to conserve certain human values; to make the universe as a whole seem comprehensible and not unfriendly. In working toward this end through intuition, it commits "hypostasis of the instrument," as the essentially compensatory systems that belong to the metaphysical tradition almost inevitably do.

When, in art or religion, we have found a way of thinking or a way of painting which brings to us a certain new satisfaction, we almost invariably desire—nay, demand—that the whole province of religious thought or of art be made tractable to the favorite instrument. If this does not seem easy, then religion, then art, must be newly defined; inconvenient facts must be explained away or at least softened. We have "hypostatized the instrument," and we quarrel no longer about truth or beauty, but about religion and art. Truth is now identified with a particular way of thinking; beauty and a particular way of painting have become substantially one.

Doubtless, we all do this to some extent, for the tendency is primarily human—not primarily metaphysical. The philosophers—always excepting the radical empiricists—are never wholly exempt from it. They do the thing not crudely, but grandly, not illogically, but in such a way as to produce something very like conviction—a comforting sense of possible belief, perhaps—but still they do it, and it is because of this that we are never able ultimately to rest in their ideas. "The historic glorification of intuition," writes Dr. Kallen, "is nothing more than a hypostasis of the instrument. . . . Intuition, . . . like all hypostases, has its basis in fact of some kind, of course; but it becomes what Bergson describes it to be only by hypostatizing this basis."

Nothing, of course, could be more contrary to the spirit of pragmatism; for according to pragmatism a philosophy is fundamentally a method of using pieces of reality to control the remainder, but never a vision of the total. Hypostasis of the instrument, then, is just what James and all other true pragmatists would most scrupulously avoid. A pragmatist, indeed, may and does occasionally emphasize almost the same elements as must a follower of Bergson; for it is a part of the office of pragmatism to bring neglected data into the focus of philosophic attention. Thus, James himself was constantly calling the attention

of materialists to spiritual phenomena and requiring spiritualists to face material facts. But any coincidence between the doctrines of James and those of Bergson is accidental and not fundamental. As Dr. Kallen states the case, "Bergson erects the free and enduring movement discoverable in our inner life into the metaphysical substrate of all being." And in so doing "he erects into a system *one* of the data which radical empiricism freshly discovered and newly stressed."

An examination of the single point on which James and Bergson indisputably agreed only makes more obvious the gulf that lay between them. Reality, said Bergson, is *alogical;* in endeavoring to comprehend it our thinking simply distorts or unduly simplifies it: and in this, James, who was thinking in the same direction, followed him. Indeed, we are told that it was Bergson's critique of the *concept* that gave James courage to adopt the "principle of compounding" in psychology—in spite of logic. Both philosophers, then, accepted an identical principle, but with consequences how different! For Bergson found that in proportion as the mind devotes itself to practical thinking, submitting to the limitations of matter and of space and to the laws of logic, it becomes incapable of grasping reality—metaphysically impotent. James, on the contrary, drew the conclusion that only such thinking as implies utility has any meaning at all. Thus Bergson, in the traditional way, opposes action to metaphysical thought, while James invents a genuinely new point of view by making action, or the possibility of it, the key to all thought whatsoever. It is true that James's "knowledge of acquaintance" (which means just what the words mean) in several ways rather startlingly resembles "intuition." Knowledge of acquaintance is immediate, unique, incommunicable, complete in itself; it is *absolute.* But no one would dream of calling it the one true way of knowledge; for its object is not the universe, nor reality, but simply anything whatever. It is not capable of being hypostatized because, as Mr. Ballou, in *Roughing It,* said of his pistol, it is "too confoundedly comprehensive." The only thing one can do with knowledge of acquaintance is to give it meaning by turning it into "knowledge about." There can be, then, no true resemblance between James's contrast of "knowledge of acquaintance" with "knowledge about" and Bergson's distinction between intuitive knowledge and conceptual or practical knowledge.

Dr. Kallen's book is evidently far from being a neutral comparison of two philosophic doctrines in a perfectly dry light; it is, in effect, an examination of one doctrine in the light of another. As such it is all the more a contribution to current philosophical discussion; as such it is all the more interesting to the layman, for, indeed, those treatises in which no deepest sounding can discover the author's own opinions are seldom the most rewarding. Dr. Kallen as a writer possesses something of that brilliant clearness that belonged so notably to the

man whom he owns as his master in philosophy—William James. He has written a genuinely readable book.

When we have finished it we may perhaps be led to the reflection that our real interest in the traditional philosophers is likely to end at about the point where their consideration of what may be called the professional problems of philosophy begins. We find Bergson's fundamental conception suggestive; we can hardly resist the belief that there is some truth in it. But when we enter upon the process of dialectically doing away with the old antinomies, we are aware of a certain discontent, not entirely due, perhaps, to a lack of understanding. This man, we say, has seen a vision; he has caught a hint, as poets do, of the nature of reality, but it is impossible that he should free his conception wholly from the imperfections of human reason. Toward the radical empiricists we feel somewhat differently. They are eminently sane and wholesome; they are guiltless of the sin of "hypostatizing the instrument"—that not unamiable and very human fault. Our discontent with them begins at just the point where they *refuse* to deal with the old problems in the old compensatory way. For what is a philosophy or a poem that is not compensatory? In our hearts we want the philosophers to go on building systems, just as Mr. Wells wants the Socialists to go on constructing Utopias, and just as we want the poets to go on writing poems about the infinite, which they do not, of course, understand.

Nor are we quite out of hope that the process may prove of use. To speak the platitude of platitudes, reality is beyond our reach. Its stronghold is inexpugnable; but though we can never take that stronghold by direct assault, may we not eventually envelop it and so reap some of the fruits of victory? Perhaps. Meanwhile, if we fail to see immediate victory in the charge of M. Bergson's heavy brigade, we may doubt at the same time whether mankind will permanently adhere to the Fabian tactics of that master strategist—William James.

Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Professor Phelps appears in this book to be one of those teachers of English literature whom Henry Seidel Canby, in a recent article in the *Yale Review*, has happily described as "middle-of-the-road men"—teachers, that is to say, who are neither too purely inspirational, nor too profusely gossipy, nor too forbiddingly technical. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint of human interest rather than from that of research or speculative criticism. He knows well how to reconstruct a living personality—by a gradual accumulation of traits rather than by flashes of insight. But he never neglects the writer's work for the sake of dwelling upon the writer's personality. His essays are indeed "on books," and not on human nature in general, nor on the ways of genius. He seems, indeed, so little bent upon argument

that we hardly realize that our views are being materially altered or enlarged by his cumulative setting forth of "evidential facts." One of his essays which wears, more than most, the air of a formal thesis, is that upon "Realism and Reality in Fiction"—an essay in which the author is surely right as to his central idea, though that, after all, is quite fully expressed in the remark he quotes from Turgenieff: "What difference does it make whether a woman sweats in the middle of her back or under her arms? I want to know how she thinks, not how she feels." This essay, however, like most of the others, is, in truth, chiefly historical and cumulative in its method. Its real conclusion is the statement that the contemporary "life" novel represents "a sincere, dignified, and successful effort to substitute reality for the former rather narrow realism; for it is an attempt to represent life as a whole."

There follow essays upon Richardson and upon Jane Austen—realists both, in the sense of the word derived from *reality* rather than in the sense derived from *realism*. Richardson's life and life-work are described with sympathy and precision. Unquestionably we are made to feel the artistic passion of the man, and to concede the worth of him as an artist. "It is beyond dispute," writes Professor Phelps, "that this solemn *paterfamilias*, drinking tea with sentimental women, and apparently foreordained to be a milksop, was in actuality one of the most stern and uncompromising realists that ever handled a pen." This, then, is a reason for thinking Richardson great. Similarly, "Jane Austen is fully as courageous and firm in her realism as was Flaubert; and she is greater than the author of *Madame Bovary*, for she arouses even more intense interest without using physical stimulants." All of which is quite convincing, and interesting as well; yet somehow one does not feel as the result of reading such pronouncements an immediate impulse to reread *Pamela* or *Pride and Prejudice*, and one remains as firmly resolved as ever *not* to read *Sir Charles Grandison*. Professor Phelps, in fact, appears not to be one of those writers who have the power of exciting a high degree of curiosity; rather, he satisfies it.

The remaining writers treated by Professor Phelps are the Englishmen Dickens, Carlyle, Marlowe, and Herrick; the Americans Whittier and Mark Twain; and the Germans Schopenhauer (whose view of life is rather obviously contrasted with that of Omar), Lessing, Schiller, and Paul Heyse. Nearly the most pungent of the author's comments is that upon Mark Twain; though "pungent" applies less truly to the comment than to the effect upon us, should we be disposed to take "in snuff" what is meant as a sober and moderate judgment. "Mark Twain," writes Professor Phelps, "was a greater artist than he was humorist; a greater humorist than he was philosopher; a greater philosopher than he was thinker. Goethe's well-known remark about Byron, 'The moment he thinks he is a child,' would in some respects be applicable to Mark Twain."

Sanity, the sound appreciation that comes of thorough acquaint-

ance and of wide comparative knowledge—these rather than acumen or wit are the pre-eminent qualities in Professor Phelps's book

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THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW. By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Of authoritative books favoring the restriction of immigration to America, this by Professor Ross, who wrote *The Changing Chinese*, is perhaps the most readable and the most striking both in its descriptive style and in its graphic representations of statistical facts. *The Old World in the New* is indeed an impressive and rhetorically skilful summing up of all the evidence against the immigrant. What we possibly miss is the methodical and cautious weighing of facts characteristic of those books which merely embody the results of special investigations—that strictly scientific and technical analysis of statistical results which convinces the expert. Professor Ross writes as a man who, having fully made up his mind upon the matter of immigration, after an investigation as careful and painstaking as could well be required, is now bent not so much upon setting forth the details of his research as upon convincing the public of the truth of his own conclusions. Whoever reads this book should know that he is exposing himself to powerful batteries of argument. Professor Ross chooses his points of emphasis with real argumentative skill, and he appeals to our love of home and country in a manner that tends to inhibit other emotions. "I am not one of those," he writes, "who consider humanity and not the nation, who pity the living, but not the unborn. To me those who are to come after us stretch forth beseeching hands as well as the masses on the other side of the globe." By the same token it is true that the author, being as fair as he is skilful in debate, has stated the essential points of the restrictionist case with a clearness and force that leave nothing to be desired. His analysis cuts through the superficial layers of argument and defines real issues. In speaking, for instance, of the bulk of Italian immigration, he writes: "As grinding rusty iron reveals the bright metal, so American competition brings to light the race-stuff in poverty-crushed immigrants. But not all this stuff is of value in a democracy like ours. Only a people endowed with a steady attention, a slow-fuse temper, and a persistent will can organize itself for success in the international rivalries to come. So far as the American people consents to incorporate with itself great numbers of wavering, impulsive, excitable persons, it must in the end resign itself to lower efficiency, to less democracy, or to both." This is not merely an original and clear-cut phrasing of the case; it is the basing of the argument—conclusive or not as that may be—upon a really fundamental principle: the responsibility for the future of America, with whatever it may hold of benefit to mankind, does rest upon us who possess America now.

PHILIP THE KING. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Mr. Masefield's new tragedy, *Philip the King*, bears witness, as does the earlier play, *Pompey the Great*, to the writer's singular dramatic sense—by which is meant, of course, not at all a sense of adaptation to the theater, but one form of the poetic sense—the instinct and imagination that enables a man to write dramatic poetry; to poetize, without dehumanizing, human nature. There is hardly another writer of English to-day who expresses so much of the immediacy of life and feeling, of the instant stir and tension of it as lived from moment to moment, and of the sense of mysterious forces working under the surface to produce this effect of spontaneous self-sufficing, momentary life, as does Mr. Masefield. No other writer so identifies himself with the vital current of the action he describes; he is a part of the action, not the mere spectator and critic of it. Necessarily, it is he who does the feeling in the hearts of his characters and the thinking in their minds; and so sometimes his heroic figures seem inadequate. Their inadequacy, if we feel it to be such, is no fault of Mr. Masefield's essential mode of procedure, but is due simply to human limitations. If Mr. Masefield cannot create a Pompey so fully a great man as is Shakespeare's Mark Antony, that can only be because Mr. Masefield's personality is less than that of Shakespeare. In both cases the method is the method of dramatic poetry. The work of thinking and feeling is really done *in* the minds and hearts of the persons represented; it is not done simply *about* them or *for* them.

Philip the King is a greater play than *Pompey the Great*, first, because Mr. Masefield's Philip is a more adequate heroic figure, a fuller incarnation of life, than is his Pompey. As represented by Mr. Masefield, Philip the Second of Spain, great in defeat, unafraid of ghosts though steeped in crime, is a figure that powerfully impresses the imagination—a bigger personality than we can usually conceive men's personalities to be, yet convincing. Secondly, *Philip the King* is the better play of the two because it is the more poetic, and because it is the less marked by the narrower sort of realism and by mere impersonation. Its lines attain, through poetry, to an expression of thought and feeling fuller, less fragmentary, and surely not less true than do those of *Pompey the Great*. Nor does the employment of supernatural machinery in the play interfere with our pleasure. Whoever feels the mystery of life-forces working beneath the surface will seek to produce not only a tragic terror, but a tragic uncanniness. And the ghosts which appear to Philip are not merely mouthpieces for thoughts that must be expressed; they are uncanny in somewhat the same way as is the voice which announces that Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Besides the play, *Philip the King*, there are contained in the new volume several new poems: "The Wanderer," "The River," "Watch-

ing by a Sick-bed," "August, 1914." Of these, "August, 1914," is the most notable. This poem, called forth by the outbreak of the war, is by no means the result of a wish to do justice through poetry to a great and horrifying event, but it is the product of a genuine poetic impulse. The case is, not that war must be somehow thought into poetry, but that the war stimulates to a kind of thinking that is in the deeper sense poetic, and that finds, as by a kind of affinity, a wonderfully apt poetic form. By every test, "August, 1914," is true poetry—as much so as is Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which it distantly resembles in its quiet movement and in its effective use of the method of enumeration. There is to be found in it, as in the "Elegy," that unostentatious felicity of expression, that coalescence of thought and feeling with the spoken word, which is felt to be the result of inspiration, and which distinguishes poetry from mere rhetoric. Moreover, "August, 1914," has a *fluidity* that Matthew Arnold must have approved. As we read it we become convinced that Mr. Masefield's mind is channeled in such a way that his thoughts may arrive at warm and intimate meanings with a naturalness and directness that are less attainable for most minds than is a highly developed power of logical analysis or of word-building—in other words, we believe that he has poetic genius.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

To the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of 2015:*

SIR,—Kindly accept from us to you greetings—and pass them on, please, to the Editor of 2115, with a suggestion that he do likewise.

We are, sir, etc.

TO AMERICA CONCERNING ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday
Of her large soul's abundance and excess?
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress.
Dowered with her thoughts, and lit on Thy great way
By her great lamps that shine and fail not? Yes!
And at this thunderous hour of struggle and stress
Hither across the ocean wilderness
What word comes frozen on the frozen spray?
Neutrality! The tiger from his den. . . .
Springs at Thy mother's throat. And canst thou now
Watch with a stranger's gaze? So be it then.
Thy loss is more than hers; for, bruised and torn,
She shall yet live without Thine aid, and thou
Without the crown divine thou mightst have worn!

We would not deny, William, that we art indeed her child, but turn we pray to thy history of the episode, and thou wilt learn it was no twilight sleep. "The tiger from his den?" The Hessian tiger! Aye, we mindst him well, as well we mayst, for didst not he spring at struggling daughter's throat in the proud midday, at noble mother's bidding, that he might reap of her large soul's abundance and excess? Better begone, William, with thy bygones which we long since forgave and wouldst in sooth forget; else, listen, William! we mightst be less neutral than we art. And keepest, thou, thy baubles; we like not crowns nor even kings divine. 'Twas thus in the proud midday which you mention, William, and we guess it ever shalt be, world without end, amen.

President Wilson might have said most aptly to Congress what President Washington said to the Senate in 1789:

> We are conscious that the prosperity of each state is unseparably connected with the welfare of all, and that in promoting the latter we shall effectually advance the former. In full persuasion of this truth, it shall be our invariable aim to divest ourselves of local prejudices and attachments, and to view the great assemblages and communities committed to our charge with an equal eye.
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> Thus supported by a firm trust in the Great Arbiter of the Universe, aided by the collected wisdom of the Union, and imploring the divine benediction on our joint exertions in the service of our country, I readily engage with you in the arduous but pleasing task of attempting to make a nation happy.

Again in 1790:

> The disturbed situation of Europe and particularly the critical posture of the great maritime powers, whilst it ought to make us the more thankful for the general peace and security enjoyed by the United States, reminds us at the same time of the circumspection with which it becomes us to preserve these blessings. It requires also that we should not overlook the tendency of a war, and even of preparations for a war, among the nations most concerned in active commerce with this country, to abridge the means, and thereby at least enhance the price, of transporting its valuable productions to their proper markets. I recommend it to your serious reflection how far and in what modes it may be expedient to guard against embarrassments from these contingencies by such encouragements to our own navigation as will render our commerce and agriculture less dependent on foreign bottoms, which may fail us in the very moments most interesting to both of these great objects.

And in 1795:

> If by prudence and moderation on every side the extinguishment of all the causes of external discord which have heretofore menaced our tranquillity, on terms compatible with our national rights and honor, shall be the happy result, how firm and precious a foundation will have been laid for accelerating, maturing, and establishing the prosperity of our country.

In 1796, too:

> When we advert to the internal situation of the United States we deem it equally natural and becoming to compare the present period with that immediately antecedent to the operation of the Government, and to contrast it with the calamities in which the state of war still involves several of the European nations, as the reflections deduced from both tend to justify as well as to excite a warmer admiration of our free Constitution, and to exalt our minds to a more fervent and grateful sense of piety toward Almighty God for the beneficence of His providence, by which its administration has been hitherto so remarkably distinguished.
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> Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the

causes of which are essentially foreign to our concern. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

He might also have quoted from President Jefferson's Second Inaugural in 1804:

In the transaction of your foreign affairs we have endeavored to cultivate the friendship of all nations, and especially of those with which we have the most important relations. We have done them justice on all occasions, favored where favor was lawful, and cherished mutual interests and intercourse on fair and equal terms. We are firmly convinced, and we act on that conviction, that with nations, as with individuals, our interests soundly calculated will ever be found inseparable from our moral duties, and history bears witness to the fact that a just nation is trusted on its word when recourse is had to armaments and wars to bridle others.

And his Proclamation in 1807:

During the wars which for some time have unhappily prevailed among the powers of Europe the United States of America, firm in their principles of peace, have endeavored, by justice, by a regular discharge of all their national and social duties, and by every friendly office their situation has admitted, to maintain with all the belligerents their accustomed relations of friendship, hospitality, and commercial intercourse. Taking no part in the questions which animate these powers against each other, nor permitting themselves to entertain a wish but for the restoration of general peace, they have observed with good faith the neutrality they assumed, and they believe that no instance of a departure from its duties can be justly imputed to them by any nation.

And, best of all, perhaps, from President Madison in 1809:

I forbear to call the attention of the Legislature to any matters not particularly urgent.

In point of fact, these are the very things that he did say, although in language quite as different as it was his own; thus proving again the fidelity to Virginian tradition and thought of all Virginian Presidents.

But *The Argonaut* will venture the guess that either Justice Hughes, Senator Borah, or Ambassador Herrick will be chosen by the Republicans of the

country to head their ticket in 1916. The strongest man of the three, speaking personally and fundamentally, is Borah.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Of course; as Col. John Temple Graves remarks in the William-Randolph-Hearst papers:

Fully as strong, if not stronger than Mann with the Republicans of Congress is their great Senator Borah, of Idaho. There are many on both sides of the chamber who look upon Borah as the ideal Senator. A great constitutional lawyer, a magnificent debater, rugged, fearless, and as honest a man as ever sat in Republican councils, the Senator from Idaho holds a place in public life that any man may envy. He is a sound statesman rather than a partisan, and when he speaks the Senate and the country listen.

The Borah advocates recognize that his small northwestern State is a handicap to his strength, but they urge that his fine national character and repute would offset all territorial limitations. His temporary association with the Roosevelt Progressives has been fully redeemed by the fact that he was practically the pioneer in leading the Progressive thousands back to the ranks of the regular organization. There can be no sure forecast of Republican nominees for 1916 that omits Borah and Mann. Here at least their names lead all the rest.

Or, as we ourselves were sufficiently temerous to hazard, away back in March, 1913:

A PREDICTION

We predict to-day [March 8, 1913] that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho.

And, going a step further, in December, 1913:

Charles S. Whitman—a likely candidate for Governor. And if elected? Borah and Whitman, should we say?

> Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
> Since sorrow never comes too late,
> And happiness too swiftly flies?
> Thought would destroy their paradise.
> No more; where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise.

Ignorance ceases to be bliss when a Texas journal—the *Houston Post*—prints things like this:

Secretary Garrison and Secretary Bryan are not altogether agreed as to what constitutes adequate national defense for this peace-loving country. "Every nation," says the former, "must have adequate force to protect itself from domestic insurrections, to enforce its laws, and to repel invasions—that is, every nation that has similar characteristics to those of a self-respecting man." These considerations, he insists, should determine the size of the

country's military establishment. Hence his recommendation for an increase in the size and effectiveness of the regular army. He is unable to conceive, he says, how "a reasonable, prudent, patriotic man" can reach the conclusion that military preparation for these purposes can be characterized as "militarism." Secretary Garrison is from New England. He is not a sentimentalist or a jingo. He loves peace, but he is well aware that there are nations not so much in love with the idea as this nation when they think that war will serve their purposes of aggrandizement better.

Both Colonel R. M. Johnston, proprietor, and Mr. George Bailey, editor, must know that declarations such as this serve only to confuse the mind of true Democracy. Secretary Bryan and Secretary Garrison—in fact, all members of the Cabinet—are in perfect accord; they have to be. Moreover, Mr. Garrison is not "from New England"; he is from New Jersey, the temporary abode of President Wilson, and the home of the Honorable James E. Martine, no less than of the formerly Honorable James Smith, Jr.

Senator Harry Lane took the home folks into his confidence when he returned to Oregon from Washington, saying, breezily:

A bird's-eye view of the Senate shows there are a few highly intelligent men, but the bulk are just common, ordinary, average muts. They are the same sort that you find in the Council, in the Legislature, or on the street, but every one is "the distinguished gentleman from Oregon," or whatever state it is. That "distinguished gentleman" stuff is Senatorial courtesy. In Washington, just the same, a Senator is some pumpkins. His card takes him anywhere, and when he flashes his card every one jumps. He sends in his card and the President sees him while the other people wait. He offers his card in a department, and there is an upheaval to assist him.

With my old slouch-hat I had a hard job making any one think I was a "distinguished gentleman" at first, and I still have that trouble. I went into a department and I was passed up like a white chip. No clerk was too low to give me a moment's attention.

Then I poked my card at one of them and instantly things began to happen. It was like a bunch of rats running for a piece of cheese. Every man Jack in the department wanted to do something for me, from the head of the department down to the smallest office-boy. They even forgave me for wearing a slouch-hat. That gives some idea of how a Senator is regarded—you see, they are afraid that if they offend a Senator he will cut down the appropriation for their department or may have them canned.

I guess I don't look like a Senator. Senators, as a rule, don't wear plug-hats, and many wear slouch-hats; but I have a sneaking idea that they don't approve of the style of slouch-hat which we wear on the Coast—maybe we are a bit behind the times in head-gear. Anyway, the first five days I was a Senator they shooed me away from the Capitol, and I had to use the public entrance and elevators instead of those reserved for Senators.

Nevertheless, the Senator "discovered this—the Senate with all its uppishness and hot air is nearer to the people than the House of

Representatives, and getting closer all the time"—a statement, whose credibility, we have to confess, is strengthened immeasurably by his own sprightly candor.

The world-wide reputation which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge acquired some years ago as the Editor of this REVIEW he is now regaining as the Father-in-law of the Honorable Augustus Peabody Gardner, M. C. It is interesting, therefore, to note the following conversation as reported by Dr. St. Clair McKelway in the *Brooklyn Eagle:*

"You read the newspapers, don't you?" asked Mr. Gardner.
"Certainly," replied Senator Lodge.
"Do you read them thoroughly?"
"I believe I do."
"Did you ever hear of Connie Mack?" inquired Mr. Gardner.
"Connie Mack?" repeated Mr. Lodge.
"Yes, Connie Mack."
"You mean Norman Mack, don't you?"
"I do not. I mean Connie Mack."
"I do not think I ever heard of him," replied Mr. Lodge, after a period of thought.
"And still you assert that you read the newspapers thoroughly," remarked Mr. Gardner.
"But who is Connie Mack?" inquired the Senator.
"He is a person," declared Mr. Gardner, impressively, "who is probably better known to several millions of American citizens than Henry Cabot Lodge."

Although characteristically disrespectful, if not, indeed, positively unfilial on the part of Augustus Peabody, we may not deny the approximate accuracy of his assertion. As a strategist Mr. Connie Mack is the Admiral Mahan of the diamond, and is, moreover, undoubtedly more widely though hardly "better" known to millions than the distinguished Senator; but in retentiveness of memory we suspect the statesman excels. Who could have dreamed, for example, of his remembering Mr. Norman Mack? True, the name was familiar during the long period of Republican administration, but has anybody heard it since the Democratic party came into power? Not to our knowledge, nor, apparently, to his or the President's.

Ambassador Gerard informs the State Department that there is practically an unlimited market for cotton in Germany, as the mills there are working full time to meet the needs of the army and civilians for various cotton manufactures. The ambassador states that the price for the staple in that country ranges from thirteen to eighteen cents per pound after allowing two cents for insurance, freight, and other charges. Stocks are running low, and it is estimated that 2,000,000 bales could find a market there.—*Houston Post.*

In other words, we have cotton to sell to folks who want to buy; but England won't let us.

An especially happy achievement of Count von Bernstorff is that he succeeded during a visit to William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper king, in capturing this sovereign and over six hundred American newspapers for the German cause. To capture Hearst is equivalent to a battle won. —*Vossische Zeitung.*

Won? yes; but by whom? Humbly but firmly we suggest that our professional brother, Dr. Ludwig Stein, seek illumination from His Excellency the Honorable James Wadsworth Gerard, who continues to reside, much to his disgust, just around the corner.

Competition for the position of meanest man is always open to new entries.—*Hartford Courant.*

Not so! The entries are closed. Dr. Charles Hopkins Clark wins when he says, deliberately:

Senator Martine, turning his back on President Wilson and opposing his nominations, raises the question again how keen is a serpent's tooth.

The whole country knows—he very well knows it himself—that, but for Dr. Woodrow Wilson, he never would have been a Senator.

None knows better than the aged but enlightened editor of the *Hartford Courant* that serpents are not endowed with teeth. That Mr. Martine might not have become a Senator "but for Dr. Woodrow Wilson" may be conceded, but the vital fact should never be overlooked that he was designated, not as a Person, not even as a Patriot, but as a Principle. And such he continues with somewhat irritating persistence to be.

We read in the *New York Times:*

NEWTON, N. J., *Dec. 20.*—Charles Ashford Shafer, Sussex County's oldest resident, will celebrate his one-hundred-and-second birthday at the home of his son, George Shafer, at 181 Main Street, on Tuesday. Mr. Shafer is still active, hale, and hearty, and walks several miles each day. He was born a few miles from here, and has spent all his life in this section. For many years he conducted a distillery. The centenarian declares that chewing tobacco is a means of preventing disease, and he has been chewing it since a boy. Mr. Shafer reads without the aid of glasses.

That is surely a ripe old age—two years older than we are. A Democrat of course; Sussex County, "conductor of distillery," masticator of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's life-prolonging products, etc., etc. Good old man! May he live long and partake of Secretary Redfield's prosperity while reading with zest and "without glasses" the speeches of the Honorable Richard Pearson Hobson.

Our attention has been called to a paragraph, which, frankly, escaped notice at the time of reading the sermon. It is as follows:

There is another matter of which I must make special mention, if I am to discharge my conscience, lest it should escape your attention.

Do you call that up to standard? We do not credit it. Is the President really going to "discharge his conscience"? Perish the thought.—*Hartford Courant.*

This is silly. How could the President discharge his conscience? He cannot even discharge Josephus.

The *Courant* of No Account—Right but not Worthy of Consideration—*Headline in the "Hartford Courant" over a quotation from this* REVIEW.

Not so! Rather let us say, not always right, but invariably worthy of most distinguished consideration. To Charles Hopkins Clark, a true Yankee journalist, able, interesting, venerable; upon this, his 150th birthday, greetings from our own humble adolescence of a mere century of fleeting years.

Jefferson M. Levy has agreed to sell Monticello to the Government for $500,000—*Houston Post.*

Quite likely; but it takes two to strike a bargain; and the energetic Mrs. Littleton is not yet the Government, even when upheld by Mr. Bryan. Let us have done with this nonsense! The place is worth about $100,000. If the worshipers of Thomas Jefferson wish to preserve it as a memorial, let them buy it and pay for it, as the admirers of George Washington did in like instance with Mount Vernon. But the Government? Never! Else presently we shall be confronted with appropriation bills for the purchase of every Presidential domicile in sight, from the barn of Rutherford B. Hayes to the woodshed on Sagamore Hill.

The *Courier-Journal* gives it to the Republicans straight that they have no chance of electing a President in 1916.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Colonel Watterson already sees Justice Hughes defeated by President Wilson in the race for President in 1916.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

What a Grand Old Man he is!

From the *Congressional Record* of December 15:

Mr. REED.—Mr. President, I have no desire to be pestiferous or troublesome.

How extraordinary a statement!

Epitomized by Tommy Atkins:

First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise, and then the nurse says, "Try and drink a little of this."

Good sport, that! Like polo, shall we say?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE OTHER PHASE

SIR,—I have read with attention the few pages contributed by Mr. Phelps to your November issue. The feeling which this article expresses is very noble, and although at this time of day Mr. Phelps can cherish no illusions about the futility of his denunciation of war, it is not amiss that such a voice should be heard.

But apart from the idealist's point of view, there is another which Mr. Phelps overlooks to the extent of making his appeal decidedly misleading.

Mr. Phelps seems to think that all wars are wrong and useless, "never settling the rights and wrongs of any conflict of opinion," and consequently he is inclined to condemn in the lump all wars and all belligerents. It is characteristic of this spirit that he hardly finds a word of sympathy for Belgium —undoubtedly a victim of war—probably because Belgium, helpless as she was, chose to show fight.

But this is a view which will not stand even superficial examination. What does Mr. Phelps think of the Independence War, of the Greek rebellion against Turkey, of the Italian rebellion against Austria, of the anti-German agitation in Alsace-Lorraine? There are hundreds of historic instances showing that peoples have gained morally by going to war.

The effect of Mr. Phelps's pages on many minds with less training and less leisure than he has himself, and ought to use to dispel clouds, will be to convince them that everybody is equally to blame in the European war, and that this purely negative attitude is the best kind of neutrality. The reason which he gives in support of his point of view, *viz.*, that the "good and intelligent people" in every one of the nations at war are all equally convinced of their right, will probably strike some people as irrefutable and will leave them under the impression that it is useless to go into the details of an insoluble question.

This is what I think extraordinary in a university professor whose business it is to give the example of a virile critical spirit. Mr. Phelps can handle an historical question; he can make use of documents; he certainly knows the trend of European history in the last fifty years. Bearing this in mind and with the recent evidence at hand, how can he say that France, England, Russia, and Germany are all equally responsible for this war? In fact, the same issue in which Mr. Phelps's effusion appeared contained discussions of facts which he must have thought destructive of his position, and I only wish to point out what I consider an intellectual example of the more dangerous character because it is given by an unquestionably noble and Christian character.

ERNEST DIMNET.

PARIS.

"AN UNCOUTH SLAV DIALECT"

SIR,—The article of Mr. Sydney Brooks in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "The Future of Austria-Hungary" is on the whole so fair and so much in sympathy with Bohemian national aspirations that it seems a pity to have it marred by an incidental, and yet in the very nature of things offensive, remark —offensive to Bohemians, at any rate—that the Bohemian language is "an uncouth Slav dialect." Nothing can be farther from the truth, and it certainly is peculiar that so well-informed an observer as Mr. Brooks is not aware of the actual facts.

The Encyclopedia Americana has an extensive article on the Bohemian (Czech) Language and Literature from which, in view of Mr. Brooks's statement, the following is worth quoting.

> The Czech (Bohemian) language or dialect was the first of the Slavonic idioms which was cultivated scientifically. It is spoken in Bohemia, Moravia, with slight variations in Austrian Silesia, in Hungary, and in Slavonia. The sound of entire words, not that of the single letters which compose them, determines the roughness or smoothness of their pronunciation. The terminations of the various declensions and conjugations are mostly vowels, or the smoother consonants. *In general, the Bohemian has a natural melody like that of the Greek.* The Bohemian language, moreover, has much expressiveness and energy, as it is not weakened by a number of articles, auxiliary words, conjunctions, and words of transition, but is able to represent the objects of imagination, of passion, and all the higher emotions of the poet and orator, in a lively manner; by its brevity heaping together the most significant words and arranging the connection of the parts of speech according to the degree of feeling to be expressed, so as to give the style, spirit, and energy, or gentleness and equability. This language is, therefore, very well fitted for the translation of the Latin classics. By the use of the last participle active the Bohemian can designate, as well as the Greek, who has really performed the action contained in the predicate of the accessory clause, which the Latin, with its ablative absolute or participle active, must leave always undefined or dubious. In the subtlety of grammatical structure the Bohemian is like the Greek, and has the advantage over the Latin and other languages. Finally, the free, unrestrained arrangement of the words contributes much to perspicuity, as the Bohemian is less fettered than almost any other modern language to a particular order.

That is the language which Mr. Brooks calls "an uncouth Slav dialect"!

I do not care to burden your readers with a recital of the development of Bohemian literature. It is of interest, however, that according to commonly credited report the late Jaroslav Vrchlicky was to be this year the recipient of the Nobel prize for literature, and, certainly, as a poet Vrchlicky is equal to Tennyson. Right now there is no nation, large or small, that can boast of a poet of the power of J. S. Machar. Permit me this prediction: When the Bohemians shall have overcome the mountains of prejudice and misinformation erected against them by a hostile German press the world will find in their literature a treasure mine of unsurpassed wealth.

CHARLES PERGLER.

CRESCO, IOWA.

DOES AMERICA WANT DISARMAMENT?

SIR,—Noted scholars call this the Civil War of the World. Have they substantial reasons and facts to support that declaration? Is militarism the deadly menace which corresponds with the slavery question in the American

Civil War? Lincoln opposed emancipation until the historic moment demanded it. Is Wilson waiting for a like overwhelming demand for emancipation from militarism?

Can the combatant nations of Europe be intrusted to enforce disarmament at the end of hostilities? Could Lincoln have freed the slaves without armies? Can the neutral nations hope to secure disarmament without armed intervention?

Secession roused the North to indomitable battle. Will the neutral nations feebly stand aside for mad conquering nations to decide the fate of disarmament? With drawn sword the Federation of the World must establish the Parliament of Man.

C. ALLISON.

CINCINNATI.

GERMANS AND BELGIANS

SIR,—As a regular reader of THE REVIEW I believe that I express the sentiment of a large number of your subscribers in stating that an article such as that appearing in the November number under the title of "War," and written by a "peace-at-any-price" advocate, does much more harm than any articles published by German professors in our large universities in defense of "The Fatherland," and which have called forth severe criticism and denunciation from some of our leading magazines.

Though to my mind I do not see how any one can doubt the fact that Prussian militarism was directly responsible for this war, still, for the sake of argument, let us admit, as your correspondent says, that we in the United States do not know where to place the blame for this great world catastrophe; let us admit all this and turn to the question of little Belgium.

For if our correspondent is consistent he will censure and criticize the Belgians for having entered into this war at all, when they might have secured peace to themselves by simply allowing the Germans to march through their country unopposed. He would certainly have called this the most honorable way, and if his doctrine is right the people of the United States are doing wrong in extending aid to the starving Belgians on account of a war which they deliberately brought upon themselves.

Our "peace-at-any-price" advocates would have made admirable Tories in the days of the Revolution, and some years later would have been willing to have allowed the curse of slavery to spread all over the United States in order to avoid strife. They certainly would have never furnished us with a Washington or a Lincoln. But why continue the argument?

I will conclude with the statement that I am not a Roosevelt man, as you might suppose, for I voted for Wilson two years ago, and expect to vote for him again.

REED BABCOCK.

SHELDON, IOWA.

APPRECIATION

SIR,—Having given some study to the question of international amity, and familiar with the various phases of the movement as pertaining to the Western Hemisphere in particular, I wish to say few writings on the subject in recent years have afforded me as much pleasure as your editorial in the current number of THE REVIEW.

May I not, then, ask you to accept a copy of my book, *The Peace Movement of America*, with my appreciative compliments? The book, you will find, is but an episode, a record of events which lent themselves to journalistic treatment, as it were. But I think I succeeded in my purpose—namely, to show that peace can be made interesting, just as your editorial is really a remarkable achievement at this moment when war and all war entails is considered the only sort of reading that the public cares for.

I shall look forward with pleasure to see THE REVIEW surpass its former excellent efforts when the 1915 centenary arrives. I would wish you could hold to that term, for, as you correctly say, a celebration is really out of place.

With appreciation of what THE REVIEW is doing, covering as it does almost every phase of human action to-day, I remain,

JULIUS MORITZEN.

DORCHESTER.

SIR,—Yours is the only magazine in America that is worth the money.

J. T. STEWART, 2nd.

OMAHA, NEB.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SIR,—Inclosed find an appreciation (if you choose) of your magazine, which came to me from one of a number of college students studying periodical literature in the Journalism Course at Columbia—a girl enrolled at Barnard College. If it appeals to you, you may use it in any way you choose.

LEROY C. WILSEY,
Instructor in English, Stevens School.

NEWARK, N. J.

INCLOSURE:—After reading cheap magazines, with their garish illustrations, poor ink, and small type faces set on the eternal glare of "white wood-cuts," one gives a contented and restful sigh on turning to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. From the outside—because of its size—the impression is conveyed that the owners must be clipping generous coupons, for the advertising in a thirty-five-cent magazine of such proportions cannot but be highly profitable, and one receives a distinct shock upon finding that there are one hundred and fifty-nine pages of reading-matter, with only twenty-two of advertising. Yet the shock is a pleasant one, for it is unusual to see such a disparity between the two when the balance is on the side of the reading-matter.

And such reading-matter! No froth; no skimmed milk. Good, solid nutriment; plenty of cream; and withal, such reading as intelligent and thoughtful people can enjoy without being termed "high-brows" or pedants. There are a variety of subjects treated: politics, of course; the *war* (now); economic questions; national and international questions; the drama; literature; psychology; and book reviews. Then there are the contributors. Five Presidents of the United States have written for this magazine, several railway presidents, many captains of industry and finance, leading university professors, titled and distinguished foreigners.

On the cover of the periodical—under the name—is a statement in small-point type: One-hundredth year; and the ensemble gives the impression of conservative solidity, without that hide-bound, moss-backed constriction of ideas and methods which spells retrogression instead of progression. There is

also on the cover a list of the articles published, with the names of the authors —not tucked away in the corner of some illustration or advertisement, but placed neatly on the lower half, in sensible type, so that he who glances may see.

The first twenty or thirty pages of each issue are taken up with editorials, and when a page contains approximately four hundred words it means that the editor is a man of no mean ability, for none of it is "clipped," and the subjects treated range from railway legislation and treaty obligation to industrial conditions and latest scientific discoveries.

In addition to the convenience and pleasure afforded by the use of good stock and large (compared with other magazines) type, well spaced and accurately aligned, the editor gives, under the heading "Contributors to This Number," a bit of interesting biographical information concerning the author of each contribution, which serves as a personal introduction to the reader and makes a bond between reader and writer which adds zest to the perusal of the articles.

PROHIBITION

SIR,—It is a source of amazement to me that the big magazines of America, like THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, are ignoring, almost, the greatest economic, most vital question that society has ever had to deal with, for there are few indeed that ever even touch upon the subject of alcoholism, except in a purely scientific way which arouses no general interest in the questions involved in its use. Possibly many of them fear resentment from the liquor interests, but I feel pretty sure that cannot be implied of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. But, again, cannot the editors of THE REVIEW see that prohibition is a live issue? Cannot they see that it is sweeping the country, is even now a national issue? And do they not realize that prohibition will be nation-wide within the next decade? I am not a religious fanatic, nor even a prohibition crank. I merely see the situation with unprejudiced eyes, from a business man's standpoint—and I see America prohibition in the very near future.

JAMES LOGAN MOSBY.

OKLAHOMA CITY.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN VOTE

SIR,—So far as I am informed you are mistaken in your speculations about the last election. Among the German-American voters the word was passed around from North to South, and from West to East, to vote against the Democratic ticket in order to protest against the obviously one-sided attitude the administration is taking in the present European conflict. I was one of the many who followed this advice, and I can name at least twenty other men who voted the same way. Some of us thought that Mr. Gerard might be a very desirable addition to the Senate, where we hoped he might be influential in bringing about a real neutrality and a greater impartiality in our foreign affairs. I am sure that you will have to reckon with us when you begin to explain why Mr. Gerard "ran 70,000 ahead of the State ticket."

A. BUSSE, Ph.D.,

NEW YORK CITY. *Professor in Hunter College.*

GOOD WISHES

SIR,—My very keen regret over your withdrawal from *Harper's Weekly* is mellowed by the satisfying qualities of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

May your mind continue the direction of minds in tune with the higher ideals of this great nation and its thinking men.

A. T. MACDONALD.

LOUISVILLE.

CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES

SIR,—A mere layman in the law offers suggestions, stimulated by the learned article written by the Hon. David Jayne Hill, on "The State and the Citizen," in the August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Americans are proud of our constitutional "division and distribution" of power, so that its arbitrary use is very difficult. But is the chief cornerstone of the stability of our Government through one hundred and twenty-five years, the fact that the judiciary has usurped the authority to overrule the legislative branch of government by annulling or sanctioning its acts? I do not understand that the written constitutions of France and of the South-American Republics differ materially from the Constitution of the United States, from which they were all patterned. No other Government permits the judiciary to nullify the doings of the legislature. Who supposes for a moment that if the French judiciary had assumed such power, or had been given such power by the Constitution, government changes would have been materially less? Who claims that any such exaltation of judicial authority would have saved the Latin-American States from the anarchy that has blighted them? Have Brazil and Argentina gained their new quiet by conferring new powers upon the judiciary?

Great Britain's Government has held on its even way, quietly changing from time to time its so-called Constitution, for far more than our one hundred and twenty-five years, yet has never even proposed to exalt the judiciary above the legislature.

Evidently the great cause of the stability or instability of governments is in the character of the people under the government, rather than in the status of the judiciary.

I do not urge the restriction of our judiciary to its bare constitutional functions, nor do I argue for the recall, though I cannot avoid noting the fact that the Supreme Court's Dred-Scott decision, begotten, as Abraham Lincoln claimed, if not in fraud, certainly in a very unjudicial manner, was practically "recalled" by the people, after having powerfully stimulated the world's greatest civil war.

(Rev.) HENRY COLMAN.

MILWAUKEE.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE OBDURATE COMMISSION

(*From the Harrisburg Telegraph*)

George Harvey in his recent analysis of the results of the election intimated that President Wilson would be justified in recommending to Congress the abolition of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In view of what has transpired during the last year, and by reason of its continued arbitrary and inconceivable course of action, Colonel Harvey will have plenty of company in his attitude toward this remarkable body.

On top of an Administration war tax in time of peace and in further aggravation of repeated offenses, this commission, absolutely irresponsive to public sentiment, persists in its seesawing and delay at the expense of the business of the country. Referring to its latest performances, the *Philadelphia Ledger* says:

> What was virtually a direct command issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission has resulted in an increase of passenger fares all over the eastern and central territory. At the very same time by a stroke of the pen the commission suspends an increase in freight rates in the western district.
>
> If this all-powerful body had deliberately set out to create the greatest possible annoyance to the country, it could have chosen no better method of accomplishing that result than is found in its recent procedures. The Interstate Commerce Commission has stubbornly stood between 100,000,000 people and their only chance of a quickly revived business of all kinds.

Instead of bothering with the independence of the Filipinos, who are not ready for independence and may involve the United States in Oriental difficulties, the President might better, in his message to Congress next week, urge the prompt repeal of the act creating the Interstate Commerce Commission. When men appointed for certain specific duties involving the public welfare so far forget the real purpose of their appointment as to constitute themselves a supreme power, it is about time they should suffer official decapitation.

(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

Col. George Harvey, who remains the shrewdest and sanest adviser the President has among those whose advice is given in plain sight of all people, believes that the heaviest load that the administration is now carrying is the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Colonel doesn't suggest that the President give the commissioners, two of them his own appointees, a good shaking and that he order them to do as he has said he would like them to do. Because the Commission is in name, as it is not in fact, a judicial body, he

would not do violence to the tradition that the judiciary must be independent of executive interference. He would accomplish the desired end by means no less drastic, but not open to the same objection:

> We say plainly to the patient President that, if this particular body should persist in its present inexcusably dilatory, incomprehensibly stupid and arrogantly obdurate course, he can do no more popular thing than to ask a willing Congress to legislate it out of existence.

The Commission, perceptibly weakened by the withdrawal, first of Martin A. Knapp to become judge of the Commerce Court, next of Franklin K. Lane to become Secretary of the Interior, has become dilatory, stupid, and obdurate, because it has become subservient. Louis Brandeis has the members hypnotized. Militarism is no more hateful to Bryan, or the negro to Tillman or Vardaman, than the railroads are to him, and he is counsel to the Commission, assumed to be unbiased and fair-minded. He directs them that they have power under the laws to reduce railroad rates, but not to increase them. He, without any business experience, assumes to tell railroad managers where they may save millions. And the Commission leans upon him with a confidence in his judgment that is amazing.

Before prosperity can return in full swing there must be justice done the railroads. If the Commission will get rid of Brandeis, it will stem the rising tide of popular hostility, which may take form in legislation for its effacement.

A WARNING ELECTION

(*From the Lowell Citizen*)

The idea of Col. George Harvey—the original Wilson man—about the recent elections as bearing on the Wilson record, appears to be summed up in the quotation, "Not guilty—but don't do it again!" That is to say, he sees in the results of the late elections a distinct warning to the President and his advisers, although he is unable to say that the returns revealed anything like a direct rebuke. The quotation, therefore, does seem to fit pretty well. The country backed up the Administration on the whole, since it kept a small, and probably a sufficient, Democratic majority in the House; but there was an element about the whole thing that clearly did not reveal any great enthusiasm for keeping the Administration alive.

More than half the sentiment in favor of the Wilson régime is directed toward Mr. Wilson personally, and is based on the public's unreasoning, but very real, affection for a "man who does things" rather strengthily. Mr. Wilson is not particularly tactful, nor particularly masterful, so that one may rate him as either the one thing or the other; but he is enough of both things to get his own way with Congress; and people generally care not how this is done so long as done it is. What is more curious still, there seems to be a tendency to regard the doings of Congress, thus compelled by the President, as somehow to the discredit of Congress and to the credit of President Wilson. Had Mr. Wilson been up for acceptance or rejection at the polls in the late elections, we incline to believe he would have won, with considerable ease, even in States where the Congressmen devoted to his party were signally defeated. No one can explain that sort of thing by logic; but the public in such a matter simply isn't a logical creature.

Meantime there is reason to believe that the verdict really does look a

good deal like the one referred to by Colonel Harvey—"Not guilty—but don't do it again." That is to say, if Mr. Wilson's next two years are going to be like the past two, there is a practical certainty that he will not again be sent to the White House. One reads that in the result of the votes on November 3d. President Wilson, personally, has not yet lost his hold—but his Congress has suffered heavily for doing just about what the doctor ordered.

ECONOMY IN GOVERNMENT

(*From the Portland Oregonian*)

It is fervently to be hoped that Col. George Harvey knew whereof he wrote when he said in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

> We have reason to believe that it is the purpose of Mr. Wilson to undertake a complete reformation of governmental appropriations such as Mr. Taft essayed somewhat tentatively and failed utterly to achieve.

It is unjust to Mr. Taft to say that he essayed this reform "somewhat tentatively," for he made it one of the cardinal points of his policy, and, so far as he could without the co-operation of Congress, he effected important economies. Had his recommendations been adopted, he would have effected more, but his plans were foiled by the jealousy of Congress for its functions and particularly by the partisan opposition of the Democrats in the second Congress of his term.

The necessity of financial reform by the Government has been made more apparent by the extravagance which the Democrats have heaped on that which they charged to the Republicans, and by the emergency taxes which they have imposed when the country is at peace. But the evil which must be removed is the outgrowth of a tendency which originates among the people. There has been a constant demand that the Government undertake new work in regulating railroads and banks; suppressing monopoly; protecting life on railroads and ships, in mines and against disease; protecting food from adulteration; extending the mail service, fostering agriculture, fisheries, and forestry.

Performance of this work requires employment of increasing thousands of men. Congress is nothing loath to establish new offices wherein the members' friends can draw salaries and have expense allowances, so it gladly gratifies the people. It does not show equal alacrity in abolishing offices which have become useless. Witness the desperate resistance to abolition of useless land, pension, and custom offices, navy-yards, and army posts.

When the people cease to demand that Congress spend more money, and when they demand that it spend less, Congress will change its course gradually, slowly, and reluctantly, only after the demand has been many times repeated.

NO EXTRA SESSION

(*From the Albany Knickerbocker Press*)

President Wilson has announced his administration is through heckling business. When the President made this announcement the country took him at his word. Congress will reconvene for the short session next Monday, and by law this session must end by March 4th. It is reported from Washington that the President is wondering whether he can escape the necessity of calling an extra session of Congress next spring. Those close to the Presi-

dent report that he would like to have Congress take a rest after March 4th next, but fears it will be impossible to put his legislative programme through by that time. Among the things upon the Wilson legislative programme are said to be the vicious Philippines independence bill and the ship-purchase bill. It is said the President is going to insist upon Government-owned ships.

Col. George Harvey, in reviewing the recent election, says the result was like the famed Scotch verdict, "Not guilty—but don't do it again."

If President Wilson has not realized the meaning of the recent election he has lost his political acumen. He is not as clear-headed politically as Colonel Harvey. What this country demands is a rest from Congressional legislation, and if President Wilson is wise or at all solicitous about the future of the Democratic party and his own future, he will ask that Congress pass the regular appropriation bills at the short session, hold expenditures down to a minimum, and adjourn. If President Wilson is wise there will be no extra session.

EIGHT MONTHS OF REST

(From the Washington Post)

Public opinion has already decreed that Congress has been a little too active in the past, and that a cessation of legislation is wholly desirable, but it is quite evident that unless there shall be an agreement with regard to the early disposition of all appropriation bills an extra session will become a necessity.

Extra sessions have been entirely too frequent in recent years. The continuous work of Congress doubtless has brought many members to an untimely grave and at the same time has ruffled the nerves of the business world. It is true that the thirteen months that elapse between the time the voters express their preference at the polls and the time the newly elected members take their seats is somewhat anomalous in a government supposed to be easily responsive to the public will, but there has never been any real complaint about the delay, and there is not likely to be in the future.

The voters at the last election clearly expressed their disapproval of the radical legislation which has been inflicted on the country in the last few years. They expressed their demand for a conservative and constructive era. They issued a mandate for better consideration of the business needs of the country.

If there had been a Presidential election the Republicans would have had a clear majority in the Electoral College. There were many confusing issues, but it was clear that the people were tired of agitation and wanted business peace and prosperity. Even so earnest a supporter of the Administration as Col. George Harvey described the verdict as "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

Although thirteen months must elapse before the will of the voters becomes effective, it is inconceivable that any party remaining in power by reason of the technical arrangement in the Constitution would wilfully use the days of grace allotted to it in order to force through additional legislation of the kind repudiated by the public. As a matter of fact, there is no present evidence that the Democratic leaders intend to do such a thing. The conservation measures that will be passed probably will be constructive, rather than restrictive, if amendments that are proposed are adopted.

What needs to be done, however, should be done quickly and in a business-like way. There is no need for the delay that usually marks the short session of Congress. The members should settle themselves to the prompt despatch

of public business, so that no extra session will be needed and the country may have at least eight months of rest.

PROSPERITY A REQUISITE

(*From the Houghton Gazette*)

The American people are not consciously unjust or ungenerous, but they know what they want when they need it; and that something just now is better times, which the party in power must provide or make way for another. When pockets are full and life is easy humans rather enjoy the nagging of one another and cheer on the demagogues, but once the pinch becomes universal they see there is but one boat containing all; and woe to him who rocks it.

That is quoted from an editorial by Col. George Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Like a great many other writings of the Colonel, that paragraph impresses all who read it as a careful, truthful, thoughtful, and succinct analysis of the situation in this country to-day. It says in one paragraph what we have tried, faultily, to say a number of times, and each time wasting a half-column or so in the effort.

Colonel Harvey precedes the paragraph which we quote above with this:

If President Wilson shall carry the second part of his programme to a successful conclusion through the resuscitation of business upon a large and sound basis, to the obvious material advantage of the whole people, there will be no changing of horses in crossing the stream two years hence. If he shall fail in that endeavor, even through no fault of his own, the Democratic party will surely go down to disastrous defeat. Excuses will avail nothing.

That, too, is true, and we hope that President Wilson wants to bring back prosperity, and we hope further that he has the power and influence and knowledge to work among his political cohorts to that end. We would only change one word in that quotation from the Colonel. We would put the word "may" for "will" in the sentence reading "there will be no changing of horses in crossing the stream."

THE ESTRANGEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND

(*From the Washington Herald*)

That the wholesale indictment of New Haven directors sits not lightly on the chest of New England is discovered also by Colonel Harvey. Politically this other Colonel has been taking the sense of the meeting and he presents his conclusions in the current issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; presents them, too, in the manner, refreshing and forceful, that is Harvey's own. Colonel Harvey sometimes gives you the impression that he might have put Washington up to crossing the Delaware or assured Lincoln that it would be a good thing to say a few words at Gettysburg, but, for all that, this Colonel is a clear-thinking, forthrightly person who says something nearly every time he says.

"Not guilty, but—" is what he finds the general verdict of the country at the late election, with Lady Democracy as defendant at bar and Woodrow Wilson, *et al.*, as accomplices and co-conspirators. Pretty pat, that legal simile, in these days of statutory morals and ethics. Colonel Harvey finds that the East revolted against and stands estranged from the Administration.

The new tariff and wide-spread idleness he finds as the basic causes of revolt

and estrangement, but to him, too, "the wholesale and indiscriminate indictment of New Haven directors" was the finishing blow.

Colonel Harvey makes Connecticut his classic case, and he finds himself in complete agreement with the tart statement of Simeon Baldwin, Governor of the Commonwealth, that the grand jury return on the eve of election was the final blow at the defeated Democrats. "All New England," writes Colonel Harvey, "resented and still resents that proceeding, not merely, as Mr. Baldwin intimated, as having been timed for political effect, but as a travesty upon justice itself. This is evidenced beyond question by the press."

The Colonel establishes his case with an abundance of proof, including the forceful testimony of Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, a leading clergyman of the State. Dr. Parker declares that he would rather go to hell with the right people than to enter the pearly gates of heaven with the wrong crowd. Dr. Parker was especially shocked by what the grand jury did as to Luzon Morris, Leverett Brainard, Henry C. Robinson, and Col. Frank W. Cheney, and in closing his written protest, said:

> It is this particular part of the indictment programme that seems to me indecent and disgraceful. To rob a grave of the flowers piously strewn upon it or to deface the stone that marks a grave is wanton sacrilege. What then of the useless attempt to assail and dishonor the dead themselves who can no longer reply? I, for one, wish to speak plainly for my dear dead friends, and to protest against what seems to me a heedless if not wanton sacrilege. One would rather go to hell with some men than to heaven with others. I would rather my name should be in that black-list with such names as Morris, Brainard, Robinson, and Cheney than in the official list of their detractors and defamers.

Colonel Harvey truthfully remarks that this and other utterances manifestly indicate a bitterness of feeling more likely to be intensified than modified as time goes on. The Colonel is a little sorrowful about it, but the Colonel is a Spartan for the truth, and this is his conclusion:

> It is idle to attempt to blink the fact that New England, whose accord and sympathy with an Administration whose chief attribute is intellectuality of the highest order, is definitely and it may prove to be permanently estranged. A pity, indeed, it is, but true."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

(*From the Bloomington Pantograph*)

An event of more than passing importance in the magazine world during 1915 will be the celebration, during the entire year, of the centennial anniversary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The first publication was in May, 1815, and it has never missed a number. It is the oldest magazine in America, and there are but two older in the world. No periodical has ever had abler or more famous contributors, and during the centennial year articles by experts in numerous lines of endeavor will appear in its pages. Under the guidance of Col. George Harvey THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has taken on a new lease of life, and the venerable magazine has never been more popular and better appreciated than at the present time. Colonel Harvey, who, it is hardly too much to say, made Woodrow Wilson President of the United States, stands on a pedestal above all editorial writers of the present day, and his department in the REVIEW has added a zest and brilliance that were lacking before. Read-

ers of things worth while have a treat in store during the centennial year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will begin its full-year celebration of its centenary with the January number. Colonel Harvey, who, incidentally, has been its editor longer than any one of his illustrious predecessors, contributes a characteristically whimsical foreword to the December REVIEW. He regrets the absence of William Tudor, the first editor, whom he characterizes as William the First, and rejoices in the presence of Mr. Howells, an editor in the sixties, whom he designates as William the Second, and who, he adds, appreciatively, "continually and with dogged persistence refreshes our minds and keeps them young."

THE RECESSIVES

(From the Charlotte Observer)

The Recessive party, Colonel Harvey named it just before the recent election, achieving for the second time a prophecy on which he can stand pat and to which he can point with pride.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

BY JULIUS H. WARD

1815–1830

THE first distinctive note in our periodical literature was not THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but *The Monthly Anthology*, which was begun originally in November, 1803, by Mr. Phineas Adams, a graduate from Harvard, and at the time a teacher of a school in Boston. The Rev. William Emerson at the end of six months gained control of this magazine, and, with the aid of a few friends, among whom was Mr. William Tudor, Jr., who was to be the first editor of THE REVIEW, laid the foundation of the Anthology Club, which assumed the responsibility for the new monthly, then a novelty in the United States. The rule of the club was that every member was to write for the magazine as well as to have the privilege of helping to pay its expenses. In those days neither the newspapers nor the magazines had a constituency, and American literature was still in its infancy. We had an abundance of political and theological writing, but hardly any first-class mind had made ventures into the field of pure literature. Mr. Joel Barlow and Dr. Timothy Dwight had written elaborate poems, and Dr. Noah Webster had begun to prepare the way for his labors in philology, but we had no literature in the proper sense of the term, and *The Monthly Anthology*, having as its contributors such men as William Tudor, Jr., Joseph S. Buckminster, John Quincy Adams, George Ticknor, Dr. John Sylvestor, John Gardiner, and others, sustained from 1803 to 1811 the hopes of the first group of men in America who attempted to lay a broad foundation in the public mind for American letters. Though *The Anthology* was supported by the best writers in Boston, then the literary center of the country, its career was cut short by the unwillingness of the members of the club to further support it at their own expense.

In December, 1814, Mr. William Tudor, Jr., who was one of the foremost gentlemen of his time, wrote the prospectus for a periodical which should take the place of *The Anthology* but occupy a broader field. As a result of this endeavor the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL appeared in May, 1815, and was published bimonthly until 1818, when it became a quarterly. It made no apology for itself, but in one hundred and forty-four pages attempted to present to its readers a periodical which should be distinctively American in character. Mr. Tudor wrote three-fourths of the first four volumes and then transferred the editorship to Mr. Willard Phillips, who was assisted by young Jared Sparks, a graduate at Harvard in 1815. He was the working editor of THE REVIEW until May, 1819, when he became the pastor of the new Unitarian Church at Baltimore. The first number was characteristic. It took up "Books Relating to America" and made brief extracts from them, as it also did from *Baron de Grimm's Memoirs*. It had miscellaneous writings on religious worship, the manners of gentlemen, and different social topics, like the *Spectator*. There was also a spicy article on "The United States and England," in which the custom of depreciating America was distinctly rebuked. The poetry of Miss Huntley, afterward Mrs. Sigourney, was pleasantly reviewed by Mr. Tudor, and her first volume received high praise as having "the indications of genius." There were also two original poems, one of which, entitled "Sunset," had uncommon merit. The editor closed the number with several chapters of general and literary intelligence and included an account of the inauguration of Edward Everett, who had just been admitted to the full duties of his new Greek professorship at Harvard, and who in 1819, at the age of twenty-six, was to become editor of THE REVIEW. The second number reviewed Sir Walter Scott's latest poem, "The Lord of the Isles," praising his smooth versification, the brilliancy of his descriptions, and his singing qualities. Mr. Tudor contributed "Letters from Edinburgh" and "Books Relating to America." The third number had further instalments of these subjects, and Dr. Walter Channing wrote a notable paper on "The American Language and Literature," in which he argued for keeping it distinct from that of England, and there was a sharp review of Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering*, closely analyzed in an article of over thirty pages. The most original contributions in those

early days were the poems, and the climax of this originality was reached when Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was printed in the number for September, 1817. Mr. Richard H. Dana, the elder, who was then connected with the management of THE REVIEW, made the curious mistake of attributing "Thanatopsis" to the poet's father, Dr. Bryant, and it was not until Bryant delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge in 1824 that this mistake was corrected.

The interest in these first years of THE REVIEW lies partly in the subjects treated and partly in the contributors, who were among the earliest persons to give our literature an American caste while yet the tone of culture was distinctly English and European. Mr. Bryant, besides his poems, wrote an "Essay on American Poetry," in which he gave a brief summary of the American poets who had preceded him, assigning to Barlow and McFingal the highest rank, and denying Dr. Dwight the right to be called a poet at all. Another writer, later to become editor of THE REVIEW, was Prof. Edward Tyrrell Channing, whose first article on "Models in Literature" indicates the qualities which made him the inspirer and the successful teacher of the men who in the next generation became the leaders in American letters. At this time the contributors on literary subjects were George Ticknor, Daniel Webster, Dr. Gardiner, Edward Everett, his brother Alexander H. Everett, Jared Sparks, John Adams, and Dr. Buckminster. Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft were added to this number a little later. But the two largest writers in these times of small beginnings were William Tudor and Richard H. Dana.

In December, 1818, THE REVIEW was changed from a bimonthly to a quarterly. It had now expanded in the scope of its articles into a full-fledged quarterly review, and compared favorably with the English reviews of the same period. Daniel Webster, Richard Henry Dana, who for a year was editor, John C. Gray, and Sidney Willard were its leading contributors, and Edward Everett, who had just returned from Europe and was in the heyday of his early popularity, added in March, 1820, the editorship of THE REVIEW to his duties as the Greek professor at Harvard. In the first number under Mr. Everett's direction Dr. Walter Channing wrote on "Ancient Medicine"; Mr. Dana reviewed "Hazlitt's English Poets"; a critical article on "Dante," the first one written by an American, was contributed by J. C. Gray; "Geological Systems of Geology" was ably discussed by Francis C. Gray; and John Davis

reviewed "G. C. Verplanck's Discourse." This was a notable issue, and all through Everett's editorship THE REVIEW, which was becoming national in character, maintained the same broad and scholarly position. The distinctive features of the two succeeding numbers were Professor Channing's review of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, the first American author to adopt literature as a profession, and Mr. Dana's recognition, for the first time, in an extended appreciation of the *Sketch Book*, of Irving's literary importance.

In January, 1820, a new series began, and this issue was the first to reach a second edition. It was probably an article on "Slavery and the Missouri Question" by Chief-Justice Lemuel Shaw which gave it this popularity, though articles on "The University of Virginia" by Everett, and on "Pulpit Eloquence" by Dr. J. G. Palfrey, for the first time a contributor, and who in 1830 assumed the editorship, are of consequence. An article of distinction in the October issue was that by Mr. J. T. Austin, who considered the possibilities of "The American Tariff," a subject quite new to the country. THE REVIEW had now become the recognized channel for thorough and public discussion in the United States. No new contributors of the first rank were added to the list in the succeeding year, but in the number for April, 1822, William H. Prescott made his first venture in literature with a paper on "Essay Writing," which has the marks of the finished style that give special distinction to his historical work. In the July issue Caleb Cushing reviewed Daniel Webster's famous discourse at Plymouth in 1820, and another paper was on Cooper's novel, *The Spy*, reviewed at great length by Mr. W. H. Gardiner, who accorded it "a respectable station in the ranks of historical romance." Mr. Everett also welcomed Mr. Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" as one of the happiest stories of the day. Side by side with an exhaustive paper on Lord Bacon by the editor, Prof. J. L. Kingsley, of Yale, writes on "The Connecticut School Fund" and George Bancroft makes his appearance as the writer of an article on "Schiller." Mr. Everett closed his labors as editor with a contribution of a remarkable article on "European Politics," which not another man in America, unless it were Thomas Jefferson, could have written. THE NORTH AMERICAN in his hands had been raised to the dignity and character of a first-class review.

The new editor, beginning with January, 1824, and continuing until April, 1830, was the Rev. Jared Sparks. His first num-

ber had a short article on "De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium-Eater" by the former editor, Willard Phillips, who was a frequent contributor of literary articles from the second to the sixty-first volume; and a feature in the April issue was an article by the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, the first American to recognize the claims of "Wordsworth's Poems."

The North American was now regarded abroad and at home as an authority and in some sense a dictator. The day of struggle in establishing The Review was over and it had become a recognized literary influence in the United States. Mr. Everett still continued to contribute, though he had ceased to be its editor, but his articles are found down as late as the beginning of the eighty-second volume. It was at this time that The North American Review first began to print short notices of current books, a custom which it afterward followed with great usefulness to letters, as long as it continued to be a quarterly review. Professor Kingsley in the twenty-eighth volume had a notable article on "Webster's Dictionary," which was then new to the public, and Nathan Hale was the first man in America at that time to discuss in its pages the question of the "Massachusetts Railroad," which was then proposed as a counterpart to the plan to establish a railroad from Baltimore to Ohio. Mr. Sparks closed his editorship of The Review with the April number for 1830, to which he contributed an extended article on "The Early Diplomatic History of the United States," a subject which well indicates the bent of his studies at that time. During his administration The North American distinctly fell off from the high reputation for strong and widely varied articles which it had during Mr. Everett's career as editor.

1830–1842

In July, 1830, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who had been a frequent contributor, became the responsible head of The Review and continued in office until January, 1836. Under him greater vigor and versatility were infused into the magazine, as had been the case in his brother's editorship. His first paper was an instance of it. It was entitled "The Tone of British Criticism" and threw back with unerring aim the taunt of Sidney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" which had then just appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the same number Mr. William B. Reed wrote with marked ability on "The

Politics of Mexico," and Mr. Everett found time also to write a second article on "Sunday Mails," which it was then first proposed should be carried on the Lord's Day. In the second number his brother Edward wrote on "The Debate in the Senate of the United States," in which Webster replied to Hayne, and also on "The Right of a State to Nullify an Act of Congress," which was one of the longest and ablest articles that he ever contributed to THE REVIEW. The two articles were printed as one and filled eighty-four pages. The editor discussed with vigor "The American System" in the number for January, 1831, and George Bancroft in the same number wrote with marked ability on "The Bank of the United States," which was then under discussion; and the eminent jurist Mr. William B. Lawrence in April, 1831, made his maiden contribution on this same subject. Another writer fresh from his studies of the romance languages wrote his first essay on "The Origin and Progress of the French Language." The author was Henry W. Longfellow. These references to important articles indicate better than anything else the place which THE NORTH AMERICAN then held in the public esteem. There was no great subject at home or abroad which failed to receive consideration. The range of public discussion was broadened every day, and when one compares THE NORTH AMERICAN during the years in which the Everetts had charge of it with the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh Review* for the same period, it is found that THE NORTH AMERICAN had no occasion to ask quarter from its English rivals.

In January, 1833, Mr. A. H. Everett had a monograph on "Nullification," which was over seventy pages in length and discussed the question of the hour with the thoroughness which its importance demanded; in April Mr. John Chapman had an original and striking paper on "The Progress of Society," and Mr. W. B. O. Peabody wrote enthusiastically on "Sir Walter Scott," whose works from the beginning had received important notice in THE NORTH AMERICAN. In July Dr. S. G. Howe, the philanthropist, had an essay on "The Education of the Blind," in which one traces the steps that led to the founding of the institution with which he was identified, and the editor returned again to the issue between the North and the South in a thesis entitled "The Union and the States." In October Mr. Longfellow set forth the charms of "The Old English Romances," and Madame C. de la Barca gave a woman's explanation of Dante's great work. In the last year that the Everetts had charge of THE REVIEW their combined work was important and

valuable. Mr. Alexander H. Everett closed his responsible connection with THE REVIEW after the publication of the October number in 1835. He had lifted it into national prominence principally by his own essays, as his brother Edward had done in the six years during which THE REVIEW was intrusted to him.

For the next seven years THE NORTH AMERICAN was edited by the historian, Dr. John G. Palfrey, who sought to make it a more distinctly literary and historical publication. Its political character now almost entirely disappeared. Mr. Alexander H. Everett soon ceased to write for it, and so did his brother. Dr. Palfrey was as conservative in his management as the Everetts had been progressive and alert. At this time a new set of writers were coming forward, and chief among these were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Francis Bowen, and Andrew P. Peabody. Mr. Emerson wrote on "Milton" for his second contribution, his first article being devoted to "Michael Angelo." Both these articles should have a permanent place in his writings, and were reprinted many years ago in *Characteristics of Men of Genius*, and the one on "Milton" has since been again reprinted in a volume of *Essays from the North American Review* which was compiled by a late editor, Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman began his work as a contributor as early as 1835 with a paper on "Italy," and before Dr. Palfrey resigned his charge at the end of the year 1842 the old contributors who gave THE REVIEW its early standing and character had nearly all passed away.

1842–1863

Prof. Francis Bowen entered upon his career as editor in 1842. He was a man of great ability. Not an original writer, he was something more than a scholar, and for nearly thirty years was one of the most voluminous contributors that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever had. He kept THE NORTH AMERICAN within the limits of respectable and conservative work, but there is no hint throughout the ten years of his service that the most active minds in New England were at that time in a social and spiritual ferment, or that *The Dial* was taking the lead in live discussions. The same apathy was noticeable during Dr. Palfrey's editorship, and the existence of a rival in *The New York Review* from 1837 to 1841, inclusive, did not spur him on to larger achievements. Mr. Charles Sumner made his last contribution under Professor Bowen's editorship in 1844, and notable special articles were found in almost every number.

Mr. Whipple gained his earliest literary reputation at this time from articles contributed to THE REVIEW, some of which are not surpassed by anything of their kind in American letters; Mr. Motley, the historian, was a frequent writer; Dr. Asa Gray is well represented; Mr. Lowell contributed his now familiar essay on Browning's earliest work and prophesied his future fame; Dr. Francis Wayland furnished a notable essay on Dr. Arnold, Mr. G. T. Curtis an important estimate of "Webster as a Diplomatist"; Professor Norton printed his first NORTH AMERICAN essay in 1849; Prof. S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth, did some good work; but the NORTH AMERICAN from 1835 to the end of 1852 was not so good as it had been in the earlier years nor as it afterward became.

Perhaps a new editor was needed, and certainly Dr. Peabody gave the old quarterly a new start in the number for January, 1853, in which he himself was the author of an appreciative paper on Hawthorne and also on Niebuhr. He did not immediately lift THE NORTH AMERICAN out of its old ruts. Perhaps this was not possible, but he invited contributors outside of the Harvard circle and gave variety, if not brilliancy, to its pages. THE REVIEW was now printed on better paper and from better type. Dr. G. A. Bartol was at this time a fresh writer. Dr. Holmes made his only important contribution, taking as his subject "The Mechanism of Vital Actions"; Prof. C. C. Everett said almost the best word spoken by any American on Ruskin; Mr. C. C. Smith began his valuable historical essays with a remarkable paper on "Edmund Burke"; Mrs. E. D. Cheney wrote with critical insight on "Michael Angelo"; Mr. D. C. Brooks in "The Literature of Power," printed in 1861, made in his only contribution to THE NORTH AMERICAN a bright and lasting impression; Judge Joel Parker was a frequent and able contributor on constitutional subjects; and Dr. Robert Lowell wrote, in 1862, a remarkable essay on "The Better American Opinion." Dr. Peabody's editorship ceased at the end of 1863. He had given THE NORTH AMERICAN more distinction in literature than it had under any of its previous managers; but while its pages had a certain elegance and interest, it did not grapple with live questions.

1864–1873

In 1864 the editorship of THE REVIEW passed into the hands of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, men

who at that time had taken a foremost place in American letters. Shortly after assuming his duties, Mr. Lowell wrote to J. L. Motley to secure his services as a contributor.

> Imagine the difference in the tone of THE REVIEW [he writes] . . . . Norton and I have undertaken to edit THE NORTH AMERICAN—a rather Sisyphian job, you will say. It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is, thickly and thinly, loyal; it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly was in great danger of running aground. . . . It was an easy matter, of course, to make it loyal—even to give it opinions (such as they were), but to make it alive is more difficult. Perhaps the day of the quarterlies is gone by, and those megatheria of letters may be in the mere course of nature withdrawing to their last swamps to die in peace.

As a matter of fact THE REVIEW was continued as a quarterly until Mr. Rice's editorship, when first it was changed to a bimonthly and then to a monthly. And Mr. Norton, writing to F. M. Olstead to enroll him as a contributor, said:

> We must use the advantages which the times give us. There is an opportunity now to make THE NORTH AMERICAN one of the means of developing the nation, of stimulating its better sense, of setting before it and holding up to it its own ideal—at least of securing expression for its clearest thought and most accurate scholarship.

New vigor was given to the venerable periodical; representative men from all over the country were asked to contribute, and later on, from England and Europe as well, and both editors lent their time and ripe scholarship to advancing THE REVIEW to the position which since that date has made it perhaps the strongest and most vital force in American politics and literature.

The radical changes introduced by these editors are best indicated by titles and writers in a few of the earlier numbers. Professor Norton wrote on "The Sanitary Commission"; Mr. Lowell on "The President's Policy"; Mr. Frothingham on "Theodore Parker"; Dr. W. G. Eliot on "Loyal Work in Missouri"; Mr. Godkin on "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy"; Mr. Blodgett on "The National Resources"; Mr. Parton on "The Government of the City of New York"; Mr. W. C. Gannett on "The Freedmen at Port Royal"; Mr. Emerson his familiar essay on "Character"; Prof. E. P. Evans on "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts"; Mr. G.

W. Curtis on "Hawthorne"; Mr. W. D. Howells on "Longfellow"; and Mr. Charles F. Adams, Jr., on "Boston and Railroad Questions." Many of these men wrote again and again on the subjects that were specially within their gift, and the two most frequent contributors during this period were Mr. Lowell and Mr. Godkin, who did constructive work for literature and political philosophy. Mr. Norton wrote upon a wider variety of subjects with thoroughness and mastery, and one notable contribution was in the October number, 1869, when he first brought to the attention of the American public *Omar Khayyam* in the French version of Nicolas and the anonymous translation of Fitzgerald. Nearly every contribution had a character of its own. The writers who during the next ten years gave THE REVIEW its greatest distinction were James Parton, Sidney G. Fisher, Edwin L. Godkin, Prof. W. D. Whitney, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Mr. John Fiske, Prof. Simon Newcomb, J. Eliot Cabot, Russell Sturgis, Jr., Arthur H. Clough, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Henry Brooks Adams, Prof. Goldwin Smith, and George W. Curtis.

Mr. Norton was the first to retire from the new editorship. He left about 1868 and was succeeded by Professor Gurney. Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell were joint editors, Mr. Lowell devoting his time mainly to original contributions, and Mr. Norton taking practical editorial charge. He was the first editor to pay more than a dollar a page for contributions. Professor Gurney and Mr. Lowell continued together for a year or two after Mr. Norton had retired, when THE REVIEW was transferred to Mr. Henry Adams, the new political historian of the United States, who invited Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge to become his assistant.

It was the policy of these editors to invite more foreign writers to contribute, and the literary criticisms were of a very high order. The most notable single number during this long period of live-editorship was the one published in January, 1876. It was a centennial number and discussed the last hundred years in America as it had expressed itself in our history through religion, politics, abstract and economic science, and law and education. The best writers in the country furnished these articles, and THE REVIEW made an epoch in its history by publishing them. Mr. Howells was enlarging his reputation as an essayist, Mr. Adams manifested his ability to deal with railway and political questions, and Mr. Charles K. Adams made himself known as a writer on European politics. The dis-

cussions were maintained upon a high level, and personalities were largely removed, though it was an article on "The Independence in the Canvass," published in October, 1876, which contained such outspoken sentiments that the proprietors declined to indorse it, and the editors at that time, Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. H. Cabot Lodge, retired on this account and compelled the placing of THE REVIEW in new hands. The obnoxious essay was written by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and was the first outspoken word since the war in favor of the independent intelligence of the country making itself politically felt. It was the precursor of the independent voting of to-day.

1876–1899

THE REVIEW was now to undergo a radical change. A new editor had to be found. The choice fell upon the writer, but before the publishers were ready to make it public Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice purchased THE REVIEW, and he repeated the invitation. It was through his advice that it became a bimonthly, and a little later a monthly magazine. The reason for this change was that the quarterly could not keep in sufficiently close contact with current questions or deal with them thoroughly before the special interest in them departed. For the first time in its history THE REVIEW was conducted by men who were not graduates of Harvard. Mr. R. H. Dana led off in the first number under the new régime with a discussion of "Points in American Politics," Mr. Whipple wrote what Mr. Lewes said was the best article on *Daniel Deronda*, Mr. John Fiske celebrated "The Triumph of Darwinism," and Mr. Godkin brought "The Eastern Question" up to date. The change to the monthly issue was made in January, 1879, and from this time onward to the present date THE NORTH AMERICAN has been in the truest and widest sense a contemporary periodical, and has preserved its traditions as a magazine that treats every opinion without partiality. While Mr. Rice was the owner and responsible manager of the magazine he was not at any time its working editor, but to him belongs the credit of securing the first contributions from Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning and several other famous writers to an American periodical. In the later months of 1877 Mr. Laurence Oliphant was the working editor, and for the larger portion of the rest of the time until he was compelled to give up his position

from overwork Mr. L. S. Metcalf, under Mr. Rice's direction, was in active charge. He had two qualities which enabled him to meet the peculiar duties of his office. He was always loyal to Mr. Rice, and was the first American who, though not himself a writer, showed a practical instinct to find the right man for the subject on which the public wished to be better informed. Nothing did more to lift up THE NORTH AMERICAN in those days than Mr. Gladstone's famous paper on "Kin Beyond Sea"; and the triangular and quadrangular discussion of Christianity in which Mr. Ingersoll challenged mankind, and Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning and American divines were brought forward to answer him, if it shocked many, was such a fame-making venture for THE REVIEW as it had never known in its entire existence. Frequently symposiums, in which the contributors were all representative men, have been of great value. The spirit in which THE REVIEW has been carried on since 1864 has been in the truest sense national, loyal, and comprehensive. The appeal has been straight to the public, and the strong men have had a constant opportunity to give their best thought to the world through its pages. After Mr. Rice's death, in 1889, his friend, Mr. Lloyd Bryce, conducted THE NORTH AMERICAN until 1896, when he was followed by the late David A. Munro, who in turn was succeeded by the present editor in 1899.

THE REVIEW has had a diversified history. Its great epochs were during the editorship of Edward Everett, during the later editorship of his brother, Alexander, and during the grand leadership of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton. Mr. William Tudor, Jr., and Mr. Willard Phillips, its earliest managers, must not be forgotten. It has always been a fitting representative of the intelligence of the country, and its contributions have permanent value in American letters.

JULIUS H. WARD.

PART OF WHICH I WAS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A PERSONAL tie binds me to the centennial of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW through the fact that it was nearly half its way through its hundred years when I began to write for it. That was in 1864, when James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton were its editors, and I lived in Venice, and the present editor of THE REVIEW was born. Norton was only a name to me then, but Lowell I knew from the kindness he had shown my verse when he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it was to him that I sent from Venice my paper on "Recent Italian Comedy" in a fear that the all but world-wide rejection of my work elsewhere had taught me. When its publication followed upon acceptance incredibly soon I held the number of THE REVIEW which contained it almost as dear as Lowell's letter of acceptance, but not quite: no print could bring me the joy of that writing.

Yet I think still that THE REVIEW merited the homage I paid it, keeping it in my hands as often as I could, and dwelling upon it with eyes that revered in it a signal example of its own greatness, and fondly realized its descent from the supreme English quarterlies. It emulated the look of these in size and shape, in paper and print, and if it had not the stiff covers, half the thickness of pasteboard, which enabled them to hold themselves upright on a shelf, the gray of its outside was of a scholarly quiet which richly satisfied. I felt in its possession as if I had been published scarcely more in THE NORTH AMERICAN than in *The London Quarterly*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *The North British*,and *The Westminster*.

I do not suppose now that my essay on the Italian comedies of the early eighteen-sixties quite filled that number of THE REVIEW, but I cannot remember anything else in it, though there must have been a dozen other articles, with a score of book notices at the end. There I was so overwhelmingly, to

my sense, that I might well have been there alone; there I was with the title of my article Roman-numeraled at its head and with the titles of the plays it was based upon dropped in a long foot-note at the bottom of the page, just as was always done with authors and articles in the English quarterlies; and I can hardly believe that when it came, years afterward, to the question of collecting that essay in a book of kindred papers I did not think it quite good enough.

There was another article, written for THE REVIEW while I was still in Venice, which I did find worthy of some such measure of immortality, and duly reprinted, though in which of my many books the reader would find my historical study of Ducal Mantua I should not be able to say now. I think it was in the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN for 1866, and I am sure that it filled fifty pages, for I know that I got a hundred dollars for it, such was the munificent rate of two dollars a page which THE NORTH AMERICAN paid in those years. Perhaps the reader will like to know, or if he will not he shall, that I put the money in a savings-bank, and when the bank was closing up its affairs a good while after and notified me that this deposit with interest was due me I confidently denied the fact. I have never been so rich since as to be able to forget the smallest deposit in a bank; but it shows how much more my heart was set upon the honor than on the honorarium that came from being printed in THE REVIEW.

In Cambridge, where I went from Venice to live after a brief sojourn in New York, one was, as it were, domesticated with THE NORTH AMERICAN, for both the editors lived there, and one was orally asked to do this paper or that, and often knew what was to be in a next number. Of course it was edited with entire taste and intelligence and with a cordial liberality toward new talents far or near. Both editors were intensely New England, but it is only the lesser New-Englanders who are sectionally cockney, and these editors were of the greater. I was not acquainted with THE REVIEW, its earlier character or temperament, and can only trust a general impression that it began to be different in the hands of Lowell and Norton. There were new thinkers as well as new writers in it; while it kept the scholarly attitude in its treatment of topics, it dealt with current events as courageously, vigorously, conscientiously as if they had been matters of history. It threw a new light on old interests; the editors welcomed a contributor who had, or fancied he had, any novel sort of lantern; all they asked of him

was that he should come with his reasons and convictions as if they were the opinions of a gentleman. In short, the old North American Review began with them to be the young North American.

I fancy Norton did the larger part of the work, for Lowell would have been apt to relax to his secular arm the manuscripts which offended against his beloved leisure: leisure which he gave to his special learning, his universal reading, and his interest in the higher politics. He wrote some of his best essays for The Review at that time, or perhaps the most of them, such as those on Shakespeare and Dryden and Rousseau, but I do not think he often wrote the book notices. These were sometimes done by Norton, but he also liked to give the new books out to be criticized by the "various hands" which had the fine touch of culture among his neighbors: in that expansive community of Cambridge The Review could be a neighborhood affair without contraction of its spiritual horizons. Both editors were of a most delicate conscience in their work, and The Review could have suffered nothing at their hands except that mystical injury which comes of being made too good.

It is certain that it did not prosper, and I remember one of its publishers, looking at some last number of it one day, and owning its excellence, but saying, Here was the horse and carriage which he could have kept if he had not chosen to keep a Review. By and by Norton went abroad and remained five years, and then Lowell went, leaving Mr. Henry Adams in charge, and presently the editorship began to fluctuate from one scholarly Cambridge intelligence to another; I remember Professor Gurney among others, and for a briefer moment my valued friend Mr. T. S. Perry, who edited the quarterly for three quarters, while Mr. Adams followed Lowell abroad. There now ensued a space in its history where I cannot follow it with a confident footing; but in a certain chasmal interregnum it appears from one of my old letters home, just chanced upon, that for one quarter I myself was editor of The North American. I got out the number for October, 1872, and probably I thought it a very good number. I am sure that it conformed to the old ideal of a quarterly review inherited from the English quarterlies, and that it was as literary as devotion to that ideal could make it.

In the course of time there came a moment when Norton, returned home to Cambridge, felt the irk of unemployment before he took up his unique work in the University, and frankly

asked my interest with the publishers to have him recalled to the editorship of THE REVIEW. James R. Osgood was now the publisher, a generous spirit, but always cramped for the wings that riches fly with, and not inclined to more than the sacrifice of a horse and carriage on the shrine of THE REVIEW. Suddenly, one quarterly publication-day, THE REVIEW came out only one-half its normal thickness, and Aldrich said, It looked as if Destiny had sat upon it. But THE REVIEW had a life which no malign Destiny could crush out of it. It was before this ominous shrinkage that it passed to the sole editorial charge of Mr. Henry Adams, who imparted such amazing life and go to it that Lowell, by this time long out of the charge of it, generously declared that Adams was making the old tea-kettle realize that it was of the same race as the steam-engine.

Mr. Adams left Boston and went to live in Washington, and I suppose it was then that THE REVIEW passed from his able hands to the able hands of Senator Lodge, already his associate, and more then beginning to feel his way through literature to the eminence he has since won in politics. Yet I am not sure of the course of the events; the mists of antiquity close here about the facts and blunt them to my sense. What I know is that Osgood united his misfortunes with the fortunes of H. O. Houghton & Co., and I had the vague impression that when the partners presently parted THE REVIEW rested with Mr. Houghton. But I am told by Mr. George L. Mifflin, the present head of the house, that this was not so, and it must have been Osgood who sold THE NORTH AMERICAN to Allen Thorndike Rice, who took it from its native Boston to New York, where, the rumor came back, he made it good society. He was himself good society, but whether THE REVIEW became good society outside of him I have always doubted. The fact, if altogether fact, was of the nature of taking *The Edinburgh Review* to London and endearing it to the smart set in the days when the smart set was smart. The translation of THE NORTH AMERICAN from the intellectual to the commercial metropolis did make Boston rub her eyes a little, but, as I remember, not much; it would have taken far more than that to make her, long confirmed in her superiority, rub her eyes much. The event caused rather a good deal of newspaper banter, and was taken, like most other American events, jocosely. Yet we were not insensible to our incalculable loss; THE NORTH AMERICAN had long been one of our glories, dim at times, but lastingly a glory, an honor to our letters and a

very strenuous helper to such nationality as they had achieved. If the time had come, and not passed, when one must say,

Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia,

no time had come yet when one could not hail the venerable periodical by that sublime name of Filosofia. The removal from Boston to New York may not have been the condition of The Review's survival; it might have lived on in Boston, devouring successions of horses and carriages and obliging publishers to get about on foot as if they were no better than so many authors. In Boston tradition would have been too strong for a review bred in the ancient ideals, and still holding out, however meagerly, on that Spartan fare of publishers' equipages; but means and the man arrived together, and The Review passed from its noble adversity to the honorable prosperity which now crowns its century. The means alone would not have achieved this; the man was needed, and appeared in Allen Thorndike Rice and in the men who succeeded him and inherited with increasing effectiveness his notions of the higher journalism which should endue the stately quarterly with the young vigor of the daily, as we now behold it realized with such surprising control of time and space. Mr. Rice had the editorial instinct, and whether he made The North American good society or not, he made it modern on the lines of the new English reviews such as *The Contemporary* and *The Fortnightly* and *The Nineteenth Century*. He made it a bimonthly; he made it a monthly; he gave it the look of a magazine without and within; and the stately Roman-numeraled articles, with the foot-noted book titles on which they stood, retreated before the brisk onset of light papers of more journalistic cast. I am not sure that it ever sank so low as the symposium, but I believe that Mr. Rice had sometimes the courage to admit two embattled champions to the same number, there to fight out their differing opinions. That was then a new thing, and it must have made the older readers of The Review sit up; but it was a popular thing, and the favor of youth carried the day for it. Was it in fact nearly so strange as the transfer of The Review from its native Boston and its change in look and make to a magazine?

Whether The North American constantly prospered in the new conditions is a secret of the counting-room which I will not seek to penetrate, but it remained good society, for all good society knew, as long as Rice lived, and then it passed in the same fine air to the ownership and editorship of Mr. Lloyd

Bryce, who had the assistance of the late David Munro, so dear to all who knew him and so singly devoted to the interests of THE REVIEW. There was a wide outreaching for contributions after THE NORTH AMERICAN came to New York, but during Rice's time it did not include me. Once, indeed, he talked with me about a paper, but whether my prices were too proud or not it did not come to my writing it. In his immediate successor's time I contributed more than once socially radical things which I rather wondered at his printing. The papers were asked for as any papers I should choose to write, but in the old, or the early times, one offered to write on this topic or that, or oftener yet offered his articles ready written for the editor's judgment.

I suppose this difference helped mark the parting of the ways between the quarterly NORTH AMERICAN and the monthly NORTH AMERICAN. The change had to be if THE REVIEW was to be, and it has gone on marking itself with greater and greater distinctness, until now THE NORTH AMERICAN is not at all a review of the old pattern. Something is still to be said for that old pattern, but since it is gone perhaps one is apt to overpraise it. If we waited now for a quarterly criticism of the new books, the books would have died of old age; younger sellers would be pushing them from their shelves, and it would not be possible to buy or even borrow the authors reviewed.

If one began life well back in the eighteen-hundreds one must miss the scholarly poise which was sometimes the scholarly pose of the reviewer; one would not recognize the critic in the intellectual athlete who appears in the informal habiliments of the journalist and deals with literature as if it were a contemporary interest, and not the greatest interest of all times. In the new REVIEW literature is given a back seat, but all the seats are good, and literature is treated at least as a living interest. If I were asked, I should say the new sort of NORTH AMERICAN reviewers were not so much writers who got themselves up for their topics from the encyclopædias as they were people who wrote from the fullness of experience and from special qualification for their work.

For this reason I am a little surprised to find myself among them so often. I miss my Roman-numeraled headings, my foot-noted book titles; I no longer write of Recent Italian Comedy, or even of Ducal Mantua. It is very strange, but at a certain time of life all things have become strange, and one thing not much stranger than another. A question that persists poignantly beyond the rest is the question whether I am a part

of that old adversity of the quarterly, which seems almost to have begun with me, or of the new prosperity of the monthly, which I somehow share. I never saw the reasons for that adversity, but I see the reasons for that prosperity in the eager, immediate, potent grapple with the topics which advance upon the thinker from the forum and the market, rather than the study, and challenge him to his best. Yet they advance from the study, too, and the atmosphere of the lists, wide, clear, inspiring, forbids the champion to shrink from the note of the new prosperity as from a reverberation of those publicity voices, now so invasive, so pervasive. There is a secret which the new and newer editing divined from the newspapers where it had long lain open and which it has employed in reviving and establishing in perennial vigor the ancient periodical which might else have lingered out a Tithonian immortality. What the secret is our actual editor apparently knows; but a loyal contributor must shrink from surprising it lest it become the common magic of those other monthlies which are not magazines.

William Dean Howells.

The North American Review

JANUARY, 1815

From the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society
Vol. 1—pp. 429-433

NOTICE OF WILLIAM TUDOR, JR.

The subject of this notice was born in Boston, January 28th, 1779, and was the eldest son of William and Delia (Jarvis) Tudor. His father was one of the original members of the Historical Society, and its first Treasurer; and from both parents the son inherited marked abilities and refined tastes. He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at an early age was sent to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1796. It was his father's wish that he should engage in a mercantile life; and, on leaving college, he entered a counting-room in his native town. Here he showed a zealous devotion to the interest of his employer, and an unimpeachable integrity; and, on reaching manhood, he was sent as a confidential agent to Paris. He spent about a year abroad, mostly in Paris; and, though his financial success was not what had been hoped for, he made many personal friends, and largely increased his stores of knowledge. It is probable that even at this early period he had a greater inclination toward literary pursuits than toward a business career.

However, shortly after his return, his father provided him with a small capital, and he sailed for Leghorn. This voyage was not successful; but, as before, he spent about a year in Europe, gathering the best fruits of a residence abroad. Subsequently, he visited France, Germany, Holland, and England, returning home with a deeply increased love of letters, and with various acquisitions of knowledge; and he became one of the founders of the Anthology Club, and a frequent contributor to its monthly magazine. From these congenial occupations he was soon drawn away; and, in 1805, he went to the West Indies with his cousin, the late Hon. James Savage, to act as agent for his brother, Frederic Tudor, who had already formed the plan of shipping ice to warm climates. The quantity of ice at first sent out was small,—only one hundred and thirty tons, says Mr. Frederic Tudor, in his letter printed in the Proceedings of this Society for January, 1856,—but the result of the experiment was satisfactory. Mr. Tudor remained in the West Indies for seven months, and then returned home. Not long after his return, he was chosen one of the Representatives of Boston in the State Legis-

lature; and, in 1809, he delivered the customary Fourth of July oration in Boston, which passed through two editions. In the following year, he was selected to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge; but his departure for Europe before the date of the anniversary prevented the delivery of his address. Five years afterward, he delivered an address before that Society on the Aborigines, which was printed in the second volume of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Of that journal Mr. Tudor was the founder and first editor, and to the first four volumes he was the largest contributor; but, at the end of two years, he relinquished the editorial care of the work to Mr. Sparks, and only three of his articles are of later date than the fourth volume. Mr. Tudor was chosen a member of the Historical Society in April, 1816, and to the eighth volume of the second series of the Collections he contributed an extended memoir of his father. This is his only known contribution to the Society's publications; but, from 1820 to 1824, he was a member of the Standing Committee. In 1817, he delivered an address before the Massachusetts Humane Society, which was afterward printed; and, two years later, he published a volume, entitled "Letters from the Eastern States," which attracted much notice on its publication, but is now well-nigh forgotten. If Mr. Tudor had written nothing else, this work, which reached a second edition in 1821, would fully justify the reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries. Though it is cast in the form of familiar letters, the style has few marks of haste or negligence. The observations are those of a keen-eyed critic, who had enjoyed a large familiarity with the best society at home and abroad; and, as a picture of New England life and an authentic record of the prevailing tendencies of New England thought at the time when it was written, it has a real and permanent value.

In 1823, he published the ablest and best known of his works, his "Life of James Otis." Unfortunately, the materials were scanty; but the memoir was written in a vigorous and polished style, and is characterized by broad and just views, and it is not likely to be superseded. Mr. Bowen did not exaggerate its merits when he wrote, in the preface to his own brief and admirable sketch of the life of Otis, in Mr. Sparks's "American Biography": "The 'Life of James Otis,' by the late William Tudor, is one of the most pleasing and instructive biographies in the whole range of American literature. It is a fine specimen of historical research and literary taste and skill, leaving but few particulars to be gathered by the subsequent inquirer respecting the personal history of the individual commemorated."

In the same year in which this volume was published, Mr. Tudor was appointed Consul of the United States for Lima; and, in November, he embarked for South America. His duties in this office were discharged in a manner alike advantageous to his country and creditable to himself. In the summer of 1827, he received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio de Janeiro; but his health had become seriously impaired, and it was not until a year afterward that he was able to undertake the journey across the continent to his new and more responsible post. At Rio de Janeiro, he concluded a treaty, settling many outstanding claims of the United States against the Brazilian government in a manner several times warmly commended by President John Quincy Adams in his Diary. On his death, Mr. Adams wrote an obituary notice in the "National Intelligencer"; and he meditated preparing a more extended memoir for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but this purpose was relinquished. While at Rio de Janeiro, Mr.

Tudor wrote a work, entitled "Gebel Teir," which was published, anonymously, in 1829, and in which, in the form of an allegory, he gives his opinions in regard to the condition and policy of the United States and of several of the European powers.[1]

Mr. Tudor died of fever at Rio de Janeiro, March 9th, 1830. Among his contemporaries, he enjoyed a high reputation as a scholar, a writer, and an amiable and accomplished gentleman. He was one of the founders of the Boston Athenæum, and to him is due the first suggestion of the monument on Bunker Hill. Faithful in the discharge of every trust confided to him, indefatigable in labor, with a ripe and various culture, and the master of a clear and, in general, correct style, he happily blended the character of a scholar with that of a man of affairs, and his death at the age of fifty-one was a public loss.

C. C. S.[2]

PEN-PICTURE OF WALTER SCOTT

[Excerpt from "Letters from Edinburgh," written by William Tudor, Jr.]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1815*

I SHOULD think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the Courts of Sessions is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the Court, a stout, broad shouldered, brawny and somewhat fleshy man,—with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such a manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man, forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out,—as an honest good natured soul, though rather stupid withal,—a most loyal subject, fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink 'God save the King'. Not one poetick line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of the Lay of the last Minstrel, from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when

[1] The copy of this work in the Library of the Society has the following memorandum on the fly-leaf, in the handwriting of Mr. Ticknor:—

"'Gebel Teir' was written by the Hon. William Tudor, while he was Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio de Janeiro, from which place he sent the manuscript to me; and I caused it to be published, preserving strictly, as he desired me to do, his incognito. As it seems to me, and to those of his nearest friends whom I have consulted, to be no longer desirable to conceal the fact of its authorship, I deposit this copy with the Massachusetts Historical Society.

"GEORGE TICKNOR.

"BOSTON, *January 29, 1846.*"

[2] The memoir which is here given has been furnished to the Society by Mr. C. C. Smith.

young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege, which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a 'moral' to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. It may be so.—Walter Scott was married some time since to a Guernsey lady, an illegitimate daughter of the late duke of Devonshire, with whom he was said to have received 10,000*l.* The lady was born in Guernsey, and speaks villanous broken English. Among her virtues is that of unsparing fury against all unfortunate wretches, who criticise her husband's works; and it is said, that when the review of Marmion was published in the Edinburgh Review, she was very near boxing the editor's ears at a dinner, where she soon after happened to meet him.

Mr. Scott has also some other blessings, which rarely fall to the fortune of a poet. He is the sheriff of a county, commits to prison, and hangs with great spirit and quite a vulgar dexterity; he is moreover clerk of the court before mentioned. These two situations give him 800 or 1000*l.* a year; besides he had for Marmion 1000 guineas, 2000 for the Lady, and 3000 for Rokeby; and he has also been the editor of several extensive works.

Though Mr. S. is exposed to a constant throng of people with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politicks made him leave the Edinburgh Review, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manners he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes *not* to appear a *poet*. He has a great deal of humour, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.

EUROPE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

[From "A Few Weeks in Paris," written by William Tudor, Jr.]

From The North American Review *of May, 1815*

We cannot close this article without saying a few words on the present prospects of Europe. One great advantage seems a certain result; the world must, in some degree, be regulated as formerly, by a balance of power. The most prominent evil of the times, in which we have lived, has been the constant tendency of events, to throw the whole power of the world into the hands of two nations. France

obtained the land, and England the sea; till at length the former was engaged in a direct attempt to undermine the power of the latter, by destroying the intercourse of nations, and cutting off the commerce of the continent, when a succession of wonderful events utterly subverted her plans, and reduced her at once to her ancient limits, which twenty years of successful war had so widely extended.

In the new arrangement of Europe, Russia and Prussia act in unison, Austria and England second each other's views; France opposes them all; on some questions joining with Austria and England against Russia; at others with Russia and Prussia against England. Prussia accedes to the wishes of the Russians for Poland; on having her support in acquiring part of the Saxon territory, and stretching her arm to the Rhine. England having no jealousy of Austria on the water, assists her schemes of aggrandizement in Italy, she giving a quit claim of Flanders, to the Prince of Orange,[1] who uniting this to Holland, makes a considerable kingdom in appearance, but a weak one in reality, as the Dutch and Flemings have long had a strong, mutual animosity, founded in part on a difference of religion. The country having very little natural strength on the French frontier, is defended by the largest fortresses in the world, but which require enormous expense, and large armies for their support. Unless Holland could recover her monopoly of commerce, which seems impossible; it would hardly be politick for her to maintain such enormous artificial works; on the one side her dykes to defend herself from the fury of the ocean; on the other these Flemish fortifications to oppose the ambition of France, as restless, turbulent, and encroaching as the waves of that ocean. The Poles, the Saxons, the Dutch, the Flemings and the Italians are all dissatisfied, and all protest against these arrangements.

There is apparent in these plans, a total disregard of the rights of the weaker people, and a general spirit of extending, rather than of improving the dominions of the larger powers. If the smaller states are doomed to be swallowed up, the monopoly of four or five will not insure tranquillity, and after having devoured others, there will be new contests for the destruction of one another. After all that may have been gained, by the wide spread of intelligence, and the removal of some abuses, Europe may perhaps be incurably diseased. Loaded with impositions, crippled with debts, either actual bank-

[1] The policy of having a direct share in the government of the continent is now more confirmed than ever in England. As they must soon lose their German possessions, they have provided this new connexion. The Salick law prevails in the government of Hanover, and by the act of settlement of the Brunswick family, when they were promoted to the English throne, it was stipulated that, on the crown devolving to a female, that the *youngest* son of the preceding monarch should succeed to the electorate of Hanover, which should then become an independent sovereignty. The Duke of Cambridge, who is now the Governor of Hanover, will therefore assume the sovereign power whenever the Princess Charlotte of Wales comes to the crown. The hereditary Prince of Orange is destined to marry her; he was educated at an English university, is a general officer, and has a regiment in the English service. How much is wanting to make him an English prince?

rupts, or on the eve of becoming so; devoured with enormous standing armies, polluted with the desires and habits of war, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination.

TWO PRESIDENTS ON WAR

[*From* The North American Review *of May, 1816*]

[A Society has been established in Massachusetts, by some christian philanthropists, to discourage war. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the utility of this Institution, no doubt can exist about the purity of the motives of the respectable individuals who compose it. One of the strongest arguments for war in Europe, a crowded population, cannot be found in this country for a long period of time. The following letters were received by the founder of this Society, in answer to an application to the writers for their support of its views. Any letters coming from such eminent men as Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, must be interesting; but these are highly characteristick. We copy them from the 4th number of "The Friend of Peace", a work published under the auspices of this Society.]

MR. JEFFERSON'S ANSWER

Monticello, Jan. 29, 1816.

Sir,

Your letter, bearing date October 18, 1815, came only to hand the day before yesterday, which is mentioned to explain the date of mine. I have to thank you for the pamphlets accompanying it, to wit, the Solemn Review, the Friend of Peace or Special Interview, and the Friend of Peace, No. 2. The first of these I had received through another channel some months ago. I have not read the two last steadily through, because where one assents to propositions as soon as announced, it is loss of time to read the arguments in support of them. These numbers discuss the first branch of the causes of war, that is to say, wars undertaken for the *point of honour*, which you aptly analogize with the act of duelling between individuals, and reason with justice from the one to the other. Undoubtedly this class of wars is, in the general, what you state them to be, "needless, unjust and inhuman, as well as antichristian."

The second branch of this subject, to wit, wars undertaken on account of *wrong done*, and which may be likened to the act of robbery in private life, I presume will be treated of in your future numbers. I observe this class mentioned in the Solemn Review, p. 10, and the question asked, "Is it common for a nation to obtain a *redress* of wrongs by war?" The answer to this question you will of course draw from history; in the mean time, reason will answer it on grounds of probability, that where the wrong has been done by a weaker nation,

the stronger one has generally been able to enforce redress; but where by a stronger nation, redress by war has been neither obtained nor expected by the weaker; on the contrary, the loss has been increased by the expenses of the war, in blood and treasure: yet it may have obtained another object, equally securing itself from future wrong. It may have retaliated on the aggressor, losses of blood and treasure, far beyond the value to him, of the wrong he had committed, and thus have made the advantage of that too dear a purchase to leave him in a disposition to renew the wrong in future; in this way, the loss by the war may have secured the weaker nation from loss by future wrong. The case you state of two boxers, both of whom get a "terrible bruising," is opposite to this; he, of the two who committed the aggression on the other, although victor in the scuffle, yet probably finds his aggression not worth the bruising it has cost him. To explain this by numbers, it is alleged, that Great Britain took from us, before the late war, near 1000 vessels, and that during the war, we took from her 1400; that before the war, she seized, and made slaves of 6000 of our citizens, and that in the war we killed more than 6000 of her subjects, and caused her to expend such a sum as amounted to 4 or 5000 guineas a head for every slave she made. She might have purchased the vessels she took, for less than the value of those she lost, and have used the 6000 of her men killed, for the purpose to which she applied ours, have saved the 4 or 5000 guineas a head, and obtained a character of justice, which is valuable to a nation as to an individual. These considerations, therefore, leave her without inducement to plunder property, and take men in future on such dear terms. I neither affirm nor deny the truth of these allegations, nor is their truth material to the question; they are possible, and therefore present a case which will claim your consideration, in a discussion of the general question; Whether any degree of injury can render a recourse to war expedient? Still less do I suppose, to draw to myself any part in this discussion. Age, and its effects both on body and mind, has weaned my attentions from publick subjects, and left me unequal to the labours of correspondence, beyond the limits of my personal concerns. I retire therefore from the question, with a sincere wish, that your writings may have effect in lessening this greatest of human evils, and that you may retain life and health, to enjoy the contemplation of this happy spectacle; and pray you to be assured of my great respect. TH: JEFFERSON.

MR. ADAMS' ANSWER

QUINCY, February 6, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your kind letter of the 23rd of January, and I thank you for the pamphlets enclosed with it.

It is very true, as my excellent friend, Mr. Norton, has informed you, that I have read many of your publications with pleasure.

I have also read, almost all the days of my life, the solemn reasonings and pathetick declamations of Erasmus, of Fenelon, of St. Pierre, and many others against war, and in favour of peace. My understanding and my heart, accorded with them, at first blush. But, alas! a longer and more extensive experience has convinced me, that wars are as necessary and as inevitable, in our system, as Hurricanes, Earthquakes and Volcanoes.

Our beloved country, sir, is surrounded by enemies, of the most dangerous, because the most powerful and most unprincipled character. Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, in my opinion, it ought to be excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land.

Universal and perpetual peace appears to me, no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience, and non-resistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few.

I cannot therefore, sir, be a subscriber or a member of your society.

I do, sir, most humbly supplicate the theologians, the philosophers, and the politicians, to let me die in peace. I seek only repose.

With the most cordial esteem, however,

I am, sir, your friend and servant,

———— ————. JOHN ADAMS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO MADAME HELVÉTIUS

[Selected from an article on *Grimm's Memoirs*]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1815*

1780.

GRIEVED at your resolution pronounced so positively last evening, to remain single the rest of your life, in honour of your dear husband, I returned home. Throwing myself on the bed, I thought that I had died, and that I was in the Elysian fields. They asked if I had a desire to see any particular personages? Lead me to the philosophers.—There are two who live near here, in this garden; they are very good neighbours and friends to one another.—Who are they?—Socrates and Helvétius.—I esteem both of them prodigiously, but let me first see Helvétius, because I know a little French, and not a word of Greek.—He received me with great courtesy, having known, he said, my character for some time. He asked me a thousand questions about the war, the present state of religion, of liberty and of government in France. You make no inquiries, said I, after your dear friend Madame Helvétius, and yet she loves you excessively; it is only an hour since I saw her. Ah! said he, you make me remember my former felicity, but it must be forgotten to be happy here. For

many years I thought only of her; at last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not, it is true, quite so beautiful, but she has much good sense and wit, and she loves me infinitely; her continual study is to please me. She has just gone out to seek for the best nectar and ambrosia, to regale me this evening; remain here, and you shall see her. I perceive, said I, that your ancient friend is more faithful to you, for she has refused many good matches that have offered. I confess to you, that I have loved her myself to madness, but she is excessively cruel to me, and has refused me absolutely, to do honour to you. I pity your misfortune, said he, as she was a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbé Roche and the Abbé M——, do they not sometimes visit her? Yes, certainly, she has not lost one of your friends. If you had gained the Abbé M—— with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps you might have succeeded, for he is as subtle a reasoner as St. Thomas, and he places his arguments in such good order, that they become almost irresistible: or if you had gained over the Abbé de la Roche, by some fine edition of an old classick, to speak against you, it would have been still better, for I often observed, that when he advised any thing, she had a very strong inclination to do the contrary. At these words, in came the new Madame Helvétius; in an instant I recognized her to be Madame Franklin, my ancient American friend. I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly—"I was your good wife for forty-nine years and four months, almost half a century; be content with that. I have here formed a new connexion, that will endure forever." Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice, I resolved immediately to leave those ungrateful shades, and to return to this world, to revisit the sun and you. Here I am, let us revenge ourselves.

1778. Dr. Franklin talks little: and at the commencement of his residence at Paris, while France refused to declare openly in favour of the colonies, he spoke still less. At a dinner of wits, to engage him in conversation, a person said to him, "It must be owned that it is a grand and superb spectacle, that America offers at this period." "Yes," answered modestly the Doctor, "but the spectators do not pay."—They have paid since.

A very fine Latin verse has been made for the portrait of Dr. Franklin:

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.

This is a happy imitation of a line of the *Anti-Lucretius:*

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phœboque sagittas.

October, 1727. The following lines were written to be placed under

the portrait of M. Benjamin Franklin, painted by Cochin, and engraved by St. Aubin.

(The Censor thought himself obliged to suppress them, as blasphemous.)

[1] C'est l'honneur et l'appui du nouvel hémisphère
Les flots de l'Océan s'abaissent à sa voix;
Il réprime ou dirige à son gré le tonnerre
Qui désarme les Dieux peut-il craindre les rois.[2]

FOR A PARCELS POST

From The North American Review *of May, 1815*

Sir,—It is surprising, that in a country where the spirit of improvement and enterprise is so strong, the establishment of mail and other coaches, should be so miserably wanting in every thing, for the comfort of the traveller, which is still more remarkable, because there being no post-horses on the roads, almost all our journeying is in these vehicles. Hitherto nothing seems to have been aimed at but speed, and the rapidity with which the mail is transported, equals that of the most improved countries in Europe. Yet no change has been made in the coaches. In Massachusetts they are in a degree better than in other states; but, when you get out of this state, they are mere inconvenient waggons, in their primitive construction. Certainly, the great roads from Portland to New-York, and some of the roads in Pennsylvania, will admit of better carriages.

In addition to more comfortable carriages, an arrangement for transmitting small parcels is exceedingly wanted. In England, this is found to be a lucrative branch of the business; every town has a coach office, where parcels are booked, and are transmitted daily to all parts of the kingdom, for a trifling charge; every package is delivered immediately, and very often the persons, to whom they are addressed, receive them as early as they would a letter by the mail. Such an appendage attached to any of our lines of coaches, would not fail of meeting with encouragement, as every person has experienced the difficulty of transmitting small packages from one city to another.

A Friend to Improvement.

THANATOPSIS

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[Another fine letter of literary interest, which has not been published and which came into the possession of Mr. Madigan recently, embodies the con-

[1] This extravagant absurdity may give an idea of the length they went at Paris in flattering Dr. Franklin.

[2] This referred only to the King of England. (Note of the French Editor.)

cluding lines from William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis." The letter is from Cummington, Mass., Aug. 9, 1877, and refers entirely to the poem in these words:

> The poem of which you speak, "Thanatopsis," was originally a fragment beginning at the
>
> "Yet a few days and thee,"
>
> and closing with the
>
> "And make their bed with thee!"

My father found it among my papers, which I had left in Cummington, and took it with him to Boston, where it was published in *The North American Review*. In 1821 I added the introductory and closing lines, and it was printed at Cambridge in a little collection of my poems. I have not *The North American Review* of that time here to refer to, or I might be more particular. But the poem was not "substantially rewritten." I made some changes in the introduction. . . . The poem attracted as much attention when first published as anything I ever wrote, and the elder Dana, the poet, when he saw it, insisted that it could not have been written on this side of the Atlantic. Excuse this egotism. Etc.—*Boston Evening Transcript* of September 2, 1914.]

First published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *September, 1817*

NOT that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry justice frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

. . . . . Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with th' elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher—.The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee! . . .

VERSES BY BYRON

From The North American Review *of January, 1816.*

THE MONARCH MINSTREL—A SONNET

BY LORD BYRON

The harp the MONARCH MINSTREL swept,
The king of men—the lord of Heaven,—
Which *Musick* hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given—
Redoubled be her tears—its chords are riven!

It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull—no soul so cold
That felt not—fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his Throne!

It told the triumphs of our King—
It wafted glory to our God—
It made our gladdened vallies ring—
The cedars bow—the mountains nod—
Its sounds aspired to Heaven, and there abode.

Since then, though heard on earth no more—
Devotion and her daughter, Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar,
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

The following lines were sent to a friend in this country from England, in manuscript—they have never been printed.

IMPROMPTU BY LORD BYRON

[On a Lady's remarking the melancholy of his Countenance]

If from the heart where sorrows sit,
Their dusky shadows mount too high,
Or on the changing aspect flit,
Or cloud the brow or dim the eye;
Heed not the gloom, it soon will sink,
My thoughts their prison know too well,
Back to the heart they hence will shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell.

EDITORIAL NOTES

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1816.*

A FRIEND has made an urgent remonstrance against the article in this journal, entitled "Books relating to America," and we notice it, because we well know that many, perhaps a large majority, may join with him in opinion. There are a few persons, however, who have expressed their satisfaction with this particular article, and read it with more pleasure than any other, which to those who cannot read it at all, may seem strange and almost incredible. We propose, however, to continue it, because it was part of our object, indeed our chief design to notice American Literature, not only that which is contemporary, but to take a retrospective glance, at its earliest specimens, most of which have now become extremely rare. In doing this, ease is not consulted, for much of this reading is extremely irksome, tedious, and unprofitable. We have *bona fide*, read through every one of the books we have noticed, and sometimes after reading through a volume, hardly find a sentence to be extracted, or a reflection excited. But even in this case, the labour is not wholly lost, since by commencing this *Catalogue raisonne*, we spare to others who are making researches into the history of their country, the disappointment of perusing a volume that is not worth the pains. The task is a humble one, but it may not be wholly without use and entertainment to those, who have a taste for such investigations.

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of March, 1816.*

☞ The present number, in completing the second volume of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, terminates the labours of the editor for the first year. The circulation of the work is slowly increasing, and though the patronage of the publick is rather reluctant, yet it is sufficient to cover the expenses of publication. Believing a work of this kind, mainly devoted to our own literature and science, will be of considerable utility, he will cheerfully continue his exertions to this end; and has some reason, as there is much room, to hope for its future improvement. To those friends who have assisted him by their valuable contributions; and to those whose partiality has sometimes encouraged his efforts, he offers the most sincere thanks.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1815.*

AN UGLY WIFE OR A GIBBET

The following amusing anecdote is extracted from a MS. sheet of the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, which is now in progress of publication, and to which Mr. Walter Scott is a contributor:—

"In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettricke, belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays, of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gidean Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner:—"The Gallows," answered Sir Gidean, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hout na, Sir Gidean," answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when you have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right, right," answered the Baron who catched at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle-mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the Borders. It may be necessary to add, that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

OBITUARY

From The North American Review *of May, 1815.*

In Connecticut. A female supposed dead, was nearly buried alive. Animation fortunately returned before the coffin was closed. Such cases seldom happen, but the horror they excite, leads every one to wish, that such severe regulations for the examination of corpses should be established, that it could never happen.

In New York. Robert Fulton, Esq. aged 48. Mr. Fulton was born in Pennsylvania, and in the commencement of his life intended to pursue the profession of painting, which he studied under Mr. West: but not possessing the kind of talent suited to attain distinction in this pursuit, he wisely renounced it; and devoted himself to the science of civil engineering. This he pursued with great ardour, and under

great advantages for many years, in France and England. In the latter country he published a very elegant work on a new mode of navigating canals with small boats, and doing without locks, by having the boats taken from one level to another, by means of inclined planes. This system never met with much encouragement, and General Andreossi, in his history of the canal of Languedoc, considers it as a retrograde movement in the infancy of the art. He introduced into Paris, in the year 1800, panoramas, for which he obtained a patent of importation, which was a lucrative enterprise, undertaken in conjunction with the late Mr. Barlow. It was curious, that though this admirable mode of representing extensive subjects had been for so many years known in England, and even in this country, it was not only unknown in France, but the artists and philosophers were perfectly incredulous about the effect; though when they saw it, they were extremely delighted, and these representations have since become very numerous. In France he first took up his scheme of submarine navigation, for the purpose of destroying ships of war. He pursued this idea pertinaciously for many years, and the only result was the production of a very curious, but nearly useless machine. The French government refused to purchase it; the English government, however, entered into the scheme. A vessel was blown up in the Downs, in the presence of Mr. Pitt, Sir Sidney Smith and others; the expense of these experiments was considerable, and they gave Mr. Fulton besides a pension, 800 pounds sterling, for which his name was in the red book; though it was said, that he commuted this pension for the sum of 10,000 pounds. It was partly through the friendship of Lord Stanhope, during the ministry of Lord Sidmouth, that these transactions occurred. After this he came back to his own country, convinced of the importance of this Nautilus, Catamaran or Torpedo invention; it bore these names, in the order they stand in France, England and the United States. He did not meet with much success in this plan here. He was engaged in what may be considered a branch of it at the time of his death, which was owing in part to the great exertions he made in getting the steam-frigate in readiness. The eventual success of this vessel may be doubtful, but there are many experienced men who are sanguine in the belief, that it will produce a most important epoch in the system of defence for bays and harbours, and in some degree prevent an anchoring blockade. Certainly, a ball-proof battery, firing red-hot 32 pound balls, with the power of advancing or receding at pleasure, independent of wind or tide, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, is a formidable engine, and differing in many respects from any at present known. But Mr. Fulton's greatest service to his country and the world, is the improvement, which, when we consider its effects, we may style magnificent, of navigating rivers and lakes, by the power of steam. In this country, where rivers and inland waters are of such immense extent, the advantages can be hardly realized in calculation. Many of

the western rivers were before only of use for descent, they were never remounted. Now they are navigated against the current to their source. The *facilis descensus* was given by nature; the *revocare gradum* is owing to Mr. Fulton. He received a very large income from these boats, but all his receipts were devoted to carry his plans more widely into effect. There perhaps never existed a man with more enthusiastick ardour or more extensive views for the internal improvement of his country. The death of such a character in the midst of his career, is a severe national loss.

In New York: In Cambridge, Mr. Solomon, of a wound from a scythe. It has been said, that this man married two sisters about the same time, lived alternately a week with each, and had thirteen children by each of them. The two families lived a short distance from each other in affection and harmony; and the two widows and 26 children followed the deceased to the grave. It is difficult to say whether this be a greater violation of law or of probability.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS ABROAD

In France. At Calais, Lady Hamilton, famous for her beauty, her accomplishments and frailty. She was originally taken from very humble life by the late Hon. Charles Grenville, and after some years he sent her to Naples with an introduction to his relative, Sir William Hamilton, for a long time the British minister at that court. He married her; she then became intimate with the Queen of Naples, meddled with the political events that followed the irruption of the French. She seconded the vengeance of the Queen against the unfortunate Pignatelli and the other Neapolitan patriots, and by her influence over Lord Nelson induced him to deliver them over to execution, in violation of a solemn capitulation; an act that must forever stain the character of that great commander. He was so completely fascinated by her, that his reputation has been most seriously injured, and in this connection the least blame was on her side. The advantage derived from the last glorious action which terminated his life, the English nation in some degree owe to her. It was her persuasion and influence that induced him to go to the Admiralty, when they offered him the command of the fleet that gained the victory of Trafalgar. Her most unpardonable action in relation to his character, was the publication of the silly and contemptible letters, that were given to the publick last year. She pretended that it was done against her will, but there can be little doubt but she was impelled by sordid motives to this disgraceful publication. In Paris, Madamoiselle Raucour, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre Français, and a woman of respectable character, died in January, at Paris, at the age of 60. When the corpse was taken to the Church of St. Roque, to have the last cere-

monies performed, they found the doors locked, and all entrance was refused. The old customs of the Catholick Church were revived, that refused christian burial to actors and actresses! The agitation became extreme, more than 20,000 people assembled; a message was sent to the Tuilleries to the King; he returned an answer that he could not interfere with the regulations of the spiritual authorities. The tumult increased; a second deputation was sent to his majesty, and at the same time a unanimous declaration of all the performers on the theatres of Paris, that if the ceremonies were not performed, they would all of them renounce their religion and turn Lutherans. This brought from the King an order to the priesthood to perform the funeral rites over the body of Madamoiselle Raucour. The populace cried out *vive le Roi—à bas les Calotees—à bas les Calotins—au diable les Calotins!* A large number of troops were brought forward to quell the tumult, fortunately no lives were lost. One of the most barbarous and absurd pieces of ancient superstition was here attempted to be revived; the agitation of the people extorted from the government an injunction to the priests, to practice the usual funeral rites, which however were at last imperfectly performed.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CAPE COD

From The North American Review *of January, 1818.*

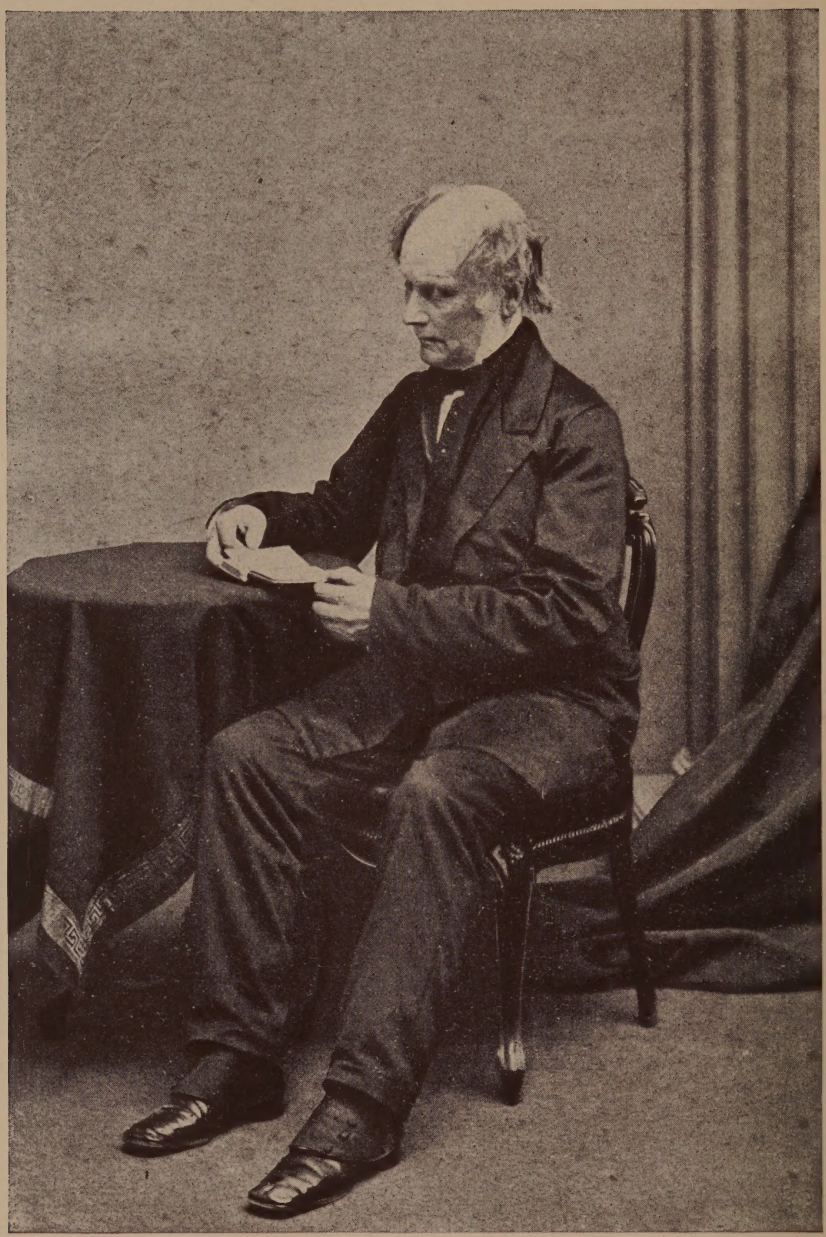
This important enterprize is now a subject of publick attention, and some hopes are entertained that it may be carried into effect. It has been contemplated at different times for about a hundred and fifty years. It was particularly agitated under the auspices of the enlightened Governour Bowdoin in 1776, when a survey and estimate were made by Mr. Machin, a skilful English engineer, afterwards employed by General Washington in the army. In 1791 the consideration of it was resumed at the instigation of some publick-spirited merchants of Boston, when a survey and plan were made by Judge Winthrop of Cambridge, and a survey, map of the ground on a large scale, and estimate by Mr. Hills, a skilful engineer. In 1801, a survey and estimate were made by Mr. Batchelor. Mr. Machin, Judge Winthrop and Mr. Batchelor agree in almost every point, with respect to the plan of the work, and where Mr. Hills differs from them, which is, in making the southern entrance of the canal in Buttermilk, instead of Buzzard's Bay, he is evidently wrong. The estimates of these different persons, taking into view the value of money at the time they were made, do not essentially vary. The expense of a canal for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, with piers to form an artificial harbour in Barnstable Bay, is estimated at about 400,000 dollars. Its importance in respect to the West India Trade of Massachusetts; to the immensely important and rapidly increasing coasting trade of the United States; and its obvious and most essential utility

in time of war, make it altogether more extensively interesting, than any other similar improvement in the United States. There are fewer obstacles in the way of its execution, and more facilities than ever attended any work of equal magnitude. Its value to the publick, under two great heads, first humanity, by the saving of many lives and much suffering; secondly, property, by a great diminution of risk, and prevention of losses, can hardly be estimated. Since it was last contemplated, many improvements have taken place, such as the certainty of clearing away sand at its mouth, the use of steam tow-boats to save horses, and towing-path &c. &c. which will greatly facilitate its execution. No statement of facts has yet been laid before the publick, on which to ground a satisfactory opinion of the advantages likely to result from the construction of this canal, or the profits that would probably accrue to those who might invest their property in it. A committee has been appointed to investigate the subject, and their report will probably supply the requisite information.

EDITORIAL NOTE

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *March, 1817.*

With the present Number, which completes the fourth Volume of the North American Review, the responsibility of the present Editor ceases. The contributions to the work have gradually increased; and several gentlemen forming a society for the purpose have particularly promised their efforts to the future Editor, to aid him in filling the pages of the succeeding numbers. This journal is not subservient to any sect religious or political. Its main object is the encouragement of American Literature. The present Editor, in returning his thanks to those persons whose good will has been shown in support of the work, hopes they will still continue it, and is very confident that the future numbers will afford them more gratification.



WILLARD PHILLIPS

THE SECOND EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1817–1818.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1915

THE BASES OF REPUBLICAN CONFIDENCE

BY THE EDITOR

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
—The Birth of Flattery.

WE may as well admit at the outset that the quite universal and plainly increasing confidence of Republicans with respect to the next National election is no mere "triumph of hope over experience"; it is a firm conviction. Neither leaders nor rank and file have the slightest doubt of coming success. Nor, incidentally, we are informed, if a Liberal Republican be nominated, has Mr. Roosevelt—a fact of deep significance.

What, then, are the bases of this quite unprecedented feeling of certainty which finds manifestation a full twenty months before the event? Let us engage in common counsel forthwith.

The Republican chairman insists that the results now compiled prove conclusively that, if the recent November election had been for President, his party would have won not less than 288 electoral votes—a majority of 45. President Wilson, on the other hand, in his speech in Indianapolis, interpreted the figures as showing a Democratic majority of "about 80." Both seem to have erred. Putting aside all guesses and deductions, the votes actually polled for Senators and Congressmen are recorded upon the following pages.

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STATES CARRIED BY REPUBLICANS ON NATIONAL ISSUES

	Electoral Vote		1914 Republican	1914 Democrat	1914 Progressive	1912 Taft	1912 Wilson	1912 Roosevelt
Connecticut	7	S	89,983	76,081	6,853	68,324	74,561	34,129
Delaware	3	C	22,922	20,681	1,653	15,998	22,631	8,886
Idaho	4	S	47,486	41,266	10,321	32,810	33,921	25,527
Illinois	29	S	390,661	373,403	203,027	253,613	405,048	386,478
Iowa	13	S	205,832	167,251	15,058	119,805	185,325	161,819
Kansas	10	S	180,323	176,929	116,755	74,844	143,670	120,123
Massachusetts	18	C	222,840	189,197	30,118	155,948	173,408	142,228
Michigan	15	C	218,445	147,262	47,700	152,244	150,751	214,584
Minnesota	12	C	180,482	87,305	24,737	64,334	106,426	125,856
New Hampshire	4	S	42,111	36,382	1,938	32,927	34,724	17,794
New Jersey	14	C	179,930	167,511	15,400	88,835	178,289	145,410
New Mexico	3	C	23,812	19,805	1,695	17,733	20,437	8,347
New York	45	S	639,112	571,419	61,977	455,428	655,475	390,021
North Dakota	5	S	48,732	29,640	2,707	23,090	29,555	25,726
Ohio	24	S	526,115	423,742	67,509	277,066	423,152	229,327
Pennsylvania	38	S	519,830	266,436	269,175	273,305	395,619	447,426
Rhode Island	5	C	38,801	35,186	1,321	27,703	30,142	16,878
Utah	4	S	56,281	53,128	.....	42,100	36,579	24,174
Vermont	4	C	36,980	13,685	9,545	23,305	15,350	22,070
Washington	7	S	130,479	91,733	83,282	70,445	86,840	113,698
West Virginia	8	C	111,387	102,223	8,605	56,754	113,197	79,112
Wyoming	3	C	21,363	17,246	1,308	14,560	15,310	9,232
Total	275		3,933,907	3,107,511	980,684	2,341,171	3,330,410	2,748,845

STATES CARRIED BY DEMOCRATS ON NATIONAL ISSUES

	Electoral Vote		1914 Republican	1914 Democrat	1914 Progressive	1912 Taft	1912 Wilson	1912 Roosevelt
Alabama	12	S	12,320	63,389	4,263	9,731	82,439	22,689
Arizona	3	S	9,183	25,800	2,608	3,021	10,324	6,949
California	13	S	254,159	279,896	255,232	3,914	283,436	283,610
Colorado	6	S	98,728	102,037	27,072	58,386	114,223	72,306
Indiana	15	S	226,505	271,845	107,627	151,267	281,890	162,007
Kentucky	13	S	144,758	176,605	14,108	115,512	219,584	102,766
Maine	6	C	60,318	60,683	17,958	26,545	51,113	48,493
Maryland	8	S	94,864	110,204	3,697	54,956	112,674	57,786
Missouri	18	S	257,056	311,573	27,614	207,821	330,746	124,371
Montana	4	C	26,161	37,012	6,694	18,512	27,941	22,456
Nebraska	8	C	110,839	112,309	3,141	54,216	109,008	72,689
North Carolina	12	S	87,095	121,241	.....	29,139	144,507	69,130
Arkansas	9	S	11,222	33,449	.....	24,297	68,838	21,673
Florida	6	S	.....	22,761	.....	4,279	36,417	4,535
Georgia	14	S	.....	205,652	.....	5,190	93,171	22,010
Louisiana	10	C	.....	40,545	8,867	3,834	60,966	9,323
Mississippi	10	C	.....	36,060	.....	1,511	57,164	3,627
South Carolina	9	S	.....	32,950	.....	536	48,355	1,293
Tennessee	12	C	44,951	149,193	.....	59,444	130,335	53,725
Texas	20	C	.....	173,177	.....	28,853	221,589	26,755
Virginia	12	C	23,654	58,320	210	23,288	90,332	21,777
Wisconsin	13	S	134,221	135,321	.....	130,878	164,409	58,661
Nevada	3	S	8,038	8,078	.....	3,196	7,986	5,620
Oklahoma	10	S	73,153	119,214	3,962	90,786	119,156	.....
Oregon	5	S	88,297	111,748	26,220	34,673	47,064	37,600
South Dakota	5	S	44,244	48,076	2,406	.....	48,942	58,811
Total	256		1,809,766	2,847,138	511,079	1,143,785	2,962,609	1,370,662
Grand total	531		5,743,673	5,954,649	1,491,763	3,484,956	6,293,019	4,119,507

Republican majority of electoral vote, 19. Democratic plurality of popular vote, 210,976. S. Popular vote for Senator. C. Total vote for Congressmen.

Chairman Hilles attains his result by transferring Wisconsin's 13 votes from the Democrats to the Republicans upon the ground that, although a Democratic Senator was elected by a few hundred as a consequence of "local conditions," the total Republican majority for Congressmen exceeded 40,000.

President Wilson reached his conclusion by "taking the States where Senators were elected and, where Senators were not elected, taking the election of Governors and, where Governors were not elected, taking the returns for the State Legislatures, or for the Congressional delegates." Ignoring the vote for State legislators, which seems rather far-fetched, and substituting the vote for Governor, wherever one was chosen, for the vote for Senator or Congressman given in the above tabulation, we find that—

Democrats	Gain	Lose	Republicans	Gain	Lose
Idaho	4	..	..	..	4
Massachusetts	18	..	..	..	18
Michigan	15	..	..	..	15
Minnesota	12	..	..	..	12
West Virginia	8	..	..	..	8
Wyoming	3	..	..	..	3
California	..	13	..	..	..
Colorado	..	6	..	6	..
Oregon	..	5	..	5	..
South Dakota	..	5	..	5	..
Wisconsin	..	13	..	13	..
	—	—	—	—	—
	60	42		29	60

Net Democratic gain, 18. Net Republican loss, 31. Progressive gain (California), 13.

ELECTORAL VOTE UPON THIS BASIS

Democrats, 274. Republicans, 244. Progressives, 13.—531.
Democratic plurality, 30. Democratic majority, 17.

Assuming, as we fear we must, that the vote on National issues affords the better criterion, the question immediately arises: Can the Republicans reasonably expect to hold the twenty-two States, carrying 275 electoral votes, which they won in November? That the shrewdest of them honestly think so there can be no doubt. Indeed, they feel equally certain that they can abstract from the Democratic column Colorado (6), Maine (6), Oregon (5), South Dakota (5), and Wisconsin (13), making a grand total of 310 and affording a clear majority of nearly one hundred electoral votes. Clearly, however, this calculation would be upset if President Wilson should

succeed in winning over the remaining Progressives who still hold the balance of power in Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Idaho, and Washington. For ourselves, we have reached only the negative conclusion that whichever party loses New York is likely to lose the election. But so far as the actual results of November, 1914, are concerned, it was a drawn battle, leaving the Democrats slightly ahead in the popular vote and slightly behind in prospects relating to the choice of electors.

We come now to consideration of the political effect of the President's speech in Indianapolis from which the Republicans profess to have derived no little satisfaction. The common assumption that this deliverance signalized Mr. Wilson's purpose to become a candidate for re-election may be ignored. Whatever warrant the audience may have had for drawing such an inference from his remark to the effect that "there may come a time when the American people will have a chance to say whether I know what I am talking about or not," was dissipated instantly by his quick disavowal of intent to "start anything." Subsequently, moreover, he made it quite clear that he had in mind no more than a prospective verdict upon the achievements of the Democratic party under his leadership.

That Mr. Wilson will make his attitude with respect to a renomination known at no distant day may be assumed with surety. So much he owes to his party no less than to other possible candidates who now courteously await an expression of his desire; but none knows better than Mr. Wilson himself that such a declaration necessarily involves interpretation of the second-term provision in the Democratic platform and, to be truly effective, must be explicit, not casual or inferential, and buttressed by sound and sufficient reasoning.

That he should seek to win popular favor in his first political utterance addressed directly to the people was but natural and no more than his duty, but his real purposes clearly were: (1) To justify the Administration; (2) To confound his enemies within and without his party; and (3) To indicate a definite purpose to appeal to the great body of Independents and Progressives for support in the forthcoming National campaign. The speech was in effect a call to combat, and the challenge was accepted promptly by Senator William E. Borah, the most forceful spokesman of the opposition and, as the foremost Liberal Republican now living, a most promising candidate for the Presidential nomination. This makes for an in-

teresting contrast at the very beginning of a campaign which bids fair to find a high place in our political history.

The President spoke first as a militant partisan. "If I was not ready to fight for everything I believe in," he began, "I would think it my duty to go and take a back seat." He continued:

The trouble with the Republican party is that it has not had a new idea for thirty years. I am not speaking as a politician; I am speaking as a historian. I have looked for new ideas in the records and I have not found any proceeding from the Republican ranks. They have had leaders from time to time who suggested new ideas, but they never did anything to carry them out. I suppose there was no harm in their talking, provided they could not do anything. Therefore, when it was necessary to say that we have talked about things long enough which it was necessary to do, and the time had come to do them, it was indispensable that a Democrat should be elected President.

I would not speak with disrespect of the Republican party. I always speak with great respect of the past. The past was necessary to the present, and was a sure prediction of the future. The Republican party is still a covert and refuge for those who are afraid, for those who want to consult their grandfathers about everything. You will notice that most of the advice taken by the Republican party is taken from gentlemen old enough to be grandfathers; and that when they claim that a reaction has taken place, they react to the re-election of the oldest members of their party. They will not trust the youngsters. They are afraid the youngsters might have something up their sleeve.

Senator Borah resented this as "a virulent attack upon one of the great political parties of the Nation," not only challenging "the wisdom of the leaders," but also assailing "the intelligence and the patriotism of its rank and file." Denying that the Republican party had "not had a new idea in thirty years," he instanced the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887, of the Sherman Anti-trust Act in 1893, of the Anti-rebate Act and proceeded:

We created a Bureau of Commerce and Labor, afterward passing what is known as the pure-food law, of incalculable value to all the people, the postal-savings law, the parcel-post law, the physical valuation of railroads law, the employer's liability law, the law limiting the hours of service of railroad men, compensation for injuries to Government employees, the child-labor law for the District of Columbia, the Children's Bureau was established, publicity of campaign funds provided for. eight hours a day for Government employees and under

Government contracts provided for, a law requiring the railroads to report accidents provided for, the boiler-inspection law, the Bureau of Mines established, the amendment of the Constitution providing for an income tax, the election of Senators by popular vote—and so on *ad infinitum*, dealing with each particular subject as it arose. Dealing with them sanely, safely, progressively, permanently.

Then finally we passed that bill which has been so often criticized by the opposition, known as the Vreeland-Aldrich Act, dealing with the finances of the country. I call your attention to the fact, my friends, that when the crisis came a few months ago, and the European situation brought to us a condition unexpected, it was under the Vreeland-Aldrich Act that you proceeded to protect the credit and the business interests of this country. We had months before passed the Federal reserve bank Act, but it was not called into activity; it was not put into operation. It was not tested in that crisis, but when the crisis came it was permitted to remain idle while the Vreeland-Aldrich Act was the act under which we proceeded to pass the shoals and pitfalls of those first days of the European crisis. While we did so the Federal reserve bank Act lay—huge, cumbersome, bulky, expensive—cast upon the shore of the legislative sea like some antediluvian mastodon, not quite live enough for the menagerie and not quite dead enough for the operating table of the taxidermist; designed apparently for the Federal Treasury, but apparently on its way to the Smithsonian Institution.

When it is recalled further that, while the new Banking law was finally enacted by the Democrats, its genesis was Republican and the "idea" from which it was developed was hatched in the brain of Grandfather Nelson W. Aldrich, the difficulty of finding warrant for the President's assertion that he spoke "not as a politician, but as an historian" becomes quite painfully apparent. Why Mr. Borah refrained from contrasting the relative advantages to the country of lawmaking by grandfathers and youngsters can only be imagined; possibly because he felt abashed at being only forty-nine years old, while the President, at fifty-eight, was welcoming his first grandson. But let us pass on.

After having admitted with commendable frankness that each of the big parties is a minority and dependent for success upon the favor of the unattached, the President evinced a most cordial and sympathetic regard for independent voters, saying:

> I am not an independent voter, but I hope I can claim to be an independent person, and I want to say this distinctly. I do not love any party any longer than it continues to serve the immediate and pressing needs of America. I have been bred in the Democratic party;

I love the Democratic party, but I love America a great deal more than I love the Democratic party. And when the Democratic party thinks that it is an end in itself, then I rise up and dissent. It is a means to an end, and its power depends, and ought to depend, upon its showing that it knows what America needs and is ready to give it what it needs. That is the reason I say to the independent voter, you have got us in the palm of your hand. I do not happen to be one of your number, but I recognize your supremacy, because I read the election returns, and I have this ambition, my Democratic friends—I can avow it on Jackson Day: I want to make every independent voter in this country a Democratic voter. It is a little cold and lonely out where he is, because, though he holds the balance of power, he is not the majority, and I want him to come in where it is warm. I want him to come where there are great emotions.

To this Senator Borah made no response. Possibly he considered accurate definitions injudicious at a time when Republican candidates are wondering just how "independent" it is desirable to be, or even to have been. Or it may be that he doubted his ability to compete with Mr. Wilson in conjuring up overpowering emotions for use upon occasion. In any case, he awaited elucidation, which forthcame—if we may use the President's own term as applied to Grandfather Andrew Jackson—forthrightly. It appears that the one thing Mr. Wilson has "a great, almost a reckless, enthusiasm about" is "human liberty," especially at this particular time in Mexico. His heart still beats loudly for the 80 per cent. of submerged peons who have never had a "look-in" and he hopes that "God may speed them in getting it."

"That," he continued, "is what I mean by a great emotion, the great emotion of sympathy. Do you suppose that the American people are ever going to count a small amount of material benefit and advantage to people doing business in Mexico against the liberties and the permanent happiness of the Mexican people? Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilt as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say. I am proud to belong to a strong nation that says, 'This country, which we could crush, shall have just as much freedom in her own affairs as we have. If I am strong I am ashamed to bully the weak. In proportion to my strength is my pride in withholding that strength from the oppression of another people.' And I know when I speak these things, not merely from the gracious response with which they have just met from you, but from my long-time knowl-

edge of the American people, that that is the sentiment of the American people."

While frankly confessing our inability to comprehend this extraordinary blending of emotion and cynicism, it is perhaps explicable as an attempt at excuse for failure of a policy when compared with this, which follows:

> With all due respect to editors of great newspapers, I have to say to them I never take my opinion of the American people from their editorials. So that when some great dailies not very far from where I am temporarily residing thundered with rising scorn at watchful waiting, Woodrow sat back in his chair and chuckled, knowing that he laughs best who laughs last; knowing, in short, what were the temper and principles of the American people.

The time may come when we shall venture to surmise the aspiration which induced this curious self-delineation, but for the moment a sense of bewilderment is overwhelming. We quote again from Senator Borah:

> The President now says that we are to let Mexico alone. How unfortunate that that was not the policy from the beginning. I think if he had said in the beginning that we were to let Mexico alone, he would have been in an almost impregnable position. All that needed to have been added to that to make a perfect policy would have been that Mexico should respect the rights of American citizens and of foreigners living in that country. Let them settle their own form of government, let them elect whom they would, let them have a despotism or a republic, according as they lived up to the one or the other, and that we would recognize whatever form of government they established, always adding the proposition that, whether it was one form of government or another, the rights and the lives of American citizens should be protected thereunder.
>
> But we did go to Mexico, Mr. President. What did we go for? What were we at Vera Cruz about? What were the results of the expedition? The first result was that we killed 200 Mexicans; the second result was that we lost 19 of our own men. We were at war with Mexico. Had we killed one English subject or one German subject or one subject of France, there would have been no doubt about our being at war with that country. The only reason it did not take on all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" was the fact that the country with which we were at war was unable to respond against the powerful enemy who had entered its borders. Not only did we intervene when we declared against Huerta, but we were at war when blood was shed upon the soil of Vera Cruz. That was the first result.
>
> The second result of our going there was the destruction of the only semblance of government which they had in Mexico.
>
> The third thing which we did in connection with it is one which

may have far-reaching consequences in the future, and that is, we notified foreign nations that they must keep hands off of Mexico, that they must not build up or give sustenance and support to Huerta or to any form of government. The result of it was that we assumed the responsibility morally, if not legally, for the injuries which flowed from that time on to those foreign powers or to their nationals by reason of the acts or of the conduct of the warring factions of Mexico.

Then we assumed further, Mr. President, at that time to reform the land laws of Mexico. So we did not let Mexico alone.

What is the situation in Mexico to-day? Mr. President, the situation in Mexico to-day is indescribable. We have no conception of it. I doubt if it would be possible to conceive a proper measurement of the condition of affairs in Mexico unless we were there, but we know that it is as bad as it could possibly be in a civilized or semi-civilized community. We know that over 250 of our own citizens have from time to time been murdered; we know that countless others have been injured in different ways and have no apparent remedy or redress.

Now, sir, when a condition of affairs exists in Mexico such as the civilized world has seldom witnessed and Republicans rise to express their views as to what shall be done, the answer which we get from the public rostrum of the country by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation is practically, in the language of Barère, that the revolution in Mexico shall be permitted to float in upon seas of blood and that the man who questions the course of revolution in Mexico is to be suspected before the American people!

Mr. President, speaking for myself, I am desirous of peace with Mexico; I want no war; and I know we shall never take any part of the territory of that Republic; but above and beyond that, and more important to my mind, is the fact that we should at least protect our own citizenship, securing our women against ravishment and our men from murder at the hands of those ferocious men who prey upon our nationals wherever they find them in their territory. There are some things which are dearer to me than peace. I do know this, Mr. President, that no nation ever retains respect among the other nations of the earth, or long maintains the consideration of other powers, that does not protect its citizens and the honor of its women and prevent them from being ravished and murdered even upon its very door-steps.

We make no comment now upon this utterance; we merely place it beside the President's declaration, for comparison and judgment as to both relative merit and possible political consequences.

Senator Borah expressed regret that the President should have made a partisan speech "at a time when this country had sore need of united wisdom and patriotism to deal with those matters which have been rendered delicate by reason of foreign conditions"; resented his seeming insistence that Senators

should accept his judgment without question or regard for their own convictions; deplored Democratic extravagance; quoted freely from Mr. Wilson's book on Constitutional Government, etc., etc.; greatly to the satisfaction of his Republican colleagues. With these outgivings, however telling, we need not concern ourselves. The real quality of Senator Borah's argument is indicated sufficiently by the excerpts presented above. Let us glance now along the whole fighting-line.

The points of presumed weakness in the Democratic line-up selected by the coaches of the Republican team as likely to prove most vulnerable may be summarized as follows:

Depression of business.—Despite the hopefulness manifested by financiers with respect to the future, the Republican leaders insist that prosperity is yet afar off; that the existing stagnation, 18,280 commercial failures compiled by Bradstreet's for 1914, mark a new high record in sharp contrast with the reiterated assertions of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor; that the existing stagnation is as far from being "a state of mind" as the depression of six months ago is proven by this result to have been "psychological"; and that in only a few lines of manufacturing can improvement be anticipated as a consequence of the war. That there is no limit to the foreign demand for war material is admitted, but, it is urged, the present capacity of factories is already overtaxed and cannot be increased except through the construction of huge new plants, possibly in contravention of the Administration's conception of neutrality, and in any case impossible of material accomplishment before November, 1916.

Prospective bankruptcy of the Treasury.—This is fully anticipated as a consequence of declining revenues and increased appropriations, as indicated by the Treasury report of January 8, 1915, as follows:

Income of fiscal year to date	$319,609,606.02
Income last year to same date	354,867,122.21
Decrease in income	$ 35,257,516.19
Outgo of fiscal year to date	$401,798,001.15
Outgo last year to same date	390,892,111.52
Increase of outgo	$ 10,905,889.63
Outgo over income this year	$ 82,188,395.13
Outgo over income last year	36,024,989.31
Decrease in surplus	$ 46,163,405.82

The Treasury estimate, submitted at the opening of Congress, of $1,090,775,154, or $18,000,000 less than the preceding year, is pronounced fictitious evidence of economy for political effect, since the "supplemental" estimates already aggregate $44,000,000 exclusive of $30,000,000 proposed for an omnibus public bill, $14,000,000 already made available in the Urgent Deficiency Bill and a possible appropriation of $30,000,000 for the purchase of ships. To the suggestion that partial relief may be obtained through the sale of Panama bonds the reply is made that the bonds pay only 3 per cent. and, since they do not have the circulating privilege, and cannot under the law be sold for less than par, could not possibly find a market at this time.

Government ownership of ships.—This proposal, although fathered by the Secretary of the Treasury and warmly espoused by the President, has found little public favor. It will be attacked as un-Democratic, as a plain subsidy, as a deterrent of private investment in competition with the Government which avows its intention to transact business at a loss; as advantageous only to shipbuilders and possibly to owners of interned German ships; and as perilous to the maintenance of peace with foreign nations. To the President's declaration that the scheme is necessary as a temporary measure to enable producers to reach markets the answer is made that inadequate transportation is due, not to dearth of ships, but to lack of pier facilities, longshoremen, and other helpers in foreign ports, as indicated by the fact that fifty-six ships at London and fifty-four at Genoa were at the latest report awaiting turn to be unloaded. The President's accusation of excessive rates being charged is met with the assertion that the great delay caused by these conditions necessitates extra remuneration and by reference to the fact that the present price of wheat is the highest ever known. The Bill will probably succumb in this session to the determination of Republican Senators and the indisposition of Democrats headed by Mr. Vardaman. It is thought that the Administration must then suffer from facing the alternative of acknowledging defeat or calling an extra session.

Mexico.—If the warring factions and bloodthirsty bandits who now are despoiling their country shall soon heed the admonition of the President to unite in noble endeavor to establish a just Goyernment with the consent and under the direction of the great majority of common people, the triumph of the Administration's policy will be so overwhelming as to confound

its critics. If not, the issue inevitably will be whether the United States owes it to her citizens to protect their lives and properties abroad as well as at home, or has no obligation beyond the shouting of *caveat emptor* to all who so far forget themselves as to cross the border line. In any case, it is quite evident, from the impassioned utterances of Senators Lodge and Root and Borah, that the Republican team has yet to be convinced that the President's chuckle at the prospect of laughing last is fully warranted by his intuitive knowledge of "the temper and principles of the American people."

National defense.—It is perhaps but natural that the Republicans should feel that, as a unit for preparedness, they possess an advantage over political antagonists whose views are diversified.

The Colombia treaty.—Whether or not an apology should be made to Colombia, accompanied by a payment of $25,000,000 for the loss of Panama, is beside the political mark. It suffices for the Republicans to know that the mere proposal has alienated Mr. Roosevelt and his considerable personal following so completely that the Administration cannot hope for support or co-operation from that source upon any conceivable grounds.

The diplomatic service.—The mortification of Republicans at the unexpected efficiency demonstrated by our representatives in Europe is mitigated by the common judgment that the most useful services were rendered and the most notable success was achieved by the Republican Ambassador who was retained in France long after his successor was appointed. It is also regarded as certain that such of the independent voters as are devoted to civil-service reform will not be attracted by the appointments to South America and may view the proceedings in San Domingo with aversion as a violation of trust.

Sectionalism.—Republican leaders are well aware of the danger of playing with fire, but they will have difficulty in quenching the flame which leaped forth in New England when a leading journal asked bitterly if twenty dead men would have been branded as "conspirators" in Texas, as they were branded in Massachusetts and Connecticut, while three sons of the Lone Star State were sitting in the Cabinet and another was acting as the intimate adviser of the President.

Woman suffrage.—Final relegation of this subject to the States, it is believed, will deprive the Democrats of an issue which Mr. Bryan surely would have espoused as an appeal for

the ninety-one electoral votes easily controlled by women if they should act as a unit.

The colored vote.—No doubt is felt that segregation at Washington will hold every negro in the Republican ranks—a fact, if it be a fact, of no little importance in States like Ohio, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts.

Such, in brief, are some of the bases of Republican confidence. There are others of a more definitely political nature, embracing the universal disgust with Mr. Daniels, the quite common doubt of Mr. Bryan's efficiency as an executive, the propriety of Mr. McAdoo remaining in the Treasury as a son-in-law, the alienation of three at least of the ablest Democratic Senators, the disaffection of the so-called Clark Democrats who have not been accorded recognition, the seeming dissatisfaction of the chairman and other members of the National Committee, and so on; but these are family affairs forbidden to intermeddlers.

Most satisfying of all to the Republicans is the reflection that they have a team, while the Democrats have only a Captain—a great Captain, to be sure, bold from his sense of power, firm in his resolute aloofness, sure of the justice of his cause—yet but one against so many and so strong.

So the President, in a speech which must be pronounced ill-timed and ill-judged, resembling nothing more closely than the traditionally putative effort of a tenor to sing bass, turns to the people. In them he has implicit confidence.

But that is not the question. Quite the contrary, we should say.

A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE

BY THOMAS HARDY

When first you fluttered on this scene
In a May month just growing green,
And a young century turned fifteen,

What did the people say of you
As dubiously they glanced you through,
O North American Review?

You had come to go? You had come to stay?
Or neither? Be that as it may
We know some things they did not say:

They did not say that you would see
The surging nations bond and free
Shape in this wise their history.

They did not say that in your run
Some deeds for freedom would be done
To pale the glory arms had won.

Nor did they, on the other hand,
Deem that some brass gods still would stand
When a whole century had been spanned.

Even you, a young philosopher,
Did not, perhaps, at all infer
That scientific massacre

For empire, step by step would climb
To horrors at this latter time
Undreamt of in your early prime.

What sane mind could suppose, indeed,
Blunt force again would supersede
The sway of grace, art, cult, and creed.

—Yet some may here and there be fraught
With things humane you long have taught
Unwitting if they effected aught.

For when we take good seed to throw
Broadcast afar, how much may grow,
How much may fail, we do not know;

And of your influence, what may dwell,
What die and work no kindly spell
In minds around, tongues fail to tell.

But may it still expand and last,
And make for binding Satan fast
Ere one more hundred years have passed!

THOMAS HARDY.

WHAT THE NATURE OF THE PEACE WILL BE

BY YVES GUYOT
FORMERLY FRENCH MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

THE surgeons and nurses at the magnificent and comfortable American Ambulance at Neuilly, near Paris, have certainly, while chatting with the wounded French soldiers, been struck by the fact that war has not developed in them a warlike spirit. They say very little, and what they do say is said with modesty, about the battles in which they have taken part and the dangers which they have affronted. They rather talk a great deal about their families, their every-day occupations, about trade, and, if they are farmers, about the crops. But whatever may be the trials and dangers to which they may yet be exposed in returning to the front, not one of them asks for an immediate peace. They are fighting against their will, but their resignation is not passive; on the contrary, it is very resolute. Here is what they say or think: "The Kaiser wants war. All right; so much the worse for him. The struggle shall last until he is rendered powerless. We must not conclude a peace which would be a mere interlude. We cannot go on waking up every morning to ask ourselves if we are to have a war on the morrow. Since 1870 we have dwelt under a perpetual threat. Damocles' sword was typified in the eyes of every European by that of William II. At every moment he threatened to let it fall. His speeches and the Crown Prince's threats were sure to be hard facts some day. The resultant anxiety has paralyzed every energy and every initiative of the French nation. It increased the military expenses, it brought back three years' service when we had got it down to two, it increased our taxes and augmented our public debt. Now that we are in the furnace we must fight on until nothing remains of this awful nightmare." This is the way the Neuilly soldiers talk, and their words are echoed by the whole of France. Their opinions are also shared by all the Allies.

The problem to be solved, therefore, is what the conditions

of this peace shall be; and right at the start looms up the question whether the all-powerful Kaiser will come down from his heights and consent to make peace. But to my way of thinking, the personality of the Kaiser need not be taken into consideration. The all-important thing is to destroy the Austro-German armies. Once they are crushed, Germany will be forced to surrender unconditionally, as Austria did after Austerlitz, and Prussia after Jena. If the Franco-British-Belgian armies force back across the frontiers, as they are slowly but successfully doing, an enemy of exhausted men and horses, an army disheartened by defeat, then the Allies may easily take the classic road of the Main which will lead them to the battle-fields of Jena and Lutzen and render them masters of Halle, the center of the German railway system. If the Russian armies, leaving a part of the German forces sunk in the mud-fields of Poland and East Prussia, and having crushed the remainder, pass along the left bank of the Oder above Breslau, they will be only some one hundred and forty miles from Dresden; and when the armies of the West and the East shall join forces on the celebrated battle-field of Leipsic, the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns will have lived. If, a fortnight later, they make a triumphal entrance into Berlin this will be only a formality intended to impress on every German the certainty of the breakdown of their once-famous Kaiser's pretentious policy. It should be remembered that when the Allies entered Paris in 1814 they did not treat with Napoleon, who had abdicated at Fontainebleau; and when the Congress of Vienna learned of Napoleon's landing at Frejus in March, 1815, it declared him "the enemy of the public peace" and placed him "under the ban of nations." On March 25 the allied monarchs—the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia—received at their headquarters in Haguenau a deputation of the French Chambers, headed by Lafayette, who were informed that the peace would not be discussed until Napoleon was handed over to the Allies.

The Allies of to-day may not be so exacting as those of just a hundred years ago. But that they will refuse to treat with the Kaiser, is certain. Should he abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince, the latter, in view of his conduct in the past, his acts in France and Belgium during the present campaign, and his well-known ideas, would be even more disqualified than his father. But who, then, would be qualified to treat with the victorious nations?

According to the constitution of 1871 the German Empire is represented by the Bundesrath, or Federal Council, made up of delegates from each State of the federation, plenipotentiaries nominated by the heads of these States. They number 61 in all: 17 representing Prussia; 6, Bavaria; 4, Saxony; 4, Würtemberg; 3, the Grand Duchy of Baden; 3, Alsace-Lorraine; 3, Hesse; 2, Mecklenburg-Schwerin; 2, the Duchy of Brunswick; and 1 for each of the other States and free cities. Here is an excellent body with whom the Allies can treat. And what will the Allies and this Council be called upon to settle? Two all-important points: 1, Deprive Prussia of her political hegemony in Germany; and, 2, Establish an European equilibrium which will make impossible its disturbance by the will of a chief of State.

THE PRINCIPALS AND PRINCIPLES OF THE PEACE

Who, on the side of the victors, will settle the peace? Persons pervaded by more kind-heartedness than wisdom talk of a Congress of Neutral Powers. With the exception of the United States, the other neutral Powers are, in Europe, small countries, with one or two exceptions. If the United States were invited to participate, then Brazil and the Argentine Republic at least would also be invited among the South American nations. I know the rule that no one can be at the same time both judge and party to the suit. The belligerents must not alone have the settling of the dispute. But the armed settlement of conflicts shows that it has been so far impossible to accomplish these ends by pacific means. The belligerents know what this war has cost them, and the highest interests of the Allies demand that their aggressors shall be placed in such a position that a like catastrophe cannot happen again. But suppose the neutral Powers were to try and arrange matters and one of the belligerents should refuse to submit to the decisions of these Powers, what coercive measures could be employed? No, the question will be settled directly between the Allies—Great Britain, Russia, and France—on the one hand, representing Belgium, Servia, Japan, Portugal, and Montenegro, with Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other.

In 1814 Vienna was filled with sovereigns, little German princes, and representatives of all the European Powers. But, by virtue of the Quadruple Alliance concluded at Chaumont, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain settled everything

between themselves. The secret part of the Treaty of Paris read: "The relations which are to determine a true and lasting balance of power throughout Europe will be set forth at the Congress on a basis established by the Allied Powers in agreement." Thus the four great Powers had determined to keep within their own exclusive hands the arrangement of the whole matter, and if France was finally admitted to their counsels, this was due to the authority exercised by Talleyrand and to his cleverness, as well as to the rival interests of the four sovereigns who often found it difficult to work together. And once safely seated in the Congress, Talleyrand's influence was felt. He said: "The thing needed by Europe is that once and forever be banished the opinion that rights may be acquired by mere conquest; the principle of legitimacy must be reawakened. I put equity first and mere longings afterward." He insisted that the protocol should contain these words: "The settlements shall be in accordance with public equity." And when von Hardenberg and von Humboldt, representing Prussia, replied, rather angrily, "What has public equity to do here?" Talleyrand answered, quietly, "It accounts for your being here!" Nor did Prussia in after years act on the principles laid down by the famous French diplomat. In the affair of the Danish Duchies, in the declaration of war against Austria in 1866, in the war of 1870-71 with France, in the recent ultimatum sent by Austria to Servia, in Germany's declaration of war last August against France, in the violation of the neutrality of Belgium which followed, the governing idea of Prussia is expressed by Bismarck's phrase, "iron and blood."

To this policy—a direct inheritance of the despoiling ways of the Germans of Tacitus—Great Britain, France, and Russia must now oppose a humane policy which will respect all rights, which will consider all the aspirations of the different nations in so far as they do not endanger the realization of the work in hand as a whole, and which, by the suppression of the greatest number possible of oppressors, will insure the safety of all. In a word, the principle which must guide the Allies must be that of the guaranteeing of peace. Again, from a psychological point of view, every act of a humiliating nature must be avoided. Insults weigh lightly on those who commit them, but they leave a lasting mark on the minds of those who are forced to submit to them.

Of course the question of war indemnities will be brought up. In 1815 Prussia required from France the payment of $140,000,-

000, and in 1870 Germany took $1,000,000,000. It has been stated on more or less good authority that if Germany is successful in the present war France will be forced to pay $6,000,000,000. None of the Allies considers war a means of making money. Great Britain long ago learned that war is a business that does not pay. The Allies will simply estimate their outlay caused by the war, and the loss occasioned by the destruction of property, and then call upon Germany and Austria to foot the bill. They will have to pay principal and interest. Of course the longer the war lasts, the heavier the costs will be. All this will be but in accordance with Article III of the Convention of 1907 of The Hague, as proposed by the German delegation, which runs as follows: "The belligerent who shall violate the dispositions of this regulation shall be liable to the payment of an indemnity and shall be held responsible for all acts committed by persons belonging to his armed forces." The violation of Belgian neutrality will especially have to be paid for and at a heavy rate; for, however high this rate may be, it can never repay all the losses caused by the armed forces of Germany. It cannot bring back to life or compensate for the massacre of the children, women, and aged men who should not have suffered, nor can it restore the ruins of Louvain or the cathedral of Rheims.

The Allies will also have to examine whether the heads of State, the commanders of army corps, those officers who have ordered and those soldiers who have been guilty of the murder of aged people, women, children, and unarmed men, who have committed acts of barbarity and destruction, who have indulged in plunder, shall not be brought before a tribunal established at The Hague and be dealt with as common law criminals.

Germany has more than 65,000,000 inhabitants, whose private fortunes are estimated at from 80 to 90 billions of dollars. The interest on her public debt is only $70,000,000. So she can easily support an indemnity of from 4 to 6 billions of dollars. As regards Austria-Hungary, she is less wealthy; nor must all her people be subjected to an indemnity. But the belligerents will have the right to claim damages, the larger portion of which will be handed over to Servia and Montenegro.

But in claiming reparation of a pecuniary nature from Germany and Austria-Hungary, the Allies will not be actuated by a desire to ruin those countries. They well know that the poverty of one nation does not make for the wealth of another. They will not fill up the ports of Hamburg and Bremen; they

will not seek to bar the navigation of the Rhine; they will not close the mines of Westphalia nor restrain Germans from manufacturing chemicals and electric apparatus if they can find purchasers therefor. The foreign markets of Germany will not be closed by the acts of the Allies, but by the distrust caused by the methods of espionage of which the Germans have been guilty in the past.

The second ruling principle which must guide the Allies in their negotiations will be to seek to remove the causes of future wars. In 1648 the treaty of Westphalia eliminated religious differences as a ground of international conflicts, and thereby rendered an enormous service to the cause of peace. We must accomplish a similar good work. Dynastic reasons for discord are disappearing, though it will be remembered that the pretext for the outbreak of 1870 was the candidature of a Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain. The dynasty question will now come forward only in connection with the exclusion of the Hohenzollerns from the throne of Prussia, which must be a *sine quâ non* of the future peace.

The negotiators of the Congress of Vienna pretended that they were trying to establish a European balance. But the Prussian Friedrich von Gentz, secretary of the Congress, said in a report dated February 12, 1815:

> The fine words concerning the regeneration of the political system of Europe and a lasting peace based on an equitable partition of forces, etc., are spoken with the aim of quieting the public mind and giving an air of dignity and grandeur to the meeting. But the true object which the Congress had in view was the apportionment among the victors of the booty taken from the vanquished!

But the Allies of 1915 will not wish to enrich themselves at the expense of Germany or Austria-Hungary. Belgium will not ask for an increased territory; the annexation of Rhenish Prussia, with its more than 7,000,000 inhabitants, almost equal in numbers to the population of Belgium itself, would simply crush the nationality of the latter country. France will only take back Alsace-Lorraine, which was wrested from her in 1870 and which Germany admits, by the way she treats these provinces, have not been assimilated by the Empire. The little strip of territory surrounding Saarbrücken and Saarlouis, which was to have been left to France in 1815, but was handed over to Prussia by the final arrangement, may be added to the two provinces. If the Polish provinces of Prussia and Austria are to return to Poland, it will not be to Russia. The Ruthenians

of that portion of Galicia situated beyond the river Save, oppressed by the Polish of Galicia and by the Government of Vienna, may ask to join their compatriots, the Little Russians of Russia. As regards the German colonies, their value is insignificant. Their white population consists of but 27,812, and their black population of 11,974,500; their area is under two million square miles, and their trade with Germany amounts to less than $40,000,000. If the Allies take them it will not be for love of lucre, but to remove grounds for future conflict, for it should be remembered that at the opening of the war the Kaiser stated that colonial considerations was one of its causes. This cause must disappear. Servia and Montenegro must alone among the belligerents receive an increase of territory.

Such was the situation up to the moment of the entering on the scene of Turkey. But the territorial plan of settlement must now be modified in favor of Russia. It should be remembered that Constantinople is not a Turkish city, but an international one, where Greeks, Armenians, and people of every race bustle about, forming intrigues of every kind. Could a condominium of Great Britain, France, and Russia take over the power there and enforce the freedom of the Straits? Experience proves that the exercise of a condominium is difficult and its duration precarious. The Allies will probably conclude that the best solution will be the handing over to Russia of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Bulgaria, in compensation for the development of Servia, may get back a portion of the territory of Turkey which she had to abandon after the last war, and may receive in addition a portion of Macedonia. Or some such arrangement as this may be made: All that portion of Turkey bordering the Black Sea may be given to Russia; Mesopotamia, and the regions of the Euphrates and the Tigrus, to Great Britain; and Syria and a part of the Mediterranean shores to France.

A word more about the minor Allies. Austria-Hungary has always wished to prevent Servia from having access to the Adriatic. But such access will certainly result from the present war. It may be effected by the railroad from the Danube to the Adriatic, which has long been planned and which, passing by Montenegro, will have as its terminus Antivari, Montenegro's only seaport.

The Montenegro question is intimately bound up with that of Albania, which bristles with difficulties. This handful of Albanians—they number but 800,000—might be left out of

consideration if they were not a continual cause of discord, particularly in the Balkans, due largely to the fact that they are worked upon by three influences—that of Turkey, that of Austria, and that of Italy. If the Allies decide that the autonomy of Albania is to be maintained, the new State must be kept within the strictest limits.

Portugal declared war not because she intended to invade Germany with her little army, but in order to prevent the enemies' shipping from seeking refuge at the mouth of the Tagus or from setting up a wireless telegraphic station on the Portuguese coasts. Though Portugal is already a very large colonial Power, coming directly after Great Britain, France, and Germany as regards the square miles of her possessions, she cannot expect an enlargement of her domains in exchange for her co-operation. The fact is that she would derive a more substantial benefit if she were to seize the opportunity of the general liquidation at the close of the war to dispose of her colonies to one of the Allies for a good price.

Japan has shown great cleverness by openly siding with the Allies at the very start without waiting, to use a vulgar but very apt expression, to see which way the cat is going to jump. At the same time she has satisfied an old grudge by taking from the German Empire Kiao-Chau, thus ending the German dream of the morselization of China. When she entered upon the scene, Japan gave the United States the most formal assurance that she had no intention of troubling the islands of the Pacific, and I trust she will observe the same wise demeanor in regard to Kiao-Chau, so that the question of its retrocession to China will not have to be brought up before the Allies at the close of hostilities.

The disinterestedness of Great Britain, France, and Russia is a guarantee of their agreement when the time comes for them to settle the world-wide matters awakened by the aggressions of Germany and Austria-Hungary. The three Powers have gone to war to obtain a lasting peace for themselves, and for Europe likewise. But it is an illusion to believe that such a peace can be obtained simply by dismantling fortresses and limiting the armaments of the conquered nations. After Jena, Napoleon employed these means with Prussia: he reduced her army to 42,000 men. But this reduction fired Stein with the idea of organizing the *Landwehr*, whence sprang that instrument of war which enabled Prussia to defeat France in 1870. After Wagram, Napoleon also restricted the Austrian army to 150,000

men. But the suppression of this clause in the treaty was one of the conditions of his marriage with Maria Louisa. Such limitations imply, on the part of the Government which exercises them, a right of supervision incompatible with the independence of the nation subjected thereto. They who would base peace on restriction of armaments confuse effect and cause. It is the causes of war which must be done away with.

Nor is it certain that an imposed change in the form of government of the conquered nations will be any more efficacious in securing a permanent peace than forced disarmament. In January, 1814, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England decided what régime should be set up in France on the ruins of the Empire, and we know what the result was. We French have learned from our experience in 1848, which cost France so dear, that replacing a king by a president does not transform a monarchical nation into a republic. Though the republican form of government is a better guarantee of peace than the autocratic one, it is not free from defects which may provoke a conflict. But in the present instance the Allies are not to be called upon to interfere in the form of government of Germany and Austria, though neither of these countries can remain constituted as it is at present. But the alterations to which these Powers will be subjected will not be inspired by the desire on the part of the Allied Governments to interfere with the home policy of the two conquered nations. The Allies will have but one end in view—*viz.*, to render impossible the breaking out of a new war within a few years.

When, at the Congress of Vienna, Talleyrand advocated the principle of monarchical legitimacy, he spoke to men who considered only the interests of sovereigns and princes who were looked upon as the owners of the people. But to-day the rôles are reversed. Political decisions are based on the interests of the people. But right here comes in an ethnological complication. Thus, the Germans have tried to justify their conquests of 1870 on politico-anthropological grounds; and declare that they annexed Alsace because the population was of German origin. The same claim did not hold true for Lorraine, which did not prevent them from annexing a portion of that province just as in the previous century they participated in the partition of Poland. The learned professors across the Rhine have a great deal to say about a "Teutonic type." In this connection one should read the book of Prof. William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, entitled *The Races of Europe,* where it will be learned that

somatic characteristics are very variable among people who claim to belong to the same race. Linguistic considerations, legends, and historical souvenirs are better criteria, and must be taken into account, for languages and traditions have formed solid groups of men. Yet the "principle of nationalities," which played so baleful a part in European politics during the second half of the nineteenth century, is not based on law, but on traditionalism, and is opposed to the views proclaimed by the philosophers of the French school of the eighteenth century. In determining the fate of Germany and Austria the Allies must take this point of view.

To sum up, the peace treaty which will end the present war will be imposed on Germany and Austria by the three Allied Powers—Great Britain, Russia, and France—who will be actuated by the following principles: 1. A war indemnity which will represent the damages caused by the war. 2. As regards territorial acquisitions, the Allies will show disinterestedness. 3. All other considerations will be subordinated to this one—*viz.*, the elimination of the causes of future warfare. 4. This will be the sole object in view in the reorganization of Germany and Austria-Hungary. 5. In bringing about this reorganization the Allies will take account of the groups called "nationalities," but without giving them the fictitious importance attributed to them by political anthropology.

THE REORGANIZATION OF GERMANY

Referring to his act of so modifying the famous Ems telegram in the summer of 1870 as to precipitate a war with France, Bismarck once said: "I was convinced that the abyss which had been formed in the course of history between the north and the south of the Fatherland by divergences of sentiment, race, and dynasties could be filled up only by means of a national war against our French neighbor." The Iron Chancellor attained his object and the German Empire was declared at Versailles.

In international matters the power of the German Emperor is absolute. For instance, when he convened the Bundesrath just before the outbreak of the present war the aggression against Servia, which he and the Austrian Government had prepared, was already under way. The Emperor-King is the head of the army, and the Prussian military system extends throughout the whole Empire. As a matter of fact the kings and grand dukes who form part of the German Empire are

really the subjects of the King of Prussia. Indeed, William II. has never missed an opportunity of asserting his absolute power. "*Suprema lex Regis voluntas,*" he wrote in the Golden Book of the Munich municipality. "I am the sole master in the Empire and I will tolerate no other," he said before the Chamber of the Rhenish Province. "There is but one law, and that is my law," he declared to the recruits in 1893; and he wrote beneath his portrait which he presented to the Minister of Public Worship in Berlin, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" The rest of this verse of Juvenal —"*sit pro ratione voluntas*" ("my will is my reason")—was not expressed, but was understood. The Allies must destroy this military absolutism; they must deprive Prussia of the political hegemony of Germany.

The Confederation of the Rhine might be re-established with Bavaria as its center, which is connected by the Bavarian Palatinate with the Rhenish Province and Westphalia. The majority of the inhabitants of these States are Catholic. To Saxony might be given back the parts of her territory taken from her by Prussia in 1865 and 1866, while Denmark would recover the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies of which she was robbed in 1864, and the Kiel Canal would be neutralized like the Suez Canal. In a word, the problem which arises may have one of two solutions: Will the coming defeat be the cause of the breaking up of the German Empire or will it increase the solidarity of States which Bismarck, by victory, established through bloodshed? There can be no doubt that the kings, princes, and peoples of the Fatherland have been Prussianized; they have been proud to fill other nations with fear; they have all been on a pilgrimage to Germania. This compensation has led the vanquished of 1866 to take their defeat for a victory. The King of Bavaria may even have forgotten that his lameness is due to a Prussian bullet. Or, on the other hand, may they conclude that Greater Germany has not given them the security they expected therefrom? They know, as I have already said, that the Kaiser precipitated all Germany into the war without consulting the Kings and States composing the Bundesrath, and that his braggart policy, of which they were very proud while digesting their beer, has passed from the realm of words into that of deeds. They have seen that the "irresistible army" with its "infallible strategists" has hurled itself on a pygmy like Belgium, and that the pygmy resisted in a way worthy of its audacity; that those Frenchmen, "so flippant and improvident," so crushed, as they supposed, in 1870, have not been trodden

under by the weight of the German mass; that the valiant Crown Prince, instead of entering Paris, was obliged in one night to draw back some twenty-five miles; and that the famous German staff, instead of obtaining another Sedan, now sees disaster staring it in the face on both the eastern and the western line of battle. In a word, they perceive that glory and security have disappeared and that the constitution of 1871 is breaking up in the midst of the greatest downfall which Germany has ever experienced. So we may well ask whether German particularism will ever reappear and whether the various German peoples may not declare, We are no longer Prussians and will become once more Saxons, Bavarians, Würtembergers, Hanoverians, Badeners, and free Frankforters.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Professors of constitutional law have asked whether Austria-Hungary is a federative State, a federation of States, a State of States, a kingdom of States, a unified State, or a dual State. This perplexity of the learned specialists well typifies the complexity of the problem that the future congress of the Allies will have to solve as regards the Dual Monarchy. Viewed from the standpoint of languages, the same diversity exists. Thus, in Austria-Hungary are over 12,000,000 souls who speak German and 10,000,000 who speak Hungarian. Then there are 8,500,000 Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaks, 5,000,000 Poles, 4,000,000 Ruthenians, 5,500,000 Croatians and Servians, 3,000,000 Rumanians, etc., none of which groups, all speaking different tongues, constitutes an independent political body. But from the physical point of view all these various agglomerations appear to be somewhat closely connected while they are separated from one another chiefly by reciprocal hatred; each looks on liberty as the right to dominate the others. At present, after a century-long struggle, the Germans of Austria and the Hungarians have succeeded in dominating all the other nationalities, though, as we have seen by the foregoing figures, the former are in a minority and so have not even the excuse of numbers as a pretext for such domination.

When one hears Hungarians vituperating against Austria one might conclude that they desire separation from the Austrians. But they do not want any such thing; quite the contrary. Budapest knows only too well that, once having broken with Vienna, Hungary would be only a small nation

submerged by the Slavs. They remember that they have given a Prime Minister to the Dual Monarchy, Count Andrassy, who proposed in 1871 the alliance with Germany and who carried the project through in 1879. They know, too, that Hungary owes its preponderance in the Dual Monarchy to the victory of Germany over Austria at Sadowa; they never forget this fact. Furthermore, it should not be overlooked at the future settlement that Count Tisza, Prime Minister of Hungary, is more responsible for the present war than is Count Berchtold, till recently Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Allies should see to it that Hungary is not left in a position to do such a thing again.

In 1860 Austria promised autonomy to Bohemia, but forgot all about the promise when, in 1867, the compromise was made and the Dual Monarchy established. It should be remembered that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Bohemia was the center of civilization in Central Europe. But later she was devastated and exhausted by the Thirty Years' War. Again, whereas Hungary never formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire, the King of Bohemia was one of its seven electors. Furthermore, Bohemia has never ceased to struggle against German influence; in spite of all the efforts of Austria to crush the national spirit in Bohemia, the latter has never ceased to assert it, and to-day the Bohemians, the Moravians, and the Slovaks are eager to found an independent State. This wish is sure to appeal to the Allies.

After the settlement of 1867 the Slovaks agitated for the establishment of the kingdom of Slovenia or Illyria, which was to include Trieste, Istria, Gorizia, Gradisca, southern Carinthia, and southern Styria. But now the question of Greater Servia is to the fore and it may be that the Allies will have to examine the question of a confederation of those different territories. Italy may object to certain parts of this programme, but it should be remembered that, as regards Trieste, for example, though the Italian portion of this region is very active, it is nevertheless but a minority. Indeed, this Slavic problem will not be one of the easiest that the Allies will be called upon to solve. It has always been a source of anxiety to the Dual Monarchy, and this anxiety was not decreased by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which added about 2,000,000 Slavs to those already within the borders of Hungary-Austria. The initial cause, as we all know, of the present conflict was hatred of Servia and fear of the growth of Pan-Servianism.

But the result will be just the contrary of what was hoped for at Vienna and Budapest.

As for the German provinces of Austria—Lower and Upper Austria, the Duchy of Salzburg, the German Tyrol, and the northern part of Styria—they might be formed into a State of about 10,000,000 inhabitants with Vienna as its capital, or they might be added to Bavaria, as was done by Napoleon at the peace of Pressburg.

Finally, Vorarlberg, a small district of less than 150,000 inhabitants and entirely isolated, might be attached to Switzerland, while the Trentine region, comprising about 700,000 souls, would of course be joined to Italy.

Such are the principal matters concerning the Dual Monarchy that will come before the Allies at the grand settlement, when it will be patent to everybody that Vienna has never managed to assimilate the various nationalities which it has annexed to Austria, and this incapacity is its condemnation. The question will then certainly be asked, Why maintain as a Great Power a State which, having shown its utter administrative and military incompetency within its own borders, has moreover long disturbed the peace of Europe by its ambitions and its hatreds? And the question will be as certainly answered in the negative. Add to this the well-known fact that the majority of the peoples of the Dual Monarchy are themselves calling for its dismemberment, and it will be seen that the line of conduct of the Allies in this part of Europe is already traced for them. And this is the line they will certainly follow.

THE RESURRECTION OF POLAND

Frederick the Great says in his *Memoirs*, "The acquisition of our portion of Poland was one of the most important additions we ever made, for it joined Pomerania to East Prussia and rendered us masters of the Vistula." In 1848 a proposition was brought forward in the Frankfort Diet for the reconstitution of Poland, whereupon Bismarck exclaimed, "It would sever the principal arteries of Prussia." But the Prussians have shown themselves incapable of assimilating the Polish inhabitants subject to their rule, though they have tried all kinds of "colonizing" schemes with this end in view. The result is that whereas the Duchy of Posen numbered, in 1867, 688,000 Germans and 884,000 Poles, in 1910 it numbered 807,000 of the first and 1,279,000 of the second. In Silesia

there are 1,236,000 Poles and 4,774,000 Germans, while in West Prussia the figures are 476,000 Poles and 1,098,000 Germans. The parts containing more Poles than Germans will be incorporated in the New Poland which the Czar by a master stroke has decided to establish and which the Allies can only too willingly approve of. They will remember the speech delivered at Marienburg by the Kaiser in 1900 in the ancient castle of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, when he summoned them to aid him in his crusade against the Poles. They will recognize the fact that Dantzic and the mouth of the Vistula belong to Poland, as well as Galicia, as far as the river San, with its beautiful capital, Cracow. The frontier of the New Poland will be only about ninety-six miles from Berlin, and the King of Prussia, if such a personage exists at the close of the present war, will then be able to visit Königsberg only by sea, unless he crosses Polish territory. In a word, Poland will then form a buffer State between Prussia and Russia, which was in the plan of the Congress of Vienna, but which Prussian avidity prevented from being carried out. Furthermore, this reconstitution of Poland will be the best guarantee that Russia can give the rest of the world that she does not nourish the ambitions of which she is accused in some quarters.

AFTER THE TREATY

It does not follow because a treaty is put on paper and signed that its stipulations will be carried out. This has been seen in the case of the Treaty of Berlin; in 1885 Bulgaria violated it, and in 1911 Austria, without the slightest blush, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. In order that a treaty have legal force there must be a mandatory whose duty it shall be to see that the stipulations of the treaty be strictly carried out. In 1815, for instance, the Triple Alliance first and the Quadruple Alliance afterward undertook this task, and in the present instance the three Allies will have to enter into a similar agreement and distribute the rôles between them, so that if one of the conquered Powers should try to escape the consequences of its defeat it will immediately find itself in such a position that a single injunction will suffice to obtain strict observance of the treaty.

Such are the outlines of the arrangements which may guarantee a lasting peace to Europe. The setting up of small buffer States will restrict the ambition of the great Powers, and

certain Governments will no longer be able to make France and Russia fill the part of bogy, for the latter will have shown that they are not bent on seizing territory. Prussia's hatred of France came out clearly at the Congress of Vienna, as it has again in the present war. But one does not live on hatred.

The legislative and economic unification of Germany has been accomplished and should not be disturbed, for such an act would affect every one of its inhabitants. If the peace decreases military taxes, lightens service with the colors, removes from every mind the worry of an impending conflict, and leaves men free to devote all their energy to productive occupations, then every German citizen will see that he has profited by the defeat of Prussian militarism and imperialism. He will also perceive that one of the chief causes of this war, an economic cause, has also been removed. I refer to the Kaiser's passion for a monopoly which mixed up industrial policies with military matters, imagining that he could create new markets for German products by the aid of bayonets and cannon. He desired to carry to its extreme limits the assertion that "trade follows the flag."

I may be permitted to add in closing that if our statesmen of to-day were economists they would do away for ever with the causes of economic conflicts by adopting free trade and thus take a definite step toward a lasting world's peace. Unfortunately this will not be accomplished on this occasion. Though the diplomats of Great Britain and Belgium would be capable of understanding such a policy, those of France and Russia will wish to still cling to the practice of "national economics," which Germany has long been teaching in her universities, and whose bitter fruits she is now tasting. But one of my friends, M. Henri Lambert, the large glass manufacturer of Charleroi, without indulging in a word of complaint concerning the evil deeds of the Germans in Belgium, has well said in a recent letter addressed to the President of the United States, "Cobden declared that 'Free trade is the best peacemaker'; and I venture to add that free trade will become more and more the only peacemaker."

YVES GUYOT.

THE ORGANIZATION OF PUBLIC OPINION

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

For the past twenty years we have been trying to give the people a more direct voice in the work of government. We have been experimenting with measures like the initiative, the referendum, the recall, or the direct primary. Some of these things have passed beyond the stage of experiment and have become recognized parts of the political system of many of our States. But as we look over what has been accomplished by these means it is surprising to see how slight has been their effect. They have not justified either the hopes of their advocates or the fears of their opponents. Reformers thought that by providing for a spontaneous expression of the popular will the referendum and the direct primary would give us better laws and better candidates. Conservatives thought that any such spontaneous expression of the popular will would lead to disastrous radicalism. Both parties were deceived. The new system does not provide for spontaneous expression of popular will to anything like the extent which is commonly supposed. It has simply substituted one kind of organization for another.

This is not the first time such a thing has happened in American history. Ninety years ago the overthrow of the caucus system gave rise to similar hopes and was followed by similar disappointments.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the members of Congress in each party held "caucuses" to determine who should be the candidate at the next presidential election. Theoretically the people chose electors and the electors chose a President. Practically the members of the previous Congress restricted the range of choice to two men.

This system was severely criticized. It was regarded as a violation of the fundamental principles of the Constitution for members of Congress to undertake to say who should or should

not be President. This feeling became so strong that the Congressional caucus was overthrown in 1824 and the field left free for popular nomination. The change was hailed with enthusiasm as a triumph of Constitutional principles and a means of giving the people the opportunity to choose the men they wanted. But it did very little practical good. The party convention took the place of the party caucus. The people were no longer compelled to choose between candidates selected by members of a former Congress; but they were compelled to choose between candidates selected by members of nominating conventions, and the convention was quite as much under the control of politicians as the caucus had been. We had changed the form of political organization and control; we had not done away with the substance. In certain respects the convention system of nomination was even more objectionable than the caucus system. It avoided the open connection between the legislative and executive departments of the Government, but it gave a chance for all sorts of hidden connections. The caucus system had defied the spirit of the Constitution; the convention system evaded or ignored it.

It took people seventy or eighty years to discover how completely the control of political machinery enabled a skilful man to control popular government itself. The immediate effect of this discovery is seen in the introduction of the initiative and the referendum to prevent the politicians from determining what laws shall be passed, and the direct primary to prevent them from determining what candidates shall be nominated. Inexperienced people regard these changes as meaning a purification of politics and a triumph of democracy, in the same way that their great-grandfathers regarded the overthrow of the Congressional caucus as a purification of politics and a triumph of democracy. The chance for disappointment is as large now as it was then. In 1915, as in 1825, we are simply discarding one form of organization and substituting another. Whether the new one will be better or worse than the old one will depend upon the intelligence with which we meet its possibilities and its dangers.

The party organization of the latter part of the nineteenth century was a complex mechanism for determining and organizing public sentiment. It had its ward leaders and its district leaders who were in touch with local conditions, its county committees to harmonize the claims and wishes of the several districts, and its central heads or bosses that directed the policy

of the whole organization. It was its constant aim to make up a list of candidates popular enough to secure a large vote and at the same time subservient enough to yield to the wishes of the party machine in all minor matters.

This method of organization was most effective when candidates were nominated by conventions and laws were made by candidates thus nominated. When the people themselves vote on nominations and laws the politician must go to work in a different way. To have them made to suit him, he must appeal more directly to public sentiment. This sentiment can best be created by the influence of newspapers and magazines. It is through the press—daily, weekly, or monthly—that the American people forms its opinion as to men and measures. The success or failure of a candidate in securing the nomination depends largely upon the support which he receives from this quarter. The man who accomplishes most in modern politics is he who recognizes this fact most fully. It is not by the personal influence which was characteristic of the old party system that nominations are now secured and the way made clear for the passage of laws. It is by the influence of the printed page, which enables the man who controls it to determine thousands of votes for good or for evil.

In 1824 we overthrew the legislative caucus as a dominant power in politics, and left the field open for the party machine. To-day we are overthrowing the party machine and are leaving the field open to the press. And according as the press uses its new power for evil or for good will the results of the referendum and the direct primary, and other similar agencies of modern democracy, be also evil or good.

The organization of public opinion by the newspapers instead of by the party managers has certain distinct and obvious advantages. In the first place, it involves a more direct appeal to public opinion. A newspaper owes its power to the fact that its readers think as its editor wishes them to think. Their opinion may be right or wrong. The evidence presented to them may be complete or incomplete. But the opinion is in any case a real opinion, based on an examination of important evidence.

In the next place, this opinion is formed in the open, instead of being shaped by secret conferences, as was so often the case under old-fashioned party leadership. The newspaper makes its appeal in broad daylight. If the appeal is an unfair one, those who are arguing on the other side have at least a chance

to see what is being said and done by their opponents and to try to prove that it is unfair. Government by newspapers is government by discussion. It is perhaps the only form of government by discussion which is practicable in a large community.

In the third place, the call which the newspaper makes upon its readers almost necessarily takes the form of an appeal to their judgment rather than to their selfishness. A party manager working under the old system is constantly occupied in pointing out to his followers how their personal interests would be advanced by some measure or some candidate. A newspaper or magazine that should adopt this policy would soon find its influence confined within a limited circle. The general public would suspect, and rightly suspect, that a measure which one group of voters was urged to support on purely selfish grounds would be of doubtful benefit to the community as a whole. A journalist may himself often be led to support certain measures or certain candidates for reasons of self-interest. But his appeal to his readers for support must be based on broader grounds than this in order to be effective.

Such are the patent and obvious advantages of having the organization of popular opinion placed in the hands of the press. They are so fundamental in character that we are sometimes tempted to overlook the disadvantages and dangers with which this process is attended. The very fact that makes the appeal of the press an almost ideal agency in democratic government when rightly used correspondingly increases the perils when it is used wrongly. The power of an editor is a power to influence men's judgment. If he confines himself to legitimate methods of influence he realizes Bagehot's ideal of government by discussion. If he uses it wrongly, and leads his readers to act on imperfect information, he not only turns the action of the Government into wrong channels, but he effects the more permanent and disastrous harm of poisoning public opinion at its source.

A man who desires to make his newspaper popular is under a constant temptation to pander to the prejudices of his public. Without actually making grave misstatements, he can print the facts which they like in large type and suppress or relegate to obscure columns the facts which they do not like. Under these circumstances their judgment is distorted and their preconceived impressions confirmed, until they become incapable of weighing the real evidence on which their political action ought

to be based. If another paper tries to furnish them the true facts, they disbelieve it. They are accessible only to the kind of evidence that their own particular journal prefers to furnish.

The editor, under such circumstances, often makes the excuse that he gave his readers what they wanted. Even if he were an ordinary private citizen, this excuse would hardly pass current. The man who puts aniline dyes into children's candy is not excused by the fact that the children like to have their candy bright-colored. And the newspaper man is not an ordinary private citizen. He is, by the course of recent events, intrusted with a place of public responsibility. He has it in his power more than any other man to see that the country is governed well or ill. If he enables his readers to base their votes on organized information, he does service. If he leads them to base those votes on organized emotion, he does irreparable wrong.

I do not know whether it was President Lowell or some one else who coined the phrase "organized emotion." Whoever may have been the inventor, it is an accurate description of something which gravely threatens the stability of American government. Every student of history knows what fearful mistakes democracies have made under the influence of emotion evoked by popular orators; how thousands of men, listening to an appeal to prejudice veiled in the form of exposition of fact, have taken leave of their judgment and brought their commonwealths to the brink of ruin, or even beyond it. Our own people have not been wholly exempt from this danger. "The curse of the country," said Daniel Webster in a moment of bitterness, "has been its orators." This dangerous gift of the orator, of making emotion take the place of information, is one to which the newspaper has to-day fallen heir.

The danger which will result to the commonwealth if our political action is based on organized emotion rather than organized information is peculiarly great in connection with the direct primary.

Under the old-fashioned system of nomination by party conventions, two questions were always asked concerning a candidate: first, did the party want him? and, second, could he be elected? It was not enough for the leaders to know whether the candidate was popular with the majority of their followers. It was an equally important question—in fact, in a great many instances, a much more important question—whether he could attract a sufficient number of votes from the opposite party,

or hold a sufficient number of doubtful votes within his own party, to make his election reasonably certain. They wanted to get the strongest candidate they could; and the strongest candidate was not always the man for whom his party associates were most enthusiastic. He was commonly a man of more moderate views than they. Take a salient instance, which has now become historical. In the Presidential campaign of 1860, if the Republican convention had consulted the wishes of the majority of voters within the party it would have nominated Seward. He had taken strong ground against slavery; and northern Republicans who were excited by the heat of our slavery contest saw in him their natural champion. But sagacious men knew that Seward could not be elected, and convinced the convention of the soundness of that view. It nominated Lincoln—a man who cared less for abstract principles than Seward, and more for Constitutional law; less for the abolition of slavery, and more for the preservation of the Union. The nomination of Lincoln was a distinct disappointment to extremists throughout the North; but it appealed to moderate men in States adjoining the Potomac and the Ohio, whose votes were necessary and sufficient to elect him.

This instance is a typical one. The convention system has been distinctly favorable to the nomination of businesslike candidates for the principal offices—of candidates who were unsatisfactory to some of the extreme elements in their own party and satisfactory to the moderate men in the opposite party. It has tended to give us men who appealed to the country instead of appealing to a group. With the substitution of the direct primary, we are bound to lose something of this advantage. We are almost certain to see a larger number of candidates who represent extreme views on either side. To prevent this danger from becoming fatal the press of the country will have to recognize the responsibility that is placed in its hands by the new conditions, and assume that the position of the editor, no less than that of the government official, is one of public trust.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

In my youth I once heard the then well-known lecturer Star King speak on "The Law of Disorder." I have no recollection of the main thought of his discourse, but can see that it might have been upon the order and harmony that finally come out of the disharmonies of nature and of man. The whole universe goes blundering on, but surely arrives. Collisions and dispersions in the heavens above, and failure and destruction among living things on the earth below, yet here we all are in a world good to be in! It is as if the Creator played his right hand against his left—what one loses the other gains.

It has been aptly said that while Darwin's theory of natural selection may account for the survival of the fittest, it does not account for the arrival of the fittest. The arrival of the fittest, sooner or later, seems in some way guaranteed by tendencies that are beyond the hit-and-miss method of natural selection. Yet one hesitates to appeal to any teleological principle.

It is hard to believe that the course of organic evolution would have eventuated in man and the other higher forms of life without some guiding principle; yet it is equally difficult to believe that the course of any guiding intelligence down the ages would have been strewn with so many failures and monstrosities, so much waste and suffering and delay. Man has not been specially favored by one force or element in nature. Behold the enemies that beset him without and within, and that are armed for his destruction! The intelligence that appears to pervade the organic world and that reaches its conscious expression in the brain of man is just as manifest in all the forms of animals and plants that are inimical to him—in all his natural enemies—venomous snakes and beasts of prey, and insect pests —as in anything else. Nature is as wise and solicitous for rats and mice as for men. In fact, she has endowed many of the lower creatures with physical powers that she has denied him.

Evidently man is only one of the cards in her pack, doubtless the highest one, but the game is not played for him alone.

There is no economy of effort or of material in nature as a whole, whatever there may be in special parts. The universe is not run on modern business-efficiency principles. There is no question of time, or of profit, or of solvency, or of insolvency. The profit-and-loss account in the long run always balances. In our astronomic age there are probably vastly more dead suns and planets strewing the depths of sidereal space than there are living suns and planets. But in some earlier period in the cycle of time the reverses may have been true, or may be true in some future period.

There is economy of effort in the individual organism, but not in the organic series, at least from the human point of view. During the biologic ages there have been a vast number of animal forms, great and small, and are still, that had no relation to man, that were not in his line of descent, and played no part in his evolution. During that carnival of monstrous and gigantic forms in Mesozoic time the ancestor of man was probably some small and insignificant creature whose life was constantly imperiled by the huge beasts about it. That it survived at all, in the clash of forces, bestial and elemental, during those early ages, is one of the wonders of time. It has been a rough-and-tumble, or go-as-you-please, game from the first. The struggle has been to the strong, and the race to the fleet. Species of gigantic insects, of giganitc crustaceans, of gigantic fish, of gigantic reptiles, of gigantic mammals, lived and flourished during whole geological ages, and then became extinct, possessing the earth, and the sea, and the sweetness thereof for millions of years, and then slowly vanished—a spectacle of waste and prodigality impossible to reconcile with our human ideas of the fit and the efficient. The drama or tragedy of evolution has had many actors, some of them fearful and terrible to look upon, who have played their parts and passed off the stage, as if the sole purpose was the entertainment of some unseen spectator. When we reach human history, what wasted effort, what failures, what blind groping, what futile undertakings—war, famine, pestilence, delaying progress or bringing to naught the wisdom of generations of men! Those who live in this age are witnessing in the terrible European war something analogous to the blind, wasteful fury of the elemental forces—millions of men who never saw one another, and who have not the shadow of a quarrel, engage in a life-and-death struggle, armed with all the

aids that centuries of science and civilization can give them—a tragedy that darkens the very heavens and makes a mockery of all our age-old gospel of peace and good-will to men. It is a catastrophe on a scale with the cataclysms of geologic time when whole races disappeared and the face of continents was changed. It seems that men in the aggregate, with all their science and religion, are no more exempt from the operation of cosmic laws than are the stocks and stones. Each party to this gigantic struggle declares that he is in it against his will; the fate that rules in the solar system seems to have them all in its grip; the working of forces and tendencies for which no man was responsible seem to have brought it about. Social communities grow in grace and good-fellowship, but Governments in their relations to one another, and often in relation to their own subjects, are still barbarous. Men become Christianized, but man is still a heathen—the victim of savage instincts. In this struggle one of the most admirable and efficient of nations, and one of the most solicitous for the lives and well-being of its citizens, is suddenly seized with a fury of destruction, hurling its soldiers to death as if they were only the waste of the fields, and trampling down other peoples whose geographic position placed them in their way, as if they were merely vermin, throwing international morality to the winds, looking upon treaties as "scraps of paper," looking upon themselves as the salt of the earth, the chosen of the Lord, appropriating the Supreme Being as did the colossal egotism of old Israel, and quickly getting down to the basic principle of savage life—that might makes right.

Little wonder that the good people are asking, Have we lost faith? We may or we may not have lost faith, but can we not see that our faith does not give us a key to the problem? Our faith is founded on the old prescientific conception of a universe in which good and evil are struggling with each other, with a Supreme Being aiding and abetting the good. We fail to appreciate that the cosmic laws are no respecters of persons. Emerson says there is no god dare wrong a worm, but worms dare wrong one another, and there is no god dare take sides with either. The tides in the affairs of men are as little subject to human control as are the tides of the sea and the air. We may fix the blame of the European war upon this Government or upon that, but race antagonisms and geographical position are not matters of choice. An island empire, like England, is bound to be jealous of all rivals upon the sea, because her very life, when

nations clash, depends upon her control of it; and an inland empire, like Germany, is bound to grow restless under the pressure of contiguous states of other races. A vast empire, like Russia, is always in danger of falling apart by its own weight. It is fused and consolidated by a turn of events that arouses the patriotic emotions of the whole people and unites them in a common enthusiasm.

The evolution of nations is attended by the same contingencies, the same law of probability, the same law of the survival of the fit, as are organic bodies. I say the survival of the fit; there are degrees of fitness in the scale of life; the fit survive, and the fittest lead and dominate, as did the reptiles in Mesozoic time and the mammals in Tertiary time. Among the mammals man is dominant because he is the fittest. Nations break up or become extinct when they are no longer fit, or equal to the exigencies of the struggles of life. The Roman Empire would still exist if it had been entirely fit. The causes of its unfitness form a long and intricate problem. Germany of to-day evidently looks upon herself as the dominant nation, the one fittest to survive, and she has committed herself to the desperate struggle of justifying her self-estimate. She tramples down weaker nations as we do the weeds of the fields. She would plow and harrow the world to plant her Prussian *Kultur*. This *Kultur* is a mighty good product, but we outside of its pale think that French *Kultur* and English *Kultur* and American *Kultur* are good products also, and equally fit to survive. We naturally object to being plowed under. That Russian *Kultur* has so far proved itself a vastly inferior product cannot be doubted, but the evolutionary processes will in time bring a finer and higher Russia out of this vast weltering and fermenting mass of humanity. In all these things impersonal laws and forces are at work, and the balance of power, if temporarily disturbed, is bound, sooner or later, to be restored.

Evolution is creative, as Bergson contends. The wonder is that, notwithstanding the indifference of the elemental forces, and the blind clashing of opposing tendencies among living forms—a universe that seems run entirely on the trial-and-error principle—evolution has gone steadily forward, a certain order and stability has been reached in the world of inert bodies and forces, and myriads of forms of wonderful fitness and beauty have been reached in the organic realm. Just as the water system and the weather system of the globe have worked themselves out on the hit-and-miss plan, but not without serious

defects—much too much water and heat at a few places, and much too little at a few others—so the organic impulse, warred upon by the blind inorganic elements and preyed upon by the forms it gave rise to, has worked itself out and peopled the world as we see it peopled to-day—not with forms altogether admirable and lovely from our point of view, but so from the point of view of the whole. The forests get themselves planted by the go-as-you-please winds and currents, the pines in one place, the spruce, the oaks, the elms, the beeches, in another, all with a certain fitness and system. The waters gather themselves together in great bodies and breathe salubrity and fertility upon the land.

A certain order and reasonableness emerge from the chaos and cross-purposes. There are harmony and co-operation among the elemental forces, as well as strife and antagonism. Life gets on, for all the groping and blundering. There is the inherent variability of living forms to begin with—the primordial push toward the development from within which, so far as we can see, is not fortuitous, but predestined; and there is the stream of influences from without, constantly playing upon and modifying the organism and taken advantage of by it.

The essence of life is in adaptability; it goes into partnership with the forces and conditions that surround it. It is the trait which leads the teleological philosopher to celebrate the fitness of the environment when its fitness is a foregone conclusion. Shall we praise the fitness of the air for breathing, or of the water for drinking, or of the winds for filling our sails? If we cannot say explicitly, without giving too much rein to our anthropomorphism, that there is a guiding intelligence in the evolution of living forms, we can at least say, I think, that the struggle for life is favored by the very constitution of the universe and that man in some inscrutable way was potential in the fiery nebula itself.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

IN THE DEEP COUNTRY

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

To-day was a day that the lover of warmth and sunlight would call *triste* and dull—I don't know! To me it seemed almost perfectly beautiful. The sky was vaulted with a pavement, so to say, of high grey clouds, pure and clear-cut as a chalcedony; there was a westerly breeze; and in the subdued light the landscape took on the softest melting tints, like the wings of a dove, I thought. There were little flames and splashes of color in copse and holt—the autumn leaves are not all whirled away. Here and there, where they had been plowing, the rich brown earth lay upturned, awaiting the sowing-time. The sedge was all withered now by the brimming brook, and the little brakes were wintry and tangled. Everything seemed settling down to rest, a little tired, perhaps, of the long summer-tide, and nestling down to a well-earned sleep. It was a lonely road that I chose, passing through two or three little villages, where the thatched and white-fronted cottages stood in their little orchard gardens, very homelike and gentle, speaking just of simple life and labor, not without love and cheer. In the rick-yards of small, lonely farms the summer's store was stacked. The horses plodded home—great gentle creatures, each proudly bestridden by a small boy whom they were glad to obey. The rows of straw-built hives were closed for their winter sleep, and a few late flowers straggled in the dying borders.

I wish I could find words to say how I love all this space and quiet and country charm. Even so the world has lived in these low uplands, perhaps for a thousand years. There was more wood and waste, no doubt, but round about these villages the land has borne crops and fruit, has been tilled and replenished for centuries. The churches are very old, the houses are old; indeed, in a field that I passed there was unearthed, not long ago, the great country grange of a Roman settler, with its refectory, its little cloistered court, its baths, and chambers, and

storehouses. And it may all last on, hardly changing, for another thousand years, or longer still.

Perhaps nothing very great springs out of it all. Families live on and on here, well content. They do not send out hard-hearted and ambitious men into the world. They have no stock of ideas, no theories about life. It is enough for them to live as their forefathers lived, though they grow milder, kinder, more peaceable in the lapse of time. I could not live so myself, but I think it beautiful, for all that; for the souls that have their earthly pilgrimage in these fields there is doubtless enough experience to do for them whatever needs to be done. I can hardly guess, with all my activities and eager questionings, what life is intended to do for me, and still less can I conceive what life is meant to do for these, or why they should open their eyes upon the world. But it is life taking shape, willing to live, not desiring to take flight, and learning something which it is well to know. Work and love, fatherhood and motherhood, age and death, those are mysteries high enough for the lowliest.

I love this land, not for any special beauty that it has, though it is filled with beauty for my eyes, but just because it speaks of all these quiet secrets to me, and because it is familiar and dear. When I die I do not expect to revisit it. But I shall carry away the love that I have learned here and all the wonder of it safe in my heart; and if my spirit comes back to live in the world it will surely find other scenes, other fields, and woods, and skies to love as well. I claim no permanence of recollection—I do not think I even desire it. Indeed, I hardly know what I mean when I say that I love the land of my birth. I think I mean that I love something in it and behind it, of which sloping pasture, and reed-fringed brook, and gnarled tree are the visible symbols. I am sure that there is something there which can be loved, and which, perhaps, loves me in turn. I only know I have a sense of trust and good-will and serenity in it all as my eyes, idly straying, recover the well-known sights—the little grove, the low tiled farm-house with its stained orange plaster, the manor with its solid chimney-stacks, the high-roofed barn, the wide plain, seen through the folded slopes. They are all there, just as and where I expect them.

My thoughts to-day center themselves much on a friend I have lost, a bright, eager, joyful spirit who lived life very fully, played it, I used to think, like a brisk game, gave of his charm freely to all alike, practised a hundred activities, touched and won many hearts. The one thing that was strange to me

about him was that he was great in controversy. He said bitter and ironical things about his opponents, tossed them on his horns, made them appear ridiculous and mean. Yet I think they were mostly aiming at the same ends as himself, though on different lines. He will live long in many hearts, but for his kindness, his sweetness, and his simplicity. But no one will remember his sharpness or his scorn; that will all fade away. He achieved nothing by it except that he was misunderstood and mistrusted. He won no one over by his derisive sayings; those who believed in him, and had some bitterness of spirit, admired the skill with which he silenced his adversaries. But the adversaries themselves only believed all the more fiercely in the things which he despised. But the sharp strokes of his wit are just the things which I would now most swiftly forget if I could. He sowed the seed of strife. He was not content just to uphold what he knew to be true and beautiful. But all his triumphs now are in the spirits whom he helped and won, not in those whom he made angry and sore.

I thought to-day that I would try, once and for all, to cast that sort of bitterness out of my own life. In an active life like mine one is brought face to face with stiff, dogmatic, censorious, unreasonable people. It is easy to say rough and sharp things about them and to them; and one is tempted to resist them, to demolish their certainties, to show their lack of reason. But one wins no victories that way, because the only victories are when one persuades, and attracts, and encourages. Then you can, perhaps, make people see what is beautiful and good, and find more things to love. But when you argue and controvert, the only thing you win is a little admiration for your skill, a little terror of your tongue.

So I thought that I would henceforth only try to praise and bless what I thought worthy of love, and that if I were met by controversy I would argue, if I argued at all, with good-humor and amusement, not with bitterness, not to wound. Because bitterness really betrays a little touch of fear. It only means that you cannot trust the beautiful things to win by their own beauty and sweetness, and you try to maul your foe because you are afraid that he may damage you if you do not anticipate him.

Life is so short, and yet there is so much to admire and love and to be interested in, that these ugly tempers are just a waste of time and strength. By yielding to them you only increase your power of being wounded. It is not as if you decreased stupidity or roughness by striking at it; you only put

yourself on a baser level. I do not mean to practise mildness and meekness; that is another sort of feebleness; but I would wish to be generous and chivalrous, and to be amused rather than angry. Life is full of pleasant absurdities, and the certainties of perverse and stupid people are among them. But impatience and rudeness and contempt are only the signs of timidity.

I am not made to deal with big things, or intricate problems, or wide reasonings. I see things too much in detail for that. I cannot hold the factors of great problems in mind; but I can see the quality of things and the aspects of life, the outlines, and features, and textures of people, and buildings, and landscapes. There is a strange essence of beauty in all this; not only a sentimental or an emotional or an artistic beauty, but the sharpness and distinctness of objects, the differences of temperament. It is not only the high, and splendid, and gracious, and lovable qualities that are clear to me, but the salient, crooked, appropriate elements, and even the grotesque, and clumsy, and absurd qualities. Many of these are interesting, absorbing, even admirable and lovable, because they are exactly what they are and not otherwise. And I must try, I am sure, to make the most of a quick and inquisitive eye, a power of seeing and caring for the sharp and vivid detail of things; and the end of it all is that it is worth while to draw the attention of people to the extraordinary interest and variety of life, to make them understand how much there is to watch and to enjoy, and that the simplest sort of life, with no great opportunities or glowing ambitions, can yet find a rich harvest of fine experiences, wherever one lives and works, and whatever one has to do.

So many people drift into disappointment and dreariness because they are dissatisfied with the materials of life, and would like to play a bigger part than they are entitled to play. It is all a deep mistake, the worst mistake a man can make. It is not the impression a man makes on life that matters; it is the impression which life makes upon him.

The night began to gather and roll in upon the landscape as I came down the hill with the lights of the town flashing and winking in among the trees, over the misty flat. I was glad to return to it, to take my place in it, the daily work, the fireside, the talk of friends; better even than the beautiful solitary country with the wide-spread fields, the dark woods, the lonely lanes settling down to night and silence. The breeze sank, whispering into the great covert, shook the sailing leaf from the tree, and died away. ARTHUR C. BENSON.

WHITMAN IN WHITMAN'S LAND

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Camerado! this is no book.
Who touches this, touches a man.

LIKE that of his compatriot Poe, the fate of Walt Whitman, so far as his own country is concerned, forms one of the incongruities of literary reputations. It is one more instance of high and fiery ideals borne down by an ironic destiny, another of those peculiar reversals of hope inflicted upon an author by that just and all-wise Posterity to which he appeals so fondly and confidently.

How, then, does American posterity regard the great chanter of triumphant Democracy? Is he borne about like a light in its heart? Do his sonorous lines live on its myriad lips? Has his ringing message kindled that "love of comrades," that heroic sense of the grandeur of toil and of manhood which was his battle-cry and inspiration? Is there an audience for him among those masses for which he wrote, akin to that which Tennyson and Longfellow find both in England and America? And that true spiritual American poesy he hoped to call forth and foster, what evidence is there of its birth? No; the bard of brotherhood, the prophet of a simple, golden, and virile democracy, is quite unknown to the common man in his own land. Yet it was for him chiefly that he wrote and chanted his rude, impassioned staves.

The average American may have heard of Walt Whitman as he may have heard of Julius Cæsar, but to him the significance of the poet is almost as remote as that of the conqueror. It was the fate of Whitman's poetry to become, not a creed for the many, but a cult for the few, an excuse for the tenuous raptures of esthetic gentlemen and literary ladies. The simple-natured bard has furnished an ostensible reason for the formation of a Whitman Society, with an imposing list of vice-presi-

dents and an equally imposing annual dinner. And here and there, in boys' colleges and girls' seminaries, certain of his poems are secretly read in a mood fevered over with the red cast of sex. True, there are several uninspired disciples and emulators who wearily imitate the literary forms, vices, and mannerisms of their master. But beyond the small immediate circle kindled by their own enthusiasm, the outpourings of Mr. Horace Traubel, Whitman's excellent biographer and faithful if pedestrian disciple, and those of the late Ernest Crosby, fall on ears cold and deaf with indifference and vexed by the stale, monotonous reiteration. And yet Whitman has become a living force and theme for controversy among many of the young writers of Germany, has a goodly following in France—among which Léon Bazalgette, Francis Viélé-Griffin, Henri Guilbeaux, and Gabriel Sarrasin shine forth. In England that iconoclastic eremite, Edward Carpenter, has fashioned some of his most forceful messages in the fire of Whitman's genius, succumbing, however, like all the rest, to the perilous fascination of Whitman's measures.

Somehow this shaggy, thunderous phenomenon of literature, with all its pristine force, crudeness, and untrammeled emotion, its lofty, eager stressfulness in living, loving, and laboring, as well as its gigantic greed for fraternity and the greatness of the Republic, has missed its mark in America. Perhaps the posterity to which he will appeal is as yet unborn, but the fact is fresh and glaring that the real significance of this dynamic dreamer has been proclaimed by other lands than his own. This does not preclude his being read, for in some degree he has already suffered the fate of the classics, and is studied, not as a modern humanist with a message for the present, but as part of a crystallized, established literature.

For his neglect by the generation of to-day there is more than one strong and adequate reason. The most pertinent is the simple fact that the democracy which Whitman glorified no longer exists. The Americanism of to-day wears another face and has another voice than that which he saw so gloriously exaggerate. Its ideals have changed; the motive forces within and without it are such as even his prophetic vision could but dimly foresee. True, even in his own day the ideal and beautiful society of "love of comrades," of sane, sweet man-and-womanhood, of simple manners and idyllic labor, existed rather as a vision than a reality. But the seer and poet within him discerned in the chaos of the young and lusty nation the seed

and promise of national greatness. He sought to build up a new aspiration, to create new standards, new values for man; to plan a programme for the development of the commonwealth.

With his bardic heart glowing from the clamor and storm of the Civil War, in which he had acted as a kindly, brotherly nurse, he saw the embattled States, deluged with blood, emerge triumphant in the cause of the Union. The eagle of democracy, phœnix-like, rose over its own wreckage and seemed to justify itself to the world. In the bluff fraternity of soldiers and in the absence of all class distinction among these patriots in the ranks, he caught glimpses of a close-knit, altruistic love binding all American hearts and hands. The tramp and charge of armies transferred their echoes to his verse. His reckless sentences sweep on with wild huzzas; his long, uneven lines and staccato phrases are like columns, whole or broken, rushing forward to the crash of drums and trumpets. The exaltation of thought, the glow of passion, the unfaltering onset of chanting, dithyrambic measures, the loud, valiant note of stress and the tidal rhythms are the great qualities in Whitman which render all imitation futile.

The ardor, the new faith in the Republic brought to the breasts of men by the Victory of the Northern States; the noble, humble, humanitarian character of Lincoln; the acceptance of the African negro slave as a freedman and potential brother; the vision of a mighty Empire stretching ever farther West, gave him at once an impetus and a majestic motive. Invincible, opulent, august, he pictured "These States,"—superb and hopeful, the manhood and womanhood within them. His poetic Republicanism was imbued with the simple and noble spirit of a Brutus or Cincinnatus; a masculinity as unashamed, blithe, and free as Adam's; a maidenhood like Atalanta's; a motherhood stately and splendid; a race of regnant figures in a land of Spartan simplicity, Athenian culture, and Arcadian naturalness. The multitudes enchanted and obsessed him; in them he saw marvelous material for the supreme greatness of the land; the cities were to him divine citadels of life, liberty, power, and wealth. He adored the pavements, the shops, factories, and stone fronts of New York. From his peculiarly provincial point of view, Europe and its hoary kingdoms were effete failures, and the only hope for man and the race lay in the youthful vigor of the States. The steamboats of New York Bay or the Mississippi, the locomotives plowing the infinite prairies—these visible signs of power and growth filled him with

ecstatic dreams which burst forth in turbulent song. And in that song, impatient of restraint, of form, of tradition, he broke down all conventional bonds of thought and of rhyme, and shaped for himself the free, loose, lilting line that gave him scope for the play of his expansive emotions and towering enthusiasms.

Yet in that time, when America was still but an intellectual province of Europe, and modern thought was still waiting like an immigrant at the gates, when American civilization was saturated with that peculiar Philistinism which in England has since been dubbed "mid-Victorian," and when native poets procured but a scanty hearing, a voice such as Whitman's was bound to startle and outrage. He was regarded as one half mad, divinely or demoniacally, the critics assailed him and mocked his "barbaric yawp," the journals and magazines but rarely admitted him admittance to their columns. He was forced to become his own publisher and bookseller. But his gigantic optimism and his rooted faith in his fellow-citizens, the real nation and the ideal Republic, armed him against all assault from without or doubt within. He went on piling up his great ashlars of triumphant song, rapturously intoxicated with his themes, his rapt blue eyes distended with inner light, his beard and hair afloat in the winds, his open hands, inured to labor, held out to tramp and prostitute: "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." He was the spirit incarnate of a new Golden Age, a prophet proclaiming a new dispensation of valiant and robust communism. Naked, and joyously proud of his nakedness, he proclaimed vociferously his Dionysian affinity to the Earth; rejoiced in the sunlight, the sea, the vasty spaces and brisk airs; rioted in his healthy appetites and vigorous sensuality; regarded every man as a comrade, and every woman as sister or mate. He became the indifferent father of at least six children by different and unknown mothers. Restraint he hated, musty erudition, the closely confined lives of house-dwellers, and the grubbing instincts of civilization. In himself and his untrammeled life he was dominated by a poetic anarchism and emotional disproportion; but faith in democracy and its institutions for the regeneration of man was the key and solid corner-stone of his work. He soared and roared on the afflatus of an epic spread-eagleism. To-day an all-embracing Socialism would be his goal and message. But Whitman's was a Socialism that was essentially human, social, and personal, full of bravery and the compelling joy of existence,

and bore scant likeness to the barren and arid formula which has become almost entirely economic and materialistic.

He proclaimed a nation of vital and independent men and women; he affirmed, everlastingly he affirmed. He saw that the opulence of the vast material Republic and the countless opportunities open to all, were sufficient for its jocund sons and daughters, to enrich them in life and gladden them in death.

I announce a man or woman coming—perhaps you are the one,
I announce the great individual, fluid as Nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully-armed,
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold.
I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation,
I announce myriads of youths, beautiful, gigantic, sweet-blooded,
I announce a race of splendid and savage old men.

Yet those whom Whitman would fain have drawn to him by his passionate love and explosive joy looked askance at this pagan, remained untouched by his voice and vigor, or turned away, shocked by his extravagance and unblushing phallic frankness. Their schools had accustomed them to expect other poets than this—and to find poetry in other forms. He was the futurist of his day, but no mere explosionist like the ramping madman of Milan.

The staid New England group of writers—Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and the rest—regarded him with amazement, with slow and niggardly recognition of his genius and secret Puritanical displeasure. This was particularly conspicuous in the case of Emerson with respect to Whitman's "Children of Adam," though the Concord Seer in one or two instances thawed sufficiently to give Walt magnanimous praise.

The energies of America had not yet in Whitman's mid-period poured themselves into such deep and permanent channels of commerce, industrialism, and monopoly as is the case to-day. Corruption there was in plenty, both in trade and in politics, as Whitman himself was aware, but the enormous resources of the land had not yet produced a crushing and enslaving tyranny of capital, nor had the millions become entirely mammonized nor economically oppressed. The late war and martyrdom of Lincoln had given impulse to certain ideals, to Washingtonian patriotism, and had revived principles of lofty Republicanism. It was the multitudes quickened by this spirit and composed of splendid Saxon, Celtic, or Teutonic strains

which Whitman sought to lash and fire with his zeal and thunderous challenge of love and manly fellowship. In his cry there was something of the feeling men had for men in the Golden Age of Antiquity—a warm, embracing, devoted, though rugged love. On this score the "good, gray bard" has not escaped the deadly suggestions and deductions of pathologists and curious delvers in morbidity, who, with but little success, have attempted to fasten upon him a certain dark and damnable stigma. It is but a few years ago since the German pathologist, Edward Bertz, waged a bitter and wordy war over this question with Johannes Schlaf, who, with Dr. Karl Federn, is one of Whitman's most devoted German disciples.

Defying tyrants, flouting kings (George III. was still a popular, well-detested scapegoat embodying both), jeering at feudalism and tradition, Whitman strutted jauntily in the face of the cosmos, hobnobbing with Nature, sufficient unto himself, basking his ego in the sun, spouting forth the rude energies of his being, and forging his brazen songs like some priapic sylvan god or demiurge galled with his own inner fire. He was in fact, so far as power, expression, and mastery went, a sort of benevolent American superman exhorting his lesser countrymen to break with convention, to adjust themselves to Nature, and to fire their hearts and imaginations with the majestic concepts and democratic vistas he saw unrolled in unutterable majesties of height and breadth.

Walt Whitman apotheosized not only a new civilization and a people far removed from all that he held to be decrepit and antiquated in feudal Europe, but also the gestation of a new race. His poetry vaunted and proclaimed it in detail, its social organism, its physical characteristics, its natural environment, its unity and significance. But his insistent cry of "love of comrades" rang hollowly upon a land still suffering from a fratricidal war and burdened with the problem of its millions of liberated black brethren. His rudeness of diction, his absolute renouncement of all poetic convention, estranged that section of the public naturally susceptible to poetic appeal. To such his poetry seemed to be only uneven lengths of prose piled one upon the other; his fervor rang of fanaticism, and his themes were uninformed with either a sentimental or a Christian spirit. Dionysianism in America after the war was as out of place and time as a Bacchic revel in a hospital. Yet here and there in later years his very loudness and picturesqueness attracted certain cultured Boston audiences for his lectures. It was always

the cultured even then, and never the untutored, who listened to him.

The reason for this was in part that Whitman's poetry, in form and expression, was essentially a poetry for free spirits, for a nation, a race of masters each heroically individual, yet all bound together by a sort of spiritual covenant for the glory of life, of man and the Union. The jubilant Walt was himself the freest of the free, ranging nomadic over the country; unfettered in war, in politics, in love, in literary conventions, in dress, speech, and intercourse with his fellows. He lived and acted consistently with the poetry and philosophy which he shouted into the heavens, and each was but the unfettered efflorescence of himself. His poetry was not of an aspiration toward freedom, but of an actual realization and enjoyment of it. In this lies the secret of his futile appeal to his own generation and to this one. For neither at that time nor to-day—much less to-day—might the American boast the possession of such vast and epic freedom as Whitman expressed. In his time the common people, the bulk of democracy, were narrow intellectual, religious, or political partisans; to-day they have become economic bondmen to industrial oppression. For it is apparent that a new helotism has arisen in America, the necessary corollary of a new aristocracy based on a powerful financial feudalism. In such arid airs, in the narrow, jealous, and soulless hugger-mugger of opposing forces of capital and labor, Whitman's cry of comrades or love of comrades, if uttered at all, will be uttered only as a revolutionary shibboleth.

What, to the raw and alien millions with which the United States teem to-day, the unassimilated peasantry of Italy, Hungary, Greece, the Jewish refugees from the Russian pale, and the hybrid peoples from many little lands of southeastern Europe—what to these vast hordes, remote in language, race, and thought, is the idealism or poetry of Whitman? Though it should mean all things, what does his poetry, or any poetry, mean to their children? Their elders have fled from poverty or oppression, but in the new land they have encountered the new oppression of a ruthless, complex, materialistic civilization, rearing itself stupendously upon their bodily labor. The industrial aristocrat of America builds up much of his enormous wealth and power by means of this vast flood of cheap labor which pours into his land year after year. And by no stretch of his sympathies or imagination can he ever include in his own class these poor races he looks upon as inferior. Whitman's

idea of *noblesse oblige* as a national motto is not likely to appeal to those who grasp and hold the hard, imperial power of dollars in their hands. Hence the white serfdom of the States, while the liberated black slaves increase and multiply largely in idleness. Hence, too, sharp and bitter industrial strife and a storm of sordid clashings that rises up for ever. As the immigrant catches the itch for gain and marks the lack of respect for the law, a sullen discontent works within him. He becomes ripe for that frightful Armageddon of the rich and poor, the despoilers and the despoiled which his frenzied leaders prophesy.

The bulk of the population of the States in Whitman's day was of English, German, Dutch, and Irish descent—elements that merged easily into Americanism, producing a certain uniformity and solidarity in the type of the land. But now the diffused Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and Celtic cast of the nation is being overwhelmed and surcharged with prolific Slavonic and Latin breeds, as well as what is certainly the largest Jewish population in the world. It is notorious, too, that the plutocratic and even the prosperous native Americans have little or no progeny, thus giving the alien majorities a still greater influence upon the final destiny and racial complexion of the United States. No new literature has evolved out of this struggling and motley concourse of races. Even the inherited and adopted language, English, is undergoing decomposition and change, under the influence of foreign idioms, slang, and native idiosyncrasies. In time the speech of Whitman, despite its Yankee raciness and its gallicisms, may be more closely related to the speech of Shakespeare than to the language of the future American. Possibly out of this there may evolve a plastic and vivid medium not wholly English save in stock.

It is on this very issue of a common speech and a vital literature that Whitman based his highest and most sanguine hopes. Again and again he proclaims the necessity for a national literature and for poets to act as spiritual guides to the people. "First to me," said he, "comes an almost indescribable august form, the People, with varied typical shapes and attitudes—then the divine mirror, Literature." In a forceful article upon American literature in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, he wrote:

> For perhaps it is not alone the free schools and newspapers, nor railroads and factories, nor all the iron, cotton, wheat, pork, and petroleum, nor the gold and silver, nor the surplus of a hundred or several hundred millions, nor the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, nor the last national census that can put this Commonwealth

high or highest on the cosmical scale of history. Something else is indispensable. All that record is lofty, but there is a loftier.

He was full of warnings against the restoration of old codes and customs, against mental slavery and mimicry and the deadly esthetic sterility of the Puritan conscience:

> What are now deepest wanted in the States as roots for their literature are Patriotism, Nationality, Ensemble, or the ideas of these, and the uncompromising genesis and saturation of these. Not the mere bawling and braggadocio of them, but the radical emotion-facts, the fervor and perennial fructifying spirit at the fountain-head. And at the risk of being misunderstood, I should dwell on and repeat that a great imaginative literature for America can never be merely good and moral in the conventional method. Puritanism and what radiates from it must always be mentioned by me with respect; then I should say, for this vast and varied Commonwealth, the Puritanical standards are constipated, narrow, and non-philosophic.

Then, in that peculiar prose of his, so rich yet so little known, a prose as idiosyncratic as Carlyle's, and as rugged, he utters the definition of his concepts, his challenge to the times, his opinion of what a true American literature ought to embody and reflect. Though the thought of the "Great American Novel" still haunts the scribes and critics of the United States, the native fiction of to-day has developed a certain vitality, and, treading in the steps of journalism, has become a product with many salient qualities of its own. Though great universality and passion and noble imagination be wanting, strong and faithful work is being produced by certain American novelists of to-day.

Whitman, standing in the dark press-vaults, amid mountains of white paper, and hearkening to the song of the crashing ten-cylinder presses, was wont to curse the feeble, ephemeral products of the writers of his day. Imitations, they, of the dandified importations from abroad, neglecting their colossal opportunities, and lavishing themselves in the elaboration of anemic amours. But his cry for huge oceanic poets, for a great nation, electric bards to sting men into action, goad them to the heights, translate for them modern thought and science, would, alas! be as barren now as it was then. Obstacles, different from those of his day, but quite as hostile to the acceptance of such men as himself, would confront this potential Milton among American poets, as they now confront those who seek a spiritual or literary rostrum in the forum of the vast Republic. Whitman would encounter those very things which, in his

darker moments, he foresaw—moments when even his soaring spirit grew clogged and leaden with doubt.

And still, providing for contingencies, I fain confront the fact, the need of powerful native philosophers and orators and bards, for these States, as rallying-points to come in times of danger, and to fend off ruin and defection. For history is long, long, long. Shift and turn the combinations of the statement as we may, the problem of the future of America is in certain respects as dark as it is vast. Pride, competition, segregation, vicious wilfulness, and license beyond example brood already upon us. Unwieldy and immense, who shall hold in behemoth? Who bridle leviathan? Flaunt it as we choose, athwart and over the roads of our progress loom huge uncertainty and dreadful, threatening gloom. It is useless to deny it. Democracy grows rankly up the thickest, noxious, deadliest plants and fruits of all—brings worse and worse invaders—needs newer, larger, stronger, keener compensations and compellers.

Whitman, despite his innate and heroic hopefulness, saw a certain decay of old and noble standards beginning to taint the younger generation of the Republic; the symptoms of modern democracy which found swifter and wider play in America than elsewhere. These characteristics, growing day by day, will be recognized not only there, but also in England and in other lands. It was the disease of modernity on which he put his finger, the evils that had been visited upon the victims of an age of machines and money and a policy of push and plunge in material things, and of drift and sleep in the spiritual and esthetic. Here follow his withering and abysmal charges; let us ask ourselves whether these are not as valid to-day as then:

Shutting our eyes to the glow and grandeur of the general superficial effect, coming down to what is of the only real importance—Personality—and examining minutely, we question, we ask, are there, indeed, *men* here worthy the name? Are there athletes? Are there perfect women to match the generous material luxuriance? Is there a pervading atmosphere of beautiful manners? Are there crops of fine youths and majestic old persons? Are there arts worthy freedom and a rich people? Is there a great moral and religious civilization—the only justification of a great material one? Confess that to severe eyes, using the moral microscope upon humanity, a sort of dry and flat Sahara appears, these cities, crowded with petty grotesques, malformations, phantoms, playing meaningless antics. Confess that everywhere, in shop, street, church, theater, barroom, official chair, are pervading flippancy and vulgarity, low cunning, infidelity—everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe—everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, unhealthy forms, male and female,

painted, padded, dyed, chignon'd, muddy complexions, bad blood, the capacity for good motherhood decreasing or decreas'd, shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners, or rather lack of manners (considering the advantages enjoy'd), probably the meanest to be seen in the world.

It is significant that the keynote of his complaint is the lack of Personality. Excepting the late demagogic prominence of Roosevelt, now greatly blighted by the inevitable treachery of popular favor; excepting, too, the fictitious greatness and financial glory of Rockefeller and his like, one looks in vain for any dominating figure in statesmanship, art, or literature. American journalism, in contradistinction to the English, utterly lacks Personality. Personality is a force which the newspapers of the Republic hold in fear, because they are aware that the populace is intolerant of all attempts at individual expression. It is this jealous and universal assertion of individuality which accounts for the lack of it in conspicuous examples, just as it accounts for the instinctive resentment of democratic masses toward him who would assert his personality in intellectual leadership. It is the itch for independence which enslaves itself.

Walt Whitman was a prophet who, like so many of his breed, called aloud before his time had ripened, a poet whose fruition for America lies dimly in the future. It is well, no doubt, that even in small cults for the few his influence be fostered for the many, if ever his ideal democracy is to evolve out of the eruptive and corruptive idolatries, mixtures, and madnesses of this epoch. Undismayed, buoyant with fierce conviction and unshakable faith, he moved amid the thunders of ruin menacing the Republic and the later insidious threats of its decay, the bard of manhood, the chanter of democracy, the laureate of labor. The voice that lives in "Leaves of Grass" will never grow dumb; that tremendous inward fire will, in spite of all its soot and slag, burn on until, with changing conditions, the proper time arrives wherein the stalwart human bard may become a beacon at which men may kindle many torches.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

PATER THE HUMANIST

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

I

THERE is much talk at the present time of a revival of poetry and the excellences of the "Georgian" poets. Yet the spectator of the modern world, unpenetrated as it is by the spirit of beauty, cannot accept such cheering statements without question. The artistic nature demands enjoyment of life for its complete development; indeed, the plea advanced by some poets for happiness has often seemed excessive; yet there never was a time when the outer experience would accord less with the inward vision of beauty than the present. And in proof of this we may select the instance of Pater, which, in so far as he was the typical artist, lies at the very crossroads of thought. Already he belongs to a past generation, yet he summarizes the difficulties and triumphs of the artist beset by a utilitarian world.

It has been objected to Pater that what he sought was a state of mind rather than a motive for beneficent action, and the student of his life will hardly controvert this statement. Its very eventlessness was characteristic of him, as he himself remarked that the impersonality of Merimée's style was an effective personal trait. Like his own Marius, it was his custom "to take flight in time from any too disturbing passion." He declined marriage and the graver responsibilities; and it is even recorded that he would at once leave a hotel in which any person spoke to him. He expended his imaginative affections upon the past, and retained a profound mistrust of the actual age in which he lived.

Pater stood for the humanities, as opposed to the utilities and the expediencies; and in an age like the present his indeed would be a voice crying in the wilderness. The academic type of mind, of which he is the greatest example,is tending more and more to eclipse; and even the older uni-

versities are hardly withstanding the attacks of those who desire education to become practical. The pressure of competition is urging the adoption of business principles in every department of life; indeed, the term "business" is becoming the fetish of the twentieth century, as "evolution" was of the later nineteenth. That such preoccupations are antagonistic to the preservation of the ideal element in human nature is an obvious truth; and as a result we see a universal sacrifice of beauty to the lust for gain and an ever-increasing worship of Mammon.

It is well known that man's best nature appears in communion with but one other mind—as the sweetest of all human relationships testifies—that he is acted upon by the presence of numbers to less worthy self-expression. Some such transformation has been effected by the conditions of the modern world. Man's opportunities of retirement have become rarer, his anxieties external, and his hope of success or fear of loss limited to what is material. Agnostics of the type of Cotter Morison exulted in the downfall of orthodox belief, yet it is doubtful whether religion was such a fruitful source of terrors to the average man, and whether the imminence of hell was so unquestioned as they would have us believe. What the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did admit was the reality of conscience; and this recognition of an invisible Overseer imparted to the character a dignity in which we who measure all actions according to their acceptability by our fellow-men are lacking. The "religion of humanity," which was to cure all evils and herald the millennium, is looking sadly faded to the thoughtful mind: its message to the worldly man is, "Thou shalt not be found out."

The academic or disinterested type of mind like that of Pater is fast verging upon extinction. One of the most gracious traditions of educated man, the judging of his fellow-creatures according to their individual powers, is being superseded by the brutal standard of "results." That men are either efficient or inefficient is the doctrine of the man of business; and scorn, not tolerance, should be meted to the inefficient. The chance of failure being more admirable than success has passed out of the sphere of practical life.

The artist has always tended to live with himself, but he fetched from the world the stuff of which his dreams are made, and never did one standing at his watch-tower gaze into such

darkness as at the present. For this reason Pater sought inspiration from the past, among those ages where the outer life had some correspondence with the inner vision. But in him, as in all who live remote from the actual world and are debarred from participation in its duties, there is a certain unreality. His style is fundamentally sincere, and the emotions which he derives from the past are genuine, but they give light without warmth. Indeed, he often works in pure light rather than light and shade; but the legendary and historical scenes which he restores to us lie as in the unaccustomed glow of a midnight sun.

After journeying through this land of the midnight sun, to which we may compare Pater's works, and pausing to review our impressions, we find them exceedingly complex. Pater was, above all, an artist, and, secondarily, critic, biographer, philosopher. The ultimate pleasure to be derived from his writings is an emotion, but the chain has been so surrounded by what seems acquired knowledge that a casual touch may not reveal it to be electric. In earlier days a purer form of literature might have suited Pater's genius, but a late civilization absorbs nearly all in criticism, and hence there is some want of balance between his form and content. Nowhere is this trait more salient than in those passages which are autobiographical. His soul comes to us in intellectual semblance, as the goddesses of his beloved Greek mythology veiled their beauty in the disguises of old women. Emotion is generated by the movement of the intellect—we must think in order to feel—and the meaning yields its sweetness in proportion to the intensity of the reader's thought. In the chapter of *Marius the Epicurean*, "The Will as Vision," it is revealed to Marius that he had never for one moment been left spiritually alone in the world, but an unfailing companion had always been by his side. One half regrets that this singularly wistful idea was not disparted from some of its intellectual dress and preached in the outer courts of the Temple, where it might have increased Pater's disciples a thousandfold. Carlyle compared the "Iliad" to a star, growing brighter as it grows more distant; and if we watch the process of the mind in reading, shall we say, Fielding and Thackeray, who, with many points of resemblance, belong to different ages, we see that in the case of Fielding the emotion takes longer to reach us, as his star has receded further through time. Even so, Pater does not

speak to us quite in our own language. The guest is gone before we discover that we have unawares entertained an angel.

II

Under the title *Imaginary Portraits*, which is given to Pater's slenderest volume, the greater portion of his critical work might have been included. One feels that between Pater and his subject there is a deeper subconscious affinity than is usual with criticism. The reason is partly his own happy gift in selecting a kindred nature, for it is said he never wasted time in experimental reading, and partly the period of brooding before composition which he exacted of himself. Indeed, he quotes with approval the ten years' meditation through which Sir Thomas Browne passed before writing *Urn Burial*. Hence, while seeming most impersonal, Pater is often the reverse, and, while apparently absorbed in his subject, he is unconsciously self-analytic. It is hard to write of him, because he has himself made some of the best criticism on his own work. He tells us that Wordsworth's object was "impassioned contemplation"; that Leonardo possessed the art "of tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats"; that Plato had "a sort of sensuous love of the unseen"; that Botticelli "accepts that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great issues, and make great refusals."

It is in writing of the ancient world that there is some displacement of the balance, and to it we owe Pater's most characteristic work. In *The Child in the House* he tells how, parallel with his susceptibility to beauty, there grew up in him "an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering," and, in the most beautiful chapter of *Marius*, how men are constructed for suffering, and feel sorrow in proportion to their moral or nervous perfection. Pater brings this capacity for sorrow to his survey of ancient times, and by a seeming contradiction of his former assertion that the Greek lived a purely outer life he interpolates into the myth of Demeter and Persephone that "worship of sorrow" which is said to be scrupulously modern. He defines romanticism as the desire for a beauty born of unlikely elements, and it is in his conception of the majestic figures of Demeter and Kore that he is romantic. He sees them either at sunrise or sunset, when the shadows which they cast are longest.

Similarly, who does not connect those tender scenes in the *Hippolytus* with Pater's self? We have the "ancient twilight world" with its tradition of celestial visitants remote from the luxuries of Athens, and the mother who is shocked by "a sense of something unearthly in her boy's contentment," or relieved when it becomes "a shade less unconscious." Pater's affections were entwined with the church and the family, as the last institutions to preserve beauty in the modern world.

The habit of protracted meditation which has made of the greater part of Pater's work a kind of disguised autobiography has left its imprint upon his style. Whether one can overdo even such an excellent habit as profound meditation previous to composition is a question that might with all diffidence be asked. We get, it is true, an exact transcript of his thought; but is the thought still alive by the time it reaches the paper after so long a sojourn in the chambers of his brain? Is the reader called upon to make too great an effort toward its reanimation? A writer usually starts upon his subject with a certain number of ideas, and the effort which the brain makes to co-ordinate these generates further ideas. One feels with Pater that he has waited till the process of generation is complete, and only when the descendants of the parent ideas have become infertile does he mark out the genealogical tree. At its worst an air of exhaustion hangs over his page, and nowhere is there the sudden delight of spontaneous generation from the chance meeting of wandering thoughts.

Although the separate parts have been previously completed in Pater's mind and noiselessly joined together so that the Temple rises to no sound of ax or hammer, the reader may test the solidity of the foundation in his interest by his power to be strongly moved by certain phrases or even single words. Such is the term "narcotic" applied to the flowers most appropriately used at the worship of Demeter or the often-repeated comparison to homesickness of man's thought of death.

The essayist was wont to greet us in our own language and speak of topics which we knew well as a means of winning our attention, but in the slow fire of Pater's long-choosing mind all earthly particles have perished, and he conducts us to the upper chamber of his thought not by the common stairway of sense. His message thus seems detached from experience, and the impression resembles that of a vivid dream.

And yet, considering the difficulties of the modern writer

working in an ancient material, this attitude of Pater's seems the only possible one. It was not exclusively the Athenians who demanded some new thing; and the best definition of a bore is one whose sayings may be foretold. When Candide arrived in the El Dorado country he picked up the gold that was lying by the roadside and offered it for payment at an inn, which gold was returned to him with good-humored laughter. Such treatment would be accorded now to the writer who dealt in the simple rhythms and emotions of the older poets. For even the greatest poetry falls less resonantly on the ears of a later generation; it has become part of the common language, and as thousands speak it who have never consciously perused it, the shock of novelty is gone.

An intenser subjectivity, therefore, must distinguish a literature in its old age. In form and content it reflects the author's dread of besieging his reader's ears with a thrice-told tale. And one like Pater, in his anxiety of expending a single word that should draw the reader's attention from his own impression into the wider areas of settled thought, attenuates his meaning to a point that recalls the garment which could only be seen by the virtuous. It advances with an imperceptibility which brings despair to a wandering mind. In glancing back it is almost impossible to say at what moment his message has been delivered, or which is the word that has converted us. The older writers, except in their most perfervid moments, were content to use words which a reader might transform according to his associations; but the severer taste of modern times requires an author to adjure totally this language of the market-place. No word or even portion of its meaning must lie outside the radius of his personality.

The simplicity which a style of this kind gains is not in accordance with our usual understanding of the word. It is the simplicity of age rather than youth; not of one who has small knowledge of books, but who has read deeply and refrains of set purpose from expressing his thought in the terms that recall men's accumulated wisdom. As an instance we may cite that passage in *Gaston de Latour* describing Montaigne's relations with the friend of his life: "Yet, after all, were he pressed to say why he had so loved Étienne de la Boétie, he could but answer: 'Because it was He! Because it was I!'"

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

QUATRAINS

BY MADISON CAWEIN
March 23, 1865—December 9, 1914.

LOVE

THE source of laughter lies so near to tears,
And pain to rapture, that one fountain flows
From out the two—Love's; in whose deeps appears
The image of the Heaven each man knows.

HAPPINESS

Around its mountain many footpaths wind,
But only one unto its top attains;
Not he who searches closest, takes most pains,
But he who seeks not, that one way may find.

ADVERSITY

A barren field o'ergrown with thorn and weed
It stays for him who waits for help from God.
Only the soul that makes a plow of Need
Shall know what blossoms underneath its sod.

MADISON CAWEIN.

"THANATOPSIS" IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Lampson Professor of English at Yale

[The January issue of this REVIEW—the first to celebrate its centenary—reprinted "Thanatopsis" from the September, 1817, issue, because it marks the date of the beginning of American poetry. By a strange coincidence—for he naturally had no knowledge of our plans—Professor Phelps sent us this article in December, which arrived too late for the January issue.—THE EDITOR.]

BRYANT was nearly twenty-three years old when "Thanatopsis" was first printed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. So much has been said about the astounding precocity of this poet, and so many errors have accumulated around the publication of his masterpiece, that it may be well to state the facts.

I have before me seven histories of American literature, each one by an authority. The first says the poem was written in 1816; the second, in 1811 or 1812; the third, in 1811; the fourth says it was published in 1816; the fifth says it was published in the poet's twenty-first year; the sixth says it was written in the summer of 1811, when Bryant was sixteen, but elsewhere in the same volume we are told it was written when he was seventeen; the seventh—by the late T. W. Higginson—remarks, "His merely boyish poems . . . the 'Thanatopsis,' in particular, written at seventeen, have perhaps never been equaled in literature by any boy of that age." Bryant himself said that he did not know when it was written.

"Thanatopsis" is a great poem, but it is unquestionably not a precocious poem; and the common supposition that it was a juvenile masterpiece is false. Many poets have produced greater poetry at an earlier age.

We know just two facts about this work. First, it was published when Bryant was almost twenty-three—not young for a poetic genius; second, that in its original published form in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW it is not a remarkable poem.

It will be observed that the splendid peroration, beginning "So live," is not there at all:

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and sooth'd
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
>
> *—From the edition of 1821, which also included for the first time eight lines that precede this paragraph.*

The equally splendid overture, "To him who in the love of nature," seventeen magnificent lines, is missing:

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
> Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
> Over thy spirit, and sad images
> Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
> And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
> Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
> Go forth under the open sky, and list
> To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
> Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
> Comes a still voice—
>
> *—From the edition of 1821.*

And in its place we have four flat quatrains. Some of the best lines in the poem, "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," are not present. In place of the lines, "The gay will laugh When thou art gone," we have the feeble, "The tittering world Dance to the grave."

It was in the 1821 edition of Bryant's poems, when the author was twenty-six or twenty-seven, that the work first appeared in its universally known form. Only a few minor changes were made after that date. This disposes of the gen-

erally accepted statement that "Thanatopsis" is a juvenile masterpiece.

Bryant was, however, a precocious poet, although his precocity is not displayed in his greatest work. One of the most extraordinary facts about his poetical career is that he actually published verse during the administration of Thomas Jefferson and during the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes. So long a period and so slender an output speak well for his fastidious taste. Shelley, Keats, and Bryant were born, respectively, in 1792, 1795, and 1794: Keats's poetical career lasted three years; Shelley's, twelve; and Bryant's, seventy! Keats published more original poetry than Bryant, and Shelley three times as much.

In the year 1808, at the age of thirteen, Bryant published his poem "The Embargo," a satire on the policy of Thomas Jefferson. The first edition was a pamphlet of twelve pages, of which only four or five copies are now known to exist. The late Mr. Hoe bought a copy for $41.50, which was sold in April, 1911, for $3,350. In 1912 the purchaser, Mr. Walter T. Wallace, bought another copy for $3,000. "The Embargo" went into a second edition in 1809. From a copy of this in the Aldis collection in the Yale University library, I transcribe part of the "Advertisement":

> A doubt having been intimated . . . whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem . . . the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact. . . . Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.
>
> *February, 1809.*

The cheek of the boyish Federalist is exhibited in the passage where he calls upon President Jefferson to resign.

> Go, wretch, resign the presidential chair,
> Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.
> Go, search with curious eye, for hornèd frogs,
> Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
> Or, where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
> Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.

Roosevelt is not the only President who has been attacked for his prowess as a naturalist.

The lines about Belgium have a melancholy interest to-day:

> Aspiring Belgia, once the patriot's pride,
> When barbarous Alva, her brave sons defied;
> The nurse of arts, th' advent'rous merchant's boast,
> Whose wide-spread commerce whiten'd every coast.
> Humbled, degraded, by the vilest arts,
> Beneath his iron scourge, succumbing smarts;
> The crowded city, the canal's green shore,
> Fair haunts of free-born opulence, no more!

"The Embargo" is more interesting to read than many poems of greater merit.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

BROTHERHOOD

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

I

WHAT'S become of the Star in the East?
Has battle-smoke of wars
Obscured its beam in the crown of night,
While doomed men in red-darkness fight
(With a groping sense of wrong or right)
And clench and die, by the lurid blight
Of the bloody eye of Mars?

Where are the reverent wise men gone
Who followed the Bethlehem star?
Did they flee in fright from its gleaming road
When dim at its end the dark cross stood?
Have they lost their way in the bleak, black wood?
Have they ridden to hounds and tasted blood?
Are the "Wise Men" gone to war?

Where is the little manger-bed
Where the Prince of Peace was born?
They found it lost in slime and weeds,
Where pestilential famine breeds,
And they've made it a trough where the war-horse feeds,
In a stable "reclaimed for his country's needs,"
By a lord of war and scorn.

Where are the flames of prophesy,
Lighted at Pentacost
To flash Love's word through every tongue?
In conflict's Babel, all unstrung,
Are theirs the alien curses flung
Across grim battle-lines—which rung
As taught of Holy Ghost?

Where's the Virgin Mother now?
Who bided last at the cross?
Behold, she waits as she waited then,
Her soul in travail of birth again,
For every woman's a mother of men,
And each her son, when a man is slain,
Be she maid in her vestal floss.

Where are the angel guards who said,
"He is risen from the tomb"?
With wings adroop and joyance fled,
Low on his breast drops each his head
In sorrow? While he moans instead,
"Despair, O man, thy Lord is dead;
His grave thy final doom"?

Ah no, joy, no! Love's star still gleams
Above Faith's hostelry
Where God-in-man's enshrined for aye;
A living world keeps Easter Day;
Star-led, come wise men still to pay
Rich tribute in their newer way
To haloed mystery.

Anointing thus the long-foretold,
By star of Love enticed,
Crowning the lowly "bastard son
Of unwed virgin, stable-born,"
As King—by prophesies forerun—
Came out the wise men, every one
Himself a healing Christ.

To heal, to lift, to bind, to save—
Ordained to ministry
By laying on of infant hand,
Come still earth's little faithful band
Of those who love and understand
The *brotherhood of man*—on land
And sailing every sea.

What matter, Teuton, Slav, or Gaul,
Or Anglo-Anything,
If this, their watchword, be not lost
Through tongues confused and kinship glossed?
Heaven send another Pentecost,
Till BROTHERHOOD all tongues has crossed
From peasant unto king.

II

The little brother to the Czar—
The serf in battle slain,
Conscripted oft without his will
In able manhood—*fit to kill*—
And his frail comrade, weak and ill,
Retained the heavy lands to till—
Both brand their king as Cain!

If first and best are sacrificed
And epileptics thrive,
Begetting of their feeble strain
In pale successors of the slain
Whose sons within their loins have lain
In soldiers' trenches—whence again
Will virile men arrive?

Why not send idiots to fight?
Conscript the leper camps?
Wipe out the White Plague on the field?
Soldiers of courage it would yield!
Perhaps our murderers might be healed
By overwork—and kindly shield
From prisons' gloom and damps.

If kill we must, let's wisely kill,
Cast out the world's "unfit";
Force paupers to "a noble chance
To win renown," with gun and lance;
Insane asylums would advance
All needed generals—and dance
With glee, "to be in it"!

But now's no time for cap and bells
(Though fools' words oft are good!).
Father of mercy, grant surcease
Of strife, and send a quick release
To men in bonds to kings' caprice;
Let all earth's travail bring forth peace
Conceived in BROTHERHOOD.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR: A BRITISH VIEW

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

Among the curious incidents of the war the November elections in the United States occupy for the onlooker a place of extraordinary interest and significance. They were held three months to a day after the outbreak of by far the most terrible and probably one of the most decisive struggles in the history of the world. The American people had from the first felt in their own persons and fortunes, as individuals and as a nation, the repercussion of this devastating cataclysm. Their exchanges had had to be closed; they were unable to remit their obligations to Europe; a vast commerce of some $2,000,000,000 a year was suddenly either demolished or dislocated; the falling-off in fiscal revenue was such that the Government was driven to impose a number of direct taxes; unemployment and trade depression supervened on a scale that threatened to make the position and prospects of the railroads, long dubious, exceedingly critical; right and left unprecedented measures were being taken to ward off a complete financial and commercial collapse; the Southern States were prostrated by the cessation of the cotton industry; emergency currency had to be issued; the authorities at Washington found themselves confronted with new and anxious problems concerning the rights and duties and liabilities of neutrals; and throughout the United States the apprehension gathered strength that the extension of the war into the Pacific, and particularly the entrance of Japan into the lists, and the possibility of a German victory, might reach to the prejudice of America's material, political, and strategic interests.

Besides this the emotions of the American people had been deeply stirred by the catastrophe in which Europe had permitted itself to be engulfed. Apart altogether from any question of immediate or ultimate self-interest, the sheer horror and wicked-

ness of the spectacle had moved them equally to revulsion and pity. Perhaps in no country were the rights and wrongs of the war more passionately debated. So many millions of American citizens claimed kinship with the belligerents on one side or the other that the conflict had for them something of the character of a civil war by proxy. Moreover, as by far the greatest of the neutral Powers, and the only one that could be said to represent the informed judgment of the outer world, the United States found herself appealed to for sympathy and moral support by each and all of the combatants. There was almost a scramble, from which, I am glad to think, Great Britain, wisely preferring that the facts should speak for themselves, stood aloof, to win American approval and good-will. The Germans were particularly, but not always intelligently, solicitous of American opinion. The Belgians despatched a special mission to lay before the President and people of the United States the tale of their wrongs and sufferings. Not without reason Americans conceived themselves as occupying for the time being a sort of provisional judgment-seat from which it was expected that they should dispense their verdicts of guilt or acquittal. Behind this competition to gain the ear of the United States there was probably a twofold impulse — first, that decent respect for contemporary opinion which is making it more and more impossible for any nation to go to war without at least an attempt to show that its cause is just; and, secondly, a consciousness that, while American neutrality was accepted on all hands as a static factor, American resources and benevolence and diplomacy might have no small influence on the course of the war and the terms of peace.

Through many channels and in many forms the struggle in Europe was thus brought imminently home to the minds and hearts and interests of the American people. It threw all merely domestic questions into the background. For the first time a foreign event, and its material consequences, and its variegated and absorbing aspects dominated not merely American thought, but American life and welfare. One gathered the impression of a deepening realization that the modern world is, after all, interdependent, and that the United States, however much it might proclaim its isolation and cultivate a studied indifference to European happenings, could not escape, politically, financially, commercially, or in any other way, from the conditions of its environment. With a start almost of surprise and consternation multitudes of Americans began making the

discovery that their country was not a whole, but merely a part of a whole. Some in the first flush of this revelation took to speculating on the probable effects of a German or an Allied victory on American interests. Others descried in the conflict the predominance or the overthrow of the ethical conceptions, social ideals, and political principles that are the groundwork of American civilization. Others, again, foresaw, as the results of a struggle that would assuredly entail the exhaustion of all the belligerents a vast increase of American commerce and influence—New York ousting London from its old and supreme position as the financial center of the universe and the clearing-house of all trade, and American merchants seizing the major share of the business which their rivals would be forced to let slip. But what seemed, above all things, to engage and stimulate and flatter the American imagination was the hope and belief that this war would ultimately be ended through the good offices of the United States, and that the future not only of the Old World, but of mankind itself, might largely depend on the vision which the American mediators brought to their task. I should be sorry to say how many forecasts and exhortations along these lines I was privileged during September and October to read in the American papers and reviews. The notion appeared to have taken a remarkably firm hold over the country that American statesmanship would sooner or later be face to face with an unexampled opportunity, not only for composing the differences between the warring nations, but for ushering in a veritable reign of peace and releasing the world from the detonating terrors and searing burdens, the mad welter of hates and rivalries, that hitherto have been its lot. Before the exalted and prophetic sensibilities of an incredibly large number of the American people there seemed to rise up the possibility of such a service to humanity as no Power had had even the chance of rendering since the collapse of the Roman Empire.

It was in these circumstances, and among all these manifold agitations, and with a universal consciousness that the immediate future would be full possibly of peril, certainly of anxiety, for the United States, that the American people turned their attention to the business of passing a verdict on the first two years of President Wilson's Administration and of electing the whole of a new House of Representatives and a third of a new Senate. I remember Lord Rosebery once exclaiming, when the European sky was dark with clouds, that he would support any British Government which showed strength and capacity. It was some-

what in that spirit that one expected the American electorate to cast their votes. From all the available evidence it appeared beyond doubt that the question uppermost in their minds was war and their country's relation to it. They were adjured from many quarters whence they are accustomed to look for light and leading to lay partisanship aside, to rise to the level of the bigger issues, and to do nothing that would weaken the President's hands. The October number of this REVIEW contained a powerful editorial appeal to all voters to rally round their Chief Executive. "Now more than ever before or perhaps ever again," it said, "it behooves our country to stand behind its leader, united before the world. Whatever of disaffection may exist in the Democratic party, whatever of partisan feeling among Republicans, whatever of discontent among Progressives, must be brushed aside for the time if the greatest glory is to be won for the nation and for democracy in achieving the goal of all mankind—the disarmament of the world." Similar appeals, based on the same necessity of upholding the President at a moment not merely of international crisis, but of world-wide convulsion, flowed out from other and equally authoritative sources. I do not pretend that domestic issues were entirely lost sight of. But they were certainly relegated to a secondary place. The argument always culminated in a reference to the war and its problems as the vital consideration that should induce his countrymen to tender President Wilson a vote of national confidence.

But what was the result? Even amid the engrossments of a struggle for national existence Englishmen found time enough for a gasp of amazement when the American election returns came in. For they indicated, or seemed to indicate, that the American people did not, after all, regard the war in Europe as a reason why they should close their ranks, or forego a single jot of their wonted partisanship, or allow their minds to be distracted even for a moment from the excitements of domestic politics. They voted apparently just as they would have voted had the world been wrapped in the profoundest peace. The old spirit of parochialism neither abated nor surrendered anything. They administered to Mr. Wilson the time-honored rebuff which every President must by now have learned to expect at these mid-term elections. They cut down the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives from over one hundred and forty to less than twenty-five. They made mincemeat of the Progressives with a sort of holy and exclusive joy. They

swung over to the Republicans as unconcernedly as they had swung away from them in 1910 and 1912. All the familiar factors played, so far as one could judge, their accustomed and unhampered rôles. Times were hard and the voters, as usual, visited their dissatisfaction upon the party in power. Large manufacturing and agricultural interests had been hit by the reduction of the tariff and sought an immediate revenge. Big business, as it well might be, was antagonized and perturbed by the Democratic policy against the trusts, and took the quickest means of letting its feelings be known. The positive achievements of the Administration went, it would seem, for little or nothing. The popular admiration for the President's character and the popular trust in his methods and judgment proved equally ineffective to stop the reaction. As for the war, it is questionable whether it influenced a single vote. The old slogans, the old local attachments and rivalries, the old particularistic considerations, carried all before them. "Uncle Joe" re-emerged in Illinois without the slightest reference to his views on German policy, which are probably, in any event, unprintable. Senator Penrose was re-elected in Pennsylvania and nobody dreamed of inquiring into his attitude on the disarmament of the world and the steps that the United States should take to promote it. "In the crisis of Europe," wrote Sydney Smith, of one of the distracted ministers who succeeded Pitt, "he safely brought the Curates' Salaries Improvement Bill to a second reading." For the crisis of civilization the American people solemnly fitted a new handle to the parish pump.

It was at once a disconcerting performance and a magnificent one. Magnificent, I mean, because this spectacle of the United States going about its homely, trivial affairs while all the rest of the world was tearing itself to pieces, demonstrated both the happy fate which has exempted the American Republic from the fierce contentions of Europe and the sublime confidence of its citizens that nothing will really disturb their serene aloofness. But at the same time it was disconcerting because one could not well forbear to wonder how far this confidence was the product of ignorance and inexperience and how far the outcome of a calm and comprehensive study of the situation and its possibilities. It was disconcerting, too, because it seemed so little to harmonize either with the material damage that the war has already entailed upon the American people or with their grandiose conceptions of the part reserved for them in helping on its conclusion and preventing its recurrence. What Europe noted as the result

of the November elections was that, when it came to the test, the voters of the United States could sweep the greatest of all wars to one side as a matter of no effective concern to them and could find a seemingly complete oblivion in local politics. At a time when every other nation was pondering how best to strengthen its Government, the American people deliberately weakened theirs. At a time when all the rest of the world was standing on guard, concerting measures of national defense and simplifying all internal issues, the United States visited upon its President a humiliation which undoubtedly had a political, if not a personal, significance and which for the remainder of his term of office must fetter his power of achievement and make him feel that he is to some extent a President on sufferance. The only inference that foreign onlookers could draw from such a proceeding was that, for all their abstract interest in the war and their desire to assist at its settlement and their apprehensions that its outcome might in some ways prejudice American policies or fortunes, the American people did not at bottom regard it as an American event or of sufficient importance to affect the normal course of their domestic politics. On any other hypothesis the result of the November elections, surprising in any case, became from the international standpoint inexplicable.

The contrast thus displayed between American speech and aspirations, on the one hand, and American action, on the other, is a contrast that frequently reappears in American dealings with external affairs. Can it be said that, apart from the Monroe Doctrine, the scope of which no two Americans seem able to agree upon, the United States has really any foreign policy at all? I was very greatly struck by one of President Wilson's first acts on stepping into the White House. When Mr. Knox was the American Secretary of State, the United States Government in the Far East, as in South America, appeared to have adopted the German plan of pushing private trade by every artifice of official and diplomatic assistance. Mr. Taft's indorsement of this policy was repeatedly proclaimed, and his insistence upon American participation in the Hankau-Szechuen loan proved that he meant what he said and was determined to act upon it. Had he remained in office there can be little doubt that the United States would have more than maintained her initial share and interest in what was known as the Six-Power loan. President Wilson had not been in power for more than a few weeks when he ordered the withdrawal of his Government from the whole

transaction. He defended his action on grounds that involved a flat condemnation and reversal of the spirit and aims which animated his predecessor and the total abandonment at a moment's notice of what had seemed to be a definite policy. But what chiefly impressed me was that this great and possibly momentous change in the American attitude was made by the President "off his own bat," and not as the result of any agitation or discussion one way or the other in Congress or the press. The American people as a whole had never been in the least interested in President Taft's and Mr. Knox's diplomatic activities in the Far East, and they were just as little moved when Mr. Wilson called an abrupt halt and started off in the opposite direction. Little incidents like that in remote and "inferior" countries do not, it appears, touch the national consciousness. Not one Congressman in a hundred, or one of his constituents in fifty thousand, knows or cares anything about them; and the man in the cars hears that America is doing something in China, or refraining from doing something, with equal indifference.

The broad moral to be extracted from the complete passivity with which his countrymen received Mr. Wilson's departure from what had all the appearance of being the established lines of American policy in the Far East has been confirmed by the failure last November of the American electorate to close round the President in the face of the European convulsion. The moral roughly is that the average American still holds to the belief that the United States has one set of interests and the rest of the world another. The general sentiment of the country, so far as I have been able to gauge it, still regards the wars and diplomatic disputes of the Old World, even such a war as the present, with a mainly spectacular concern; still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign Powers, and still shrinks from any course that might conceivably lead to an "entangling alliance." American foreign policy, therefore, so far as it is concerned with the affairs of Europe and Asia, proceeds without any reasoned and consistent backing of popular knowledge or interest, and very largely, in consequence, turns on the personality and opinions of particular Presidents or particular Secretaries of State. It is altogether natural that this should be so. The United States is remote, unconquerable, huge, without hostile neighbors or any neighbors at all of anything like her own strength, and lives exempt in an almost unvexed tranquillity from the contentions and animosities and the ceaseless pressure and

counter-pressure that distract the close-packed older world. Inevitably, therefore, a sober, sustained, and well-informed interest in foreign affairs is a luxury with which the ordinary American citizen feels he can dispense. He sees at present no necessity for it; circumstances have never compelled him to look upon it as an essential part of his political equipment.

That is what makes it extremely difficult to forecast with any definiteness the course of American action in regard to the present war. One must always allow for the traditional sentiment in favor of isolation and non-interference, for the hiatus disclosed in the November elections between the opinions and ambitions expressed in the American journals and the actions of the American voters at the polls, for the rarity in the United States of first-hand acquaintance with the complexities of European affairs, and also for the comparatively lowly position occupied by the American army and navy. Everything points to the possibility that a time may come when the United States, after carefully sounding all the belligerents, may usefully proffer its services as a mediator. But it is certain that no proposals looking toward peace and emanating from Washington will be entertained merely to flatter American esteem or before each of the combatants is ready to sheathe the sword; and it is quite on the cards that negotiations may be initiated without employing any outside agency at all and that the map of Europe may be drastically redrawn without America being called into consultation at all. One thing at least is very sure, and that is that whatever hopes Americans cherish of influencing the final settlement will be jeopardized by a single false or premature move in the direction of peace. A formal and decorative but none the less honorable and helpful rôle may be reserved for American diplomacy later on, but to assume it at the right moment and with the requisite efficiency, and to save themselves also from fruitless efforts and avoidable disappointments, Americans, I imagine, will do well to exercise a vast amount of patience and to avoid all hasty overtures that are prompted merely by a desire for peace and that ignore the vital elements of the problem to be solved.

As for the larger visions which seem to be floating before many American eyes, and particularly the vision of universal disarmament tempered by a League of Peace, I confess to a certain skepticism as to the possibility of realizing them, the more so as in many influential quarters in the United States the war in Europe is pointed to as a reason not for decreasing, but

for increasing and reorganizing, the American army and navy. In any event, there will be such an infinity of work to be done in getting European life and government restored on their new lines that ultimate issues will inevitably have to wait their turn. A reduction of armaments on a fixed scale and by means of an international agreement is, on the other hand, a feasible undertaking which American influence and example may conceivably do much to forward. But beyond that the danger of attempting too much becomes both near and real, and a warning against extravagant and unrealizable expectations is even now not untimely. It is a warning that may be applied to other spheres. Americans clearly anticipate a prodigious increase in their foreign trade through the inability of the exhausted nations of Europe to hold their position in neutral markets. But it is doubtful how far these very natural and legitimate hopes can be fulfilled. They certainly cannot be fulfilled unless Americans emulate the Germans and the British in their knowledge of foreign tongues, their readiness to give long credits and to trade on small margins of profit, their attention to the whims and peculiarities of distant and exacting customers, and unless they develop once more a well-organized American mercantile marine. The well-worn and customary channels of foreign commerce, to which hitherto Americans have paid but small attention, cannot be altered in a day; and it is already clear that the tremendous advantages accruing to Great Britain from the unique position of London are going to be tenaciously held.

Many awkward difficulties are likely to arise before this war is ended over questions of contraband. But as they will chiefly concern the United States and Great Britain, as both countries are well disposed toward each other, and as there is, I believe, as little desire among Americans to hamper British arms as there is among Englishmen to interfere unduly with American trade, these questions ought to be disposed of one by one without disturbing Anglo-American relations. Nobody in Great Britain expected from the United States any other position than that of a strict neutrality; nobody has any criticisms to pass upon it; nobody believes there will be any trouble about maintaining it. It is true that the exceptionally rigid construction which President Wilson places upon the obligations of neutrality has occasioned some surprise in Great Britain just as it has in the United States. But it is recognized that in everything he has thus far done—in his appeal for a neutrality not merely of action, but of comment and opinion, in his embargo on the raising of

American loans for the belligerents, in his hesitancy to protest against the violation of The Hague conventions, in his gravely dispassionate replies to the Belgian mission and the Kaiser's representations, and in his permitting the vetoing by his Secretary of the Navy of "Tipperary" as a proper song for American soldiers and sailors—the President has been actuated by but one motive, to convince all the combatants of the completeness of his impartiality that he may the better serve the cause of peace hereafter. That is a motive with which no Englishman has or can have any quarrel.

I need hardly add that Great Britain has been heartened in this war by the belief that the great majority of the American people are in sympathy with the cause of the Allies and realize how necessary it is that that cause should triumph if democracy is to be preserved and if militarism and force, as the supreme arbiters of human affairs, are to be restricted. It would be only in the event of a German triumph that American neutrality would be really endangered and that the menace which Prussia has long aimed at Europe would stretch across the Atlantic. That is a development which the Allies are taking the best possible means to avert.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES

BY C. T. REVERE

FROM the standpoint of experience the question of contraband furnishes one of the most orthodox developments of the present war. It was to be expected that a situation would arise which would call forth a communication such as the United States addressed to Great Britain protesting against the restrictions placed upon our commerce with neutral Europe. It was equally certain that Great Britain would receive the communication in a spirit of amity and as a matter of course. Such an attitude was foreshadowed by her centuries of naval practice as both belligerent and neutral.

Since the early part of the seventeenth century every war involving maritime operations has revived the inevitable conflict between belligerent privilege and neutral rights. Prior to that time the neutral had no rights except such as could be held by force of arms or fear of reprisal.

Although recognizing modern concessions, the belligerent always looks upon so-called peaceful commerce as pernicious, frequently giving as much cause for anxiety as the hostile thrust of a declared opponent. The aid thus furnished the foe may be worth a whole army corps. Complications may arise, thus provoking pacific into combatant. The strain on self-control comes at an awkward time. It is hard to shift from berserk exercise of the mailed fist upon the enemy, and extend kid-gloved finesse to the nuisance who holds his friendship in such nice balance that he is equally facile in dealings with either side.

In fact, the intercourse of nations provides no phenomenon more typical in its manifestations than the outcry of the belligerent over the suspicious commercial activities of the professed bystander—unless it be the outcry of the professed bystander over the seizure of his goods and the interference to his trade.

As the sole high-powered neutral, the United States occupies a position of peculiar opportunity and responsibility. Both

sides place our good-will above all other considerations except victory and national honor. Since the first shock of the conflict it is seen that commercial advantage of an undreamed extent may come to us. Our exported products may even determine the issue of the war.

Quite apart from the rôle we may be called upon to play in the peace negotiations, our conduct as a non-combatant may influence the lines of historical development as much as the course of the leading participants in the war. Although it is too early to venture such an assumption, it is possible by our policy that we may add some new principle to the code of conduct between nations. At any rate, there has come to us an opportunity, such as seldom is given governments or chancelleries, of putting on an unprecedentedly broad plane a discussion that heretofore has been limited by the narrow dictates of self-interest.

It has been more than a century since the principle of contraband has been so strongly involved in international disputes, unless we except the Civil War cases, which belong more properly to the category of blockade. For this reason it might be advisable to review some of the commercial incidents of the war, with their effect on our trade as a neutral nation, and our rights and duties as set forth by precedent.

It was to be expected that trade with Germany would cease with the declaration of hostilities. England's maritime supremacy gave assurance that commerce would be confined to the accessible ports of the Allied nations and neutral countries. No restrictions, of course, were placed upon shipments to Great Britain, France, Belgium, or Russia. The difficulty has arisen entirely over our trade with neutral countries, chiefly on the ground that the destination of the cargoes might be questionable.

British warships held up American merchant-vessels carrying cargoes of copper, gasolene, food stuffs, rubber products, naval stores, and other commodities on their way to such points as Genoa, Rotterdam, and Gothenburg. The alert British naval officer could see no occasion for the growing commercial importance of these neutral ports than the baneful desire to make a large profit by the transhipment of these goods to Germany and Austria.

At the outbreak of the war the generally recognized list of contraband articles, as set forth in the Declaration of London in 1909, consisted of eleven groups of articles. By the Order in Council issued October 29, 1914, Great Britain had considerably more than doubled this list, placing therein a large

number of articles which never had been considered in the light of contraband. Exporters and importers of neutral nations heatedly protested that at this rate it would not be long before the whole range of commerce would be under ban.

Additional hardship was imposed by the construction placed on cargo destination. Our right to ship copper to Italy was admitted, but the attitude of British naval officers practically placed upon the shipper of this metal the obligation to guarantee that none of it should ultimately fall into German hands. The examples cited are sufficient to illustrate the purpose of this country's protest which has assumed pre-eminence as an international incident.

Consideration of contraband involves two phases: first, the character of the merchandise; second, the destination of the merchandise. Attempts to classify contraband have engaged the attention of authorities on international law for more than two centuries. The line of grouping set down by Grotius is generally followed to-day. It makes three classes: contraband —those articles which are of use chiefly or only in war; non-contraband—those which are of no use in war; conditional contraband—those which are useful both in war and in peace.

There is no controversy over the general principle of the classification. The trouble arises when specific articles are added to the list of absolute contraband. No two treaties between different nations agree exactly on the list of articles which shall be regarded as contraband or innocent. Military necessities have changed with the advance in industry. Copper products were not given a thought in the Peace of Utrecht. They are noxious articles to-day as a result of our electrical development. Naval stores occupied a high place in the contraband list in the days of sailing-vessels. With the development of the steamship they lost their illegal character. In the present war rosin and turpentine are back in the contraband list, not as naval stores, but as ingredients for explosives.

The essential nature of the problem appears to preclude the likelihood of any definite and final agreement on the contraband list. Conditions are changing so much that restriction by specific articles might be highly injurious to a belligerent.

On the other hand, an undue extension of the contraband list may result practically in a blockade. Precedent in international law is strongly against such an advantage for a belligerent who holds command of the sea. The tendency is toward the view that if one belligerent decides to shut off the enemy

from commerce, an effective blockade must be maintained. A blockade of an effective character is both dangerous and expensive, and the hostile who attempts it is entitled to the fruits of his effort. Any student of warfare can see at a glance the risk attendant upon a blockade of Hamburg and Bremen. On the other hand, it would be comparatively easy, by stopping neutral vessels at Gibraltar, Suez, the English Channel, and the entrance to the North Sea, to prevent any shipment whatever from reaching the Germanic allies.

Neutrals, however, can and do insist strongly that the contraband list shall not be extended unduly beyond the "criterion of warlike usefulness." The privilege must not be used as a weapon against the civil population of the enemy country. Articles like foodstuffs are noxious only when destined to the naval or military forces of the foe. A recent instance of this was furnished by our protest in 1904 over Russia's seizures of rice shipments to Japan. The most notable example, however, was furnished by our controversy with Great Britain in 1793, when an attempt was made to block all shipments of grain to France in an effort to reduce that country "to reasonable terms of peace."

Jefferson, then Secretary of State, declared that the position that provisions were contraband "in the case where the depriving an enemy of these supplies is one of the means intended to be employed for reducing him to reasonable terms of peace," or in any case but that of a place actually blockaded, was "entirely new"; that reason and usage had established "that, when two nations go to war, those who choose to live in peace retain their natural right to pursue their agriculture, manufactures, and other ordinary vocations; to carry the produce of their industry, for exchange, to all nations, belligerent or neutral, as usual; to go and come freely, without injury or molestation; and, in short, that the war among others shall be, for them, as if it did not exist."

Cargo destination is a feature that gives to a belligerent even more trouble than the character of the shipment. There is nothing illegal in trade between one neutral country and another, whether the articles be absolute contraband or conditional contraband. The sudden increase in the trade of ports in neutral countries adjacent to the blockaded belligerent furnishes occasion for much cynical comment and considerable active suspicion. During our Civil War the port of Nassau on the island of New Providence did such a thriving business that it

became the envy of Liverpool and London. Federal cruisers unkindly took the view that this commercial activity was of an illegal character—that the ultimate destination of the shipments was not Nassau, but more probably Key West or Charleston, which were under blockade.

Here we come to the so-called "doctrine of continuous voyages," which furnishes one of the knottiest problems in international law. Belligerents, irritated over continued aid given the enemy, are usually inclined to overstep their privileges and rest their case on the mere suspicion that the destination of a shipment is hostile. Precedent, however, is quite clear upon the point that there must be *proof*, very strong if circumstantial, that the destination is illegal, in order to justify seizure. The mere fact that contraband trade may have been general with a certain port gives no ground for action in a specific instance.

In the present war the only new feature which has marked the controversy is furnished by the suggestion that cargoes be certified as to character of contents and destination. Obviously such a step would do away with much of the irritation on the part of Great Britain and her allies, while a shipper acting in good faith could raise no objection to an examination which would give his goods a clean bill of health.

Every nation has its individual lines of tendency, all determined by what is considered to be the need of the future. For example, Great Britain has tended toward a wide contraband list. Consistency in her desire to make seizures in time of war is held to be more valuable than the right of protest over interference with her commerce. Small maritime nations like Holland and Denmark lean toward restriction of the contraband list, as the right of protest against injury to commerce while neutrals is likely to be more important than the privilege to make seizures in war. The policy of the United States quite naturally has favored a limited contraband list, as a European war would be more than likely to find us neutral. In other words, we favor a tendency which affords the most protection to our own commerce rather than one which will enable us to block most effectively the ability of a possible enemy to obtain supplies during a war.

Notwithstanding considerations of self-interest under trying conditions, maritime practice has adhered closely to certain well-developed rules. Some of these are more clearly defined than others, but under no circumstances can violations be so flagrant as to pass without protest and ultimate penalty.

Whenever Great Britain has permitted the exigencies of the moment to overcome her prudent regard for equitable precedent, she always has taken occasion to disavow such acts in order that her practice might be purged of damning inconsistencies.

Undoubtedly the chief reason for opposition to the agitation in Congress favoring prohibition of contraband shipments is based on the fear of laying an embarrassing precedent. A nation too high-minded to ship war supplies to a belligerent country might be in no position to protest against similar action by neutral countries in case we should become involved in a war. International custom is much better qualified to deal with such a situation than the legislative bodies of individual countries, no matter whether such statutory prohibition is inspired by Utopian ideals or racial partisanship. Such legislation would be broadly regarded as unneutral. It would not receive the academic sanction of its beneficiaries, no matter how cordially they might welcome it.

Although the over-zealous British naval officer may transcend the bounds, it is safe to say that the record of Great Britain, so far as her official notes or prize-court decisions are concerned, will be marked by unswerving adherence to established practice. Precedent will be left without a smudge to serve as reference when she may have occasion to stand on her rights as a neutral. The dominating impulse which is to be traced throughout the warp and woof of international law may be found in the determination to permit no act of Philip belligerent to prejudice the case of Philip neutral at some later date.

Prize-court decisions, except in rare instances, have been characterized by an equity as broad as that which would actuate the most exalted international tribunal. To the layman this never fails to appear as amazing, in view of the fact that the procedure is conducted entirely by the country making the capture. Sir William Scott, afterward Lord Stowell, who became Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in 1798, in delivering his judgment in the case of the *Maria* said:

> The seat of judicial authority is, indeed, locally here, in the belligerent country, according to the known law and practice of nations, but the law itself has no locality. It is the duty of the person who sits here to determine this question exactly as he would determine the same question if sitting at Stockholm; to assert no pretensions on the part of Great Britain which he would not allow to Sweden in the same circumstances, and to impose no duties on Sweden, as a neutral country, which he would not admit to belong to Great Britain in the same

character. If, therefore, I mistake the law in this matter, I mistake that which I consider, and which I mean should be considered, as the universal law upon the question—a question regarding one of the most important rights of belligerent nations relatively to neutrals.

Despite the eventual justice of the prize court, the harm done to neutral commerce can never be measured by the compensation afforded by belligerents. Damages may be awarded for illegal seizures and detentions, but no reparation is offered for the paralysis that is visited upon trade. Commerce suffers more through the cargoes that are not shipped than from those that are captured.

Unfortunately the United States has been forced to pay an enormous penalty through the failure of the Allies to come to more definite understanding with the neutral nations contiguous to Germany. There is nothing noxious in shipments of gasolene and copper to consignees in Rotterdam and Genoa. The ultimate destination, possibly, may be hostile. Such a situation, it would seem, should be corrected through embargo by Italy and Holland rather than by seizures on the high seas. An arrangement of this sort seems in process of adjustment, and it will be interesting to note its effect upon the desire of neutral merchants to make importations at the present rate.

Enough aggravations have arisen out of the present situation to justify the prophecy that the rules of conduct relating to the eternal clash of neutral and belligerent interests will be made the subject of early and paramount consideration. To the ultra-pacifist this brings a vision of the super-State, all-powerful, enforcing as world policeman the decrees of the international tribunal. Conservatives, with their abhorrence of the factitious, will rest content with some new principle added to the code of international law, confident that slower growth will bring a surer understanding. International law does exist, Belgium's fate to the contrary notwithstanding. Transgressions are punished by world reprobation, which sometimes falls more heavily than the club of the policeman.

C. T. Revere.

ARE NAVAL EXPENDITURES WASTED?

BY GEORGE V. L. MEYER
Former Secretary of the Navy

THE public demand for the facts with respect to the preparedness of the navy to-day grows out of a popular desire to be sure that we are getting our money's worth for money expended. The people cannot pass intelligently upon the question of the size of the navy until they know its condition, its organization as it now exists, whether it is being administered efficiently and economically, and what methods have been employed as to the making and using of the appropriations.

Our naval appropriation for 1914 was $140,000,000; that of Germany, $120,000,000. The total appropriation for our Navy from 1900 to 1914, inclusive, amounted to $1,656,000,000, while the appropriation during the same period for Germany's navy was $1,137,000,000, showing that the American navy during fifteen years has cost 45 per cent. more than the Kaiser's navy. Yet to-day Germany's navy is more powerful than ours. The difference during those years represents the cost of two battleships annually for fifteen years.

Until within a few years no naval appropriation could pass the Senate which did not meet the sanction of both a Northern and Southern Senator, each of whom was a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs. It is interesting, in consequence, to analyze some of the appropriations between 1895 and 1910.

In 1899 a site was purchased in Frenchman's Bay, Maine, at a cost of $24,650—far above the assessed valuation—and later an additional amount of $600,000 was expended to obtain there an absolutely unnecessary coaling-station, which has since been dismantled, as it was practically unused.

At the Portsmouth Navy-Yard, so called, in Kittery, Maine, a dock was built at an expense of $1,122,800, and later it was found necessary to blast away rock in the channel in order to reach the dock, at an additional expense of $745,300.

Between 1895 and 1910 improvements, machinery, repairs, and maintenance in the yard amounted to $10,857,693, although there was a large navy-yard within seventy miles.

On the other hand, at Port Royal, South Carolina, a dock was built at the insistence of the Southern Senator, at a cost of $450,000, which proved useless, and, although the original cost of the site was but $5,000, it was not abandoned as a naval base until $2,275,000 had been expended.

Not the least daunted by this extravagant waste, the same Senator determined to have a share of the naval melon for his State, so, with the assistance of the Northern Senator, he obtained the establishment of another naval station at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1901. There was no strategic value thus accomplished, nor was it necessary, with the Norfolk Navy-Yard located at Hampton Roads. The $5,000,000 which has been squandered at Charleston includes a dry-dock built for battle-ships, costing $1,250,000, but which experience shows can only be used by torpedo-destroyers and gunboats. The $5,000,000 could have been employed to great advantage at the Norfolk Navy-Yard, where the battle-ship fleet generally assembles. A portion even could have been used wisely at Key West, Florida, a supplementary base of real strategic value for torpedoes and submarines—a protection to the Gulf of Mexico and the mouth of the Mississippi River, and on account of its geographical situation, Key West would serve as a base of supplies to the fleet in the Caribbean Sea.

The purpose of the navy-yards is to keep the fleet in efficient condition. Their location should be determined by strategic conditions, their number by the actual needs of the fleet. The maintenance of navy-yards which do not contribute to battle efficiency is a great source of waste.

The United States has over twice as many first-class navy-yards as Great Britain, with a navy more than double the size of ours, and more than three times as many as Germany, whose navy is larger than that of the United States.

The total cost of navy-yards up to June 30th, 1910, with land, public works, improvements, machinery, and maintenance, including repairs, amounts to $320,600,000. (As seen by the footnote on the following page.)

Overburdened with a superfluous number of navy-yards distributed along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Louisiana, in 1910 I recommended that Congress give up and dispose of naval stations at New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan, Port Royal, New London, Sackett's Harbor (New York), Culebra,

Statement showing date of establishment; original cost of site; expenditures for buildings, public works, and improvements; machinery installed in the various buildings; and cost of maintenance of the several navy-yards and stations to June 30, 1910; also the average yearly cost of maintenance for five years.

Stations	Date of establishment	Original cost of site	Total expenditures for buildings, public works, improvements, and machinery installed in the various buildings	Total maintenance, including repairs	Total cost of land, public works, improvements, machinery, and maintenance, including repairs	Average yearly cost of maintenance for five years
First-class navy-yards (at home):						
Portsmouth	1800	$110,500.00	$10,006,929.89	$8,720,582.09	$18,838,011.98	$428,595.15
Boston	1800	360,782.26	14,015,799.50	16,007,646.23	30,384,227.99	916,535.41
New York	1801	590,123.15	25,867,974.92	31,177,278.60	57,635,376.67	1,958,452.92
Philadelphia	1868	Gift	11,015,439.94	10,269,160.47	21,284,600.41	708,093.69
Washington	1800	157,099.00	11,969,124.71	13,197,175.25	25,323,398.96	728,695.26
Norfolk	1800	478,517.50	15,733,682.19	16,113,733.15	32,325,932.84	1,006,598.64
Mare Island	1854	83,491.00	17,644,057.09	17,363,162.17	35,090,710.26	1,051,424.93
Puget Sound	1891	18,212.50	5,610,377.53	3,769,602.96	9,398,192.99	469,012.97
Second-class navy-yards (at home):						
Charleston	1901	105,207.00	3,857,180.01	778,381.52	4,740,768.53	142,952.88
Pensacola	1828	[1]	7,700,637.10	4,516,794.01	12,217,431.11	340,011.95
New Orleans	1849	15,000.00	2,684,151.18	701,984.69	3,401,135.87	112,098.79
First-class navy-yard (abroad):						
Hawaii	1899	58,140.50	1,577,814.35	590,700.73	2,226,655.58	89,318.43
Second-class navy-yards (abroad):						
Cavite	1898	[2]	2,523,136.35	8,723,088.71	11,246,225.06	1,056,401.84
Olongapo	1901	[2]	2,908,849.48	909,515.30	3,818,364.78	177,265.33
Naval stations (at home):						
Port Royal	1883	5,000.00	1,173,647.78	1,100,002.00	2,278,649.78	24,351.76
Key West	1854	156,111.83	2,205,440.23	1,787,934.35	4,149,486.41	143,096.25
Naval stations (abroad):						
Guantanamo	1903	Leased	1,189,237.01	969,211.60	2,158,448.61	178,131.23
San Juan	1898	[2]	73,754.06	770,265.31	844,019.37	95,746.86
Guam	1898	[2]	296,624.14	1,253,188.58	1,549,812.72	180,510.90
Tutuila	1900	45,125.39	489,353.09	447,005.83	981,484.31	64,258.52
Training-stations:						
Newport	1869	69,850.00	2,378,171.72	4,778,286.21	7,226,307.93	506,917.90
California	1898	[1]	344,969.36	720,656.07	1,065,625.43	96,084.07
Great Lakes	1905	Gift	2,591,546.58	313,306.90	2,904,853.48	62,661.38
Coaling-stations:						
Frenchm's B'y	1899	24,650.00	541,167.44	57,884.54	623,701.98	8,655.55
Bradford	1900	35,000.00	1,148,944.80	220,536.88	1,404,481.68	38,589.37
Pichilinque, Mexico	1900	.....	51,804.44	20,032.78	71,837.22	2,019.94
San Diego, Cal.	1904	[1]	204,758.87	26,822.98	231,581.85	4,742.17
Tiburon	1904	80,000.00	556,409.53	98,124.75	734,534.28	19,490.97
Miscellaneous:						
Annapolis (Naval Acad.)	1845	405,345.76	10,825,529.94	10,244,815.07	21,475,690.77	1,252,519.53
Naval proving-ground	1890	38,220.00	944,620.24	1,206,324.75	2,189,164.99	120,790.63
Las Animas (naval hosp.)	1907	[1]	374,573.42	827,247.52	1,201,820.94	165,449.50
Culebra (nav. base)	1904	[2]	23,132.08	157,788.91	180,920.99	30,187.35
Sitka	1900	[1]	124,961.96	22,909.92	147,871.88	3,324.78
Yokohama	1900	.....	88,677.99	406,232.00	494,909.99	55,811.94
New London	1868	Gift	431,037.46	337,561.68	768,599.14	13,156.05
Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.	[3] 1846	4,425.00	36,387.05	14,820.95	55,633.00	[4] 647.98
Total	.....	2,840,800.89	159,209,903.39	158,619,765.46	320,669,429.74	12,252,602.82

[1] Military reservation.
[2] Acquired by conquest.
[3] First record of any appropriation being made for improvements or maintenance.
[4] Expenditure fiscal year 1910, $2,107.91.

and Cavité, none of which was a first-class station. The average yearly cost of maintaining these stations between 1905 and 1910 was $1,672,675, and very little useful work had been performed at any of them. Later, I practically closed them, but could not abolish or dispose of them, no action having been taken by Congress. Pensacola and New Orleans have since been reopened by my successor.

The interests of the country and the interests of the navy would be best served by one first-class naval base with sufficient anchorage for the entire fleet, north of the Delaware, equipped for docking, repairing, etc., and another station of equal capacity at Norfolk, in Chesapeake Bay, with Guantanamo, Cuba, to serve as the winter-station rendezvous.

On the Pacific coast we are fortunate in having only two naval stations, one at Bremerton, on Puget Sound, established in 1891, with ample depth of water, costing to date about $9,000,000; and the other at Mare Island, established in 1850, some thirty miles from the harbor of San Francisco, with inadequate depth and width of water along its water-front. The total costs, with maintenance and repairs, have amounted to $35,000,000, and, on account of insufficient depth of water, none of the battle-ships built in the last eight years could have been berthed there.

Arrangements were entered into some time ago, and have lately been consummated, by which the navy will have the use of a thousand-foot dock to be built at Hunter's Point by a private corporation, the Government making an annual payment of $50,000. With the completion of this great dock the fleet will not have to depend entirely on Puget Sound. Later, there will be additional facilities in Hawaii, when the Pearl Harbor Dock is finished.

The situation of the naval base near San Francisco is as follows:

We have the Mare Island Navy-Yard at Vallejo, with use of a future battle-ship dock at Hunter's Point, near San Francisco, a coaling-station on an island in the bay, and a training-station on still another. It has been well understood for years that the California Senator on the Naval Committee would not consent to the abandonment of the Mare Island, suited to its requirements when first selected in 1850, but absolutely unsuited to navy requirements after battle-ships became a feature.

The New Orleans yard, located one hundred miles up the river and with a floating-dock of no service to dreadnoughts, its

capacity being limited to 16,000 tons, as a maximum, was furbished up for a while with modern shop-buildings and incompleted streets in order to appease a Louisiana Congressman, a member of the Naval Committee, since deceased. The amount expended on that needless and useless station was over $2,000,000.

The Pensacola Navy-Yard, originally a military reservation, had cost the United States Government, up to 1910, $12,200,000, with little return in the way of output.

The fundamental cause of excessive expenditures is due to the fact that appropriations are not made with the sole view of the battle efficiency of the fleet (which is the navy) and its military requirements. Politics and log-rolling, as I have shown, have entered into the making of appropriations by Congress.

A more recent case is the training-station outside of Chicago, established in 1905. The original site was a gift, but $3,646,000 has been expended, buildings erected on a lavish scale, quite unnecessary and not suitable, due to the zeal of a Congressman of the district, a member of the Naval Committee. One-half the amount would have more than met the requirements and have been better adapted to what a training-station should be.

For an example as to the present lack of efficiency, in a hearing at Washington, December 9, 1914, Admiral Fletcher is asked:

MR. ROBERTS (member of the Naval Committee): "Here is a statement reciting reasons why the submarines are in such bad condition. 'The fault has been that no one in the department has been charged with the direct responsibility of keeping submarines in constant repair.' Do you know anything about that? Is it a fact that there is no one in the department especially charged with looking after submarines and keeping them in repair?"

ADMIRAL FLETCHER: "No, I know nothing of that kind."

MR. ROBERTS: "Then, if there is such a lack of care with submarines as set forth in this article, there is no one in the Navy Department who is responsible for it?"

ADMIRAL FLETCHER: "Yes."

When Commander Sterling made the report on the unsatisfactory condition of the submarines, if Secretary Daniels had not abolished the aid for inspection he could have sent for the aid, turned the report over to him for investigation, the findings to be made direct to the Secretary. The next move would have been to call together the chiefs of bureau concerned and thresh the matter out before the aids, in conjunction with the bureau chiefs, either in the presence of the Secretary or brought to him for final decision after conclusion had been reached. This was not done, the aid for inspection having been

abolished, but Commander Sterling was reprimanded by the Secretary.

The organization of aids to the Secretary, consisting of an aid for operations, for personnel, for material, and for inspection, making a council of four responsible expert advisers, was turned over to the present head of the navy. This has been disrupted and no established system has taken its place. In case of a crisis, business would be congested, confusion would reign, discredit to the navy would follow, with possible disgrace to the country.

Building battle-ships without an adequate force of men is equal to wasting money; only ten ships of the first line and eleven of the second, according to the Navy Department, can be placed in full commission for service, due to a shortage of men and officers.

To provide a proper complement for all vessels of the navy which could still be made useful would require an additional force of 18,556 men and 933 line officers, according to the testimony of Admiral Badger before the Naval Committee, December 8, 1914.

That we have not been getting proper return for money expended in the navy is not known to the majority of our people, nor is it realized to what extent political influences have misdirected the appropriations during the past twenty-five years. The remedy will only come from absolute publicity.

Let a special committee be appointed to investigate the conditions in the navy.

Let a special committee of military experts from the army and navy be appointed to recommend what naval stations shall be abolished and sold and if any shall be established to take their places.

Let Congress inaugurate a national council of defense made up of members of the Cabinet, Senate, and House, with the chiefs of staff from the army and navy, that more efficient co-operation may be obtained between the executive and legislative branches of the Government in respect to military requirements.

Let Congress establish a general staff in the navy.

Let appropriations be made in budget form on a plan of expenditures proposed by the department.

Let action be taken by this Congress in order that necessary reforms and changes may be made at once, as it is now recognized that the navy should be the strong right arm of the Government and one of the vital factors in the national strength.

GEORGE V. L. MEYER.

THE PROBLEM OF OUR COAST DEFENSE

BY FIRST LIEUT. M. H. THOMPSON, COAST ARTILLERY CORPS, U. S. A.

AN adequate Coast Defense designed (1) to protect commercial centers and naval bases of rendezvous and supply, and (2) to leave no point affording a base for an enemy unprotected, must in a broad sense conform to these requirements:

(*a*) All points of the coast-line of strategic value should be fortified.

(*b*) The *personnel* should be sufficient and efficient.

(*c*) The *matériel* should be sufficient to accomplish what is expected of it against the latest approved methods of attack.

The first and most important of these requirements has been substantially fulfilled in this country. All ports of commercial and strategic value in the United States are now fortified, with the exception of the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, although in the Insular Possessions additional armament is required for Guantanamo, Puerto Rico, Guam, and Alaska. The problem of our Coast Defense is therefore reduced to questions of *personnel* and *matériel*. Is the *personnel* efficient, and are there enough Coast Artillery troops to man the Coast Defense equipment? Is the *matériel* sufficient to accomplish what would be required of it in action against the latest approved methods and equipment?

These questions pertain only to the Second or Coast Defense Line, since, in the defensive scheme of any maritime power the navy constitutes the First Line of Defense. Such portions of the naval forces, however, as are not included in the seagoing fleet may be assigned to assist military forces in the defense of important harbors. Vessels so assigned are designated as floating defenses, and ships of the line, monitors, scouts, torpedo-boats, submarines, patrol-boats, and picket-boats may be assigned to the Second Line of Defense.

The Second Line comprises the permanent fortifications and submarine defenses manned by troops for defense against naval attack of the harbors and the bases that are of commercial or strategic importance. Such assault may take the form of a naval attack, a land raid, or a combination of the two.

The troops of the Second or Coast Defense Line are classified with reference to their duties as follows:

(*a*) Coast Artillery Regulars, who man the guns and mine equipment as far as possible. (*b*) Coast Artillery Militia, who are required to man certain guns in order to complete the *personnel* lacking in the Regular Coast Artillery forces. (*c*) Coast Artillery Supports, whose function is the local protection of fortifications against quick land raids made in conjunction with naval attacks by sea. (Supports build earthworks and operate field and machine guns, on the flanks and the rear of fortifications, and are usually composed of troops of the "Mobile Army"—*i. e.*, Infantry and Field Artillery.) (*d*) The Coast Guard, consisting of large units of Infantry, Cavalry, and Field Artillery necessary to operate in a campaign waged by large bodies of the enemy, convoyed to a strategic point and landed for the purpose of capturing a harbor and fortifications. (Note here the distinction between the quick, sudden small raid and such a movement. A campaign of serious proportions by an enemy necessitates large bodies of troops to meet the attack, for which the Coast Artillery Supports would be inadequate.)

The Third Line constitutes the "Mobile Army" (Cavalry, Infantry, Field Artillery, and Supply troops). These troops are mobilized inland at points strategically located with respect to the entire coast-line. Such troops are used in case the First and Second Lines are broken, and the enemy has secured a strong base from which it is enabled to operate a serious campaign.

Bearing in mind that our military system is wholly defensive and that our Insular and Canal ports present an infinitely more difficult problem than that of Continental United States, we may take up the first question. Is the *personnel* efficient, and are there enough Coast Artillery troops to man the equipment?

The Coast Artillery Regular troops are at present in the highest state of efficiency. They are, and have been for a period of years, undergoing the most thorough and technical training of both officers and enlisted men. This branch of our service has been the subject of strongest praise in the past from European experts. South-American countries have sought

and in some cases have secured our Coast Artillery officers, by foreign advisement, in order to incorporate a similar system of instruction and training in their own services. The Coast Artillery Militia in some States also has received thorough and conscientious training at the armories by Coast Artillery officers detailed for the purpose, although of course the Militia, who are expected to fill the gaps in the ranks of the Regulars at the guns cannot be expected to reach the same standard of efficiency as the Regulars themselves.

The Second Line as it is now constituted, embraces the following Coast Defenses,* which are geographically distributed as indicated below, showing the present and "required" distribution of companies in the United States.

NORTH ATLANTIC COAST-ARTILLERY DISTRICT

Coast Defenses of	Regular Companies now provided	Total Regular Companies required to man ½ home gun defenses and all home mine equipment, in accordance with adopted policy
Portland	12	14
Portsmouth	1	3
Boston	12	15
New Bedford	1	2
Narragansett Bay	8	13
Long Island Sound	12	14
Eastern New York	6	8
Southern New York	14	23
Total	66	92

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST-ARTILLERY DISTRICT

The Delaware	4	8
Baltimore	3	6
The Potomac	2	5
Chesapeake Bay	10	9
The Cape Fear	3	4
Charleston	3	5
Savannah	4	4
Key West	1	5
Tampa	2	3
Pensacola	5	5
Mobile	2	5
New Orleans	2	4
Galveston	2	4
Total	43	67

PACIFIC COAST ARTILLERY DISTRICT

Coast Defenses of	Regular Companies now provided	Total Regular Companies required to man ½ home gun defenses and all home mine equipment, in accordance with adopted policy
San Diego	2	3
San Francisco	17	22
The Columbia	4	7
Puget Sound	13	20
San Pedro	..	3
Total	36	55

*The term "Coast Defense," as applying to the whole system of defense of the Second Line, should not be confused with the term "Coast Defenses," which is defined as comprising the armament and equipment of one or more adjacent forts required to protect any one harbor or base. A collection of the contiguous Coast Defenses comprise a Coast Artillery District.

Manila Bay and Subic Bay at present contain 11 companies which will have to be increased to 25 companies. There are now 6 companies in Hawaii, but this number will soon have to be increased to 10, and in Panama there are now 8 companies, where soon 21 companies will be required. The list of Regular companies shown as required in the tables above is the number required to man one-half the home gun defenses and all home mine equipment. As will be shown below, the plan is for the Militia to man the remaining half of the home gun defenses in order to have one complete manning body.

A bill to increase the Regular Coast Artillery by 612 officers and 10,988 men has been introduced in the Senate to fill out the shortage of Regulars above. The number asked for in this bill, if provided, will enable the Coast Artillery to furnish its contemplated *share* of the *personnel* required for one complete relief for all the Coast Defenses now actually constructed and appropriated for. Considering that the Coast Artillery Militia has never been able to furnish its quota (as shown in detail below), the necessity for the increase in the Regular Coast Artillery becomes all the more apparent. The adopted plan is for the Militia to furnish troops to man the other one-half of the home gun defenses.

On June 30, 1914, the actual strength of the Coast Artillery Corps available for a manning body was 700 officers and 17,901 enlisted men. The strength now designated by law as a manning body is 700 officers and 18,321 enlisted men.

The Chief of Coast Artillery, Brigadier-General E. M. Weaver, in his annual report for the year 1914 makes the

following statement as to the numerical strength of available and required *personnel* for the corps.

The strength of the Coast Artillery Corps was, therefore, on June 30, 1914, below the strength authorized by law, 1,420 enlisted men. The following table shows the *personnel* required to provide one complete manning body for all of the elements of all Coast Defenses now constructed and appropriated for under the adopted policy that the Coast Artillery of the Regular Army shall man fully all of the guns, mortars, mines, and accessory material in the Insular Possessions and the Canal Zone, and all of the mines and one-half of the guns, mortars, and their accessory equipment in the United States proper, and that the Militia Coast Artillery shall man one-half of the guns and mortars of the defenses of the United States proper:

DEFENSES CONSTRUCTED AND APPROPRIATED FOR

	Officers	Men
Regular Coast Artillery required for all mines, power and light plants of home defenses	309	5,544
Regular Coast Artillery required for all mines, power and light plants of insular and canal defenses	43	1,194
Regular Coast Artillery required for all gun defenses of insular and canal defenses	220	5,040
Regular Coast Artillery required for one-half of gun defenses of home defenses	740	18,531
Total Regular Coast Artillery required	1,312	30,309
Total Militia Coast Artillery required for other half of home gun defenses	740	18,531
Total force Regulars and Militia required	2,052	48,840

From the foregoing it will be seen that the present strength of the Regular Coast Artillery Corps is short 612 officers and 10,988 enlisted men of the strength required to man our defenses under the adopted policy outlined.

(Note the Regular Coast Artillery troops are to man one-half the home gun defenses and the Militia Coast Artillery the remaining half.)

The defenses outside of the Continental United States are practically ready for their garrisons, and when these are prepared there will remain for home gun defenses 176 officers and 7,543 enlisted men, which is about one-third of one relief (or one complete manning body).

In order to provide for our primary home defenses—to wit, Coast Defenses of Portland, Boston, Narragansett Bay, Long Island Sound, eastern New York, southern New York, Chesapeake Bay, Pensacola, San Francisco, and Puget Sound, there are required 662 officers and 16,251 enlisted men.

It will thus be seen that there are now provided about one-fourth of the officers and one-half of the enlisted men necessary for this purpose. Unless provision be made in the near future for additional Coast Artillery *personnel*, it will be necessary to reduce the garrisons to mere caretaker[1] detachments at some of the defenses of lesser importance, including Portsmouth, Delaware, Charleston, Savannah, Key West, New Bedford, Potomac, Tampa, Columbia, Baltimore, Cape Fear, and Mobile.

THE MILITIA COAST ARTILLERY ORGANIZED AND AVAILABLE FOR SERVICE AS REPORTED AT LAST ANNUAL INSPECTION

State	No. of Companies	Officers	Enlisted Men
Maine	11	42	652
New Hampshire	4	16	214
Massachusetts	12	47	718
Rhode Island	17	65	988
Connecticut	13	44	697
New York	32	104	1,839
North Carolina	6	20	354
Georgia	4	14	143
California	12	41	713
Oregon	8	33	521
Washington	4	15	283
New Jersey	...	...	...
Pennsylvania	...	...	...
Delaware	...	...	...
Maryland	...	...	...
Virginia	...	...	...
South Carolina	...	...	...
Louisiana	...	...	...
Texas	...	...	...
Present strength of Militia	123	441	7,122
(*Note.*—Shortage in Militia for manning one-half home gun defenses in accordance with adopted policy	...	299	11,409)

It is therefore recommended that the seacoast States be urged anew to provide their due proportion of Militia Coast Artillery troops, special efforts being made with respect to those at present providing none. All of these contain cities and possess interests to which existing Coast Defenses are of importance. In this connection it should be noted that Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Florida,

[1] The use of caretakers is not really an economic measure, since guns, like houses, deteriorate from lack of use. The loss entailed would be great.—AUTHOR.

Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas have heretofore had Coast Artillery companies, but for some reason or other have disbanded them.

The installation of dummy (practice) armament in Coast Artillery Militia armories is proceeding satisfactorily, and a higher state of efficiency generally is hoped for. Considering the time available, some of the Militia do very creditable work.

After several years of strenuous effort on the part of all concerned, and every encouragement possible, the Militia quota furnished during 1914 was below that of 1913. As can be seen from the above tables, the conservative plan adopted in 1907 was to provide one manning body for all of the Coast Artillery defenses constructed and appropriated for, under the adopted policy that Coast Artillery of the regular army shall man fully all the guns, mortars, mines, and accessory material in the Insular Possessions and Canal Zone and all of the mines and one-half of the guns, mortars, and their accessory equipment in the United States proper, and that the Militia Coast Artillery shall man one-half of the guns and mortars of the defenses of the United States proper.

In addition, attention is called to the fact that this plan calls for *one* complete manning body. In time of war the guns could not be manned by less than *two* complete manning bodies, or two times the force estimated above, making the wartime shortage of troops twice as great as indicated. As Coast Artillery troops, under war conditions, are necessary at all times at all batteries, with two manning bodies, these troops would have twelve-hour shifts. Three bodies of eight hours' duty each would prove more efficient, but it is doubted if such numbers could ever be secured or properly trained to be of value, unless action was taken to that end long before the declaration of any war.

As to the Coast Artillery Supports, it is presumed in time of war that they would be drawn from the local Mobile Army Militia, but here the question arises as to what part such action would play with the mobilization of the Third Line of Defense —the "Mobile Army"? The Third Line is sadly deficient also in available numbers. It may be mentioned, however, that the Land Defense Board has made all arrangements, and plans are now completed at all Coast Defenses to be able on short notice to prepare the necessary land physical defenses for protection of the fortifications themselves against small raiding parties. Machine-guns, ammunition, and plans of defense, etc., are on hand, needing only short notice to com-

plete certain work, which it is not necessary to do in times of peace. Troops of this character do not need highly specialized training and could probably be developed speedily, particularly as only small numbers of these troops are required for such purposes at any one place.

We come now to the question of *matériel*. The Artillery *matériel* required for modern Coast Defenses is based upon tactical considerations, and one of the leading authorities of modern times on the subject of Coast Artillery Tactics, Brigadier-General John P. Wisser, divides the work of the *matériel* in any one Coast Defense into two classes as follows: (*a*) To keep the attacking fleet so far from the forts as to prevent them, while attacking the forts, from bombarding the inner harbor at the same time. (*b*) To prevent the attacking fleet from coming up close to the true harbor entrance, and from running past or forcing an entrance. If we comply with these two requisites, we have accomplished all that can be expected of the *matériel* in the defenses of any particular harbor. The first of these duties relates to the major-caliber guns only, and the second concerns mostly minor-caliber guns and the mines.

The question then arises: Are our major-caliber coast guns powerful enough to withstand an attack on the forts and protect the inner harbor from being bombarded. The answer to this question is mainly dependent upon the range of our high-powered guns, which are the ones relied upon to fight off the enemy in such a case. Let us take the statistics now available showing the ranges of the modern guns mounted on the latest ships of war. Such data are necessarily not absolute, and it must be borne in mind that they are only roughly approximate. The largest-calibered gun used in modern navies is the 15-inch. Such vessels as the British *Queen Elizabeth*, completed in 1914, and the German *Ersatzworth*, the latter still building, carry guns of 15-inch caliber. In all the navies of the world there are at present very few ships built or building that carry guns of over 12-inch caliber, but all battle-ships designed in the future will probably carry guns of greater caliber. The 15-inch guns are the very latest development. Fourteen-inch guns and 13.5-inch guns are not numerous in any navy. As one Power advances in caliber of guns on shipboard, other Powers match these in their own navies, either in part or wholly.

The 14 and 13.5-inch pieces are used in the Japanese, Russian, and our own latest dreadnoughts. The older ships carry the

12-inch guns which our coast defenses in the United States were built to compete with.

TABLE SHOWING APPROXIMATE DATA OF MODERN HIGH-POWER GUNS

Type and Caliber	Weight of Projectile. Lbs.	Muzzle Velocity. Ft. Sec.	Max. Range. Yards	Striking Velocity. Ft. Sec.	Striking Energy. Ft. Tons
Foreign naval, 15-in.	1,950	2,500	21,200	1,436	27,903
U. S. Army, 14-in.	1,660	2,400	19,000	....	.....
Foreign naval, 13.5-in.	1,250	2,700	22,000	13,50	15,500
U. S. Army, 12-in	1,100	2,250	12,000	1,500	.....
Proposed U. S. A., 16-in.	2,400	2,400	20,000	....	.....
U. S. 12-in. mortars	1,800	....	20,000	....	.....

From the above tabulation it will be seen that our highest calibered, most powerful guns in the United States—*i. e.*, the 12-inch guns—are outranged. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that the majority of our Coast Defenses are situated so far from the inner harbor and the base they protect that the difference in ranges between our guns and those of the strongest enemy would not permit accomplishment of the first requirement named by General Wisser—*i. e.*, the bombardment of the inner harbor. Furthermore, this country has built 14-inch guns for Coast Artillery to be placed at strategic and important points in the Insular and Canal ports. Sixteen-inch guns are now being tested, but no provision has been made for their adoption in the future.

Moreover, it can be appreciated that no naval policy would be sound that contemplated bombardment only, for any length of time, at extreme range of over 20,000 yards. The cost of such a continued bombardment would be out of proportion to the possibility of damage to be wrought. At such an extreme range modern coast forts would present a very small target and be barely visible under the most perfect conditions. Taking into consideration the curvature of the earth, some fortifications would not be visible at all. An expensive piece of machinery, such as a modern dreadnought, could hardly expose itself to the extreme danger of closer range without a very urgent necessity. Our own latest mortars are now capable of very accurate fire at 20,000 yards and are designed to hit a vessel on its weakest part—*i. e.*, the decks—and are greatly to be feared. The latest development of the war, such as the bombardment of the English coast towns, lasted only a small

fraction of an hour. Such an attack, however, is more in the nature of a small raid.

One of the principles of gun construction is that a piece of steel making up a gun can be used to a limited extent only; that is to say, if a large powder charge is used, an enormous range can be obtained, but this large powder charge diminishes the life of the gun. A gun used under such conditions cannot be fired as many times as would be possible had it not been subjected to overcharges. The Ordnance Department designed the 12-inch guns during the past, planning on securing the maximum life of the steel consistent with an effective range, and they were designed to carry to a range corresponding to ranges expected in modern ships built and being built by the principal maritime powers. At the time they embodied, all things considered, every possible valuable asset known to gun construction.

It is only reasonable and proper to suppose that in furnishing the great amount of armament necessary to protect the United States and the Insular Possessions, the only wise course to be pursued is along conservative lines.

Many of our coast forts are very inaccessible, and our 12-inch guns if made to shoot to long ranges would have had to be replaced by new ones so soon as to make conservative gun design imperative. Relining guns worn out by firing necessitates an enormous expense on account of the transportation cost involved, as well as exposing the vacant gun positions for long periods of time. The life of our guns is very prolonged in comparison with many foreign types. The case is similar to an automobile tire: By running at the rate of sixty miles an hour the tire is used up quickly, or by going slower it will last much longer. Our experts pursued the latter course. Many wonder why guns of the same caliber on a battle-ship can throw a projectile farther than similar guns used by our land forces, but it will be apparent that relining a gun, which involves a comparatively small proportion of the cost of a new gun, is a much simpler process in the navy than it is in the army. In the navy a ship steams into the yard and a traveling-crane lifts the ship's guns into the gun factory at small cost and little loss of time. The navy, therefore, can well afford to increase their powder charges, reduce the weight of the projectiles, and, consequently, get a longer range. Should those in charge of gun construction determine to make the army 12-inch guns longer in range, with consequential loss of life to the gun and the great

expense involved, it is doubtful whether our present carriages could withstand the strain caused by the additional powder charge and the higher angle of elevation required to make them compare in range with the latest 13, 14, and 15 inch guns of the maritime Powers. But that is one of the great questions that confront those who control the policy of army gun construction.

It would appear that the time approaches for the advent of larger-caliber guns in order to secure the necessary longer ranges to compete with the modern naval armament, without a disproportionate amount of loss in the life of the gun, and it would seem that it would be, pursuant to the recommendation of the Chief of the Coast Artillery, the best policy not to rush too quickly into a complete rearmament of all our defenses. In the light of the advancement in modern gun construction during the past ten years, it is not without the range of possibility that such an armament constructed now would in an equal time prove to be inadequate to meet the defense required of it. Would it not be better to provide each modern fort with one battery of modern high-power guns (the present period points to 16-inch guns) and pursue this policy during the periods of advancement, discarding the old and making way for the new and modern equipment as time proves necessary?

If this condition of affairs should obtain, there would be at all times an adequate defense against all comers at a minimum of cost and danger. It is very probable, in the opinion of the best authority, that one two-gun battery of 16-inch guns on land, assisted by the smaller guns emplaced, could at any range hold its own against a very strong attack by the latest modern dreadnoughts. This is due to the fact that the range-finding system on land allows of great accuracy and the level gun-platforms on land allow of much better marksmanship than on shipboard. It would be hard to estimate the relative value of land guns in terms of naval guns of the same caliber, but a land gun should be more effective than numbers of its sister guns of the sea under ordinary conditions.

The question, therefore, is not how much money is needed at the present time to reconstruct our fortifications and replace our armament completely. The problem should not be reduced to "There you are. Don't mention guns in the future," but rather how much is needed, in each period in which an advancement is shown, to keep a portion of the armament on an up-to-date conservative basis. In the past, when defenses or troops were

needed, there was nothing to do but await patiently an occasion or an excuse to foist upon Congress like an avalanche the military needs of the country and rest content with the result. An up-to-date policy would prove superior to the present method dependent upon so many conflicting considerations.

As to the second duty named by General Wisser—to wit, to prevent run-bys and entrance to the inner harbor—this department of our defenses can be eliminated from the discussion. In most cases such defense is dependent upon mines and medium-calibered guns.

As to our mines, there is no finer or more efficient system of mine defense in the world, and our secondary armament required to protect the mine-field is both adequate and efficient.

The subject of ammunition undoubtedly needs attention, but will not be discussed here.

Doubtless there should be submarines for each harbor, more coast-defense vessels of the monitor type, hydroplanes for scouting purposes, aerial guns for defense against aerial attacks; but the construction of high-power batteries for all of our important harbors would appear to be of more importance at the present moment. There are, however, not enough mine-planters. There should be more of these important vessels provided at once.

From the above data conclusion can be drawn as to the necessity for the enlargement of the *personnel* and *matériel* of the Second Line. But there is no cause for undue fear on the part of our citizens. Congress has been fair and just in making appropriations consistent with the convictions of the public, and an enormous amount of honest and efficient work has been directed toward the construction of adequate defenses that would not fail to give a good account of themselves in case of necessity.

Outside of New York, in ten principal harbors of our country, it has been estimated, vessels of the enemy would have before them, if such points were left unfortified, over four and one half billion dollars' worth of destructible property. In 1900 it was estimated that in New York alone two and one half billions of dollars' worth of such property would be exposed.

The expenditures for insurance by Coast Defense are enormous. Up to the year 1912 approximately 125 millions of dollars has been provided for modern defenses. The problems involved are not always of a nature that can be rigidly determined for all time. If such were the case, it is a fair assumption that the people of these United States would demand an

immediate solution of the problem of Coast Defense. Although this is impossible, there can be adopted a continued military policy, periodically comprehending each era of advancement in modern armament and paraphernalia, which would in the end amount to a moderate premium upon the insurance involved.

To summarize: (*a*) The Regular Coast Artillery Corps is now short 612 officers and 10,988 enlisted men necessary to furnish one relief for one-half the home gun defenses. These officers and men should be authorized by Congress at once. (*b*) The coast States should take immediate steps to furnish enough Coast Artillery Militia to man the other half of the home gun defenses. (*c*) One high-power 16-inch-gun battery should be constructed for every important harbor as soon as possible, and a policy should be adopted for the future which would involve for each era or period of marked advancement in gun defense at least one battery of the latest developed type for each harbor, eliminating from time to time such portion of the old armament as is entirely obsolete.

M. H. THOMPSON.

Note.—Contents of *Coast Artillery Drill Regulations*, *Tactics of Coast Defense* (Wisser), *Fighting Ships* (Jane), and Report of Chief of Artillery, 1914, have been freely used in this article.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

M. Brieux and "Maternity." — "The Silent Voice" and Mr. Otis Skinner. Miss Alice Brown's Prize Play.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It would not be easy at the moment to point to a contemporary dramatist who is estimated with a more diverting lack of unanimity than is M. Eugène Brieux. You may choose between the view of Mr. Bernard Shaw, that Brieux, after the death of Ibsen, confronted Europe as "the most important dramatist west of Russia," and the view of the majority of our exquisitely responsive theatrical observers, that he is not a dramatist at all, but a lay preacher—and a dull one at that—who tells stories that are "not nice." But, after all, this violent critical diversity is really a very handsome tribute to M. Brieux. If all our critics should find themselves in agreement with Mr. Shaw, and should unite with him in a joyous echo of Schumann's famous exhortation: "Hats off, gentlemen! A genius!" things would indeed look black for the author of *Les Avariés*. For there is nothing more ominous for the future of a creative artist than unanimous contemporary admiration. While it is possible to hear Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy dismissed as "mediocrities," while Maurice Maeterlinck is held to be "without originality" (as a prominent English review said of him the other day), one is encouraged to hope that future historians will not say of them what Mark Twain said regarding singers who have lost their voices and tumblers who have lost their legs: that "these parties cease to draw."

So we may all rejoice that M. Brieux is to-day regarded by many among the clairvoyant and enlightened public of the American theater as Mr. Shaw reminds us that he used to be

regarded in Paris: as "a mere pamphleteer without literary style"; as one "who was not a playwright at all," who wrote plays that are not plays; as one who was "not [in Sarcey's sense of the phrase] '*du théâtre.*'"

The occasion of these observations is the recent exhibition at the Princess Theater of Brieux's "Maternity." Mr. Richard Bennett, who achieved the miracle of turning "Damaged Goods" into a popular success, was the producer. It is no part of the present observer's function to guess why he was not able to perform the same feat with "Maternity." The taste of our theatrical public is hopelessly unpredictable. Concerning the play itself, it would be gratuitous to write at length, for it has been available in print for some years. It is probably the most valorous and the most effective cry of protest that has ever been raised in defense of the woman against society. Who that heard Miss Adrienne Morrison's thrilling delivery of her concluding speeches in the court-room scene will soon forget the terrific force of their naked Scriptural directness, their blunt and terrible veracity that was like a blow in the face?

You may call "Maternity" a "thesis play," if you like, or a "pamphlet," if you like. You may even call it "dull" and "undramatic." Each to his taste. There are some who find "The Master Builder" a weariness of the flesh; there are many for whom the last act of "Tristan und Isolde" is the abomination of desolation. It is futile to quarrel with esthetic inhibitions. It is only needful to say that for some of us this is an absorbing play, a passionate and bitter play, a tremendous play. It is filled from beginning to end with lines that sting and cut and burn, that sear the spirit and leave scars upon the soul. It flays by its wit, its irony, its incorrigible honesty. It is saturated with the pathos of life, with the *lacrymæ rerum.* In no other of his plays is Brieux so gripping, and nowhere is he so unanswerable. There is no more puissant fighter in the theater of our time, and here he fights magnificently.

His antagonists in "Maternity" are, as always with him, social hypocrisy and social injustice—chiefly the hypocrisy and the injustice which result from the attitude of society toward matters of sexual conduct. He is at war upon the pharisaism and the dishonesty of a society whose concept of morality is based upon what Mr. John Helston has pungently called "a curious conglomerate of Genesiac superstition and grocer-worship." He abhors the meanness, the callousness, the ignoble "niceness," the offensive prudery, of an age for which the su-

preme principle of existence is "a thing to be deplored and even hushed up in 'decent society.'"

"Maternity" is a "thesis play," if you will. It is also a haunting, an engrossing, an unforgetable drama. But it is not, in Mr. Meredith's words, "meat for little people or for fools."

Once in a blue moon one encounters a play built upon a noble idea—a play the emotional conflict of which is centered in the inner life of the spirit. When such a play emerges from the current theatrical welter, one is apt to remember that passage from the most winsome of living philosophers about "real life." Life, he there reminds us—the famous "real life": the outward life, the life we see and hear—expresses generally but very poor things. . . . "That other life which lies at the bottom of men's hearts and in the privacy of their conscience and in the unknown mysteries of this world, . . . that life is silent to our ears, but not to our sympathies." To what extent Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, who has provided Mr. Otis Skinner with his present vehicle, "The Silent Voice," is responsible for its spiritual and imaginative texture, we cannot say: for the play is avowedly "founded on a story by Gouverneur Morris"; and concerning the nature and quality of Mr. Morris's story we are in regrettable but entire ignorance. At all events, the play, as it is disclosed at the Liberty Theater, has genuine spiritual force. In a careless and irrisory generation it dares to be idealistic; and if it had no other virtue than this, it would deserve to be extolled. Certainly it is an odd sight to come upon a play, visible (as we write) not a block from Broadway, which might, without presumption, point for its motto to that memorable saying of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "Who, through loving all as himself beholds Oneness everywhere, whether it be in joy or sorrow, that follower of union is deemed supreme." Yet no less than this luminous and profound aphorism of the Prince of Dvaraka became the guiding principle of Montgomery Starr's life, when, in his middle years, he, a musician who loved music (mark the qualification!), found himself not only bereft of his hearing, but shut away from his dearly loved young wife because she would not, in the phrase of the Parson in the *Canterbury Tales* "fleshly assemble" with him, lest their children be deaf. From this most heart-shaking of double afflictions, Montgomery Starr escapes by what the seers of the East called the Path of Liberation—that is to say, in a life of service and brotherhood, with his fabulously tactful and efficient

valet, Spring, as the instrument of his eleemosynary purposes. With the aid of a pair of opera-glasses and a gift of lip-reading, Starr observes the human comedy from the roof of his house, perceives its perplexities and its threatening disasters, and "plays God," as he says, to the suffering and the dismayed—answers the prayer of a girl whose needy and tuberculous lover must be sent away, procures a pardon for still another lover whose poverty has made him a thief. It is not until he becomes an unintending observer of a love affair between his wife and her young cousin that this amusing game threatens to have a less fortunate event. But, as it happens, this is just where Providence turns about and rewards *him;* for Marjorie suddenly discovers that she prefers her elderly husband to her youthful lover, and in the end Montgomery Starr has his reward—even to the full extent of his heart's desire, for Marjorie will not only give him love: she will give him children, even if they do prove to be deaf—thus indicating to us that not every woman takes the problems of maternity as seriously as does M. Brieux.

Clearly, there are the makings of a fine play here. It is a pity that Mr. Goodman has not been able to exert upon his material a more expert skill, a more heedful and competent art. The play as he gives it to us is fragmentary, choppy, episodic; and its solution, obedient to the tyrannical need of a "happy ending," is unpersuasive and incredible. The play is artificial and sentimental, rather than inevitable and quietly veracious. But it is very handsomely redeemed by the delightful acting of Mr. Skinner as the audacious rival of Providence. The part is not of the kind to which the histrionic prepossessions of this admirable player are most perfectly suited. It confines him too closely; its cut is too tight and formal for his picturesque and romantic style, and he seems at times a little ill at ease in it. Yet how beautifully, nevertheless, he denotes the spiritual progress of the man! How precisely and how vividly he can register an emotion or illuminate a trait of soul by means that are deceptive in their apparent simplicity and ease. Mr. Skinner has shown us more brilliant impersonations, but none more charming and adroit. The play is not otherwise conspicuously well acted, save for the sympathetic and delicate performance of Mrs. Skinner as Montgomery's devoted and tactful confidante.

Pity the jury in prize competitions for plays, operas, symphonies! If there is any unhappier situation than that occu-

pied by the jury in such cases, it is that occupied by the unfortunate prize-winner. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Winthrop Ames and the other experts who helped him to choose the worthiest of the 1,647 plays submitted in the contest for the $10,000 prize which Mr. Ames—ever hopeful, generous, undaunted—offered for the best American play by a native playwright. Acting according to their lights, Mr. Ames and his associate judges selected as the most excellent of the 1,647 Miss Alice Brown's "Children of Earth," which Mr. Ames duly produced at the Booth Theater last month. The play, to the delight of certain benighted observers, proved to be one of the best American plays since Mr. Herne's "Shore Acres." Yet what was Mr. Ames's reward for his enterprise, for his hopefulness, for his fabulous patience in confronting those staggering 1,647 manuscripts? Upon the devoted heads of himself, Mr. Augustus Thomas, and Mr. Adolph Klauber (his fellow-jurors) descended a chilling drizzle of critical displeasure, suggesting inevitably the disheartening conclusion that those who were discerning enough to perceive the badness of Miss Brown's play had not, unfortunately, been asked to serve on the jury. As for Miss Brown, she too knows (for has she not been conspicuously told?) that her play is of small account and unworthy of its reward. Yet there are some — perhaps a not wholly dishonorable minority—by whom her play will be, in Swinburne's noble phrase, "remembered with distinction and mentioned with honor."

We have spoken of Mr. Herne's "Shore Acres." Not since the regretted passing from our stage of that remarkable work have we witnessed a rural play that is so wholly free from the note of travesty, of caricature, of sentimentalism, as is this play of Miss Brown's. Here is drama that deals honestly, simply, truthfully—and vividly as well as truthfully—with an order of life and of character perilously rich in temptations to the sentimentalist and the parodist. They are utterly of New England; and that, to a less sensitive and scrupulous artist, would have meant an irresistible temptation toward inexpensive and obvious humor, and equally inexpensive and obvious pathos. But Miss Brown, being the fine and delicate humanist that she is, knows that to deal profoundly with New England character is almost inevitably to deal with tragedy—the tragedy of that interior life of which we have spoken elsewhere in these notes. She might well echo the proud and bitter words of Browning, and say to her detractors that she

did not pretend to offer "such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." She deals, in "Children of Earth," less with action than with the springs of action. Yet, though no one is seduced or is killed or dies in her play—as our limited conceptions of tragedy seem to require — none the less this history of the souls of Mary Ellen Barstow, of her married lover Peter and his wife Jane, is of the stuff of tragedy. Chiefly, it is Mary Ellen's tragedy, as it is the tragedy of all those pitiful women who are the products of the New England tradition and the New England environment: who, through years of repression and self-effacement, have seen life and love and happiness pass them by; who have strangled their hearts and betrayed their bodies through timid surrender to a mistaken ideal of servitude and immolation, and who have gained thereby not spiritual control and valor, but merely spiritual dullness and inertia. For them there is no Land of Promise — or only one whose boundaries are lit with the dying radiance of lovely abandoned dreams, of foregone illusions, of exquisite regrets.

It is this that is the tragedy of Mary Ellen in "Children of Earth." She renounces life and love, only to find them again when it is too late—too late, not only because she must again renounce them, but because they come to her when her beauty is withering and when ecstasy can speak to her only in tones that falter and grow faint. In the spring-haunted woods where, at dawn, she keeps a tryst with her lover (how perfect was the setting of this scene, with its misty silver lights and its glamourous poetry of mood!), she keeps also a tryst with destiny. She foregoes her dream and her delight; but does the renunciation bring serenity, content? We are not told—the play ends upon a suspended cadence. At least, says Mary Ellen to her beloved, they are "going with the sun."

Here is a noble play, a play rich in observation, emotion, truth; rich, too, in vision. We are not likely to see upon our stage a finer, a more sincere transcript of American life—until Miss Brown gives us her next one.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

In France, says Mr. W. C. Brownell, current criticism tends to become a province of literature instead of remaining, as with us, a "department of routine." The qualities of M. Faguet's essay on Flaubert are probably not very common in France, but there is certainly a better chance of finding them, even among the anonymous or the undistinguished, than in the corresponding quarters here. Mr. Brownell's characterization of our criticism seems accurate and just. It is, as he says, an affair of routine "varied by the specific expert decision." There is no use in worrying over the matter, but I have often wondered if the greater literary vigor of French critics was not in part derived from a stronger sense of personal independence in matters of taste. In spite of academies and tradition the Frenchman asserts his personal preferences and defends them. In our current criticism a well-defended personal preference is very hard to find. Impersonality is so much the rule that individual reviewers are not distinguishable. If an American reviewer died unknown, his nearest relatives could not identify him by his articles. Whether our current criticism would greatly improve if critics did not set themselves this standard has been doubted, for it is said, if a man has anything in him he will usually find a way of letting it be seen. Nevertheless, it does seem to restrict too far the limits of a legitimate personal boldness.

It is only one side of the question, I admit, but how can any one be impersonal in his literary taste? He cannot love by proxy or experience a vicarious repulsion. No more can he enjoy a book on the authority of another person. Out of regard for the authority of other people he may become more civilized, and civilized tastes may then emerge, but at no stage of this

[1] *Flaubert.* By Emile Faguet. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston and New York, 1914.

upward journey is there the slightest moral justification of declaring himself more civilized than he has yet become. We recall to this day the manly observation of Lord Foppington, that the products of his own brain were so pleasing to him that he had no need to read what others had written. We quote to this day the remarks of George I. about "bainting" and "boetry," while the correct and impersonal writers on those subjects in his time have not left a single word behind them.

The effort to be impersonal is in reality an effort to be multi-personal—to think in droves, to substitute for oneself a composite, universally acceptable, book-made, numerical conception. Nature is not so niggardly as book-reviewing implies. Nature is not to blame for that sense of fruitless repetition felt by mortals on beholding forty reviewers in a row. As men they will often reveal quite striking differences. Draw them out on religion, or plumbing, or furnaces, or Theodore Roosevelt, and lines of personal demarcation may be instantly observed. Of course your bumptious, self-raised man with an *egomet* in every sentence is not alluring, but there would not be much left of Sainte-Beuve, or of Carlyle, or even of Matthew Arnold, after the individual was eradicated. Surely there is a decent mean.

Mr. Brownell, in the excellent little volume on *Criticism* from which I have quoted, argues that the French do better because they work under better conditions. With us and in England the business of reviewing attempts to include the art of criticism, whereas in France current books receive at first a mere notice, or *compte rendu*, to inform the reader as to their contents, and are often disposed of once for all in a few back pages of running comment.

> The practice of reviewing scrupulously all the output of the novel-factories, exemplified by such periodicals as even the admirable *Athenæum*, would seem singular (to the French public). But with us—even when the literature reviewed is eminent and serious—it is estimated, when it is reviewed with competence, by the anonymous expert, who confines himself to the matter in hand and delivers a kind of bench decision in a circumscribed case. And in France this is left to subsequent books or more general articles, with the result of releasing the critic for more personal work of larger scope. Hence, there are a score of French critics of personal quality for one English or American.

So M. Faguet's work probably seems more remarkable to us than it does to his fellow-countrymen. Flaubert to him exemplifies the only "Law" that he recognizes in the history

of French literature. "I put no faith," he says, "in any of the 'Laws' of literary history except in that which consists in saying that a fashion, succeeding another, fails if it is not the absolute converse of that which preceded it." The French being both imaginative and practical, swing in their literature from one side to the other. The demand for a vivid picture of the truth always follows a riot of the imagination; realism follows romanticism. They weary of their imaginative writers and ask to be "landed in realities," weary of them in turn, and turn again to the works of fancy. Flaubert in the same manner was divided against himself. One side of him loved the mysterious, the gruesome, the dazzling, and the other loved the little concrete facts. When he was young he was alternately imitating Châteaubriand and filling books with notes on his teachers, schoolmates, and the passers-by. A romantic divagation was followed by a bout of realism. After *Madame Bovary* came *Salammbô*, which was followed in turn by *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, and so on in alternate succession, and when he was writing one novel he was always talking about the next one, which was to be its opposite. In his writings he seemed possessed by "two inward tyrants pulling in opposite directions."

In summing up his unhappy self-centered life, M. Faguet steadily avoids any pathological hypothesis and contents himself with old-fashioned moral terms. He was "a shy, lonely, grumpy misanthrope," a compound of timidity and conceit, "one of those men who are always anxious to talk about themselves, though feeling uncomfortable whilst doing it." He despised everything that he did not understand or like, despised the whole literature of the nineteenth century, and was incapable of distinguishing between a mere whim and his reasoned conviction. According to M. Faguet, there probably never was a "more exclusive or uncompromising *ego*." A friend one time ventured a few words of kindly counsel, urging him to publish his first book and take the high place that awaited him in the world of letters. Flaubert wrote back, "You seem to have a mania concerning me, a redhibitory vice," and when the friend complained of this surly reply, Flaubert rejoined:

> But then why do you go on with your sing-song? I look upon your mania concerning me as a comical one, that is all. Do I blame you for living in Paris and for publishing your stuff? . . . We are no longer on the same road, we do not sail in the same boat. May God lead each of us where he wants to go. I do not seek a harbor,

but the high seas. If I am shipwrecked you need not trouble to go into mourning.

And he never forgave that well-meaning person whose offense had consisted merely in treating Flaubert like an ordinary man of letters. "What a display of temper!" says M. Faguet; but, after all, he was not an ordinary man of letters, and felt this in his very bones, and, moreover, by M. Faguet's own showing he loathed the ordinary man of letters excessively. Hence it might well be rather irritating to be taken for one; and time, be it noted, has shown that the difference between himself and others which Flaubert had so passionately in mind was not, as a matter of fact, the least bit exaggerated. One might almost say that the "exclusive and uncompromising ego" which M. Faguet condemns was justified by its accomplishments.

In this estimate of Flaubert's personal happiness and social merits, M. Faguet's point of view seems to me a little too contemporaneous and smug. Flaubert's pleasure in writing certain pages might easily have exceeded the joy attained by the most successful persons in all their comfortable lives. Nor ought a man's social value to be reckoned in terms of immediate amiability. For let us suppose that the author of *Madame Bovary* had lived in a hut all his days on turnips, and instead of seeming a curmudgeon to his commonplace contemporaries had gone so far as to cut the throats of half a dozen of them, would we as fellow-men and critics value his services less, for example, than the usual clergyman whom we know, or rate his happiness lower than that of the usual leading citizen? By this I would not imply that murder and a turnip diet do not matter, but merely that in estimating the good and evil in the lives of the men who delight succeeding generations one should not take too immediately practical a view. One must measure the good they do by its duration and quality and the happiness they feel by its occasional intensity. Otherwise we shall be pushed logically into quite unnecessary compassions, lamenting, for example, that Shakespeare was not so happy as a sheep, or Swift so good a fellow as a stock-broker.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECHES. Edited by CHARLES W. BOYD. With an introduction by the Right Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M. P. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Political history plus personal interest—this is what we hope to find in the collected speeches of a statesman; and the two volumes of *Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches* reasonably satisfy us in both particulars. Mr. Boyd appears to have made a just and representative selection from the materials at his disposal, with the result that the series of speeches he presents traces out in an interesting manner the career of a public man of power. The editor's supplementary narrative, and his comments, are sparing, but adequate. Mr. Boyd has neither spoiled historic continuity by arbitrary omissions, nor dulled interest by too great length or by monotony in the individual excerpts. As for the speeches themselves, not only are they singularly lucid and self-explanatory, but they convey, without much help from the editor, an impression of sincerity and ultimate consistency.

Joseph Chamberlain began his political career in 1869 as a member of the Birmingham Town Council. In 1873 he became Mayor of Birmingham, being re-elected in 1874 and in 1875. The speeches delivered during this part of his career are of two kinds—those which show him zealous for municipal reform and those which voice his then extreme hostility to the Church of England as a political power. As an advocate of municipal reforms, as a stirrer-up of sluggish imaginations and of proverbially languid public consciences, we find him sane and persuasive. It was, however, as a leader of Non-Conformists that he first made himself felt in national politics, being in 1870 one of the most resolute crusaders against Mr. Forster's Education Act. On this subject—a subject about which he subsequently modified his views—he is a sufficiently whole-hearted partisan. Nevertheless, two qualities stand out rather plainly even in his most denunciatory utterances—a genuine enthusiasm for human betterment, which is quite distinguishable from demagogy, and, in the midst of much heat, a certain reasonableness and moderation. There are phrases, to be sure, in which the speaker refers to "the cause of the people against the priests," or rings "the knell of priestly domination and sectarian rule"—phrases that strike one as pretty rabid. But

the tone of the speeches as a whole is more consistent with the character of a man capable of an honest change of opinion than would be a more rash and splenetive handling of the matter or even greater timidity or caution. In one of his few apologies the editor thus defends Mr. Chamberlain's behavior toward the Church: "Given to-day the Church of his youth (so far as he was informed about her), Mr. Chamberlain would probably say that his attitude would still be equally hostile. Churchmen for their part might admit, in some respects at least, its relevancy and justice in 1870."

In 1876 Mr. Chamberlain was elected to Parliament as member for Birmingham, and from that time until 1885 and after, we see him chiefly as zealous radical and practical reformer. In 1880 he became President of the Board of Trade—the very post, remarks the editor, for a man of his temper and talents. During this part of his career, much was immediately accomplished through his efforts; and much more that he originated or urged became law at a later time. To this period belong speeches such as that in support of the Merchant Shipping Bill, directed against criminal ship-owners who sent to sea the so-called "coffin-ships"—unseaworthy vessels insured far beyond their value; and also those speeches in which is set forth the "unauthorized programme," comprising, among other things, proposals for free education, the readjustment of taxation, and allotments of land to be created by compulsory purchase. All these measures are urged with vehemence and yet with that firm restraint of reason which enhances the force of utterance and insures ultimate effect. The speaker's genius for "getting things done" becomes apparent even to one who merely reads. Notable among the speeches contained in the group under consideration is one upon "The French Treaty and Reciprocity," delivered in 1881, which shows Mr. Chamberlain to have been, according to the strictest sect of political economy, a Free-Trader.

When in 1885 Lord Salisbury resigned and Gladstone formed his new government, Mr. Chamberlain was appointed to the Local Government Board. His acceptance was provisional, and turned upon the extent to which Gladstone would go in the direction of Home Rule. He himself, as his speeches make plain, was not unfavorable to the "principle of Home Rule"; but by that phrase he meant nothing more than local self-government. In less than three months, finding that Mr. Gladstone's views were quite incompatible with his own, he wrote to the Premier announcing his resignation. It is here, perhaps, that we may first see his "sense of imperial duty" taking the lead over his zeal for reform. Incidentally, one of the arguments which he used against absolute Home Rule is of particular interest just now. "Suppose," he said (July 8, 1886), "we got into a great war—I am afraid it is not altogether an impossible supposition—what would be the position of Canada and Australia? They would have had no part whatever in the policy which led to that war, and

they would have no part whatever in finding the cost of that war. . . . There are very many people who believe that the result would be, if we ever got into a war, that the relations between us and our colonies would be so strained that they would break adrift altogether, and I think this is not altogether impossible. My point is this, that these colonies are connected with us by ties which are really very loose, and if we got into a war or anything of that kind, practically they would break adrift and become separate countries. Is that the position that you want Ireland to occupy at the present moment?" With him, however, the practical perception of the looseness of the ties binding together the parts of the Empire was but one side of an idealistic determination to strengthen them.

Mr. Chamberlain's break with the party in which he had originally seen the only hope of progress hardly needs explanation for the attentive reader of his collected speeches. The truth seems to be well summed up in the brief saying of Mr. Boyd: "Things changed; he grew." The sense of consistency remains to one who feels the personal character in the speeches. Difficult as it may be for contemporaries to find consistency—that sometimes overprized jewel—in the career of a politician who was, being practical, a good party man, and at the same time, being a thinker, something bigger than that —one does feel that sincerity, intellectual honesty, the qualities of true consistency, are always there.

Mr. Chamberlain, who at one time had seemed "the rising hope of the starkest Radicals," went over to the Conservative party, which adopted his domestic policy and made most of it law, before the party went out in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1887, Mr. Chamberlain was chosen by Lord Salisbury as chief British plenipotentiary to negotiate with the United States a treaty regarding the Canadian and Newfoundland fisheries. Though the treaty failed of ratification in the Senate—for the reason, it is said, that the Irish-American vote had been ordered against Mr. Chamberlain because of his opposition to Home Rule—the plenipotentiary did succeed in arranging a *modus vivendi* which continued to regulate the attitude of the two countries, and he returned home with reputation considerably enhanced.

From this point on we begin to see Mr. Chamberlain more and more as "the missionary of Empire." In 1895 he became Colonial Secretary, in which position he had to deal with the difficult affairs of South Africa, from the moment of taking office to the eve of his resignation in 1903. The Jameson Raid, the consequent Parliamentary inquiry, the war itself, and the process of reconstruction after the war, are all handled in the speeches of this period. Through these, and still more through the series beginning in 1903 which deals with "Imperial Union and Tariff Reform," we gain a real insight into the policy and motives of a sincere and rational imperialist. We also gain, perhaps, something of that sympathy which lucidity of thought and fairness of spirit, on the part of one whose point of view may be

other than our own, can hardly fail to inspire; and such sympathy is of no small worth to historic insight or to political understanding.

The eloquence of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, so far as it can be appreciated through print, seems easy, unaffected, business-like. Deftness in the handling of detail is very apparent—and, with this, a certain effect of dealing with a matter *in extenso*, without undue economy or primness of speech, when in fact the treatment is very compact, colloquially drawn out though it may seem to be. By contrast the speeches of most modern American public men seem rather stiff and lumbering, though not necessarily less impressive. Instead of what is commonly called brilliance, one often finds in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches a shining common sense that is even more to be desired.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF ART. By DUNCAN PHILLIPS. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

The pleasures of the artistic life are Mr. Phillips's true theme. A certain attitude or mood corresponding to that of the so-called "intellectual life" is impressed upon us by his subtly composed and daintily worded essays. Though these are in spirit not at all didactic, they are thoroughly rational. The author makes his chief aim, indeed, the deepening through suggestion of the feeling for beauty, yet at the same time he outlines general ideas with sufficient clearness. So far as his ruling purpose is concerned—the purpose of stimulating his readers to enjoyment by sharing with them his own inward sense of beauty—Mr. Phillips is conspicuously successful, the enchantment of a highly cultivated literary art contributing no little to the total effect. His general conceptions, extracted from their interesting context, have a significance of their own, and call for separate consideration.

Beauty, Mr. Phillips is content to believe, is, in the last resort, a personal matter. "We can no more make all people appreciate the same beauty than we can make all people dream the same dream. Beauty is as vague and various and variable as human personality itself." The appreciation of beauty, then, is essentially the same thing as the appreciation of life—"not life in the abstract, but our *own* lives, our *own* experiences, our *own* moods and emotions." It cannot be, therefore, that what we really mean by beauty is identical with, for example, Greek idealism of form. It is something very much freer, more personal, more varied and variable than that. Since beauty is of this nature, it follows that impressionism is the true and universal mode of expressing it, and impressionism is really the secret of all true pictorial art. Emphatically, according to Mr. Phillips's view, the term should not be confined to the designation of a certain peculiar technique. What, then, is impressionism? "In its only logical sense," replies Mr. Phillips, "it means the concise expression,

through concrete symbols or suggestions, of single, personal impressions, both realistic and romantic."

In the light of such views it becomes comparatively easy to reconcile some apparent contradictions in art. For example, there is the quarrel between the public and the artists as to whether the subject, the meaning, of a picture is the thing of most importance, or the manner in which it is painted. To Mr. Phillips, neither the subject nor the execution is an idol, for neither is identical with beauty or with its necessary mode of expression in paint. The painter, if left to himself, goes to one extreme, the public to another; and it is the business of the critic to mediate between the two. Generally speaking the public cares relatively little for the products of the purely decorative imagination in painting; many painters seem to care for little else.

With considerable acuteness the author applies his principles to the explanation of the peculiar and subtle effects upon our minds of the works of certain artists—notably those of Giorgone and Watteau. With a rare comprehensiveness of thought he extends his doctrines of beauty and of impressionism into the field of literature. That impressionism exists in poetry he makes very plain; that the function of impressionism in literature is necessarily limited he makes equally clear. Even in "Shakespearian Beauty," however, elements of personal expression and of decorative imagination are found. "The Shakespearian world is our real world dramatized and intensified beyond mere powers of observation through a witchery of decorative imagination and through a very lyrical self-expression."

All this is rather clarifying. One cannot help feeling, however, that something more than the mere enjoyment of art is at stake. Mr. Phillips's definition of beauty is not merely tentative; it is philosophical. It denies the existence of any seizable underlying principle. We should expect, therefore, to find the author at variance with such a critic as Paul Elmer More, and such, indeed, proves to be the case, the difference turning upon the significance of the work of Walter Pater. To Mr. Phillips, Pater is merely an admirable impressionist; to Mr. More he is a false prophet. To the one it is his vision that matters most; to the other, it is his implied teaching. The difference in point of view becomes more apparent when Mr. Phillips begins to speak of the Romantic Spirit. "It is a curious truth known to all art-lovers," he writes, "that when an impressionistic style expresses a romantic spirit it is difficult to distinguish one quality from the other." Thus impressionism (that is, art) is sometimes, though not always, fused with the romantic spirit, and, in order to get the full benefit of art, one must fully accept the latter. What one feels, indeed, throughout the whole series of essays is that in order to enter fully into Mr. Phillips's artistic world one must be somewhat of a romanticist at heart.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE PROTEST TO ENGLAND

"We are fully aware," says the *Spectator*, generously, while ducking its head to dodge a Zeppelin bomb, "that it is a much easier job to be a belligerent than a neutral." Moreover, it continues, "looking ahead, it is just as well that we should take account of the possibility that in some future war England may herself be a neutral State, and as anxious to uphold the rights of neutrals as America now is."

This is quite characteristic of British prudence, and we doubt not voices the sentiment of the British nation. Nevertheless, the *Spectator* continues with friendly frankness:

> It is unfortunate that the American Government, acting admittedly under a purely commercial pressure, should have protested against the action of the British Fleet, and said not a word about the conduct of the German Army. In many important instances the German military forces have violated Conventions which were drawn up at The Hague by representatives of all the Powers of the world, including the representatives of the United States. As the greatest and most powerful of all neutral States in the present war, America was under a peculiar obligation to do all that she could to insist upon the sanctity of The Hague Conventions. We do not suggest for a moment that America should have gone to war, though even that step would have been justified according to the code of ethics which prevails among individuals in every civilized country. A bystander is, in this country, at any rate, and we fancy in most countries, under a distinct legal obligation to interfere to prevent crime. Judged by The Hague code, crimes have been committed by Germany, and the American Government have not interfered; they have not even protested. There can be little doubt that the mass of the American people, as well as people on this side of the Atlantic, would have attached even greater importance to President Wilson's present protest against British naval action if that protest had been preceded or accompanied by an equally strong protest against Germany's breaches of The Hague Convention.

This also is a wholly temperate expression of British opinion. Only those—of whom we happen to be one—who have sources of private information can realize how resentful, even bitter, the English really feel at our refusal to protest against Germany's conduct. That Mr. Roosevelt should put aside such an opportunity to attack

the Administration as "pusillanimous" was too much to expect. In the course of his latest somewhat labored defense of his own "taking" of Panama, he says:

> The United States Government has signally failed to take action on behalf of Belgium when The Hague Conventions, to which the United States was a signatory power, were violated at Belgium's expense. During the last century no civilized power guiltless of wrong has suffered such a dreadful fate as has befallen Belgium. Belgium had not the smallest responsibility for the disaster that has overwhelmed it. The United States has been derelict to its duty, has signally failed to stand for international righteousness and international peace in the course it has pursued with reference to the wrongs of Belgium.

He had said as much before far more violently, but, so far as we have observed, has failed to arouse public opinion to a degree worth noticing. Technically, as we suppose everybody knows, the President is fully justified by the proviso in The Hague Convention which distinctly relieves us of obligation to take any action whatever that might conflict with our traditional policy of non-interference. Mr. Roosevelt doubtless is well aware of this fact, although he is careful never to mention it in any of his diatribes. His ground for "butting in" is broader and what we presume he would designate as "moral."

The common sense of the situation is that if we should enter upon the realm of protest against doings on the Continent upon *ex parte* evidence, there would be no end of the business and no end of trouble all around. Interference with our own established rights as neutral shippers of products is another matter entirely. Methods of warfare between England and Germany are their affair, but disturbance of trade relations between this and other neutral nations is distinctly ours—and the circumstance that it happens to be England instead of Germany with whom we have to deal, because it is she who controls the seas, does not concern us one way or the other. The most rabid of English objectors, even Mr. Roosevelt himself, does not venture to suggest that we would treat Germany differently.

The distinction is quite clear and the President is wholly right, as the country fully realizes, while rejoicing that it is he and not another of more truculent and meddlesome spirit who is charged with the difficult task of guiding our ship of state through a seething whirlpool of contending forces.

WE DEFEND SECRETARY BRYAN

Things have come to a pretty pass when a Jacksonian Democrat cannot chase rabbits and offices without evoking a storm of criticism from a hypercritical press. And yet a wholly casual indulgence in those innocuous pursuits has produced a veritable cloudburst upon the head of that other animated conservative who holds in the hollow of

his hand the destinies of American diplomacy. Who is it that instigates these virulent attacks upon our devoted Secretary of State? The liquor interests, probably. They are said to be wholly destitute of conscience and consideration. But we—meaning, of course, the reader and ourselves—are not. We wish to be fair and just. So let us consider the facts.

Take first the futile rabbit-hunt. Mr. Bryan was tired and the various Ambassadors were tired, too; so he decided to take a day off and pay a visit to his friend Colonel Barbour down in Fairfax County, Virginia. "Clad in hunting-garb," according to the pestiferous newspapers, "the two tramped hills and dales nearly all day," only to return empty-handed. "Didn't even see a track," the Secretary remarked resentfully when the report was shown to him.

Nevertheless, the vigilant Game Warden, probably one of the few Republicans left in Virginia, rose in his wrath and announced his intention to prosecute the unlucky hunters to the full extent of the outraged statutes.

"Can we officers," he demanded, "hale into court humble woodchoppers for violations of the law, see them pay their hard-earned money into the coffers of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and then with any degree of satisfaction stand idly by and wink at violations of the same law when the violators are men occupying exalted positions in their community or in the affairs of the nation? Personally speaking, I cannot, and if witnesses can be found to testify to the fact of the reported violation of the law by Secretary Bryan and his host, I shall at once ask for a warrant for their arrest. There is entirely too much of a spirit of antagonism already among the masses in regard to privileges granted to the classes to allow this matter to go unnoticed."

"Um, um!" ejaculated Mr. Bryan.

"I have the highest personal regard for the two gentlemen," the Warden concluded, firmly, "but if they have violated the law, I shall do my duty. The people must rule."

And what happened? Nothing. The very next day it was discovered that the law was off at the time, and did not apply to non-residents, anyway.

But this scandal had hardly begun to subside when another arose.

It seems that through some inadvertence Chairman William F. McCombs actually obtained a place for one of his campaign-helpers—Mr. Walker Whiting Vick—who was designated to sit at the seat of customs in San Domingo. Simultaneously the Secretary of State obtained the appointment of Mr. James M. Sullivan, a faithful bipartisan, as Minister to the same discolored republic. It never crossed Mr. Bryan's mind that the spirits of the two distinguished officials might be torn by unbecoming antagonism. They were all Democrats together. But to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding and mayhap to forestall others, if need be, the Secretary took pen in hand and indited the following candid epistle:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
August 20, 1913.

HON. WALKER W. VICK,
Santo Domingo, D. R.

MY DEAR MR. VICK,—Now that you have arrived and are acquainting yourself with the situation, can you let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats? Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there, call on me.

You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when the campaign is on and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made.

Sullivan will be down before long and you and he together ought to be able to bring about such reforms as may be necessary there. You will find Sullivan a strong, courageous, reliable fellow. The more I have seen of him the better satisfied I am that he will fit into the place there and do what is necessary to be done.

W. J. BRYAN.

Although seemingly done under the pressure of other official duties as hurriedly, well, let us say, as the President's recent speech, the communication is admirably expressed. Its explicitness in particular is really noteworthy. Observe, for example, the fine distinction between "deserving" and undeserving Democrats. The former, in point of fact, "*all* of the deserving," are entitled to "suitable rewards," while the latter—*i. e.*, presumably the so-called Clark Democrats—need not be considered. And yet, since even among the faithful there are varying degrees of worth, it was essential to know what qualifications, if any, were desirable, what were the various salaries, and how soon the appointments could be made. It was quite natural that Mr. Bryan should make straightforward inquiries respecting these details, and he did; how else, pray, could he have obtained the requisite information?

Unhappily, the Collector and His Excellency were unable to sustain amicable relations for long, and the consequence is a painstaking investigation now proceeding under the direction of the newly elected Senator from California, Mr. Phelan, who originally was to have represented the War Department, but finally concluded, in response to a hint from Secretary Tumulty, to pose for the State Department instead. It was in the course of this inquiry that Mr. Bryan's ingenuous communication was revealed, and pandemonium immediately possessed the punctilious American press.

"Even Charles F. Murphy," shouted the *World*, "would nave hesitated to send that kind of a letter to a subordinate Tammany official. He would have regarded it as too raw." And the worst of it is that it is "not Mr. Bryan who is discredited, but the Wilson Administration." The *Times*, too, declared with quite unaccustomed heat that the letter would "take its place in the chronicles of evil politics," that it was "a humiliation for the country and for every

decent man" and additional evidence that Mr. Bryan was "holding an office he is utterly incompetent to fill." So, too, the Springfield *Republican* stood aghast at the Secretary's "pachydermous and benighted attitude," and pronounced the damage done to the Administration "irreparable." It did not quite see how the President can take his political life in his hands by asking Mr. Bryan to resign; and yet "if there is faltering and weakness the episode may be very widely regarded as a sign that the Administration, overwhelmed by its growing accumulation of troubles, finally is headed for political ruin."

All this, along with much more of the same tenor from all parts of the country, except God's part of it in the South and Middle West, sounds very ominous indeed. But "I should worry," smilingly remarks the unruffled Secretary, adding, with a hearty laugh:

I am glad to have the public know that I appreciate the services of those who work in politics and feel an interest in seeing them rewarded, and, as Mr. Vick received his appointment for political work, I thought he was a good man to address and express my opinion on the subject.

Then pinning his pachydermous hat down to his ear-tops, he saunters over to the White House to confer with the President and Mr. J. P. Morgan about rates of exchange. And there you are.

"Why retain Mr. Bryan?" demands the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Why? Read your *Commoner*, friend editor. If you do not receive it, read the following from the latest number:

THE GOSPEL OF HOPE

The President, in his great speech at Indianapolis, to be found on another page, presents the gospel of hope. While Republican reactionaries are mourning and moaning over the successful attacks on privilege and favoritism, the President orders another charge. In his own felicitous style he defends the laws already passed and announces a progressive programme for the future. Forward, march! is the command, and the party is with him.

* * * *

The President is a little hard on the stand-patters, but he does not hit them a lick amiss. They deserve it.

* * * *

Who says the President does not understand the Mexican situation? The Huertaites in the United States will not make any political capital out of watchful waiting.

* * * *

PLUTOCRACY IS BRAYING AGAIN

* * * *

OUR PRESIDENT

Patient and calm, in silent strength serene,
Amidst the storms a beacon tower—
Friend, fellow-citizen, and President,
To whom we give imperial power.—

All eyes where breakers roar to him are turned,
Unc owned world-leader of the hou .

Imbued with Washington's ennobling aims,
And J fferson's democracy—
Whi h sees God's image in the common man—
And F anklin's wise simplicity,
He acts with Jackson's firm, unbending will

True, there may be a prescient note in this:

Then let us hope on, tho' the way be long,
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on,
Where the home lights will greet us at last—

though we guess not for the present, mebbe.
But—"*Why retain Bryan*"? The sillies!

The *London Times* makes much of the following from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

The real injury to American commerce was inflicted, in the first place, by the Treasury Department when it ordered that manifests were not to be made public until thirty days after the vessel had sailed. Mr. McAdoo conceived the brilliant idea that it was unfair for British agents to discover the shipment of contraband cargoes. Unfair to whom? Such cargoes in international law are transported at owner's risk. Did the Secretary to the Treasury propose to make the Government a partner in the enterprise of selling contraband? Did he regard it as unfair to Germany if Great Britain, by her control of the sea, was able to seize them? Is this the Administration version of neutrality? Unfairness was shown to American shippers whose goods were not liable to seizure. Great Britain had made it perfectly plain that she wished to interfere with American commerce as little as possible. Mr. McAdoo made interference inevitable.

That matter came up in the Senate at the time. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Root asked, rather sharply, why the order was made. He could see no occasion for it and felt sure it would make trouble. Whereupon one of the "able" Democratic Senators, as Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis invariably calls them—we forget which—retorted that the order was issued after due lack of consideration by the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Joseph of Egypt, and consequently it was no part of the business of the Senator from New York to ask why. Overwhelmed by the completeness of the explanation, Mr. Root threw up his hands in apparent disgust and let it go at that. That is the way we recall the incident. And now the chicken has come home to roost at the very moment when Mr. McAdoo is egging his trusting father-in-law on to jam through another bill in the interest of builders of ships to be bought by the Government and sent forth in search of more trouble. Sometimes we wish Joseph would come back.

Miss or Mrs. Kate H. Rowe writes to inquire:

From the very strict orders to the Democrats, in the Indianapolis speech, what has become of "The New Freedom"? Please answer in THE REVIEW, as we are anxious to know, and feel sure you can explain

It is only two years older; that is all.

From the morning mail:

SIR,—I am a member of a committee in charge of a division of the "Emergency Campaign" of the Charity Organization Society to raise fifty thousand dollars this week, to enable it to meet the unusual demands for charitable relief in this city which are now being made upon it as a result of the hard times. We believe the emergency is a serious one and calls for liberal action by public-spirited citizens.

The committee would very much appreciate a contribution from you. Cheques should be drawn to the order of the treasurer, and sent in the inclosed envelope. If you wish, a representative of the committee will call upon you and present the situation more fully. Thanking you in advance for any share you take in helping us meet the emergency, I am, etc.

A sample of many. Respectfully referred to the Secretary of Unprecedented Commerce, Unemployed Labor, and Uncommon Prosperity.

We find in Brooklyn *Life:*

The American people will decide in 1916 whether they approve of President Wilson's administration or not, if that is what he meant; but they, or at least all who heard or have read his speech in Indianapolis, have already formed an opinion as to the merits of what he there said. The opinion of the press as a whole is not flattering, but, according to his own statement, he never takes his ideas from editorials, not even, it must be presumed, from those of the Honorable Josephus Daniels or the Honorable W. J. Bryan, much less from those of his good friend Colonel Harvey. Evidently in his opinion editors do not reflect the views of the people of whom he is so passionately fond.

And we reply that, so far as we are concerned, we do not pretend to speak anybody's opinions except our own. Brother Bryan, we confess, is a reflector, and Josephus—well, Josephus is a reflection.

That Senator Weeks is being seriously mentioned as one of the available Republicans for the Presidential nomination next year is the discovery of the Washington corresponden of the Boston *Advertiser.—Springfield Republican.*

Good news for the White House!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOOD WORDS

SIR,—I wish to congratulate you upon the Centennial Anniversary of your magazine. To my mind there is no periodical in our great country which portrays the gist of public questions, editorially, as yours.

You are also to be congratulated on your list of contributors for 1915. Truly an imposing array of great intellects, fit to contribute to an intelligent reading public. I wish your publication every success and many returns of the day. ARTHUR H. KRAMER.

HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK.

SIR,—I am addressing this remittance to you personally so as to improve the opportunity of congratulating you on the editorial acumen of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I am an ex-newspaper man and the swing of your pen and general tone of your diction is worth the subscription price in any issue of THE REVIEW. I only regret that I get to enjoy it but once a month.

JOHN H. STEVENSON,
PORTLAND, OREGON. Judge of the Municipal Court.

SIR,—I want to add a word of praise for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW —the November and December numbers, particularly. While I am not a personal subscriber, I read the library copy. Especially do I want to compliment you on your pages "Contributors to this number," and trust you will always include such short introductions of your contributors—even though they are very well known.

How much more intelligently do we read an article, knowing something of the man. For instance, I read Dr. Dernburg's article with a better understanding, knowing that he was a German journalist, than if I had not known whether he was Belgian, Swiss or Prussian until I had drawn my conclusions from reading the article. LLOYD W. JOSSELYN,

Librarian.
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

SIR,—For some time I've been promising myself I would write you a letter and tell you how much I appreciate THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Of the several publications that I am a subscriber to, and others that come my way, THE REVIEW is easily first choice with me, and, judging by the way my REVIEW is borrowed by my neighbors, there are others in this community who entertain the same opinion as myself. Now I want to say what appeals to me is the many splendid special articles and editorials, all so clear and authoritative, and it does not seek to carry its readers "up in the clouds" or down in the "slough of despair," but in the broad world of sanity, reason,

and good sense. And now, sir, at the beginning of a new year, and the centennial year for THE REVIEW, I wish for yourself and THE REVIEW a happy and prosperous new year, and many more of the same kind to follow.

JOHN B. POWERS.

EAGLE, ALASKA.

SIR,—I wish to offer a word of praise for your November issue. The war articles are excellent, and the literary essay of Florence Leftwich Ravenel is one of the most delightful I have ever read. L. A. MERRIMON.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the one-hundredth birthday of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I have taken THE REVIEW ever since you have been connected with it, and assure you I enjoy it every month most thoroughly. EDWIN HANSON.

MONTREAL.

SIR,—As a former reader of your editorials in *Harper's Weekly*, and one who is now enjoying your work in your new field, I want to congratulate you. For years I read your editorials in *Harper's Weekly* simply to be informed as to the best excuse fellows could make for a conservatism that was moribund and selfish. Like opium poisoning, the fatal potion, by reason of the great literary skill with which it was administered, was rather pleasing. Your editorial work in the latest numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN as constructive thinking outrank anything in contemporaneous literature.

We will all be glad to forget the past if we may just have the pleasure of continued editorial wisdom and inspiration. If anything will prepare the mind of the American people to appreciate the high ground upon which the present chief executive of this nation has pitched his tent, the work you are now doing will accomplish that end.

Wishing you every success, I am, H. C. DE RAN.

FREMONT, OHIO.

SIR,—With congratulations on the new year which is of such significance to you and to THE REVIEW, ARTHUR T HADLEY.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

AS TO RACES

SIR,—I believe you are wrong in your attitude toward Mr. William Watson's form. It may not be great poetry; one may admit that. I am not sure that your reply is great prose.

In a race war I hope you will be for your race. The Germans probably do not want you with them—do you not belong to an inferior race?

Stick to your own race. We want you and need you.

Is not Wilson, in forcing issues that are bound to irritate England in her time of trial, in danger of becoming a traitor to his race?

O. S. PULLIAM.

PITTSBURGH.

To which race? The Saxon or the Teuton? Ask the King of England.—EDITOR.

THE TRIALS OF NEUTRALITY

SIR,—About the time of the appearance of the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there was published in the *Minneapolis Journal* an open letter signed by Mr. James A. Peterson, a one-time member of Congress from this State, and a very eminent lawyer, on the subject of "Germany and the Neutrality of Belgium," in which he reached a conclusion diametrically opposite to that arrived at by Professor A. G. De Lapradelle in his article in the December NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled "The Neutrality of Belgium."

I was very much interested in the views of these gentlemen, particularly in what they set forth as being the facts in the case—they being so different. And the result was that I got into correspondence with Mr. Peterson, and tried to "get a rise" out of Professor De Lapradelle. Mr. Peterson has inferred from the fact that I called his attention to the different conclusion reached by Professor De Lapradelle from that reached by himself, that I must have pro-Ally sympathies or prejudices; whereas my only desire was to discover, if possible, what the truth is among the divergent opinions of the parties. Among other things that Mr. Peterson says about the De Lapradelle article is this:

"This article forms part of a series of articles published by the English government in the American press to justify it in declaring war on Germany. The article is merely a 'brief' on his side of the question, and I am greatly surprised that a magazine like THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW should publish it without so stating. After a most careful study of this article I assert that it is unreliable as to statement of facts and that the logic employed by the author is in many cases, nothing less than absurd—in short, it is so full of holes, both as to facts and argument, that it would have no standing in any court that might have the matter up for adjudication. Now, so far as Professor De Lapradelle's reputation as a high authority on international law is concerned, I do not believe it is of the character you have been led to believe. I have been asked by several people to write an article in answer to Professor De Lapradelle's brief in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but I am convinced there would be no use in doing so, for the reason that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW would refuse to publish it or any article, no matter how excellent, unless it was pro-English."

In view of what Mr. Peterson says in regard to the position of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which, as I believe, is wholly incorrect, I would like very much to hear from you as to the real position of THE REVIEW in matters connected with the present Great War. F. L. MOFFETT.

MINNEAPOLIS.

THE REVIEW stands with the President, who, in a most trying and perplexing position, has made no mistake that we can perceive. Incidentally, Dr. Dernburg and Ambassador Dumba, whose articles appeared in the December and September numbers, respectively, of THE REVIEW, will be surprised to learn from the eminent Mr. Peterson that they are "pro-English."—EDITOR.

SIR,—Certainly we cannot do without THE REVIEW. It is the friend of years, and my Christmas to many—but am sending in only two names this year. It has grown a little too English to be neutral, and we are wondering after

Germany's sacrifice what? Will it be America if she does not bow to the Allies? Are we afraid to be just? But we cannot do without Colonel Harvey—the editor of the century.

Mrs. K. B. Hosler.

Hallsville, Ohio.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION

Sir,—As a Britisher who tries to think universally I wish to thank you for the part you have so ably played in the cause of peace, and I earnestly hope your efforts may make the governments of the world get some understanding of the absolute futility of endeavoring to encompass their aims by war.

Britain learned many decades ago (aided by a very forcible lesson from America) that nationalities and peoples cannot be ruled by force or one nation assimilate another nation.

America's greatness has not been achieved by armaments, and is a complete answer to the slavery that would be engendered if German (or I should say Prussian) military conceptions prevailed.

America can do more than any other power to-day in forwarding God's rule of Right, and if she will only openly pronounce her protest against the violation of the fundamental principles underlying her greatness, she will be rendering a service to mankind that is well-nigh incalculable.

Is Prussia to be allowed to set back the sands of time by two hundred years?

Again thanking you,

G. H. Farmer.

Bristol, England.

REWARD FOR OUR COLONEL

Sir,—I address you in the interest of justice toward Theodore Roosevelt, by Bryan, Wilson, and the Democratic party. I earnestly suggest that the twenty-five millions that has been proposed by them to be given outright to Colombia shall instead be kept, and a bond issue of the same amount be made with interest at three per cent. per annum, and the same be voted by the Democratic Congress to be paid to Theodore Roosevelt and his heirs for ever. While this would produce an income of ten times the President's salary, it has been well worth it to them in his securing to them the government of the country and its offices. And the proofs again of this great service by him in the recent election are clear—in that if the remaining one-fourth of *his* party had voted with the Republicans at this last election, the Republicans would have safely won control of both Senate and House; but his continued efforts prevented them from doing so, therefore I think this act of simple justice should be done him.

Frank C. Boise.

Denver, Colo.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

OUR CENTENARY

GREETINGS FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS

(*From the New York Times*)

In taking note of the centenary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and the uncommonly interesting number the present editor has put forth to celebrate that anniversary, it is not incumbent upon us to look long at the past. The record of this first and still most vigorous of American reviews is always accessible, and, for that matter, it forms a large part of the contents of the present number, in Mr. Julius H. Ward's historical summary, Mr. Howells's remembrances of half a century of its existence, "Part of Which I Was," and copious extracts from earlier numbers reflecting the public spirit, the ideals, and the literary inclinations of that era. But the old NORTH AMERICAN, which was transplanted from once-cultured Boston to always-bustling New York some time in the seventies of the last century, has passed through many mutations, and a periodical, like Virtue, may not successfully seek remuneration for the thing it was.

The essential fact of the centenary celebration is that THE REVIEW under Colonel Harvey's editorship is distinctly what Mr. Howells suggests it may not have been under the rule of a former editor of much enterprise, "good society"; that its character and quality, though inevitably in consonance with these times, are high and sound; that it truly labors to diffuse sane political ideas and to encourage the best the age may produce in letters. With the pursuance of these good purposes in mind Colonel Harvey may well "look into the future with eyes undismayed," as he says he does in his characteristically buoyant introductory article, which includes a noteworthy comparison of Presidents James Madison and Woodrow Wilson. There are poems of distinction in this number, and essays by writers of renown on subjects now uppermost in the world's thought. So that THE NORTH AMERICAN at the beginning of its second century is a vital force, exerting an influence such as its founders desired it to exert, and giving ample promise that it may survive another century and still be an acknowledged instrument of national enlightenment when the chimes ring in the new year of 2015.

(*From the New York Sun*)

It is the special articles in commemoration of the anniversary that will excite particular interest. A subtle and amusing comparison of the politics of Mr. Madison's Administration with those of Mr. Wilson's is modestly ascribed by the accomplished editor to THE REVIEW itself. Julius H. Ward

writes an entertaining account of the history and the vicissitudes of THE REVIEW, which has at one time or another appeared as a bimonthly, a quarterly, a monthly, and a semi-monthly. The extracts from the early numbers are interesting and demonstrate that the present REVIEW holds more closely to the character of the original REVIEW than the solemn quarterly with its Harvard editors did. Last and by no means least, Mr. Howells gives his delightful reminiscences of THE NORTH AMERICAN as he first knew it. Best wishes to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as it starts on its new century; may it still wave its motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

(*From the Book Review Supplement of the New York Times*)

The hundredth birthday of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, celebrated with due impressiveness in the forthcoming number of that magazine, is an important milestone in an epoch that has seen many changes and developments in our literature. Colonel Higginson once wrote that "the literary epochs of New Engand may be said to have been three—the first issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in 1815, that of the *Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857." All three of these magazines are still in existence —THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in New York, the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, the *Dial* in Chicago—all three exert influences peculiar to each on the intellectual life of the times. But it may be said, without fear of suggesting unjust discrimination, that to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW belongs the distinction of being the pioneer in this country of this type of periodical literature. The parent of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was the *Monthly Anthology*, the first number of which appeared in November, 1803, under the editorial management of Phineas Adams. The best writers of the period were contributors to its pages, but as these unlucky persons were expected, as occasion required, to donate money as well as literary wares to the support of the magazine, the latter enjoyed a brief and precarious career, giving way finally to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL, which owed its existence to one of the principal backers of the *Monthly Anthology*, William Tudor, Jr.

The career of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW from its conception to the present day is entertainingly given by Julius H. Ward in the forthcoming January number, together with an historical sketch of the period covered "From Madison to Wilson," and a characteristic paper on the same theme from William Dean Howells, entitled "Part of Which I Was." In its early days, true to the instincts of the pioneer, THE REVIEW was vigorously American in its critical bias, inclined to be unduly censorious in its estimate of contemporary British letters. The attitude has an amusingly provincial touch as we look back to it to-day. But it gave the necessary fillip to the somewhat feeble life manifested by our native literature a century ago. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was founded on the idea that the United States had a literature of its own that was capable of indefinite growth and achievement. In a way this pioneer magazine was a literary Declaration of Independence from the too overwhelming influence of the intellectual life of the lands oversea. From the very first the result due to the practical encouragement that it gave to American letters was quite incalculable. Throughout the century it has adhered consistently to the lofty aim that caused its birth, and in the broadened, mellowed spirit that characterizes its pages to-day THE

North American Review is still an important and effective contributor to the nation's intellectual life.

(*From the New York Evening Post*)

The one-hundredth year of The North American Review, commemorated this month, does not mark the centenary of American periodical literature. Before 1815 the republic had seen Dennie's *Portfolio*, Charles Brockden Brown's *Literary Magazine*, and Irving's and Paulding's *Analectic Magazine*. Yet the foundation of The Review marked a blooming of scholarly thought and intellectual curiosity in this country. The spirit of the times is described by Emerson in those "Historical Notes of Life and Letters in New England," which deal so largely with the third editor of The Review—Everett. "It seemed a war between intellect and affection; a crack in Nature, which split every church into Papal and Protestant; Calvinism into old and new schools; Quakerism into old and new; brought new divisions into politics; and the new conscience respecting temperance and slavery. The key to the period appeared to be that the mind had become aware of itself. Men grew reflective and intellectual. There was a new consciousness." Evident, also, was "a certain sharpness of criticism, an eagerness for reform, which showed itself in every quarter." Men were reading Lavater, Gall and Spurzheim, Goethe and Hegel. But if this intellectual world-appraisal had much of New England in it, it was as well the reflex of a great international movement. The very lack of indigenous quality was one thing which made The North American Review typical of Harvard and Boston in 1815. Founded by a Cambridge club of scholars and gentlemen, out of which grew also the *Boston Athenæum*, it was deliberately modeled after the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and its solidity and impressiveness depended from the start on an awakened American consciousness that there were such things as world-standards.

This steadfast looking abroad for models gives point to a famous incident in The Review's early history. In 1817, according to Parke Godwin, Dr. Bryant submitted to Richard Henry Dana, E. T. Channing, and Willard Phillips manuscripts by his twenty-three-year-old son, among them "Thanatopsis." "Ah, Phillips," remarked Dana, with a quiet smile at the close of the reading, "you have been imposed upon; no one this side the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." Scholarliness and keeping in line with tradition were nurtured by the successive editors. "Germany," Emerson wrote, "had created criticism in vain for us until 1820, when Edward Everett returned from his five years in Europe and brought to Cambridge his rich results, which no one was so fitted by actual grace and the splendor of his rhetoric to introduce and recommend. He made us for the first time acquainted with Wolff . . . with the criticism of Heyne." It was in The Review that there appeared the two papers by Dr. Channing on Milton and Napoleon, "the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the *Edinburgh*. They were widely read, and immediately fruitful in provoking emulation which lifted the style of journalism." The chief contributors, Bryant, Ticknor, Webster, Adams, and Bancroft, were deeply imbued with English culture. When Jared Sparks became editor in 1824, he exemplified reserved and cautious scholarship. The man who, before he resigned, had begun the twelve-volume *Diplomatic History of the American Revolution*, and was contemplating his collection of Washington's and Franklin's writings, would not allow despite to exact learning or received opinions.

With editors and contributors what they were, THE REVIEW became an exponent of the scholarly New England of Channing and Bancroft, and won an international repute; but there were two main difficulties. The changing current of the times left it somewhat stranded, and deprived it of its representative quality. The New England of the 'forties was much better expressed by the *Dial;* that of the 'sixties by the *Atlantic.* Scholarship gave way first to philosophy, and then, with the birth of a group of able writers, to pure literature; and THE REVIEW could not follow. Besides, it tended to become a dry-as-dust publication. For ten years preceding 1863 it was edited temperately and carefully by Andrew P. Peabody, but yearly lost power. When Lowell and Norton were invited to take charge of it, the former characterized it in a letter. THE REVIEW was "a rather Sisyphean job. . . . It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is, thickly and thinly, loyal; it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly in danger of running aground. . . . Perhaps the day of these quarterlies is gone by, and those megatheria of letters may be in the mere course of nature withdrawing to their last swamps to die in peace." But what vigor Lowell put into it in the later Civil War and early Reconstruction days we have only to turn to his Political Essays to see.

The greatest epoch in the diversified history of THE REVIEW was, as a writer in the current issue remarks, that closed by the resignation of Lowell and of Norton as editors. For one reason, the rise of other periodicals of THE REVIEW character deprived it of its isolated distinction. For another, its change to the form of a monthly led it into fields more nearly journalistic, less markedly academic, and more concerned with actual current events. "In the new REVIEW," Howells remarks, "literature is given a back seat." In its career of one hundred years, however, it has consistently been related with the best names in contemporary literature, and it occupies a place of its own in the record of our literature. Its friends will wish it uninterrupted prosperity.

(*From the Harrisburg Star-Independent*)

"This country delights more in the acquisition of foreign literature than in a laborious independent exertion of its own intellectual powers," is the remarkable declaration that may be found in an article on American language and literature in an 1815 issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—perhaps not so remarkable at the time it was written, but striking in this year 1915 when we Americans have become rather well satisfied with the literature which has been resulting from the independent exertion of our intellectual powers.

During the last hundred years, which have meant so much for American letters, a force has been steadily operating which has done a great deal to encourage the expansion of the country's dignified literature—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Born in 1815, this periodical is now observing its centennial. It is the first magazine in the country that has had a centennial to observe. As a power which has exerted an uninterrupted influence on American letters for a hundred years, it has our heartiest congratulations.

THE REVIEW in its retrospection not only reminds us of some events that were taking place a century ago, but prompts us to disturb the dusty complacency of its early volumes on library shelves, and to go pleasure-seeking among the brownish pages. The issues of 1815 reveal a notice regarding a

proposed pilgrimage to the Holy Lands, signed by Gustavus Adolphus, formerly Gustavus IV., king of Sweden; an account of a lawsuit "had" by Louis Bonaparte, formerly king of Holland, "with his wife"; a notice of the expunging of Napoleon Bonaparte's name by the French Institute; an obituary of Robert Fulton; and numerous other items which make the quest of interest.

Throughout the hundred years of THE REVIEW's existence its pages have shown history in the forming, yet perhaps at no time with more significance to posterity than now, when the Great War is the prevalent topic. When the magazine files for 1915 are searched, a century hence, by the idly curious or by the diligently studious, there will doubtless be found much to marvel at and wonder about concerning the conflict of the nations, which may be so absorbing a subject, indeed, that the nineteenth-century files which are of present interest will be undisturbed in their dust of an additional hundred years.

(*From the New York Tribune*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW celebrates, in its January number, the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Not quite the first of our periodicals—*The Monthly Anthology* preceded it by more than a decade—it yet stands first in the matter of importance, of service rendered, and of continued usefulness to American letters and life. It has broadened vastly since its early New England days; it has kept step with the growth of the nation, and it has won and lost and won again a worthy place beside the great reviews of the Old World. It has had its ups and its downs, its periods of alertness and of vegetation. It has improved great opportunities and has neglected others; it has worshiped at the shrine of great names signed to contributions that were great in no sense of the word. But it has always "counted," sometimes in a minor way in a narrow circle, again in the wide sphere which its best tradition demands, and with many thoughtful readers. That it has taken a new lease of active life at the beginning of its second century is fortunately true. Once more it has an individuality of its own.

(*From the Utica Herald-Dispatch*)

In celebration of the centenary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Colonel Harvey, its present editor, has put forth a very interesting number in the issue for January. The record of this first and still most vigorous of American reviews forms a large part of the contents. Notable articles are Julius H. Ward's historical summary and William Dean Howells's remembrances of half a century of its existence. There are copious extracts from earlier numbers reflecting the public spirit, the ideals, and the literary inclinations of that era.

(*From the Rochester Herald*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the only American magazine that has succeeded in living to be a hundred years old, and its success in attaining that venerable age seems remarkable when we consider the precarious existence which most American magazines have led, and with which even THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW itself has been quite familiar in days gone by. THE REVIEW has been a bimonthly and a quarterly, and is now a monthly. It has had a great variety of editors, who have possessed various types of mind. It has been scholarly and it has been popular, and through all changes it has come forth unscathed.

The current issue of THE REVIEW is full of good things, but of these good things nothing has interested us more than the articles by the editor, by Julius H. Ward, and by William Dean Howells, dealing with the history of the magazine. We learn from Mr. Howells that fifty years ago the remuneration for articles was only two dollars a page, but by way of compensation contributors were allowed to write very long articles. Mr. Howells speaks of one of his own articles as occupying fifty pages of THE REVIEW, and other articles were sometimes longer. We do not suppose, however, that any of the articles were as long as some of Macaulay's in the *Edinburgh Review*, one of which we believe contained more than forty thousand words—a fairly respectable book in itself. Under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton THE NORTH AMERICAN was a very scholarly periodical, and many of the articles that appeared therein could not have appealed to the general public, and would not to-day. But in the old days popular taste was not considered when dealing with serious subjects, as it is now.

THE NORTH AMERICAN'S home was in Boston for many years, and Boston was once, in its fashion, a very cultured city. Its culture may have been a little thin and cold—we know, indeed, that it was—in its rare New England atmosphere, but it was genuine as far as it went, and it made a manful effort to understand the great Germans and Frenchmen, as well as the writings of the great English masters. Some of that culture still lingered in the Boston air of twenty-odd years ago, but it is gone now, all but its simulacrum, at any rate, and America is the worse for its disappearance. New York has never received its mantle, but it did take over THE NORTH AMERICAN, and it allowed Mr. Howells to become one of the jostling throng of Broadway. And THE NORTH AMERICAN has been more prosperous in New York than it was in Boston, for the editorial policy of THE REVIEW, after its removal to the great metropolis, aimed to get closer to the average man. Colonel Harvey assures the public that THE NORTH AMERICAN was never so popular as it is to-day, and we congratulate him and the famous periodical which he edits with so much distinction upon the success attained.

(*From the New York World*)

As THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW enters its second century, to a pleasant chorus of birthday congratulations, it has good reason to look back proudly over its eventful career. Born in modest literary circumstances under the consulship of Madison, it still holds securely the rank that has long been its rightful station.

No one to-day thinks of William Tudor, Jr., the first editor of THE REVIEW, as a pioneer in the early wilderness of American literature. It had its struggles for existence under favorable conditions, and along its pathway are strewn like milestones the graves of less vigorous rivals for public favor. But to its lasting success it drew to its aid as editors and contributors the services of men foremost in their generation like Richard Henry Dana, Edward Everett, Palfrey, Motley, Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, George William Curtis, and John Fiske.

This country has not been hospitable to the solid review among periodicals in nearly the same degree that Great Britain and France have been. The *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly*, the *Contemporary*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, have enjoyed a kind of assured patronage among readers little known in the United States. No people take a keener interest in politics than Americans

as a whole, or read so little in a serious way about public questions. The effect of this national failing is seen in the dearth of weeklies of the class that holds a steady circulation in England. Our monthly magazines and weekly press have fallen back for support upon fiction, articles of a lighter nature, and illustrations. To the credit of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, it has held steadfastly to its place and traditions.

(*From the Tacoma News*)

Next year is the hundredth of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and Editor-Colonel George Harvey begins celebrating the centennial in the December number, which is as thick as a Bible and—must we say it?—almost as good literature. Among other things he prints the names of the eighteen editors who preceded him, and it is a royal company indeed. Through the coming year THE REVIEW is to have contributions from President Wilson, ex-President Taft, Elihu Root, Alfred Noyes, Henry Watterson, James Huneker, William Dean Howells, Alfred T. Mahan, Booker T. Washington, and many others who are in the habit of thinking, and besides that it will republish a number of brilliant essays by famous men dead and gone. Nearly everybody worth while in the last hundred years has written for THE REVIEW. Its history sparkles with the genius of great men and women. Colonel Harvey has transferred to its pages the cerebral scintillations which used to make *Harper's Weekly* worth while, and he still finds an ecstasy in merrily letting the wind out of windy things. Here's hoping THE REVIEW will live another hundred years, and that Colonel Harvey will be here to write the second centennial hymn. Both are invaluable American institutions.

(*From the Cincinnati Times-Star*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW reminds its readers that in May, 1815, it advocated a parcel post, and in January, 1818, it described the plans of the recently opened Cape Cod Canal. Evidently in its earlier days THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had a worthy predecessor of Colonel George Harvey.

(*From the Erie Dispatch*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is to be congratulated on the hundredth anniversary of its birth. May it live and prosper another century.

THE PRESIDENT AND BUSINESS

(*From the Jackson, Michigan, Patriot*)

It is gratifying to hear from Washington that Democrats realize that the setback they suffered in the recent election was due in the main to depressed business, the war tax, and Congressional extravagance. It is better to have correct hindsight than no sight at all, but a little clear foresight would have been very much the best.

Nothing will cause people to forget these things more quickly, and to regard with favor the party that may be in power, than a marked revival of prosperity.

Many Democrats, notably Colonel Harvey, the able editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, have stated publicly that unless prosperity is restored in the next two years they cannot expect their party to be kept in charge of the administration of the nation's affairs.

It is said the indications that the President is heeding this advice are causing his political advisers much satisfaction. These words in his message are quoted as evidence: "The road at last lies both clear and firm to business. It is a road which it can travel without fear or embarrassment."

The only important prosecutions of big business are cases inherited from the Taft administration, the International Harvester Company and the United States Steel Corporation being the most conspicuous. These, no doubt, were started because "death loves a shining mark." The suits cannot now be stopped, but it is quite certain that, if not already commenced, they would not be initiated.

It seems as if governmental annoyances of business, which has been active and malignant for a dozen years, had reached its limit. All know that the President has thrown all his influence for the obtainment of the five-per-cent. increase of freight-rates for the Eastern railroads. For this every railroad man in America—and there are well-nigh a million and a half voters among railroad men—ought to be grateful.

Furthermore, the President is laying great stress upon the development of foreign trade; and this is a matter of vital importance, as without it it will be impossible to keep the wage-labor of this country employed more than two-thirds of the time.

More than six years ago, when Roosevelt was President, former-President Cleveland wrote a letter to the New York *World* in which he expressed the belief that what the country most needed was "rest and peace and reassurance." It has taken a long time to reach that goal, but we are there. A new era has begun, and it can continue as long as every man charged with the responsibility for the management of a great corporation remembers that "the public interest is part of his own interest."

SENATOR BORAH

(*From the Boston Transcript*)

Senate Republicans chose wisely in designating Senator Borah to take up on their behalf the challenge of President Wilson's remarkable Jackson Day speech. The effective way in which the Idaho Senator flayed the phrases and the policies of our phrase-making President reveals a campaigner fully able to handle Wilson rhetoric and recalls to many minds the prophecy of Colonel George Harvey, made more than a year ago, that the next President of the United States would be William E. Borah. It is not surprising that the Washington correspondents agree in calling the speech "the most impressive criticism of the Administration yet heard in Congress."

But in his discussion of Mexico Senator Borah rises above the plane of partisanship and speaks the language of true Americanism. Hear him:

> I am desirous of peace with Mexico; I want no war; and I know we shall never take any part of the territory of that republic, but above and beyond that, and more important to my mind, is the fact that we should at least protect our own citizenship, securing our women against ravishment and murder at the hands of those ferocious men who prey upon our nationals wherever they find them in their territory. There are some things which are dearer to me than peace.
>
> Mr. President, the mistreatment of American citizens in Mexico is due to the fact that there has passed into the Mexican mind a firm belief that we will not protect our citizens, and I say whatever criticism shall come to me from those who love peace more than they love honor, that the "flag which will not protect

its people is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it floats." We cannot have peace, we cannot have honor, unless we are prepared to protect our own citizens, and I believe, verily believe, that we may do so and still have no war with Mexico.

Speech like this makes red-blooded Americans hold up their heads again in hope that in 1916, if not before, we shall witness an end of conditions across the border that have for two years made many men in this country ashamed of the name American. The Idaho Senator has outlined a Mexican policy which we believe his fellow-countrymen, regardless of party, will indorse by popular vote at the first opportunity, either under his leadership or that of some other American no less courageous.

We said nominated; not elected.—EDITOR.

(*From the Buffalo Courier*)

Col. George Harvey, who has a reputation for successful prophecy in politics, predicts that United States Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, will be the Republican nominee for President in 1916.

Unmistakably Senator Borah has a presidential bee. Somebody is distributing a "key-note" speech he made not long ago. In this speech he has a large array of fine, safe sentiments and effusive compliments for the good sense and patriotism of the people. Senator Borah has a plea for "a clean and upright free-trade party," "a clean and upright protection party," "a clean and upright socialist party"—everybody should be "clean and upright." He says that "no man ought to wish defeat or failure to any branch of men, whether large or small, in whatever party they may be found, who are trying to make politics better and cleaner and are trying to place party action upon a right basis."

As to the Republican party, Senator Borah says: "We can afford to say what our position is upon all the questions which so much concern the people —the currency, the tariff, the trusts, social reform. We can afford to declare our position squarely and openly and wait for the returns." Does that not sound promising? But, alas! Senator Borah utterly fails to be specific as to what the position of the Republican party should be on the currency and the tariff and the trusts and social reform! Truly, Senator Borah is a cautious candidate.

(*From the Springfield Republican*)

When Mr. Taft left the White House nothing seemed more certain than that he would never again be a candidate. A year later one would have made the same prediction, although somewhat less dogmatically, and to-day it calls for a little less dogmatism still. While Mr. Taft has been growing through recognition of his qualities and previous difficulties, the list of possibly available Republican figures has not notably increased. Mr. Herrick and Governor Whitman, who is just beginning at Albany, are clearly the chief potential additions, while Senator Borah—long since picked by Colonel Harvey —cannot be said as yet to have made a deep impression or become widely known in the East.

(*From the Boston Herald*)

It is sad to see George Harvey's two choices for the Presidency at such odds as was disclosed by the younger's vitriolic speech in the Senate on Wed-

nesday. For it will be recalled that, while the New York editor picked out Mr. Wilson for the Presidency years ago, and lived to see his selection ratified, he more recently hit upon William E. Borah as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1916.

Borah is an exceedingly effective speaker, as his address reported in yesterday morning's newspapers showed. Nor is he without elements of availability for the presidential nomination. He is in touch with "the people," looks the part of a Republican commoner, and possesses that dash of liberalism which would be a welcome admixture if the party is to win back the Progressives. Borah's candidacy should prove an element in "popularizing" the party. And still Idaho seems a long way from the District of Columbia.

MR. BRYAN AND SAN DOMINGO

(*From the New York Globe*)

The question asked by Colonel Harvey, of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as to the cause of the disintegration of the country's diplomatic service seems sufficiently answered by the evidence brought out in the investigation of the Sullivan Dominican case. The cause is a bald-headed gentleman whose chief business has been to travel up and down the country uttering pious hopes and breathing lofty aspirations.

On August 20th, 1913, Secretary-of-State Bryan, writing to Walker W. Vick, American receiver of customs at San Domingo, said:

> Let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats. Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there call on me. You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when a campaign is on, and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made.

Consider to whom this letter was addressed. It was not addressed to an ordinary employee of the United States—not to an employee of the United States at all. It was addressed to a man employed by the Dominican government on our nomination to perform the difficult task of administering the Dominican customs for the benefit of San Domingo and the creditors of San Domingo. Mr. Bryan was writing to a trustee whose duties were prescribed under a treaty. And our Secretary of State is so blunted in political morals as to suggest, without much regard to fitness, that political friends of his should be foisted on San Domingo's pay-roll.

A man capable of making such a suggestion to the chief administrator of an international agreement is unfit to be Secretary of State.

The North American Review

"The best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, BOSTON, 1878.

WILLARD PHILLIPS

WILLARD PHILLIPS, the second editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, was born in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, on December 19, 1784. His early education was that of the average New England youth, "instruction in summer by a school-mistress, and in winter by a school-master, with Noah Webster's spelling-book the principal classic." In his nineteenth year he took charge of a school at Goshen. His Latin studies began with a fellow-townsman, Calvin Briggs, at Chesterfield, when the latter was studying medicine under the direction of Dr. Bryant, the father of William Cullen Bryant. The friendship of the old practitioner was given to young Mr. Phillips, and lasted through life. After various educational vicissitudes he was entered at Harvard College in 1806. The route to Cambridge, he states, "was by way of Boston on a somewhat cloudy evening, through streets rather perplexing." The following day he, with sixty-four other candidates, was admitted as a freshman in the university.

Within a year of his graduation he was appointed tutor in the college, first in Latin, and afterward in arithmetic, geometry, and natural philosophy, keeping the position in all four years. During this period he began his professional studies in the law, and in 1815 associated himself in the office of the Honorable William Sullivan, a man of distinction in his time. His connection with this REVIEW is thus described by a fellow-associate:

"During December, 1814, and January, 1815, while Mr. Phillips was still one of the instructors of Harvard University, an association was formed, consisting of President Kirkland, Edward T. Channing, Mr. Phillips, and others, for starting a literary periodical, under the title "The New England Magazine and Review," Mr. Phillips being the proposed editor. Articles of association were adopted, and sundry meetings were held, the records of which, kept by Mr. Channing, as secretary, he has preserved. In a letter written by Mr. Channing, January 5, 1815, he says to his correspondent: 'How you would have laughed could you have peeped into my snug office for two or three days past, and have seen the great men—learned doctors of law and divinity, tutors

at colleges, editors and publishers holding solemn debate on the magazine; one inviting a prospectus, another talking about style, a third counting the cost and chances of success, and, lastly, your correspondent himself listening to all that was said and recording it as secretary of the Meeting."

"When the preparations had been made for announcing the publication, the associates learned that a similar one was proposed by William Tudor, then just returned from his travels in Europe. . . . He was a personal friend of some of the associates, therefore the field was left open to him.

"The first number of the bimonthly NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL accordingly came out under Mr. Tudor's editorship in May, 1815, and was continued during a year, at the end of which time he put it at the disposal of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Tudor voluntarily proposing and choosing to continue editor for one year longer without salary. . . . THE REVIEW, at the time of the pecuniary responsibility being assumed by Mr. Phillips, needed the utmost economy as well as all the activity, talent, and learning that could be brought to its aid to bear it up, and Mr. Phillips, seeing that the usual publisher's commission weighed heavily upon its resources, had the copies of the number for May, 1816, sent from the printers to his office, and a part of them were there inclosed and despatched to subscribers. Messrs. Wells & Lilly, then the leading publishing firm in Boston, who had published the work the preceding year, very soon, and before all the copies of THE REVIEW had been distributed, liberally offered to publish it during the year free of commissions, which helped materially to carry it through that year.

"On Mr. Tudor's retiring from the editorship in 1817, an association of contributors was formed, consisting of some of the associates and some new ones —viz.: John Gallison, known as the reporter of the early decisions of Judge Story; Nathaniel Hale, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser;* Richard H. Dana; Edward T. Channing; Mr. Phillips; William Powell Mason, and Jared Sparks. Mr. Sparks was editor during that year of the fifth and sixth volumes.

"The associates held weekly meetings for reading and deciding upon communications, and selecting and distributing subjects to be written upon. These, though in some sort business meetings, were kept up with much interest, vivacity, and harmony, at which the literary friends of the associates not unfrequently attended, and the zeal and spirit of the association were by degrees infused into THE REVIEW, and the effect was manifested in reaction by subscriptions and communications. Mr. Phillips was a frequent contributor for some years and an occasional one subsequently until about 1836. One of his early articles was upon Professor Hedge's logic, then just published. . . . Most of Mr. Phillips's articles were upon works of imagination and taste, the reviewing of which did not require any special preparation, and accordingly did not interfere with his professional and other business pursuits."[1]

Later Mr. Phillips was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature; then ill-health sent him to Cuba, and the reminiscence of this voyage was subsequently incorporated into an article for THE REVIEW. In 1837 the Governor of Massachusetts appointed Judge Phillips, as he was then, on a commission to formulate a code of the law of crime and punishment. He was an extensive writer on this subject, and his published works include *Digest of Pickering's Reports;* editor first edition of *Collyer on Partnership;* A manual of *Political Economy,* and *Propositions Concerning Protection and Free Trade.* His death occurred September 9, 1876.

[1] *Portraits of Eminent Americans,* by John Livingston, Vol. III,. pp. 291–303.

"RHODA"

BY WILLARD PHILLIPS
Second Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1816*

Rhoda.—A novel.—By the author of "Things by their right names," "Plain Sense," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston—Published by Wells & Lilly.

THIS novel presents a lively and pretty faithful picture of fashionable life. Its moral influence is favourable to virtue. The first deviations from principle are well delineated in the most conspicuous character, and the progressive steps, from brisk animal spirits to levity, folly, disregard of obligations, imprudence, and finally to remorse and misfortune, are skilfully traced. This character is a susceptible, brilliant, fanciful woman, whose dispositions are always good, but her conduct often wrong. She makes just reflections, but has not sufficient strength of character to execute her good purposes, and is continually liable to be diverted from propriety and rectitude, by the artful who are her inferiors in point of understanding. She is, in short, one of those lovely bewitching creatures, whom every body admires and excuses, but whose conduct nobody approves.

The work is not remarkable for spirit and animation. We cannot promise the reader that his interest will not flag a little in the first part of the second volume, but we can assure him, that he will be well compensated for persisting in the perusal. It belongs to the numerous and constantly increasing class of productions, in which fiction is brought home to daily occurrences and observations. Readers are apt to complain of such, that they are monotonous and ordinary; they do not sufficiently abound in "moving incidents," frightful situations, and apprehensions of direful events which never happen. We do not affect to proscribe all the agitating fictions, with which the novel-reading fair daily distress themselves. Feigned as well as real sufferings may sometimes have a salutary influence, and variety is desirable for its own sake, and then an occasional interruption of the more gentle undulations of emotion, by the whirls of transport, or the storms of the turbulent passions, may leave the mental atmosphere more lucid and serene. But we would not always be tossed and tempest driven—let us sometimes be satisfied with the face of nature in its more usual state, not violently agitated, nor yet perfectly tranquil. It requires greater progress in the arts to exhibit with this aspect, it demands greater skill and delicacy of execution in the artist, and an improved susceptibility and taste in the observer. This truth is no less apparent in other arts, than in that of writing novels. Young belles, who have not been trained into a perception of real beauty and elegance, by judicious mothers and governesses, flutter out of the boarding school in the most brilliant hues, and by their glitter, dazzle the eyes, and

turn the heads of the poor beaus, not yet far advanced in their teens. Painters, in the early period of their art, are apt to choose extravagant subjects and situations; and having set them forth in glaring colours, astonish the well-meaning multitude. In every art, the sort of specimens which children and the unskilful most admire, is the same with the masterpieces of a ruder state. The writers of fictitious narratives began with superhuman characters, and preternatural incidents, and thus kindled the admiration and curiosity of their rude readers, who would have gone to sleep over a probable story, elegantly told. Authors and readers early quitted the wild regions of giants, and dragons, and enchantments; but a great distance was to be passed over, before they could arrive at their proper home, among natural objects and real persons. Each alternately led the way, the author now guiding the publick taste, and now being directed by it. Their perils and disasters, by the way, have not been few; for they have often been shut up in Gothick towers, thrown into uncomfortable dungeons, pursued by apparitions, and were very ill used by monks in convents, and by robbers in deserts. Even after infernal personages and miraculous events had been abandoned, and it was required of an author to account for what he caused to take place in a more satisfactory way, the imaginations of men were for a long time affected by the terrours with which they had been surrounded, and they often mistook a figure in a piece of tattered tapestry for a spirit, fresh from the nether world, and would convert a crazy chateau into an enchanted castle, and indulge for a time in the illusion, that there was something beyond the laws of nature, in their surprises, successes, and failures. At length all pretence of mystery ceased, and writers, who do not professedly lay their scenes beyond the limits of experience, must accept for machinery, such as they are, the laws of nature, and the passions of men. They are not confined to what is common and familiar. Strong passions still exist, and extraordinary events occur, and whatever is real, may well find a place in fiction. Many are led, by boldness and energy of genius, to prefer them, while others resort to them through weakness, and make use of them—that they may create that interest by their incidents, which they are unable to produce by a skilful management; they dress what they serve up, but rudely, but then they make up, as well as they can for this defect, by the number and profusion of dishes. The modern novels generally are better calculated to produce delight and improvement, than wonder and agitation. They answer all the useful purposes of a lesson, without its formality and tediousness. In them, we have the most minute and finished representations of manners. The privilege of using narrative or dialogue, and the liberty of detailing the most minute incidents, and marking the most trifling occurrences, provided a regard be had to grace and propriety, give the writer more freedom and play, than he is allowed in any other kind of composition, and enable him to bring out and exhibit those subtle and evanescent accompaniments, to

which characters and actions owe a greater part of their beauty and deformity.

We shall not proceed to analyze and review this book, as we can say nothing of it which will not occur to almost every reader, and our purpose in making it the occasion of these few remarks, will be accomplished, if we shall add something towards drawing to it that attention, which we think it deserves.

AMERICAN LITERATURE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY DR. WALTER CHANNING

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of November, 1815*

REFLECTIONS ON THE LITERARY DELINQUENCY OF AMERICA

THE title of this paper contains a serious charge. It charges Americans with delinquency in that, to which every other civilized nation chiefly owes its character. It implies that this country wants literary distinction. That we have not entered the service of literature. That we want the results of intellectual labour. That were we to cease from a distinct national existence, the great events of our history would stand alone on the blank of our national character, unsupported by their causes, unsanctioned by their effects. That the whole elements of our literature, were they collected into one mass, would amount merely to accidental efforts of a very few adventurous individuals; our history would be found little more than state topography; our politicks ephemeral effusions of party zeal, and our poetry without a character. An appeal might be made from this melancholy record to our philosophy and science, and the labours of Franklin and Rittenhouse claimed as the heralds of our literary character. But it is hardly to be expected that the phenomena of the age should confer national character. They are accidents of intellect. They are claimed for science and literature in general, not yielded to one nation, to give it a character. These extraordinary men very rarely appear in any country, and their having once appeared, is not an assurance that their like will be looked upon again. . . . .

Our literary delinquency may principally be resolved into our dependence on English literature. We have been so perfectly satisfied with it, that we have not yet made an attempt towards a literature of our own. In the pre-eminent excellence of this foreign literature we have lost sight of, or neglected our own susceptibility of intellectual labour. So easy is it for us to read English books, that we have hardly thought it worth while to write any for ourselves. Perhaps if it had been as difficult to command these inexhaustible literary resources, as we should find it to command those of the Germans, we might have gone seriously to work, and entered vigorously on the noble, dignified

employment of our minds. Apologists for our literary delinquency, however, reply, that we were colonies of Great Britain, and virtually as much Englishmen as the inhabitants of any county in England. That place signifies nothing; at least, that the pious Antonine said so; that the mind is the same every where; that it lends its own influence to the circumstances in which it is placed, and admits those of things and beings around it, just as far as it pleases, and no farther. That a peculiarity of language is of no consequence to a literature; that the language of the mind is its own vigorous, overpowering operations; that these last only require language to be clothed with, not to be known by. We are told, that the different modes of using language, *viz.* its various styles, are distinctive of those who invent or adopt them. That Milton will never be confounded with Shakespeare, because they used a common language, and that when Americans write books, their works will at once be distinguished from those of England. In fine, we are told, that we are destined to the highest literary reputation. . . . The truth is, we have wanted literary enterprise, and been sadly deficient in genuine intellectual courage. Circumstances beyond a doubt existed, to prevent our fathers from leaving us a literature. It was hard for them to print, even if they wrote. They were perhaps too dependent on the rough and toilsome circumstances in which they were cast, to lay the foundation of a literature. Perhaps they did enough in founding an empire. They also came here well versed in the learning of their own country, for such was England, though no longer their home; and if they depended on what their brethern in England did for literature, they had claims which an American can never have. In founding colleges for us, perhaps they dreamt they were laying the corner stone of literature.

The literary dependence to which we have been long reconciled, has become so much a part of our character, that the individual who ventures to talk about surmounting it, is thought the wildest of schemers. He is assailed on every hand with the *cui bono?* that most fatal of questions to any plan which is not cast in the mould of domestick economicks, or which would tend to allure a society from the dull contemplation of its physical wants, and the cheapest means of supplying them. Literary reputation! what is its worth? what *need* have we of a literature?

> Oh reason not the need:—
> Allow not nature more than nature needs,
> Man's life is cheap as beasts':

Notwithstanding the literary delinquency of America, still we have done something. Perhaps it would not be fair, to place the period of our national existence among the dark ages of letters. But our best writers have been unfortunate in the vehicles they have chosen as depositories of their intellectual productions. These depositories have been chiefly newspapers and pamphlets of various kinds. Now

there is something ephemeral and temporary, in the very nature of these publications. Hence their contents are not safe. A man who writes in them does not think of writing for immortality. His mental labours, of course soon are over, and almost of course, badly done. If it turn out that his communication pleases, it excites but a momentary emotion of pleasure, and his successor into the columns fills his place as perfectly and almost as successfully, as the types which were devoted to their several compositions. The literature, farther, of newspapers and pamphlets, is almost always controversial literature; and in controversy we are always more interested for the champions of party, than for their writings. Controversy, it must be confessed however, among us has done as much for literature, as controversy has among other nations. It has gratified the passions, the prejudices, the whims of the parties concerned, and when the flame is extinguished, the pamphlets which did so much to support it, repose in their own ashes.

YOUNG UNITED STATES

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1820*

Examination Of Some Remarks In The Quarterly Review On The Laws Of Creditor And Debtor In The United States

THE Quarterly Review for May 1819 contained two articles concerning the United States; one a review of Fearon's [1] book of travels, and the other a review of Mr. Bristed's book upon the resources of America. The Quarterly Review is, as everybody knows, extensively circulated, and much read in this country; and these articles excited, at the time of their appearance, no small degree of attention. It would be difficult, we imagine, in the same number of pages, to crowd more misrepresentation, or betray more ignorance, than appears in these articles, especially that which we have first mentioned. To the common vapourings of the English presses we pay little attention. These oracles are no more to be regarded, in their vituperations of the government and people of this country, than similar oracles among ourselves, in *their* abuse of the government and people of England. The leaders of such assemblages as the Manchester mob, and the orators in the palace-yard, find it convenient to inflame the passions of their auditors by declaiming, in terms of high panegyric, of the condition of America; wisely contriving, by a sort of contrast, to breed discontent, and to sharpen the feeling of hatred towards their own government. Other speakers and other writers, finding or thinking

[1] The last that we have heard of this *author* is, that some time last winter a criminal information was moved for against him, in the King's Bench, for a conspiracy to produce a riot, at the election of the Lord Mayor.

it necessary to refute these representations, naturally enough run into opposite extremes, and set off their own condemnation and abuse of America against the extravagant encomiums of their adversaries. All this is in the course of things. It is no more than must always be expected, in a country with such a government, as that of England; and it is of no consequence to us, what is the issue of this little and low strife of temporary politics. We suffer about equally by the commendation of one party and the abuse of the other; and we ought to be regardless of both.

But different, far different, is the case, when a work of established reputation in the literary world professes to discuss our character and condition. When gentlemen and scholars undertake to write about us, we have more interest in what they say, and are less disposed to acquiesce in misrepresentation and injustice. The writers of the articles in question seem to consider themselves as speaking *about* America, but not *to* America. They do not take the United States into the account of those who are to read their works, and judge of them. They do not look at the reading and thinking men on this side the Atlantic, as forming any part of that great tribunal of the PUBLIC, to which they acknowledge a responsibility. In this respect, in our humble judgment, they commit an oversight. English scholars, English editors, and English politicians have heretofore felt an unconquerable reluctance to admit the people of this country to a participation of those honours which belong to the civilized world, and the great family of Christian communities. They have been unwilling to see that North America has ceased to be a colony; and still desire to regard her, so far as respects acquirements, talents, and character, like Jamaica, Malta, or the Cape of Good Hope. This attempt, we may be allowed to say, will not succeed. America is entitled to her place among the nations, and nothing can keep her from it. It is in nature, as it appears to be in the purpose of Providence, that a people shall, within a short period of time, exist on this side the ocean, speaking the English language, springing principally from English origin, adopting English laws, and possessing the invaluable blessings of English institutions, so numerous, that the amount of British population, added or subtracted, would hardly make a sensible difference. Already the United States contain as many people as England, and among them there is, if not as full, yet as respectable a proportion belonging to the reading class. Whatever appears in England, and attracts attention there, in the departments of science, literature, poetry, or politics, appears here also, thirty days afterwards, with uniform regularity. We receive these reviews wet from the press, and read and reprint and circulate them. We venture to say, that in no part of the island of Great Britain, London excepted, is reading so general among the population as in New England. Having thus, as we believe we have, in the United States, a larger reading community than either Scotland or Ireland, how is it that America is not to compose

a part, an important part, of that PUBLIC, before which a scientific and literary journal, composed and published in the English language, is to stand in judgment? We would modestly, but firmly, insist on this reasonable participation in the authority and dignity of public opinion. We hold the right, and mean both to exercise and to defend it, of having and of expressing opinions on subjects of science and literature, and respecting those who discuss these subjects.

It is a natural prejudice, that an old country should be unwilling to admit a young one upon any terms of equality. England herself is not thought old enough, nor respectable enough, to assume the port and bearing of an equal in the celestial empire of China; and there is elsewhere, as well as at Pekin, a dislike and scorn for the *novi homines*. English politicians and English scholars entertain toward us, when we press for admittance into their society and fellowship, something like that feeling, at once scornful and jealous, with which the Earl of Wharton addressed the twelve new peers in the reign of Queen Anne. Yet this prejudice and this reluctance must give way; this scorn must be subdued, and this jealousy, if it be not, as it ought to be, eradicated, must become silent.

We, of the United States, have numbers and power and wealth, and a growing commerce, and a most extensive country, and, as we may think without vanity, some portion of that intelligence and spirit, which belongs to our more cultivated neighbours. Once for all, then, if we can express ourselves in such a manner as not to incur the imputation of arrogance, we wish to say, that we consider ourselves as forming a part, and a respectable part, of the great public of civilized and Christian nations, having an interest in such subjects discussed before that public, as are not in themselves local or peculiar; with a good right of contribution, as far as our ability admits, to those discussions ourselves; and above all, a right to fair dealing and gentlemanly treatment from all who profess to write for the good of this public, and to be answerable to its judgment.

We put forth this claim in behalf of our country; and in behalf of the informed and reading class of its citizens. It is for the English writers to say, not whether it shall be admitted, that question we do not refer to their arbitrament, but whether, on their part, it shall be admitted freely, and with courtesy; or with hesitation, reluctance, ill nature, and ill manners.

A GROWING COUNTRY

BY EDWARD AND JOHN EVERETT

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1820*

WE hope it will not be long, before no comparisons between the East, and the South, and the West, shall be made, with less intelligence

and forbearance, than those before us. All we want is to know each other better. We have now before us a letter from a gentleman, who crossed the Alleghany mountains, little more than thirty years ago, in which he complains of his "discoveries" being misrepresented; and which, though he seems to have descended the Ohio no farther than Louisville, appears to have excited, as well it might, the attention due to a voyage far beyond the extreme point of civilization. He might now pass to the Mississippi and "discover" nothing on his way but cultivation, wealth, and plenty, fertile fields, and plantations, inhabited by free and intelligent men;

> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine,
> And scattered cities crowning these.

He would find one of these towns, in its growth of twenty years, a third part as large as Boston, and three others a fifth, though it is neither the habit nor the policy of the inhabitants to settle in large cities. He would find the population of one of these *young* states, greater than that of Massachusetts, and another nearly double. Or, if he travelled on the great watery turnpike of the west, he would descend it, together with an immense amount of produce and population, on its *natural railways*, and meet its thousands of tons of steam navigation returning with the conveniences and luxuries, which this produce had purchased. He would find the Indian population extinct, and an individual of their nation a spectacle in the streets; and in its place an enlightened society, with the vigour and spirit of youth, and the habits of hardihood and intelligence, which belong to the nature of the enterprise they have just achieved. And lastly, he would see in the spirit of emigration, so universally extended, the means provided by nature to assimilate and unite the spreading bonds of citizens into one national character.

AN ANONYMOUS POEM

From The North American Review *of May, 1815*

SUN-SET

Where is the hand to paint in colours bright
  The vivid splendour of the western sky,
That sparkling flood of evanescent light,
  Pure and transparent, deepening in its dye.
  Elysian bowers and isles of rest on high
Float o'er the amber tide, and pass away;
  Each moment changing to the raptured eye.
Alas! no mortal hand can that blest vision stay,
Guido's nor Titian's art can fix that fading ray.

Oh! I have gazed, when silent and alone,
Till I forgot the globe my feet have prest;
Have seen the shores of some bright world unknown,
And souls amid the mansions of the blest:
Scenes not for man, nor mortal senses drest:
Bright rosy meads, and seas of waving light
And fairy barks that on those waters rest;
They darken, they are gone; as fades the light,
And leave me still on earth enveloped all in night.

So fade the prospects early fancy forms
When life is fresh, and all the world is new;
Bright are the clouds which soon must meet in storms,
Bright all with hope, too happy to be true.
Soon sets the beam, and darkness bounds the view,
So the ethereal soul which did this body move
Leaves the dull clod on earth from which it grew;
Glances away, where sister souls above
Bloom in immortal youth, immortal light and love.

THE GENIUS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1879*

THERE never surely was a powerful, active, continually effective mind less round, more lopsided, than that of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. If there were aught of dispraise in this, it would not be said by me,—by an Englishman of an American whom I knew, by an Englishman of letters of a brother on the other side of the water, much less by me, an English novelist, of an American novelist. The blacksmith, who is abnormally strong in his arm, gives the world the advantage of his strength. The poor bird, whose wretched life is sacrificed to the unnatural growth of that portion of him which the gourmands love, does produce the desired dainties in all their perfection. We could have hardly had "Childe Harold" except from a soured nature. The seraphic excellence of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" could have proceeded only from a mind which the world's roughness had neither toughened nor tainted. So from Hawthorne we could not have obtained that weird, mysterious, thrilling charm with which he has awed and delighted us had he not allowed his mind to revel in one direction, so as to lose its fair proportions.

I have been specially driven to think of this by the strong divergence between Hawthorne and myself. It has always been my object to draw my little pictures as like to life as possible, so that my readers

should feel that they were dealing with people whom they might probably have known, but so to do it that the every-day good to be found among them should allure, and the every-day evil repel; and this I have attempted, believing that such ordinary good and ordinary evil would be more powerful in repelling or alluring than great and glowing incidents which, though they might interest, would not come home to the minds of readers. Hawthorne, on the other hand, has dealt with persons and incidents which were often but barely within the bounds of possibility,—which were sometimes altogether without those bounds,—and has determined that his readers should be carried out of their own little mundane ways, and brought into a world of imagination in which their intelligence might be raised, if only for a time, to something higher than the common needs of common life.

No one will feel himself ennobled at once by having read one of my novels. But Hawthorne, when you have studied him, will be very precious to you. He will have plunged you into melancholy, he will have overshadowed you with black forebodings, he will almost have crushed you with imaginary sorrows; but he will have enabled you to feel yourself an inch taller during the process. Something of the sublimity of the transcendent, something of the mystery of the unfathomable, something of the brightness of the celestial, will have attached itself to you, and you will all but think that you too might live to be sublime, and revel in mingled light and mystery.

The creations of American literature generally are no doubt more given to the speculative,—less given to the realistic,—than are those of English literature. On our side of the water we deal more with beef and ale, and less with dreams. Even with the broad humor of Bret Harte, even with the broader humor of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, there is generally present an undercurrent of melancholy, in which pathos and satire are intermingled. There was a touch of it even with the simple-going Cooper and the kindly Washington Irving. Melancholy and pathos, without the humor, are the springs on which all Longfellow's lines are set moving. But in no American writer is to be found the same predominance of weird imagination as in Hawthorne.

I will take a few of his novels,—those which I believe to be the best known,—and will endeavor to illustrate my idea of his genius by describing the manner in which his stories have been told.

The Scarlet Letter is, on the English side of the water, perhaps the best known. It is so terrible in its pictures of diseased human nature as to produce most questionable delight. The reader's interest never flags for a moment. There is nothing of episode or digression. The author is always telling his one story with a concentration of energy which, as we can understand, must have made it impossible for him to deviate. The reader will certainly go on with it to the end very quickly, entranced, excited, shuddering, and at times almost wretched. His consolation will be that he too has been able to see into these black

deeps of the human heart. The story is one of jealousy,—of love and jealousy,—in which love is allowed but little scope, but full play is given to the hatred which can spring from injured love. Hatred, fear, and shame are the passions which revel through the book. To show how a man may so hate as to be content to sacrifice everything to his hatred; how another may fear so that, even though it be for the rescue of his soul, he can not bring himself to face the reproaches of the world; how a woman may bear her load of infamy openly before the eyes of all men,—this has been Hawthorne's object.

As a novel *The House of the Seven Gables* is very inferior to *The Scarlet Letter*. The cause of this inferiority would, I think, be plain to any one who had himself been concerned in the writing of novels. When Hawthorne proposed to himself to write *The Scarlet Letter* the plot of his story was clear to his mind. He wrote the book because he had the story strongly, lucidly manifest to his own imagination. In composing the other he was driven to search for a plot, and to make a story. *The Scarlet Letter* was written because he had it to write, and the other because he had to write it. The novelist will often find himself in the latter position. He has characters to draw, lessons to teach, philosophy perhaps which he wishes to expose, satire to express, humor to scatter abroad. These he can employ gracefully and easily if he have a story to tell. If he have none, he must concoct something of a story laboriously, when his lesson, his characters, his philosophy, his satire, and his humor will be less graceful and less easy. All the good things I have named are there in *The House of the Seven Gables;* but they are brought in with less artistic skill, because the author has labored over his plot, and never had it clear to his own mind. . . .

But no one should read *The House of the Seven Gables* for the sake of the story, or neglect to read it because of such faults as I have described. It is for the humor, the satire, and what I may perhaps call the philosophy which permeates it, that its pages should be turned. Its pages may be turned on any day, and under any circumstances. To *The Scarlet Letter* you have got to adhere till you have done with it; but you may take this volume by bits, here and there, now and again, just as you like it. There is a description of a few poultry, melancholy, unproductive birds, running over four or five pages, and written as no one but Hawthorne could have written it. There are a dozen pages or more in which the author pretends to ask why the busy Judge does not move from his chair,—the Judge the while having dree'd his doom and died as he sat. There is a ghastly spirit of drollery about this which would put the reader into full communion with Hawthorne if he had not read a page before, and did not intend to read a page after. To those who can make literary food of such passages as these, *The House of the Seven Gables* may be recommended. To others it will be caviare. . . .

In speaking of *The Marble Faun*, as I will call the story, I hardly

know whether, as a just critic, to speak first of its faults or of its virtues. As one always likes to keep the sweetest bits for the end of the banquet, I will give priority of place to my caviling. The great fault of the book lies in the absence of arranged plot. The author, in giving the form of a novel to the beautiful pictures and images which his fancy has enabled him to draw, and in describing Rome and Italian scenes as few others have described them, has in fact been too idle to carry out his own purpose of constructing a tale. We will grant that a novelist may be natural or supernatural. Let us grant, for the occasion, that the latter manner, if well handled, is the better and the more efficacious. And we must grant also that he who soars into the supernatural need not bind himself by any of the ordinary trammels of life. His men may fly, his birds may speak. His women may make angelic music without instruments. His cherubs may sit at the piano. This wide latitude, while its adequate management is much too difficult for ordinary hands, gives facility for the working of a plot. But there must be some plot, some arrangement of circumstances, with an intelligible conclusion, or the reader will not be satisfied. If, then, a ghost, who,—or shall I say which?—is made on all occasions to act as a *Deus ex machina*, and to create and to solve every interest, we should know something of the ghost's antecedents, something of the causes which have induced him, or it, to meddle in the matter under discussion. The ghost of Hamlet's father had a manifest object, and the ghost of Banquo a recognized cause. In *The Marble Faun* there is no ghost, but the heroine of the story is driven to connive at murder, and the hero to commit murder, by the disagreeable intrusion of a personage whose *raison d'être* is left altogether in the dark. "The gentle reader," says our author as he ends his narrative, "would not thank us for one of those minute elucidations which are so tedious and after all so unsatisfactory in clearing up the romantic mysteries of a story." There our author is, I think, in error. His readers will hardly be so gentle as not to require from him some explanation of the causes which have produced the romantic details to which they have given their attention, and will be inclined to say that it should have been the author's business to give an explanation neither tedious nor unsatisfactory. The critic is disposed to think that Hawthorne, as he continued his narrative, postponed his plot till it was too late, and then escaped from his difficulty by the ingenious excuse above given. As a writer of novels, I am bound to say that the excuse can not be altogether accepted.

In *The Marble Faun*, as in all Hawthorne's tales written after *The Scarlet Letter*, the reader must look rather for a series of pictures than for a novel. It would, perhaps, almost be well that a fastidious reader should cease to read when he comes within that border, toward the end, in which it might be natural to expect that the strings of a story should be gathered together and tied into an intelligible knot. This would be peculiarly desirable in regard to *The Marble Faun*, in

which the delight of that fastidious reader, as derived from pictures of character and scenery, will be so extreme that it should not be marred by a sense of failure in other respects.

In speaking of this work in conjunction with Hawthorne's former tales, I should be wrong not to mention the wonderful change which he effected in his own manner of writing when he had traveled out from Massachusetts into Italy. As every word in his earlier volumes savors of New England, so in *The Marble Faun* is the flavor entirely that of Rome and of Italian scenery. His receptive imagination took an impress from what was around him, and then gave it forth again with that wonderful power of expression which belonged to him. Many modern writers have sought to give an interest to their writings by what is called local coloring; but it will too often happen that the reader is made to see the laying on of the colors. In Hawthorne's Roman chronicle the tone of the telling is just as natural—seems to belong as peculiarly to the author,—as it does with *The Scarlet Letter* or *The House of the Seven Gables.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1864*

THE publishers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have had the honor of receiving the following letter from the President of the United States.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, January 16, 1864.

"MESSRS. CROSBY AND NICHOLS:—

"GENTLEMEN: The number for this month and year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was duly received, and for which please accept my thanks. Of course I am not the most impartial judge; yet, with due allowance for this I venture to hope that the article entitled 'The President's Policy' will be of value to the country. I fear I am not quite worthy of all which is therein kindly said of me personally.

The sentence of twelve lines, commencing at the top of page 252, I could wish to be not exactly as it is. In what is there expressed, the writer has not correctly understood me. I have never had a theory that Secession could absolve States or people from their obligations. Precisely the contrary is asserted in the Inaugural Address; and it was because of my belief in the continuation of these *obligations*, that I was puzzled, for a time, as to denying the legal *rights* of those citizens who remained individually innocent of treason or rebellion. But I mean no more now than to merely call attention to this point.

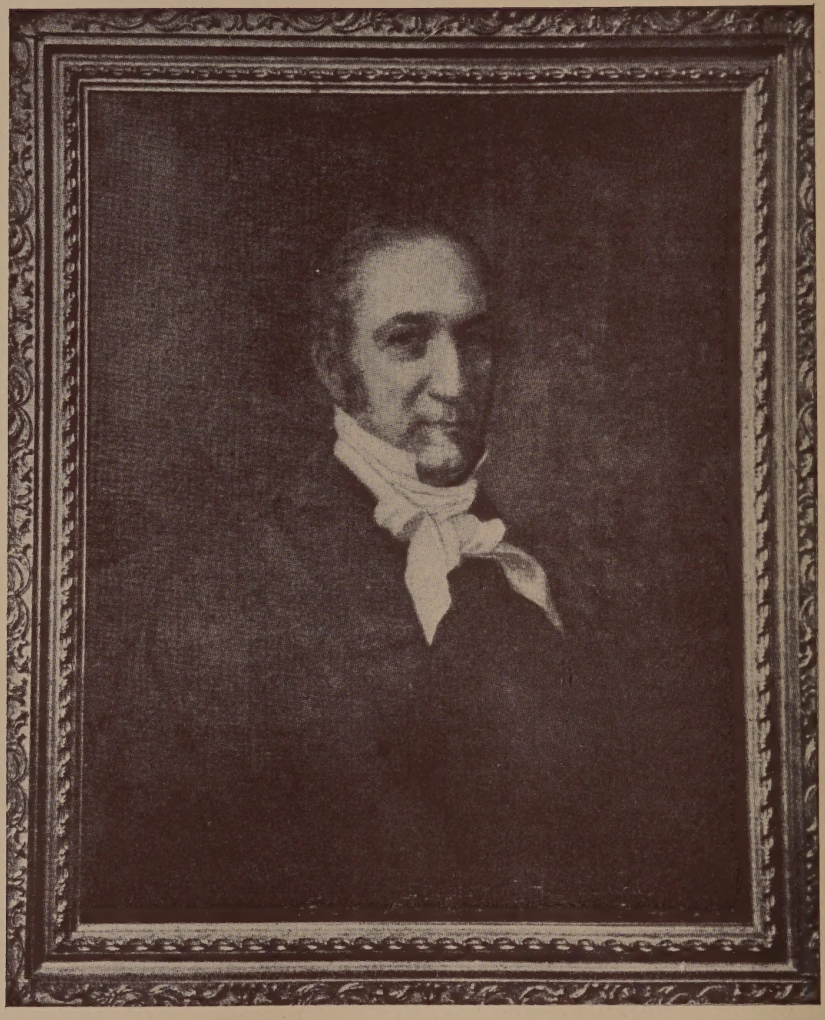
Yours respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

The sentence to which the President refers is the following:—

Even so long ago as when Mr. Lincoln, not yet convinced of the danger and magnitude of the crisis, was endeavoring to persuade himself of Union majorities at the South, and to carry on a war that was half peace, in the hope of a peace that would have been all war,—while he was still enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law, under some theory that Secession, however it might absolve States from their obligations, could not escheat them of their claims under the Constitution, and that slaveholders in rebellion had alone, among mortals, the privilege of having their cake and eating it at the same time,—the enemies of free government were striving to persuade the people that the war was an Abolition crusade. To rebel without reason was proclaimed as one of the rights of man, while it was carefully kept out of sight that to suppress rebellion is the first duty of government.

[Nothing could have been further from the intention of the Editors than to misrepresent the opinions of the President. They merely meant that, in their judgment, the policy of the Administration was at first such as practically to concede to any rebel who might choose to profess loyalty, rights under the Constitution whose corresponding obligations he repudiated.]



EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING

THE THIRD EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1818–1819.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

THE FOURTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1819–1820.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1915

A LETTER TO "THE TIMES"

BY THE EDITOR

My Dear Lord Northcliffe:

I HAVE had it in mind for some weeks to avail myself of the time-honored privilege of addressing a communication to *The Times* upon a subject of very great and perhaps really vital importance to our respective countries, but now when the time has come to do so I feel that I may be able to express what I have to say more readily and more clearly if I write with less formality directly to you as an old and valued friend. I am the freer to do this because, as you will recall, it fell to my lot in the course of a dinner given in your honor some years ago to make the first public announcement of your prospective assumption of control of the great journal which has thrived so amazingly under your direction. Then, too, you really know and understand America as I have had at least opportunity to know and understand England—a circumstance of no small importance in an undertaking whose merit is full sincerity and whose chief requisite is perfect candor.

Let me ask you this: Am I wrong in concluding from close observation and anxious inquiry that at this most critical of times in all history, when as never before our respective peoples should be animated by the most fraternal spirit, they are gradually but surely drawing asunder? If not, if my perception is true, then manifestly a condition has developed insensibly

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which not only gives rise to concern no less grave than that caused by the great war itself, but should be recognized and met squarely, frankly, and intelligently by those of us on both sides of the water who appreciate the peril of such misunderstanding.

My fear is that I am right with respect especially to your people, among whom I seem to perceive a growing sense of personal injury which is rapidly assuming the proportions of common resentment. That such a feeling should pervade to a degree the hearts of men and women living in frightful stress was perhaps to be expected; much allowance must be made when souls are being tried; no appreciable harm ensues, moreover, so long as considerations of prudence enjoin the silence of forbearance; but when open manifestations of hidden hurt begin to appear with increasing frequency and vehemence the circumstance is one not to be ignored.

Is not that the present situation? Of all British public journals, none in the past twenty years has been more considerate and appreciative of the United States than the *Spectator*, now suddenly become for the first time both apprehensive and truculent. "A Great Danger" is the quite unusual and somewhat startling title under which it informs us that "Englishmen who admire and love America cannot help feeling acute anxiety and alarm at the way in which we are drifting toward the danger of a collision with the United States." But what are the prospective causes? The *Spectator* cites but one—the "commercial intrigue under which the *Dacia* has been bought and set sailing," thus "first providing our enemies with a million or two of ready cash and then employing the former German mercantile marine to supply the commercial needs of our enemies under the protection of the American national flag"—an act which President Wilson may or may not "be able to convince his countrymen" is unfriendly. But, it continues, "what we are much more concerned about than these specific plans for bending the neutrality of America in such a way as will bring material aid to Germany is the want of understanding of the situation, both material and moral, which is shown by the American Government and by large sections of the American people. . . . They think that because we are in a tight place they can ask things from us which they would not have asked in peace, and that we must yield to necessity." Pronouncing "exactly the contrary" to be true, the *Spectator* proceeds:

> Rightly or wrongly, we are certain that this is the case. Take the attitude of the *Spectator* as an example. We have always felt in peace-

time that in squabbles with America anything was better than to make bad blood between the two countries, and we have always been anxious to show the utmost consideration to America—to yield wherever possible to her demands. We are free to confess that this cannot now be our attitude. The temper of stern determination, which is the only temper compatible with success in war, prevents us, and must inevitably prevent us, from adopting the old easy-going methods. Strive as we will, we cannot help feeling deeply, and resenting deeply, the indifference, or indeed callousness, toward Great Britain and her case shown by the Government of the United States. Here is the danger. Their attitude is one of calmness, of friendly calmness if you will, but of calmness. They expect what they would call a reasonable give and take, prudent concessions, and a just appreciation of their own difficulties. They do not in the least realize that it is foolish to ask a man engaged in a death struggle to remember that when one is in a tight place it is wise to make concessions to one's neighbors. They do not understand that in war-time business-like views of this kind do not appeal to us in the least.

A yet worse danger is "the growing soreness and disappointment felt by the British people in regard to the attitude of the American Government" which "causes deep resentment here, even amongst those who, like ourselves, were so pro-American in their sympathies that six months ago satirists were inclined to tell them that they imagined America could do no wrong." It is "a feeling of bitterness" and "every word of it stings like a whip on our ears." America "in effect claims the right to provide Germany with the means of holding down Belgium and killing English soldiers, and freely to supply the material required for bombs to slay non-combatants. Can it be wondered at that, even though it may be unreasonable, and though, of course, we ought to see the American case and so forth, we feel cut to the heart that America seems to reckon up the matter in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and of human suffering?"

"If the Washington Government," the *Spectator* concludes, menacingly, "think our difficulties will make us more compliant than in peace-time, they are very much mistaken. We would endure harsh treatment from them in peace-time far more easily than we can endure it now. That is foolish, perhaps, but it is a fact."

The *Outlook* goes a step further when it declares that "the United States of America seek to outrage neutrality while remaining a neutral" by purchasing German ships in which to convey products to Germany and so becoming "the supporter

of those who are marching through broken treaties and the shattered traditions of humanity toward their goal of universal military dominion."

"It would be hard," the *Outlook* continues, "to find in history any instance of a greater or a more deadly outrage upon all international law and precedent than that involved in the measure proposed by President Wilson. The miserable consequences of setting an amiable doctrinaire to deal with great practical affairs were perhaps never more plainly shown. President Wilson has talked much of the abstract principles of justice and of right. He has prated of arbitration and of the brutality of war. But now, when the test has come, he has fallen to the bottom of the very pit of evils against which in many rounded periods he has warned mankind. He has allowed himself to be made the tool, the dupe, at once of those of his fellow-citizens whose sole concern is to make money out of the agony of half mankind, and of German agents whose single business is to create trouble for the Allies."

The *Outlook* concludes by proposing in these words a drastic method of meeting the situation:

> Let our Cabinet decline absolutely to discuss this subject any further with the United States except in association with our principal friends, amongst whom Japan has an important place, for Japan also has deep interest in the duration of the strife, and as a sea Power has a right to be consulted. If this course were but adopted by our Government the whole position would speedily change. The answer to the Republic would be given in the names of four Empires. Its demands would be shown plainly, though in the most courteous language of diplomacy, to be substantially demands for the blood of their men and for uncounted millions of their money. What would follow? The United States protests would be heard of no more. For the United States do not really want to declare war on Japan and on Russia, on France and on Britain, in defense of an outrageous violation of the law of nations perpetrated at the instigation of Teutonic murderers.

What is the meaning of all this? Surely no warrant for such savage denunciation and startling proposals can be found in the specific acts complained of. Mr. Strachey in the *Spectator* incidentally, though perhaps unwittingly, concedes that the *Dacia* case is a mere test of a general regulation which Great Britain is wholly at liberty to enforce or not as she pleases. Of itself it is quite trivial and unprovocative. With regard to the shipping of foodstuffs to Germany, it need only be said that our

Government courteously inquired of your Foreign Office if it would be considered objectionable, and received a correspondingly courteous response to the effect that such shipments were permissible if made to individuals. In any case, the German Government had disposed of the matter before the *Outlook* protested so violently by decreeing confiscation of all such products.

Justification for the most serious charge—namely, that of purchase and operation of interned German ships by the United States Government, contrary to custom and in doubtful faith, may be readily conceded. But objection to this procedure was not restricted to the British. The American press and the American people were equally determined in opposition and the responsive American Congress killed the measure in the face of the President's most hardy insistence; so that, however unfavorably the action of the Executive may be regarded, surely no complaint can lie against the Government as a whole.

Can it be possible, my dear Northcliffe, that the wise, prudent and far-seeing Strachey whom I have known would reverse the attitude of a lifetime and threaten us with war, and that Mr. Wyatt would seriously urge inciting Japan against us upon pretexts so flimsy and untenable as these? That to my mind is inconceivable. The cause lies deeper in the heart of the English nation, and there lurks the real danger.

The "bitterness" to which Mr. Strachey alludes, and which, as I have already observed with deep regret, seems to be increasing, springs, I take it, from a sense of disappointment at the official conduct of our Government. This is readily understood. When the German Chancellor tore the famous scrap of paper to bits, and the mighty German army hurled itself upon brave little Belgium in ruthless violation of plighted faith and national honor, the wave of indignation which swept over this country equaled, if, indeed, it did not exceed in intensity that which drove your nation instantly to arms. This fact, so emphatically manifested by the American press, naturally induced in the minds of your people not merely a hope, but a settled expectation that our Government as a Government would at least voice the feeling thus expressed with promptness and vigor, and would avail itself of every opportunity to extend material aid to the allied forces. While there was no anticipation or desire that the United States should treat Germany's shocking conduct as a cause for open warfare, and while our declaration of neutrality was readily accepted as both justifiable and proper,

it was felt and believed that at a suitable moment our Government, officially and perhaps even in a practical manner, would exemplify the sympathy already expressed with such unanimity by our people.

It was inevitable, then, and not, I am frank to say, without some basis of reason, that the English people should have been surprised when our Government declined to protest under the terms of the Hague Convention, even though it was under no technical obligation to do so; when it refrained from denouncing the wanton destruction of cathedrals and other architectural monuments; when it refused to heed accounts of atrocities committed; and when subsequently it took no cognizance of indiscriminate killing of unarmed and inoffensive residents of unfortified places. As you are doubtless aware, this frustration of hopes in England found a very considerable response in America at the instigation—obviously for political purposes, be it noted—of Mr. Roosevelt, but I believe that I am quite within bounds in saying that the great majority of our people approved the course pursued by President Wilson, upon the theory that any seeming infraction of our professed neutrality, in itself of no practical effect, might subsequently operate to rob our Government of opportunities to render real service to those whom we would befriend and whose success we ardently desired then, as we do even more strongly now. Your Government apparently understood this, else they would have indicated in some way their dissatisfaction; but your people clearly did not and do not now—a most regrettable circumstance, for which, as it seems to me, nobody can be justly blamed.

But it is not my purpose to defend or to decry the conduct of our Government. That must stand or fall, in the judgment of all fair minds, upon its merits. What I aim to do, so far as I am able, and what I hope you will see fit to do with your unexampled facilities, is to clear away the mists of perilous misunderstanding by making clear to your people the real attitude of ours, and by setting forth the underlying causes which, I beg you to believe, have constituted us at least your moral ally.

When Mr. Strachey instances some specific performance on the part of our Government as evidencing wilful lack of appreciation of the situation, lack of knowledge of what England is fighting for, and lack of accord with her definite aims, I can follow him without difficulty, but when he declares as a fact that such "want of understanding" is not only shared, but "shown" by "large sections of the American people," I am utterly bewildered.

CHARLESTOWN BRANCH

My dear Northcliffe, there are no such antagonistic sections among our people. There is not a solitary one that can be pronounced "large" except in arrogance, in impudence, and in the growing disfavor of their fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Strachey declares with marked positiveness that the United States "are asking us to fight with one hand tied behind our back in order to enable the State Department and the Administration generally not to disappoint Herr Dernburg," and dwells upon "the pressure of the German vote." Passing for a moment the *Spectator's* hardly warranted inference respecting President Wilson's disposition toward Dr. Dernburg and other intermeddlers—although he has made it sufficiently plain upon more than one occasion—what about this terrifying "German vote"? What does it amount to? At the latest National election 15,000,000 of ballots were cast. Of these about 500,000 were deposited by naturalized citizens of German birth and approximately 1,500,000 by citizens of German descent born in this country—a total of perhaps 2,000,000 out of 15,000,000. Some voted for Wilson, some for Taft, some for Roosevelt, and not a few for Debs, but *all* voted against their *bête noire*, Prohibition; and will again, regardless of other considerations—a fact which I beg you to bear in mind.

Now it is undoubtedly the purpose of our visiting instructor in politics and morals, Dr. Dernburg, and his well-paid helpers to foment trouble between America and England. That, of course, is their privilege. Probably England would not go out of her way to prevent the arising of a difficulty between the United States and Germany. But how are they progressing? That is the question. Their first endeavor was to "educate public opinion" and they published many articles and addressed many assemblages, but wholly without avail. Although ready and willing to accord them a fair hearing, the public could not be convinced—and even Mr. Herman Ridder's blatant diatribes soon disappeared from the columns of all newspapers except his own.

Public opinion having politely but firmly refused to be "educated" to worship of "the law of necessity" as "inevitable" and altogether righteous, Herr Dernburg and associates resorted naturally to their traditional and more familiar argument—Force. With a blundering incapacity paralleled in recent times only by the German Chancellor's bulldozing "diplomacy" in his dealings with Sir Edward Grey, they determined to terrorize all political parties, beginning with that of President Wilson,

whom, incidentally, they have traduced unconscionably, to the verge of treason, in their public speeches.

These extraordinary and largely subsidized efforts culminated in a "convention" at Washington of fifty-eight "German" or, as they are coming to be more commonly and jeeringly termed, "hyphenated" Americans, who stupidly—

Resolved, That we citizens of the United States agree to effect a national organization, the objects and purposes of which may be stated as follows:

(1) In order to assume the possession of an independent news service, we favor an American cable, controlled by the Government of the United States.

(2) We demand a free and open sea for the commerce of the United States and unrestricted traffic in non-contraband goods as defined by international law.

(3) We favor as a strictly American policy the immediate enactment of legislation prohibiting the export of arms, ammunition, and munitions of war.

(4) We favor the establishment of an American merchant marine, and

(5) We pledge ourselves individually and collectively to support only such candidates for public office, irrespective of party, who will place American interests above those of any other country and who will aid in eliminating all undue foreign influences from American life.

Doubtless you have been apprised of the effect of this exhibition of intolerable insolence. The *Literary Digest* sums it up neatly:

"The wickedness of the scheme lies in its purpose to create friction between England and the United States," declares the Boston *Transcript*. The men behind the movement, says the Springfield *Republican*, reveal themselves as "more German than American," and the New York *Times* is convinced that "never since the foundation of the Republic has any body of men assembled here who were more completely subservient to a foreign Power and to foreign influence, and none ever proclaimed the un-American spirit more openly." "The sole object of the promoters of this movement is to drive the United States from its present position of neutrality," affirms the New York *Herald*. The position they ask us to abandon, says the New York *Sun*, is "historically, legally, and morally correct," while the course they urge upon us amounts virtually to "the enlistment of the American people under the flag of Germany." These men, declares the New York *World*, "are doing Germany no good, and themselves much harm, by their pernicious pro-German propaganda." The movement, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, represents "a pro-German

plot," and the Brooklyn *Eagle* suggests that the activities of its promoters bear a close resemblance to treason.

Not one public journal printed in English had a kindly or respectful word to say of this grotesque performance, not one; and yet more significant was the sharp denunciation of the movement by the New York *Volkszeitung* as "a dangerous agitation, seeking, under the hypocritical pretense of preserving America's neutrality, to destroy it," and calling upon "every German-American workingman in the country" to oppose it "with all his strength." The growing revolt among Americans of German descent was emphasized further by Dr. Kuno Francke of Harvard, who, after declaring his sympathies "fervently on the German side," wrote:

> We have every opportunity in this country to make felt what is best in German character and life. Let us continue to do so; let us continue to have a prominent part in all endeavors for political, civic, and industrial progress; let us stand for the German ideals of honesty, loyalty, truthfulness, devotion to work; let us cultivate our language, our literature, and our art; let us fearlessly defend the cause of our mother-country against prejudices and aspersions. But let us refrain from political organizations which would set Germans in this country apart as a class by themselves. Such an attempt would lead not to the raising, but to the degradation, of the German name in this country. It would foster hatred instead of sympathy; and only by gaining the sympathy of the majority of the American people can we German-Americans help the cause of our mother-country.

The simple fact is that the German agents overreached and are hoist by their own petard. So far from successfully intimidating political aspirants, they have made it dangerous for a public man to speak a word in favor of their cause—and, incidentally, none of importance, to my knowledge, has done so. It is, moreover, quite evident upon all sides that the younger men of German descent who constitute the great bulk of the two millions of voters no longer find the term "German-American" palatable. Quite after our American fashion, the happy suggestion of "hyphenated" has changed the style. The ridiculous assertion that "Irish-Americans," who really no longer appreciably exist, have joined hands with "German-Americans" for political purposes under Herr Dernburg's leadership finds sufficient answer in the mere fact that the Shipping Bill so ardently desired by German owners and bankers was defeated through the exertions of Senator James A. O'Gorman, a Tam-

many Democrat and the foremost statesman of Irish extraction now in American public life.

So much for "the pressure of the German vote"—less than one-seventh of the total, whose inconceivable unification would serve only to arouse an opposition that would deprive it of any measure of effectiveness even in domestic affairs. Do not you think that in the circumstances Mr. Strachey might be induced to revise his intimation of subserviency on President Wilson's part to a power which does not and could not exist except to its own immediate undoing?

The matter of "commercialism" as an accusation against our people, to my mind, calls for no more than passing attention, despite the *Spectator's* stinging remark that "America seems to reckon it up in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and of human suffering." It is true, of course, that we wish to maintain our trade relations with other neutral countries in strict conformity with international usage in times of war. Why not? We, like you, are normally producers, manufacturers, and exporters, and the very life of a vast number of our great population is dependent upon our foreign markets.

And we are paying our full share of the cost of a war for the waging of which we surely are in no sense or degree responsible. Do you know that the number of unemployed in the United States to-day—some say it reaches five millions—is larger than ever before in our history, that thousands stand daily and nightly upon the many "bread lines" in our great cities, that practically all of our industrial establishments, except those engaged in producing essentials chiefly for England and France, are running on little better than "half time," that enforced stoppage of the payment of dividends upon widely distributed shares of concerns like the Steel Corporation has plunged scores of thousands of families into comparative want, that the entire South lies prostrate and helpless under the mountain of its unsaleable cotton? And yet, despite this distressful condition, hardly appreciated, naturally, by your people in the midst of their own sufferings, has not America poured into Belgium and Holland and France ten millions to England's one? Is it quite fair, I ask, in view of all this, to pronounce us selfish, greedy, and insensible to human woes?

It is not, I beg you to believe, my dear Northcliffe, either because of our desire to lend aid and comfort to the enemies of civilization or of our craving for material gains that we

should like to send food to Germany as we are sending it in great quantities to Belgium and Holland without money or price; it is because we would, if we could, save from starvation the poor German people whom, too, we love. Is there anything reprehensible in that? Surely Mr. Strachey would not propose, as has been proposed here, that the United States establish a general embargo. What then would become of the forty millions of English who look to this great granary for their necessaries of life?

I wonder, moreover, if your people, in common with your Government and, of course, yourself, are fully aware that their allied forces are drawing their rifles, their cartridges, and other munitions of war from our factories, and that, but for the supply thus obtained, they could hardly hope *ever* to triumph. As you doubtless know, a determined effort made in Congress, under "pressure of the German vote," to stop the sale of implements of destruction to combatants got not so much as a hearing. Why? Because "America seems to reckon the matter in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and of human suffering"? Perhaps, though I do not admit it. But even so, would not the savage intimation come with better grace from the *Hamburger Zeitung*, let us say, than from the *Spectator?*

Yes, we wish to sell our cotton even to Germans and Austrians, though Britain can easily prevent our doing so and without evoking protest from us if she should consider such action necessary or desirable. But there is nothing new in that. Who was it, when we were fighting for our national life as England is fighting for hers to-day, that said "calmly"—if I may use the *Spectator's* reprehending term—"assuredly we are opposed to human slavery, *but we want cotton*"; who, if not a British statesman? And did not practically all England, including even Mr. Gladstone, who ostentatiously purchased Confederate bonds, act accordingly? Our reckoning in cold dollars and cents, if such it be, is at least to your advantage; yours bore encouragement to the foes of the Union. But I would not dwell unduly upon a regrettable circumstance long since atoned for and pardoned. I would not even mention it but for the appositeness which may tend to the cultivation of a more tolerant attitude on the part of some of the spokesmen for your people. But forgiving is not necessarily forgetting.

Time was not so many years ago when England was smugly arrogant and America was boyishly boastful; but now, com-

pared with the Germans, you are positively shy, and we—well, we have grown up, not perhaps to the keenest perspective, but at least to sober realization of things as they are. You know that; you know that we shed our swaddling-clothes long ago and are to-day as unemotional as those steady folk of France who are fighting sturdily for their liberties and their homes as a simple matter of course without a murmur; but are your countrymen possessed of the knowledge which you have derived from personal acquaintance and observation? I am not so sure. Else how *could* representative journals like the *Spectator* and the *Outlook* ignore such evidences of fealty and friendliness as have been manifested no less strongly by the American women of America than by the American-born women of England; how *can* they fail to grasp the import of the greatest *American* banking-house becoming the avowed fiscal and purchasing agent of Britain without evoking a word of disapprobation from any part of our country; how *can* they be so blind as to perceive no significance in the refusal of an American President to participate in a celebration in honor of a revolutionary hero lest his neutrality be questioned? "So," caustically remarks *Punch*, "water *is* thicker than blood, after all." Is it true? Have not I adduced indications to the contrary sufficient to satisfy any fair mind?

No, no; believe that I know when I say to you that, while as a nation we are neutral, as we should be for your account no less than for our own, as a people we are in this crucial contest heart and soul with the people of England, the people of France, and—yes, by all means and with yet greater emphasis, with the people of Germany.

But we must abide no illusions if we would clear away misunderstandings; so let me tell you why we are "with the Allies." It is not because of ties of kinship as between nations; not at all. We do not consider that the United States as a political entity is in debt to England; quite the contrary, we should have said as late as half a century ago; and even now, when William Watson, poet, curses "craven daughter" for not rushing to the defense of "noble mother," we have to laugh, though not, of course, to scorn. Neither to France, though ever friendly, nor to Russia, though everlastingly grateful, does the United States acknowledge obligations of such a nature as to impel embroilment in causes not her own. Moreover, as a people, we have quite as much in common with the thrifty, industrious, home-loving Germans as with English, French, or Russians;

that, in view especially of the high quality of their contribution to our citizenry, is but natural.

But can we and do we condone brutality in warfare such as that which devastated Belgium? Of course not; and yet to what extent *is* "all fair" in war? We simply do not know. Does anybody? If the English, French, and Russian delegates to The Hague had supported the proposition of our representatives to make all nations responsible for the observance by each of accepted regulations, there would have been created at least a basis for protest or even action. As it is, the hell which is war continues to have no standards of conduct.

The Kaiser? To be blamed, no doubt, but in reason and rather primarily to be pitied as the chief victim of a false and infamous, though honestly held, doctrine. Do you happen to know that the first outburst against the Emperor here came in no small part from Americans of German birth and descent? It is a fact—a fact, to my mind, of marked significance.

Why, then, are we for you and your Allies? For no other reason in the world except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for, and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard around the world,—for the glorious cause that Franklin, and Jefferson, and Madison wrote for, that Patrick Henry spoke for, that Washington and Jackson fought for, that Lincoln died for, that McKinley suffered for, that every American statesman worthy of the title now lives for. As I have remarked already, and as none better than you well knows, we are no longer in the kindergarten, as the *Spectator* and the *Outlook* seem to think, to be treated condescendingly, to be patronized, even to be taught our responsibilities and duties; we are full grown and, if I may say so without giving offense, which I wish not to do, we have come to have a clearer comprehension of what this dreadful affair is about than you seem to have. Your people are so close to it, so menaced by it, that inevitably their perspective is dimmed. Our view is truer because it is comparatively far removed and is formed by our most competent minds. President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, with the indomitable spirit of undying fervor, leaped early to a conclusion which proved to be correct. President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, on the other hand, compelled to speak, if at all, of his acquaintances, associates, and friends in Berlin, "took his time"; but when he had taken his time he said:

At the outbreak of the present war people who were unacquainted with Germany thought that it was the work of the Emperor and those about him. They believed that the nation was less eager for war than the court, and that the scholars and men of science at the universities might be trusted to moderate the feelings of the nation. It soon appeared that this was a mistaken conception. The nation was apparently much more eager for war than the Emperor. The universities acted as exponents of the national feeling. Instead of trying to moderate the zeal for war, they championed it as their own.

It is characteristic of modern Germany that the universities should be exponents rather than critics of public sentiment. For the universities are probably in closer touch with public opinion in Germany than in any other country and do more to make that public opinion. The contact of professors and students with the national problems is more direct, and their influence on national feeling as a whole much stronger than is the case either in England or in America.

The German universities do more than prepare the great body of officeholders for their work. They do much in preparing the public sentiment that is behind these officeholders. In America and in England the organization of public opinion is largely in the hands of the newspapers, and particularly of the daily newspapers. In Germany the case is quite different. A position as editor of a daily paper in Germany does not carry social and political influence with it. The editor is generally expected to be the mouthpiece of somebody else. The political news that he gives is limited. The political opinions which he utters carry little weight. The magazines have more independence and more influence than the newspapers; but the real places where facts are proclaimed and opinions formed are the lecture-rooms of the universities.

The German public looks to professors for its opinions in a good deal the same way that the American public looks to journalists for its opinions. The great movements of German political thought have originated in lecture-rooms. It was there that State socialism started. It was there that the idea of German unity was most effectively championed. It was there that the doctrines now called by the name Pan-Germanism first took strong hold on the thoughts and hearts of men.

Now that is our understanding. We take rather lightly the mere interpretations of a Bernhardi; we advert with sure instinct to the philosophy of a Treitschke; and what do we find? That the awful war which is commonly regarded as between oligarchical Germany and democratic England is really between a self-constituted *State* and a God-made *people*, and that all principle, all religion, all morals, major and minor, are weighing in the balance. But—

What constitutes a State?
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain?

So the English poet sang; so the Americans believe; but what says the guide of Germany? This:

States do not arise out of the people's sovereignty, but they are created *against the will of the people;* the State is the power of the stronger race which establishes itself.

There is the crux of the matter as we have slowly but with a sense of surety come to perceive it. Might over right? Of course. But more than that, much more; nothing less, in fact, than justification of any and every evil, wrongful, or immoral act. Is a treaty to be violated? Why not? asks Treitschke:

If an unscrupulous speculator lies on the Stock Exchange he thinks only of his purse; but a diplomatist thinks of his country if during a political negotiation he becomes guilty of an obscuration of facts. The moral danger that is nearest to the diplomatist does not lie in mendacity, but in the spiritual shallowness that is born of the elegant life of the salon.

Thus it follows from this that we must distinguish between public and private morality. The order of rank of the various duties must necessarily be for the State, as it is power, quite other than for individual men. A whole series of these duties, which are obligatory on the individual, are not to be thought of in any case for the State. To maintain itself counts for it always as the highest commandment; that is absolutely moral for it. And on that account we must declare that of all political sins that of weakness is the most reprehensible and the most contemptible; it is in politics the sin against the Holy Ghost. . . .

Thus every State reserves to itself the right to decide upon its treaty obligations, and here the historian cannot make a merely formal standard suffice. He must ask the deeper question: whether the unconditioned duty of self-preservation does not justify the State. There are, unfortunately, numberless cases in the life of the State in which the employment of perfectly pure means is impossible.

Is it a matter of might?

In the further course of history, among all forces that we know, war is the mightiest and most efficient molder of nations. Only in war does a nation become a nation, and the expansion of existing States proceeds in most cases by the way of conquest, even if afterward the results of the armed combat are recognized by treaty.

Is it a question of race?

He who is baptized a Christian cannot be looked upon as a Jew; every legislature must insist on that. So far I see absolutely only one means that we can employ here: real energy of our national pride, which must become a second nature with us, so that we involuntarily reject everything that is strange to the Germanic nature. That holds good of all and sundry; it holds good visiting of theaters and music-halls as well as of newspaper-reading. Where there is Jewish filth soiling our life the German must turn away, and he must accustom himself to speak the truth straight out.

Is "nobility" concerned?

In a certain sense we must say that no country in the world has so illustrious a nobility as we have. That the order of German princes is, properly speaking, only a high order of nobility has been evident since we have had an empire. This nobility need fear no comparison. The lower order of nobility is monarchic—that part of it which is worth anything. That is why the Prussian nobility stands so high morally; these very Prussian Junkers of ill repute are the best elements of the German nobility. Every one who is at home in the small German States knows that. In Prussia the Junkers have so long been obliged to learn to be subjects that they find their glory in the service of the Crown. They had first to be humbled by the royal power, but after that they accommodated themselves to circumstances. The families of small nobles, on the contrary, in Saxony and Bavaria have always had something of the parasite about them; they wish to rise by means of the Court like the French Court-nobles.

Or the "common" people?

Necessity and sweat in daily life are the most real things for these masses who work with their hands. They wish to be in a tolerable position economically; the ideal energies, of which they are capable, exhibit themselves in two directions: in a profound religious sentiment and, on the other hand, in delight in military heroism. Who can picture to himself Jesus or Martin Luther otherwise than as the children of poor parents? Such religious geniuses only arise in the lowest ranks of society. The aristocrat must use violence upon his accustomed views of life in order to come round to the view that we are all God's children.

Or defenders of homes?

Of humanity in warfare, the well-known aphorism holds good in theory everywhere, in practice, of course, only in land warfare, that it is States and not their individual citizens that make war on one another. If the soldier does not know whom he has to look upon as soldiers in the enemy's country, whom as robbers and waylayers, then he must become cruel and unfeeling. He alone can be looked upon as a soldier who has sworn the oath of fidelity to the colors, stands

under the articles of war, and can be recognized by some distinguishing mark, which need not be a complete uniform. Ruthless severity against the franc-tireurs who swarm round the enemy without standing under the articles of war is self-evident.

Or contemned observers of a Sabbath day?

. . . In democracies a rigid denominationalism is the rule, and for domestic life in North America this denominational narrow-mindedness is in fact a real blessing. Here the Sabbath in its ghastly form is really necessary. To our German sentiment nothing is more horrible than such a day of rest, of complete inactivity, every week. We incline to the opposite fault, to a Sunday of dissipation; a stricter celebration of the Sunday can do no harm in Germany. But God preserve us from the English-American Sabbath! One must have completely exhausted oneself in every muscle and nerve for the past six days, in order to feel that this absolute laziness on the seventh day is a release. The severe and rigid, altogether narrow-minded ecclesiasticism of the Americans, which is so repulsive to us more liberal Germans, is thus shown to be a practical necessity. We come to recognize that democracy must in any case rest upon the foundation of a very strong religious morality, if it is not to get quite out of control.

Or religion generally?

If we look at matters in this way, it is evident, that the world of religious sentiment is so entirely separated from the raw atmosphere of the life of the State, that a full understanding can never supervene here. Religious truths are truths of the mind, true as nothing else is for the believing, but altogether non-existent for the unbelieving. Childhood, which lives for the future, and old age with its quiet contemplativeness are especially accessible to the promises of religion; to the female mind, also, the profound unrest of an existence without religion is unbearable. In the life of the State, however, it is above all the men who decide; they are the rulers here. The State is guided not by emotions, but by calculating, clear experience of the world; religion wishes to know only what it believes, the State to believe only what it knows. In the ecclesiastical community the subjective conviction of the believing conscience is, simply, everything. The ideal of a religious fellowship is the republic. Its constitution must be so framed that the changing conviction of the community may find expression: thus in this case again the Evangelical Church stands above the Catholic. It is the other way about in the State. It is in the first instance power; and undoubtedly its ideal is the monarchy, because in it the power of the State expresses itself in an especially decided and consistent way.

And, finally, war and murders?

We have learned to know the moral majesty of war in the very thing that appears brutal and inhuman to superficial observers. That one must overcome the natural feelings of humanity for the sake of the fatherland, that in this case men murder one another who have never harmed one another before and who perhaps esteem one another highly as chivalrous enemies, that is at the first glance the awfulness of war, but at the same time its greatness also. A man must sacrifice not only his life, but he must yield up his whole ego to a great patriotic idea: that is the moral exaltedness of war.

Our German visitors declare half-heartedly that this shocking doctrine does not constitute their real creed, but as one after another the shameful acts authorized by their State, or General Staff as it is now known, have conformed to it literally, we can see no reason for doubting the correctness of President Hadley's analysis. To our minds, then, the real issue is not, as your people seem to think, mere militarism; it is the hideous conception of which militarism is but one of many manifestations; it is despotism itself; the despotism which united our people originally in armed resistance and which is no less hateful to us now than it was then.

Neutral? Yes, in the name of the nation, but not in our heart of hearts. We are for the England which has been gradually freeing the world while Germany has been planning to enslave it. No one of the great colonies which owe her so much and are responding so nobly to her call is more true to the glorious aspiration for which now she is giving her life-blood than these United States. Gradually and gropingly, I admit, but assuredly at last we have attained a realization and understanding which at the moment of effectiveness will render it impossible for any titular Government to fail to do its full part.

Meanwhile, I beg of you, my dear Northcliffe, to maintain unceasingly the patient and wise consideration which you have breathed into your great journals while I transmit to Mr. Strachey a small volume whose sole merit is its title: *The Power of Tolerance.* I am, as ever,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE HARVEY.

MAKING FREE WITH THE FLAG

MUCH comment pro and contra has been aroused by the action of various British steamship captains in substituting the American for the British flag on their vessels to assure, if pos-

sible, their safety in waters in which the presence of German submarines is feared. It does not appear that there has been or is any cause for diplomatic remonstrance, however, or other action to stop or to resent this practice. Such use of flags has been common from time immemorial. Our own nation has employed it, using the British flag as a protection against Confederate cruisers during the Civil War; and there is nothing whatever in our laws prohibiting it or penalizing the masters of vessels for resorting to it. As for Great Britain, she has long sanctioned the practice by act of Parliament, penalizing the display of a false flag "excepting when made for the purpose of escaping from an enemy."

The incidents do, however, strongly suggest the desirability of the adoption of some unmistakable and uniform rule upon the subject, in both national and international law. It seems to be one of the matters which have been either voluntarily or involuntarily ignored and left to unwritten law or custom. But unwritten law, which each nation makes for itself, and indeed makes and remakes according to the exigencies of varying circumstances, is one of the most prolific sources of evil. Whether such use of neutral flags in time of war is to be sanctioned or is to be prohibited should be definitely understood.

It must be borne in mind that this practice is radically different from the use of an enemy's flag by a ship of war for purposes of strategy. The latter practice is common. In the present war some of the German cruisers have indulged in it with much success; and it has been common in former wars. The employment of the flag of a neutral nation is an entirely different thing; and there is therefore no pertinence in saying that if a German cruiser could use the Japanese flag for purposes of destruction, a British ship may use the American flag for purposes of salvation. It is, of course, also different from the use of a neutral flag by a warship for belligerent purposes, which would or certainly should be regarded as an intolerable wrong.

It is also to be observed that this practice is not effective against the legitimate stopping, searching, and seizure of ships. In time of war a German cruiser may stop and search a vessel flying the American flag, and may take possession of the vessel as a prize if it be found that it is flying that flag as a ruse, and is in fact an enemy's ship. In such case the responsibility of the act rests upon the vessel making the seizure. Secretary Cass, in Buchanan's administration, laid down the rule, and secured

Great Britain's adherence to it. British vessels were free to stop and search vessels which were suspected of being in the slave-trade, even though they carried the American flag as a disguise; but if they thus stopped a *bona fide* American ship engaged in lawful trade, they would be responsible for the injury.

The present use of this device is intended, therefore, as a safeguard not against being overhauled by a cruiser, but against being summarily torpedoed by a submarine. It is thus provoked by an entirely novel development of naval warfare. The submarine cannot stop, search, and take possession of a ship as a cruiser or battleship could do. It can merely destroy. Granted that it knows a vessel to belong to the enemy, as it does if it sees the enemy's flag flying upon it, it can send a torpedo against it and destroy it out of hand. But if it sees a vessel flying a neutral flag, it can scarcely do that without running the desperate risk of waging war against a neutral power. It has no means of identifying the ship and of making sure whether it is or is not entitled to carry that flag.

We may say frankly that it would be well if this use of neutral flags should serve as an effective restraint upon the operations of submarines against merchant and passenger vessels. It would be regarded as barbarous for ordinary cruisers to go about firing upon and sinking such vessels without giving them the option of surrender, thus destroying not only the vessels but also the lives of multitudes of neutral passengers. We must regard it as no less, but, if possible, still more, barbarous for submarines to do the same thing. For a submarine to attack and destroy a warship, even without warning of its presence, is legitimate. That is a part of the savage game of war. For it to cruise under the high seas, or even in the enemy's waters, sending torpedoes into the hulls of passenger-vessels, is abhorrent to every sentiment save that of a pirate.

In such use of neutral flags there is involved, however, a curious contradiction. It is a well-established principle of international law that the merchant-vessels of a belligerent country cannot lawfully be sold or otherwise transferred to a neutral during the war for the sake of escaping the consequences of the war. Yet the pretense of doing that is precisely what this display of a neutral flag effects. It is a pretense that the belligerent's ship has been transferred to the neutral Power—in other words, that an unlawful transaction has been made. A cruiser making the seizure might detect and expose the falsity

of that pretense. The submarine cannot do so, but must either let the vessel go unscathed or run the risk of destroying a vessel which was in good faith neutral property.

The danger of embroiling the neutral Power whose flag is thus used is in any case considerable. It is so great that it would seem to be the part of international comity and prudence to seek a definite agreement upon the matter as soon as the restoration of peace shall make that practicable. It is, of course, a matter of speculation whether the Powers will be inclined to engage in international lawmaking, seeing how flagrantly various such laws and treaties have been violated; though there is reason for hoping that they will be, and that they will promptly seek a settlement of the issues which have been raised in this war. Certainly the United States itself would be competent to register its own convictions and wishes in the matter. Great Britain, as we have said, long ago put herself on statutory record as permitting such use of alien flags by her own citizens, and thus by implication as permitting citizens of other nations to make such use of her flag. The United States might do the same, or it might do the contrary. It should do something about it when the proper time comes, which will be after the end of the war. For it is not well to change the rules of a game while the game is in progress; especially not of the dread game of war.

NEUTRAL AFFLICTIONS NOW AND A CENTURY AGO

THERE is not a complete analogy—no analogy is ever quite complete—but there is a most interesting and suggestive resemblance between the predicament of the United States and other neutral Powers between the European belligerents to-day, and that of this country between France and Great Britain during the years just before our second war with the latter country. Then, as now, neutrals were made to suffer from the strenuous necessities of belligerents fighting for very life and, in their extremity, regarding the rights and welfare of others as inferior to their own self-preservation.

At that time, in the final struggle between Great Britain and Napoleon Bonaparte, the belligerents were, as to-day, intent upon injuring each other by cutting off supplies of the necessaries of life which each was seeking to obtain from neutral countries and chiefly from America. To that end in 1806 Great

Britain proclaimed a blockade of the Continental coast from the Elbe to Brest, though she let it be known that it would be enforced only from Ostend to Havre. Napoleon replied with his Berlin Decree, proclaiming a blockade of the entire British Isles and forbidding *sub pœna* all trade or communication with them —a decree considerably resembling the present German "war zone" order; particularly in this respect, that Napoleon was quite lacking in naval power to make the blockade effective.

Next came a British Order in Council, forbidding all neutral commerce with European ports under Napoleon's control, or from which British commerce was excluded, with a supplementary Order declaring all such ports to be blockaded, but giving neutral vessels which were warned away from them the privilege of proceeding to some open port, on payment of a fee to the British Government. In reply to this came Napoleon's Milan Decree, ordering the seizure and confiscation of every neutral vessel which submitted to this Order.

American commerce was thus placed between the devil and the deep sea. An American merchant ship might be overhauled by a British cruiser and searched, quite in accordance with international law, and then be released with an admonition not to try to enter a blockaded port, but to proceed to some open port. In that the American would be committing no offense against France or any one else. Yet because of that episode the vessel would be seized and confiscated by the French. Our vessels must comply with certain British requirements or be seized by the British. Yet if they did comply with them, for that very cause they would be seized and confiscated by the French. In the apt words of Lorenzo Dow's epigram on predestination:

"You'll be damned if you do; you'll be damned if you don't."

It was to escape from this embarrassing dilemma that the famous Embargo was ordered, forbidding American merchant vessels to trade with either of the belligerents and thus practically confining them to our domestic waters; whereupon Napoleon cynically ordered the seizure and confiscation of every American ship found anywhere on the seas, out of friendship for the United States and to discourage American ships from breaking the Embargo law!

The next move was made by Great Britain, in offering to repeal the Orders in Council if America would repeal the Non-Intercourse and Embargo acts so far as Great Britain was con-

cerned, while still enforcing them against France. This bargain was not consummated, but the knowledge that it had been considered provoked Napoleon to order the confiscation of every American ship that might enter the ports of France, Spain, Italy, or the Netherlands; an order, however, which was not promulgated. Then Congress repealed the Non-Intercourse act and gave Americans freedom again to trade with both belligerents. But at the same time it invested the President with power to prohibit intercourse with France if Great Britain should before March 3d withdraw the Orders in Council, or with Great Britain if France should annul the Decrees. Neither of those powers took such action, and the act therefore remained a dead letter.

Later in that year Napoleon, fearful of war with America, suggested that he would withdraw the Berlin and Milan Decrees, so far as America was concerned, provided that this country would either get Great Britain to annul her Orders in Council or declare non-intercourse with that country. This tricky offer was, of course, designed either to have the blockade of the French coast removed or to secure America as an ally against Great Britain. Yet at the same time Napoleon ordered the condemnation of all American vessels which had entered French ports, and imposed upon all which should thereafter arrive a vexatious system of license fees and cipher letters with which alone they would be permitted to trade with France. The transparent integrity of Madison apparently made him unable to see through this trick. He accepted Napoleon's offer at its face value, believed that all restrictions upon American commerce with France were removed, and, in default of similar action on the part of Great Britain, proclaimed non-intercourse again with the latter country. That unfortunate error led straight to the War of 1812.

Meantime the British and Danish navies were both busy searching all American vessels which passed into or out of the Baltic Sea, and were seizing and condemning many of them. The spectacle of nearly twoscore of them thus seized and held at Christiansand provoked John Quincy Adams to appeal to the Russian Emperor in behalf of American commerce in those waters, urging him to vindicate the policy of neutral immunity from capture which Catherine the Great had proclaimed during our Revolution. In this appeal Adams was successful, with results of transcendent importance. For Alexander not only ordered Denmark to release all American vessels, which Den-

mark at once did, and welcomed American commerce to the ports of Russia, but he also, chiefly because of this incident, decided to cast his lot against rather than with Napoleon; a decision which assured the latter's ruin, since its sequel was the disastrous march to Moscow.

It is not to be anticipated that any of the present complications over the use of flags, the proclamation of war zones, and what not, will lead to the embroilment of the United States in war, as did those of a century ago. But it is a circumstance worthy of reflection that more than a century and a third after the "Armed Neutrality" and more than a century after the Orders in Council and Berlin and Milan Decrees the rights of neutral commerce in war should still be so uncertain and so precarious.

THE WAR AND THE WOMAN

Militarism has for the time eclipsed Feminism. War news in the press has forced suffrage news into second place. "Relief for Belgium" usurps the prominence of "Votes for Women." Yet there is a reflex influence, so that the very war which for the time obscures the suffrage campaign endows the latter with new arguments and added strength. This, we are told, is a men's war. It is the outcome of men's rule. "*Cherchez la femme*" is not to be said of it. From first to latest it has been void of feminine incitement or intrigue. Had women had the ballot it would never have occurred. Therefore this unequaled calamity to the human race is a stupendous object-lesson in the need of equal suffrage.

That may be; or may not. It is quite true that women cannot be held responsible for this war. It is equally true that they have hitherto been responsible for many wars; proportionately, perhaps, as much as men. History shows feminine rule and feminine influence often to have been belligerent, sometimes wantonly so. It seldom shows them to have been distinctively irenic. It is true, doubtless, that in times past kings were responsible for more wars than queens; but that was for the same reason that Archbishop Whately's white sheep ate more than black ones—because there were more of them.

Certainly the eminent women sovereigns of history have contributed their full share to the warfare of the world. Semiramis of Assyria, and Jingo of Japan, if we go back to semi-

legendary ages, were chiefly famed for their belligerence. Zenobia of Palmyra and Boadicea of Britain were not advocates of "peace at any price." Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria and Hungary, Anne of England, Christina and Isabella of Spain, all had reigns marked with many wars. Of even Victoria the Good it was said at her jubilee that there had been a war for every year of her long reign. Nor have non-reigning women always arrayed themselves on the side of peace or of non-resistance. From the time of Miriam and her maidens to the present, women have exulted in the triumphs of battle and have incited their men folk to pugnacity. From Joan of Arc to Molly Pitcher they have, on occasion, taken strenuous lead in actual conflict; for which the world honors them. It has long been notorious that France's Mexican war, resulting in Maximilian's tragedy, was the direct result of the intrigues of Empress Eugénie and "Poor Carlotta." The matrons of Imperial Rome, the women of the Medicis and Bourbons, were never exponents of peaceful humanitarianism. The women of the French Revolution were as bloodthirsty as the men.

Nor does the disposition of women in our own day reverse the record of history. One of the features of our Civil War upon which the whole nation looks with most pride was the way in which the women, both North and South, displayed militant zeal and self-sacrifice, urging their brothers, husbands, sons, and lovers to enlist in the army, and scorning as cowards unworthy of their regard those who would not do so. It was one of the very foremost pioneers of the movements for woman's emancipation who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." In Europe to-day the same rule holds good. The women of every belligerent land, including many of the foremost suffragists, are urging the men to enlist, and to fight the war out to the bitter end. There is not in history, nor in contemporary observation, any disproof of the poet's saying, that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." At least in the human species she is fully as militant as he. There is no sex in militarism.

So much for past and present example, to discredit the notion that "votes for women" would instantly abolish war. Let us note also the logic of the case. What could women do, if they had the ballot, to abolish or to prevent war?

We must remember that if equal suffrage everywhere prevailed the women voters would almost certainly be in a mi-

norority. The fact that many women are irreversibly opposed to woman suffrage, and that many who favor it on principle declare that they themselves would not exercise the right, indicates that the proportion of voluntary non-voters would be considerably larger among women than among men; while the number of involuntary non-voters, because of illness, domestic cares, etc., would certainly not be smaller. The two sexes being of about equal numbers, then, the male voters would in all probability form a marked majority; so that if the question of militarism or non-militarism were to be decided by a trial of voting strength between the two sexes, the former would prevail. To say that the votes of the women plus those of the non-militant men would be a majority is to assume that all the women's votes would be against militarism; for which in either history or current conditions there is absolutely no warrant.

We might go further and inquire by what means women, if they had a majority of the votes, would or could prevent war. Two methods are obviously suggested. One is that of refusing appropriations for armies and navies, and thus keeping the country unprepared for war. But the fact is that neither preparedness nor unpreparedness counts greatly either for or against war. Our own history contains two striking demonstrations of that fact. No nation was ever more utterly unprepared for war, more destitute of armaments, than was the United States in 1812; and yet we deliberately began a war of aggression. In 1898, too, our lack of preparation was notorious, and in some respects scandalous; yet that did not restrain us from going to war with Spain. It is not thus that nations are to be kept peaceful or that war is to be prevented.

The other method would be that of making treaties for the maintenance of international peace. But such treaties have been made and have been broken, times out of mind. The present war in Europe was marked in its beginning with the most curt and summary disregard of some of the most solemn conventions ever entered into by sovereign Powers. If they have been broken without compunction, there is only too little reason for hoping that others would be more fortunate.

The fact is, of course, that epigrammatically expressed centuries ago by the world's greatest Teacher. "Man does not live by bread alone." Man is not ruled by governments alone; and the destinies of nations are not determined alone by treaties and conventions. War is not to be ended by royal decree or

by act of Congress. Even the ballot is not a panacea. Universal suffrage for men in America and Europe has not inducted the millennium; and it would be hoping against reason to look for the latter achievement as an immediate result of extending the suffrage to women. Men—the whole human race—must be educated and trained for peace, if that be possible. So long as "man is a fighting animal"—as he is proverbially reputed to be and as indeed he is—so long will he fight, individually and collectively. The hope of peace lies not in laws and treaties, not in systems of government, not in democracies nor despots, but in the hearts and minds of men. Whether the hearts and minds of men can be so transformed as to cause them to turn from the world-old practice of war to abiding peace is a question which nothing but experience can answer.

All this counts, of course, neither for nor against woman suffrage. Doubtless, if that suffrage were known to be an infallible guarantee of peace, the people almost as a unit would be for it. But that it would not be such a guarantee is no condemnation of it. Votes for women are to be granted or withheld on other grounds than that. Also, it would not be well to have this really irrelevant ground employed in any way in this controversy. *Cherchez la femme* is not to be said in considering the causes of this war. Neither is it to be said in devising the ways and means of peace.

THE BOGY OF ALIEN ILLITERACY

The President's veto of the Immigration Bill, happily effective, should serve a double purpose. It should put an end to the mistaken effort to debar from this country otherwise acceptable immigrants on the sole ground of illiteracy, and it should lead to a general recognition of the unjust and unreasonable character of that effort. We may unhesitatingly concede that illiteracy is an evil, and that unrestricted immigration is or would be an evil. But the evil of illiteracy is not to be abolished by excluding immigrants who cannot read and write, and the worst evils of promiscuous immigration are not to be corrected by making literacy the test for admission. The illiterates are not, *per se*, the worst class of undesirables. The most serious evil lies in the entrance to this country of wastrels, of degenerates, of the physically and mentally infirm; above all, of the morally corrupt. No rational man should object to

the strictest possible exclusion of these. But there should be no hesitation in preferring an immigrant who is technically illiterate, yet actually intelligent, honest, and industrious, to one who is stupid, dishonest, and lazy, though gifted with all the technical scholarship of the academic curriculum.

It should be borne in mind, too, that illiteracy is not merely an imported thing. It bears the stamp "Made in America," too. Indeed, there is vastly more native than naturalized illiteracy, if we take our whole population into the reckoning; and there is nearly as much native as naturalized if we have regard to only the white race. According to the census of 1910 the numbers of illiterates above the age of ten years were as follows:

Negroes, American born	2,227,731
Whites, American born	1,534,272
Whites, foreign born	1,650,361

Thus there were almost as many white native Americans illiterate as there were illiterate immigrants. True, the proportion of the former to the whole was far less than of the latter. Yet in at least one State the percentage of illiterate native white people was considerably greater than the percentage of illiterate immigrants in the whole country. In Louisiana no fewer than 15 per cent. of the native whites above the age of ten were illiterate, while in the whole United States only 12.7 per cent. of immigrants suffered that disability. Of course, it might be argued that if we have so many illiterates of our own, there is the more cause for excluding those of other lands who seek to come thither. But there would be to this the ready and effective reply that we are sorely disqualified for casting contumelious and condemnatory stones at the unfortunate of other countries.

There is the more force in this latter contention because of the fact that native illiteracy is commonly self-propagating, while alien illiteracy is not. Our native illiterates too often bring up their children as illiterates, while illiterate immigrants do not. That is indeed one of the most impressive circumstances of the whole case. The average native illiterate is the child of an illiterate. But the illiterate immigrant almost invariably takes pains to have his children educated. The result is that the children of immigrants are the most generally literate class of our entire population. Here are the percentages of illiteracy among adults in 1910:

Negroes, American born	30.4
Whites, foreign born	12.7
Whites, American born of American parents	3.7
Whites, American born of immigrant parents	1.1

Thus the illiterate children of immigrants were less than one-third as many, proportionately, as the illiterate children of native Americans. What is the natural and inevitable deduction? Why, that illiterate immigration, while a present evil, assures a much greater future good. It increases for the present the sum total of illiteracy in the nation, but promises in the next generation to decrease its proportion. It means a present generation of illiterates, but a coming generation of literates.

There is the less reason for applying the literacy restriction to immigration at this time, because for some years to come the volume of aliens entering this country is practically certain to be greatly diminished as a result of the European war. While the war lasts there will be few immigrants. Some who would otherwise have come will not come because they cannot get passage, in the great disturbance of ocean traffic; some because they are in the armies or were in the armies and have been killed; some because they expect soon to be needed in the armies; some because they are urgently needed to carry on the industries the ranks of whose workers have been depleted by the military conscription.

So much while the war lasts. But with the return of peace we need look for no marked resumption of migration to America. The enormous losses of the war will have decreased the industrial efficiency of the chief European nations so greatly that all the survivors will be needed at home, and will in fact have at home greater opportunities of achievement and of gain than they would have here. Nor will the need be for men merely to man the ordinary industries. The devastation of the war will enormously increase the amount of work that is to be done. The lands in which the war has raged will need all their own citizens, and all who can be spared by their neighbors, to rebuild their razed cities, to till their ravaged fields, and to rehabilitate their prostrated industries. They will have no workers to spare for America.

It is not to be expected that any considerable number will desert their stricken fatherlands and come hither; though for our own good we might selfishly wish that they might do so. In former ages such migrations did occur; sometimes with results of amazing beneficence to the lands which gave asylum

to the exiles. The famous linen industry of Ireland, though it had long before existed, was enormously increased and raised to its greatest efficiency and prosperity by the influx of skilled workmen from Belgium. More notable, because more numerous, was the similar movement of French exiles. From 1684 to 1691, following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the very flower of the French nation migrated to other lands. Great industries were ruined, never to rise again in France, though some of them did rise elsewhere. The Norman hat trade, formerly the greatest in Europe, disappeared. Three-fourths of the silk-workers of Lyons and Touraine went into exile, to re-establish their industry at Spitalsfield, England, and in Holland. French refugees settled by thousands in Brandenburg and in Berlin, more than doubling the population of that city and starting it upon its way to greatness. Some came to America, and still others, led by the nephew of Duquesne, settled at the Cape of Good Hope and laid the foundations of civilization in South Africa.

Much as we might welcome the Belgians, however, there will be no such exodus after this war, any more than there was from France in 1871. Some will be constrained by patriotism to remain at home; some will be restrained by their Governments; some will remain in the expectation that there will be greater profit there than here, as there well may be. The spirit now shown by the whole Belgian nation, from King Albert down, indicates that the "*fortissimi*" of Cæsar's time will find worthy descendants in our own day, and that not even this latest and worst of the conflicts which during so many centuries have raged in that "cockpit of Europe" will cause Belgium to be deserted by the surviving remnant of her people.

We may, therefore, prudently assume that for a number of years we shall receive so few immigrants that the minor percentage of illiteracy among them will be a negligible quantity, particularly if we adopt and enforce suitable restrictions based upon grounds of character and efficiency. It is for his own criminality or economic worthlessness that the alien should be penalized, and not for the deprivation which he has suffered unwillingly at the hands of the Government from which he is seeking to escape to better things.

LENGTH OF DAYS

TO THE EARLY DEAD IN BATTLE, 1915

BY ALICE MEYNELL

THERE is no length of days
But yours, boys who were children! How, of old,
The past beset you in your childish ways,
With sense of Time untold!

What have you then for gone?
A history? This you had. Or memories?
These, too, you had of your far-distant dawn.
No further dawn seems his,

The old man who shares with you,
But has no more, no more. Time's mystery
Did once for him the most that it can do:
He has had infancy.

And all his dreams, and all
His loves for mighty Nature, sweet and few,
Are but the dwindling part he can recall
Of what his childhood knew.

He counts not any more
His brief, his present years. But, oh, he knows
How far apart the summers were of yore,
How far apart the snows.

Therefore be satisfied;
Long life is in your treasury ere you fall;
Yes, and first love, like Dante's. Oh, a bride
For ever mystical!

Irrevocable good,
You dead, and now about, so young, to die,
Your childhood was; there space, there multitude,
There dwelt antiquity.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE BLAST-FURNACE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

And such a night! But maybe in that mood
'Twas for the best; for he was like to brood—
And he could hardly brood on such a night
With that squall blowing, on this dizzy height
Where he caught every breath of it—the snow
Stinging his cheek, and melting in the glow
Above the furnace, big white flakes that fell
Sizzling upon the red-hot furnace bell:
And the sea roaring, down there in the dark,
So loud to-night he needn't stop to hark—
Four hundred feet below where now he stood.
A lively place to earn a livelihood—
His livelihood, his mother's, and the three
Young sisters', quite a little family
Depending on him now—on him, Jim Burn,
Just nineteen past—to work for them, and earn
Money enough to buy them daily bread
Already . . .
And his father on the bed
Up-stairs . . . gey sudden . . .
Nay, he mustn't think:
But shove his trolley to the furnace brink,
And tip his load upon the glowing bell,
Then back again toward the hoist. 'Twas well
He'd work to stop him thinking. He was glad
His mate to-night was not a talky lad—
But Peter, mum-glum Peter, who would stare
With such queer sulky looks upon the flare
When round the dipping bell it shot up high
With roar and flourish into that black sky.
He liked to hear it roaring, liked to see
The great flame leaping skyward suddenly,
Then sinking slowly, as the bell rose up
And covered it again with red-hot cup,
When it would feed more quiet for a time
Upon the meal of ironstone and lime
He'd fetched it in his trolley . . .

Aye, and he,
Trundling his truck along that gallery
High in the air all night to keep it fed—
And all the while his father lying dead
Up-stairs—to earn a livelihood. 'Twas strange
To think what it all meant to him—the change . . .

And strange he'd never thought before how queer
It was for him, earning his bread up here
On this blast-furnace, perched on the cliff-top—
Four hundred feet or so, a dizzy drop,
And he'd be feeding fishes in the sea!
How loud it roared to-night, and angrily—
He liked to hear it breaking on the shore,
And the wind's threshing, and the furnace' roar:
And then the sudden quiet, a dead lull,
When you could only hear a frightened gull
Screeching down in the darkness there below,
Or a dog's yelp from the valley, or the snow
Sizzling upon hot iron. Queer, indeed,
To think that he had never taken heed
Before to-night, or thought about it all.

He'd been a boy till this, and had no call
To turn his mind to thinking seriously.
But he'd grown up since yesterday; and he
Must think a man's thoughts now—since yesterday
When he'd not had a thought but who should play
Full-back for Cleveland Rovers, now that Jack
Had gone to Montreal, or should he back
Old Girl or Cleopatra for the Cup.

In four-and-twenty hours he had grown up . . .
His father, sinking back there on the bed,
With glassy eyes and helpless lolling head . . .
The dropping jaw . . . the breath that didn't come,
Though still he listened for it, frozen numb . . .

And then, his mother . . . but he must not let
His mind run on his mother now. And yet
He'd often thought his father glum and grim.
He understood now. It was not for him,
His son, to breathe a word to her, when he,
Her husband, had borne with her patiently
Through all those years. Aye, now he understood
Much, since he hadn't his own livelihood

To think of only, but five mouths to feed—
And the oldest, the most helpless . . . He had need
To understand a little . . .
But to-night
He mustn't brood. . . . And what a golden light
The steady spurt of molten slag below
Threw up upon the snow-clouds—and the snow
Drifting down through it in great flakes of gold,
Melting to steam, or driven, white and cold,
Into the darkness on a sudden gust.
And how the cold wind caught him, as he thrust
His empty trolley back toward the hoist,
Straight from the sea, making his dry lips moist
With salty breath.
'Twas strange to-night, how he
Was noticing, and seeing suddenly
Things for the first time he'd not seen before,
Though he'd been on this shift at least a score
Of times. But things were different somehow. Strange
To think his father's death had wrought the change
And made him see things different—little things:
The sudden flashing of a sea-gull's wings
Out of the dark, bewildered by the glare;
And, when the flame leapt, mum-glum Peter's hair
Kindling a fierier red; the wind; the snow;
The unseen washing of the waves below
About the cliff-foot. He could almost see,
In fancy, breakers frothing furiously
Against the crumbling cliffs—the frantic spray
Leaping into the darkness, nigh half-way
Up the sheer height.
And now his thoughts dropt back
Into the valley, lying still and black
Behind him—and the mine where other men
Were toiling on their night shift, even then
Working the ironstone for daily bread,
Their livelihood. . . .
He saw the little red
Raw row of square brick houses—dark they'd be
And quiet now— Yet, plainly he could see
The street he lived in—aye, and Number Eight,
His father's house: the rusty iron gate;
The unkempt garden; and the blistered door;
The unwashed doorstep he'd not seen before,
Or, leastways, hadn't noticed; and the bell
That never rang, though he remembered well

His father'd tinkered it, times out of mind;
And in each window, a drawn yellow blind
Broken and grimy—and that blind, to-day
Drawn down for the first time. . . .
His father lay
In the front bedroom, quiet on the bed . . .
And he, upon his usual shift. . . .
She'd said,
His mother'd said, he shouldn't take his shift
Before the undertaker'd been to lift . . .
'Twas scarcely decent: that was what she said—
Him working, and his father lying dead,
And hardly cold. . . .
And she, to talk to him,
His son, of decency, there, with that grim
Half-smile still on her husband's cold white face!
He couldn't bide a moment in the place
Listening to her chat-chatter, knowing all
That he knew now. . . . But there, he had no call
To blame her, when his father'd never blamed.
He wondered in that room she wasn't shamed. . . .

She didn't understand. He understood,
Now he'd grown up; and had his livelihood,
And theirs, to earn. . . .
Lord, but that was a rare
Fine flourish the flame made, a bonnie flare
Leaping up to the stars! The snow had stopt:
He hadn't heeded: and the wind had dropt
Suddenly: and the stars were shining clear.
Over the furnace' roaring he could hear
The waves wash-washing; and could see the foam
Lifting and falling down there in the gloam . . .
White as his father's face. . . .
He'd never heard
His father murmur once—nay, not a word
He'd muttered: he was never one to blame.
And men had got to take things as they came.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY JAMES BRYCE

HAVING been asked, as an old contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, to send a short article to appear in a number commemorative of its centenary, an era in American literary history, I willingly comply because the occasion gives me the chance of conveying felicitations on a long and honorable record, illuminated by great names, to a magazine in whose pages an English writer always found himself in good American company, and from whose management I personally always received every courtesy and consideration. The notice was, however, so short that I am obliged to put together hastily some scattered thoughts on a large subject; a subject, however, which seems appropriate when a leading organ of transatlantic literature is looking back over many years during which that literature has wonderfully expanded. These scattered thoughts must, moreover, be briefly and imperfectly expressed, for the topic is so large that were I to try to elaborate it the article would never get written at all. So I shall try to convey in the simplest fashion what seem to be to me the most conspicuous changes that have passed upon the literary output of the United States during the last forty years, for it is now a little more than forty years since I first began to know THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The first thing which it occurs to me to note is that the relation between American and British literature has become closer. I say "British," not for the sake of including more categorically Scottish and Irish, but because American literature is necessarily "English" in the larger, which is also the truer, sense of the term. All that is written in English, wherever it is written, is English literature because it descends from the same source—*viz.*,

the great writers of the seventeenth century, when the people now politically separated were one people, and because every part of it has continued to affect and mold every other part. To-day people in Britain read books published in America and Americans read books published in Britain, far more generally than was ever the case before. The taste and the criticism of each country are more influenced by that of the other. When living in the United States I was constantly struck by the fact that a new British writer of some fresh quality was often sooner known and more promptly appreciated there than in his own country. The same thing happens, though less markedly, in Great Britain. Thus, as well as through the more frequent personal intercourse, the intellectual touch of the two branches of the old stock has become more intimate, and the immense influx of new immigrants into the United States has not been an adverse force, for in the second generation all are Americans. Certainly the English have become much more curious regarding American life and American problems, more anxious to understand what they feel to be of greater and greater significance to the world as well as to themselves.

As respects what may be called "solid literature," that is to say books on history, philosophy, economics, and all the so-called human or "social" sciences, the greatest change of recent years is the enormously increased American output. The growth of universities in the United States has been without parallel in the world. Small colleges in small towns or rural districts that were forty years ago no more than upper schools have developed into fully equipped institutions of higher teaching. State universities have been established all over the West and South and now receive large annual grants. New universities, like those of Chicago and Leland Stanford in California, have been liberally endowed by private benefactions and possess buildings and a staff comparable to those of Harvard and Columbia, of Michigan and Wisconsin. All these universities have professors of history—some of them several professors, for it is a favorite study. There may be more than two hundred, perhaps three hundred, of such professors in the United States—a number at least three or four times as great as that of those who pursue the study in the United Kingdom. A large proportion of these teachers are not content with teaching, but occupy themselves also with research and publish the results of their researches. I doubt if Germany itself turns out every year so large a mass of printed matter devoted to historical

investigation or speculation. This matter has a German quality, not unnaturally, for the impulse to this kind of work came largely from the teachers and learned men of the German universities to which American students used to resort. These books and articles are eminently painstaking and accurate, disdaining no facts, however trivial they may seem. Comparatively few large historical works are produced, for the writers are occupied not so much in rearing edifices as in laying foundations, or perhaps in quarrying stones and carrying them to the place where the building is to be erected. They are regardful rather of the substance than of the style and manner of their compositions, and are right in this, for the work is of a class in which accuracy is the one essential thing. Nevertheless, the treatises of Henry C. Lea, most learned of all American historians, and those of Francis Parkman and of John Fiske, were of admirable quality; nor are their successors wanting among living writers, whom I do not mention because selection would be invidious where there are several of conspicuous excellence.

Much of this work relates to local history or State history, and makes its special appeal to citizens of the United States. But much also deals with large constitutional questions and with problems in political science that are of universal interest. Americans have begun to realize that their country is both the workshop and the laboratory of democracy. In their forty-eight States and their Congress they are trying experiments in every form of popular government by which the whole world may profit, and indeed is profiting.

The other field from whose heavy soil a large crop is being raised is the field of economics and of the social sciences in their application to social progress. Here the affinities of American authors are rather with England than with Germany, for the exaggerated doctrines of State omnipotence which German thinkers have (to their own injury) embraced do not commend themselves to English-speaking men nurtured in the principles of liberty. The substantial identity of industrial problems, and social problems generally, in Britain and the United States, as well as the similarity of spirit and aims, has made the experiments and the literature bearing on these subjects especially helpful to both countries.

When one passes from these grave subjects to the greener and gayer meadows of fiction, the change from forty years ago shows itself rather in quality than in quantity. In the seventies few novels of literary merit were appearing in America, cer-

tainly very few that won reputation in Europe, until those who are now illustrious veterans—Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Henry James—made themselves known. Isolated works of striking individuality shone out now and then, like the best of Mark Twain's, but there was no such number of really finished and artistic story-tellers as America has to-day, when at least three novelists (besides the veterans just referred to) are admittedly equal to the best of their English competitors. The American novel is now no longer content to depict phases of local life, though that is still effectively done, and the romantic element that has long been associated with the Far West is now so fast fading away that it will soon cease to be available for "local color." But several of the best writers of to-day are grappling with the newer issues of life, in an imaginative way, and in a more "continental" spirit, so to speak, than any of their predecessors. They are less influenced by French models than most of our English writers have been; and in their hands realism does not so much occupy itself with small details. One is now struck by the presence of what European travelers when they return from America used to complain of as wanting there: I mean delicate elaboration in workmanship. This care and finish are now evident not only in fiction, but in literary criticism also. Good criticism is almost as rare both in literature and in art, as good original work; and in the United States there was but little of it in the seventies or eighties, far less than one finds now. I do not know whether some share in this advance may not be due to the example set by the late Mr. Wendell P. Garrison, who was for many years literary editor of the New York *Nation*. He wrote little or nothing in that journal himself; indeed, I am not sure that he ever wrote anything except a biography of his father, William Lloyd Garrison. But he had formed an exceedingly high idea of what literary reviewing ought to be, and in his days the notices of books—especially of books on philosophical or historical subjects—in his weekly were thought by some Englishmen to maintain an average level higher than any British journal then attained. Nor has any monument of critical scholarship applied to a classic been reared in Britain during the last few decades quite comparable to the great Variorum edition of Shakespeare which we owe to the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia.

It is now more than thirty years since the chief names in poetry were ceasing to write both in America and in Britain; and just as in the latter the places left vacant by the disappear-

ance of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne have not been filled, so neither have any successors to Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Holmes, or Whittier—some might add Whitman—attained an equally conspicuous position. It is not that in either country people care less for poetry—all the verses of merit that appear are eagerly read—but not only these two countries, but the nations of continental Europe also, still await the great geniuses who will doubtless, as after former periods of comparative quiescence, at last swim into the sky.

Two other questions rise to the mind in looking back over these four decades. One of them is, Does American literature show a tendency to centralize itself at any point, as French literature long ago centralized itself in Paris, and as German literature has been tending to do in Berlin? Some might have expected this, seeing how the wonderful development of the railway system and of commerce has drawn America together. There are, however, few, if any, indications of such a process. Boston seems to be less of a literary center than it once was. New York is not conspicuously more of a center, though a larger proportion of authors may now reside there. Yet the tone and spirit of American literature seem to be taking on rather more of a national character as intercourse grows more intimate between all parts of the country, and as the difference between the social and intellectual and even the political conditions of the East, the South, the Middle West, and the Pacific slope are becoming less marked. People seem to think more alike in various parts of the country than they once did, and there is a sort of convergence of tastes and habits. Magazines are sometimes called "the enemies of books," but the leading magazines, now read more widely over all parts of the country than daily newspapers can be, may be playing their part in creating a similarity of tastes all over the continent.

The question may also be put: Are British and American literature drawing closer to each other with the immensely increased personal intercourse of the two peoples and the better knowledge each has of the other? They are doubtless more occupied with the same subjects than they used to be, because the United States is altogether in fuller touch with the Old World. But the distinctive color or flavor, whichever one is to call it, of the New World is still evident. When one opens a book without knowing who the author is or where it is published, there is something not merely in the words or style, but in the

way of thinking, and in the atmosphere (so to speak) which the thoughts breathe, which reveals the author's nationality. This difference between spirit and flavor of the literature of the two peoples seems to me personally less marked than are the differences between their institutions and their respective national characters. Nevertheless, it exists, and it seems likely to continue. That it should continue is much to be desired by those who value individuality and who feel that the ideas and tastes of mankind may some day find themselves in danger of becoming too uniform. The more variety there is, so much the more progress, for variety is stimulating as well as enjoyable.

These are but scattered thoughts, and stand in much need of illustration from concrete instances, which I would give did time and space permit. The developments noted are only a few out of many, nor has it been possible to dwell upon those others that have passed on the quality of work done in the spheres of science and art. But the most remarkable of all the changes seems to be the extraordinary extension and improvement of the higher teaching in the universities. They are at present far more occupied with solid learning and with the study of nature than with what we call "literature" in the narrower sense. But they are creating a vast mass of readers, women no less than men, who love literature and who appreciate art to a far greater extent than the American population did forty years ago, and the results cannot but appear in the literary productivity as well as in the literary taste of the coming generation.

JAMES BRYCE.

THE RIGHT AND THE DUTY OF SELF-DEFENSE

BY JOSEPH H. CHOATE

THE centennial of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a very rare and interesting event. I do not know of any American periodical that has endured so long or exercised more influence for good. Through all its changes it has maintained high character and great public spirit. For two-thirds of its hundred years I can remember it well, and vouch for it as the vehicle of the best thought of the time being.

It is interesting to note that its century is concurrent with the century of peace preserved between all the English-speaking peoples of the world, and I cannot but think that it has done at least its share toward maintaining the hundred years of peace which we have been prevented by the greatest war of history from duly celebrating.

I am asked to furnish a few lines on any subject I choose, and I think that the most interesting question now before the public is whether we, as a nation, are going to be prepared to maintain the sacred right and duty of self-defense, or are to continue in our present shiftless condition of exposure to attack, and to take it lying down, from whatever quarter it may come.

President Washington in his first annual address to both Houses of Congress on the 8th of January, 1790, declared that—

> Among the many interesting objects which will engage your attention, that of providing for the common defense will merit particular regard. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

And one of the great objects of the Constitution of the United States, as expressed in its famous Preamble, is "to provide for the common defense."

Some earnest Christians of to-day, and among them some of my fellow-pacifists, object to this theory of self-defense and

profess to believe that all preparation for defense will only invite attack. But I think that Washington and the framers of the Constitution of the United States, who had just emerged from a seven years' war, understood the subject much better than these doctrinaires of to-day, and if their theory was correct in the very infancy of the Republic, it is certainly equally so now that we have become a great world Power with exposed flanks and liable to be attacked at any time. For certainly any nation in the world has as much reason for attacking us to-day as Germany had for attacking Belgium on the 4th of August last.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Navy and of the Army confirm the belief that both arms of the service are at present entirely inadequate for our needs. We have an army, such as it is, but its ranks are not full; and we have a navy which is by no means up to the modern standard demanded by the events of the present war.

It has often been said, and truly, that the navy is the cheapest defense of the nation. Whether this would hold true if every craft constructed were to be a dreadnought I do not know. But perhaps the day of dreadnoughts is done, and smaller and less-expensive weapons of war will take their place. At any rate, events of the present war have shown that we have very much to learn about a navy, and that Congress and the Navy Department have much, not only to learn, but to unlearn.

I have referred to our exposed flanks. We are exposed to attack in all directions. The Philippines alone are a perpetual challenge. In constructing and undertaking the defense of the Panama Canal we have assumed vast responsibilities. We have an undefended seacoast, greater, I believe, than that of any other nation, and splendid seacoast cities whose fortifications, however costly they may have been, will not suffice to defend those cities against hostile armies landing at a safe distance from the fortifications. And then there is the Monroe Doctrine, which is so dear to the people, but which is not worth the paper on which President Monroe wrote the short sentence which embodies it unless we have the force to defend it, when challenged, and are ready to use that force.

And then as to the army—I am as much opposed as anybody to a great standing army such as France and Germany have maintained for a generation, withdrawing millions of men from useful occupations, and of little real use unless they expected and intended war—but that is no reason why we should not adopt some system which would make all the young men of America

fit to fight and to defend themselves and their country, which could be done by the development of some such method as President Wilson hinted at in his recent speech to Congress, some co-operation between the national authority and that of the States which should secure the training of our youth as strong and healthy units and make them fit to be converted at short notice into soldiers, constituting an invincible army for the defense of our homes and territory.

I believe this to be absolutely practicable and manifestly necessary, and that the cost of it would not equal in a year what either of the great contending nations now is expending in war in a day. Besides, how much better it would be for the young men themselves for all the purposes of life, even though we should never have any war, to be disciplined and made perfectly well and strong and fit for service, and redeemed from the flabby condition in which so many of them are to-day. And how small an outlay it would cost the nation to make them so.

No, Washington and his fellow-patriots were right in this matter, and our friends who cry "'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace," and who object to our getting ready to defend ourselves, are clearly wrong. This truth is impressed upon us every day by the ever-renewed reports of the frightful slaughter by which the flower of the youth of all the nations concerned are giving up their lives and leaving their families in such hopeless distress that we may well exclaim with the preacher, "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive."

Let us not make the mistake of forgetting the first law of nature—the right and the duty of self-defense. As surely as we neglect this duty and abandon this right we shall some day pay a fearful penalty.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

AMERICANS ABROAD

BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY

JEFFERSON, writing to Monroe from Paris in 1785 concerning his impressions of Europe, indulged himself in the following forcible language: "My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy! I confess I had no idea of it myself. While we shall see multiplied instances of Europeans going to live in America, I will venture to say no man now living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe and continuing there." History has provided an instructive commentary on this confident anticipation. The migration of Europeans to America has proceeded at a pace beyond all that Jefferson could have dreamed, while, on the other hand, a great counter-migration of Americans to Europe has contradicted his prophecy. Much of this counter-migration, it is true, has occurred through the temporary resort of Americans to Europe for work or for play; and this utilization of Europe as a laboratory or as a playground could give no serious offense to the great American. There has been, however, another form of counter-migration which would unquestionably excite his reproof, if not his profanity. It is composed of that large number of Americans who without definite vocation have permanently resided abroad. Public attention has been occasionally directed to a few such instances where the alienation of a great fortune or the marriage with a foreign title has provided an entertaining topic of gossip or scandal, but the dimensions of this drift of Americans to Europe has never been realized until the events of the last few months disclosed them. Now, in a sudden panic, from every corner of the continent, like passengers escaping from a burning ship, there has emerged an astonishing multitude of American refugees, whose quiet residence in the choicest spots of Europe has become untenable, and who have fled at any cost from threatening disaster to

their own more fortunate land. Many of these panic-stricken home-seekers, it must be further admitted, had good reasons for their residence abroad. They were scholars exploring libraries; artists studying masters; students learning languages; business men establishing enterprises or agencies; families educating children; or invalids seeking sunshine. Northern Europe is a great American finishing-school, and Southern Europe a favorite sanitarium. To enrich experience by the resources of European culture is a great gain, both for personal happiness and for American civilization. But in addition to this justified migration there remains a contingent of Americans, whose numbers had never been suspected until the flight from war disclosed them, who have lived in Europe simply because it was easier, cheaper, and more congenial than to live in America. The income-tax collectors are already on the trail of these hitherto undiscovered and non-contributory citizens. Their taste was offended by the crudeness of America; they enjoyed the music, art, theaters, and scenery of Europe; they got more for their money than at home and were free from many responsibilities and obligations, and so, even though they might talk of going home next year, they have found themselves practically Europeanized, and have settled down according to their taste or means, in hotels or pensions, villas or castles, city or country, north or south, in the comfortable enjoyment of nature, art, or play.

There are unquestionable advantages in this irresponsible and unattached way of residence. It avoids many expenses of hospitality or public spirit; it is easy-going, luxurious, and leisurely; and it has the companionship of similar migrants from various countries who are occupied in the same task of converting life into play. If it happen that one of these nomadic pleasure-seekers feels a twinge of conscience and tries the experiment of a winter at home, he is likely to find his touch with America lost, and to turn back with a sense of relief from the crude commercialism of the West to a world where tranquillity and idealism survive. Yet, on the other hand, this Europeanizing of Americans has serious disadvantages which the present rush for home brings into light; and it is a good time to enumerate some of the lessons which such a crisis has to teach.

In the first place, it has been discovered by many Americans abroad that, however comfortable they may have been, they are still aliens. They have thought themselves much at home; their lavish use of money has been welcomed; courtesy

has been abundant; and they have had some acquaintance with agreeable people of various nationalities, who for good reason or bad shared this exile from home. Suddenly they find that they do not belong where they are, and are not wanted there, and that the quicker they get away the better the native population will be pleased. It turns out that they have been simply lookers-on at a world which they could not really share. The American colony has been tolerated as a source of profit, but there was always a silent protest against the manners, intrusiveness, and extravagance of these noisy barbarians, and, now that a crisis comes, their room is better than their company. What a position is this for a self-respecting American! Yet this is precisely what he should have expected when he deliberately made himself an alien; and an event like the present war simply tears away the curtain of polite convention and exhibits this foreign resident as an unwelcome or suspected stranger. The one thing to be desired in such a case is a country to which one really belongs. One has learned by sad experience what it means to be a man without a country.

A second lesson may be derived from what has seemed to many Americans abroad the chief attractiveness of their residence. They had exchanged the promiscuous, undetermined, and fluid civilization of the United States for a world that seemed happily fixed, finished, and complete. That was one of the charms of Europe. Everything was settled and orderly. Social standing, eligibility, and rank were unquestioned. Art, architecture, and music had their traditions and standards. There was a historical background to every institution. Government, custom, and law had created a finished picture which one had but to appreciate and enjoy. How crude and ugly by contrast seemed the incompleteness of American democracy; how insecure its dependence on the shifting decisions of the popular will! Yet now, of a sudden, this stability of Europe gives way as though built on a quicksand; and the Americans who had abandoned their restless and casual civilization flee to it as to a world built on a rock. It is as though they had been villagers on the slopes of Vesuvius and a terrific eruption drove them headlong to the sea and across the ocean to a firmer, even if a less smiling, land. The very qualities in American life which had repelled them—its lack of social classifications, its nobility, its unripeness — are now seen to be the signs of its strength and health. It was the strain to keep things fixed which made the volcano of war so terrible. Everything had

seemed as sunny as an Italian landscape, but the hidden convulsions were all the more shattering because the surface of life was so firm. And meantime these lovers of stability had missed the happiness of sharing in the only social stability which is safe—the security of motion, the health of growth, or what a great teacher has called the glory of the imperfect. The civilization they had thought safe from disaster seemed crumbling about them, and the civilization they had abandoned because of its incompleteness seemed the only kind of social order which was likely to survive.

A further lesson may be drawn from the observations now forced on an American abroad of governmental systems in Europe. The casual, accidental, and ineffective methods of American democracy have driven many people of taste and breeding to the orderliness, dignity, and predetermined course of European politics. American cities have seemed a mere field for loot; European cities a miracle of effective administration. When William James, on a return from Europe, was asked what was his chief impression of American life, he answered, "The waste paper in the streets." It was his symbol of the disorderly, reckless, unthrifty individualism of American life. What a comfort it has often been to find oneself in a country of strong government, where one is neither to be robbed by politicians nor to be offended by dirt! What America needs, one has felt, is the discipline of its citizenship, a central authority to keep its civilization straight and strong. Then, with an awful surprise, it turns out that a strong government is no guarantee against the most terrible of social catastrophes; that neither Czar nor Kaiser nor King can check the epidemic of militarism; that the very orderliness, precision, and discipline which seemed the safeguards of peace may be applied with equal efficiency to bloodshed; and that, meantime, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, with all its crudity and imperfection, is, after all, the most trustworthy agent of national stability, and in the present crisis may be the most effective instrument for securing the peace of the world. What a sense of humiliation many a refugee must have felt as he fled from a political environment where palaces and guard-mountings, bands and reviews, seemed the symbols of security, to the unappreciated blessings of the less picturesque world of American democracy, where government rests on the consent of the governed, and where the shows of militarism do not obscure the majesty of political freedom!

Finally, among the lessons of this tragic time there is forced upon one's attention the nature and function of religion as a factor in modern life. All the European nations now plunged in war, except Turkey, are by title Christian nations, and a great religious tradition has dominated their architecture, art, customs, and law. The American abroad is profoundly impressed by the dignity and splendor which European religion assumes. An established Church seems to share the permanence of an established State. The magnificence of European cathedrals makes a fitting frame for the pageant of European politics. How ephemeral and impertinent seem by contrast the petty denominations and mushroom sects and clapboard meeting-houses of American Christianity! How reassuring it is to live where religion has deep roots and expanding branches, so that the Church becomes a great tree under which a nation may rest! Then, in an instant, this umbrageous beauty of an external, governmental, and superimposed religion crashes to the ground like a tree smitten by a tornado, and at its heart there is laid bare an interior rottenness and decay. Never was there such a disclosure of spiritual impotency as institutional Christianity has been condemned to reveal. The pomp of ritual, the pride of hierarchies, the immemorial traditions, which to many Americans abroad have made religion seem so substantial and permanent, suddenly prove themselves incapable of providing the most elementary support for national duty or international brotherhood. It may not unreasonably be believed that Christianity conceived as a form of government, an external organization, a State within a State, regulating a nation from above, can never again command the loyalty of thoughtful men. When, however, one turns from this colossal breakdown of institutional Christianity to the religious traditions of American life he finds no such evidence of a collapse of faith. On the contrary, the very flexibility and freedom of religion in America, its complete detachment from governmental theories and political organizations, the spiritual individualism which has seemed so elementary and unorganized, turn out to be signs of reality, vitality, and power. Religion in the United States, with all its crudities and defects, is at least not set apart from life, like a medieval cloister where, as one enters, he leaves the world behind. It is, on the contrary, life itself, interpreted and sustained by faith and hope and love. "All things are yours," said the Christian apostle. The field Jesus himself said "is the world." The hold of religion on the unsophisti-

cated nature of the American people is not through its charm or its age or its authority, but through its efficiency, its practicability, its applicability to life just as it is. In the glamour of European residence one may easily forget what religion is for, and may fancy that it is something to be admired as a spectacle rather than something to be used as an instrument. One may be satisfied to be a looker-on at religious forms, and may mistake symbols for realities. Now, in the precipitate home-coming of these tragic days, what a relief it is to recall that in America religion is not primarily an institution, but an experience; not a form of government, but a way of life!

There are many aspects of American civilization which may offend the taste of one who has settled in Europe, many rough edges of coarse commercialism, but when a supreme test of national character occurs like that which is now, like a great wind, sifting the chaff of civilization from its wheat, one is likely to rediscover the worth of a country where life is still fluid, and diplomacy still straightforward, and religion still personal, and may without irreverence repeat the words of Jefferson: "My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy."

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

THE WAR AND A GREATER SCANDINAVIA

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

CALL it by whatever name—understanding, *entente*, alliance—the effect of the Malmö conference between the rulers of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden must be that of a united Scandinavia; the dawning of a new and greater political era in the Northland.

When the war broke out the Scandinavian countries were enjoying commercial prosperity, with England and Germany among the best customers. For years Denmark and the southern neighbor had drawn closer. The disastrous event which resulted in the loss of Schleswig-Holstein may not have been entirely forgotten, but, at any rate, the Danes were not hankering after *ravanche*. The Radical party in control of the Government at Copenhagen was looking for internal progress rather than international issues. In a cultural direction Germany and Denmark found in either country much that proved of great value. The fact that Christian X. had for his consort a princess from Mecklenburg-Schwerin may or may not have had something to do with the good relations that obtained between Berlin and the Danish capital.

With England, Denmark has for decades maintained the very closest association. Ever since the Danish princess won the esteem of the British nation—first as the wife of the Prince of Wales and subsequently as the Queen of England—Alexandra became the strong link in the chain that gave international stability to the little Northern land. There is no denying the fact that Denmark found security in those royal matches which good Queen Louise arranged between her daughters and the scions of Great Britain and Russia. It is probably true that as Empress of all the Russias Dagmar yielded a considerable mastery over Alexander, and that this daughter of Scandinavia let no opportunity go by for aiding the country of her nativity.

Wedged in, as it were, between the North Sea and the Baltic, Denmark had no reason to doubt that with powerful neighbors to the left and right as friends, Danish soil would be kept inviolate. In addition, England had come to look upon the Danes as their purveyors of foodstuffs. Danish butter and bacon and eggs found ready markets in the British Isles, while the savings-banks of Denmark piled up deposits in consequence.

The situation in Sweden at the time hostilities began was somewhat different to that of Denmark. Political issues were engrossing the people. King Gustaf, strenuously laboring for army and navy increases, found himself confronted by an opposing Congress. The Socialist party brought to bear all its power in an endeavor to defeat the military programme of the King. Then came the great surprise when fifty thousand farmers gathered in Stockholm and amidst the greatest enthusiasm declared that the defense of Swedish territory was the first consideration of the nation. National solidarity became at once a fact. Political adversaries joined in a coalition to conform with the military needs as expounded by King Gustaf. The Cabinet change was such as to fit the situation. Scarcely had the country begun to work out its national defense programme when the cloud burst over Europe and nations heretofore at peace plunged headlong into a maelstrom of warfare such as the world had come to believe could never be.

Sweden, like Denmark and Norway, immediately announced a strict neutrality. When the war broke out, however, there was nothing to show that the three Scandinavian countries were working along identical lines. It is to be remembered that the Norwegians had, scarcely ten years before, declared their independence of Sweden, and that their new freedom had not yet reconciled the Swedish people to what the latter considered a territorial loss. As Crown Prince, Gustaf had been foremost in his resistance to Norway becoming independent. Had it not been for the restraining hand of Oscar II. there would have been war between the brother nations. Feeling ran high in Sweden, but the Norwegians were determined to be free. Common sense finally ruled the day, and as a result of the truce there has gradually developed what now is seen to bind the three Scandinavian countries into a unit with which Europe may yet have to reckon when the war is over and readjustment will call for justice toward the lesser nations.

That it was Gustaf V. who asked his fellow-monarchs of the

North to meet with him at Malmö for the discussion of affairs growing out of the war is of no particular consequence. Either of the other rulers might have extended the invitation, for it was a matter of common interest to all. The situation had become such that, short of trespassing upon the territories of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the nations responsible for the stoppage of Scandinavian sea traffic were doing the greatest possible harm to Northern activity. Everywhere in the Baltic and in the North Sea the one-time free-to-all waters were so no longer because of mines. Former sea routes were no longer practicable. Embargo followed embargo, and ships flying the flags of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were searched and taken to belligerent ports. To nations whose very existence depends on trade beyond their borders such conditions were unbearable. It may be taken for granted that Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm exchanged numerous messages during the five months that preceded the Malmö conference. Each country wanted to be sure of its case; the nations at war could have their own grievances to settle, but Scandinavia desired to retain the friendship of them all, and help them, if possible, to make peace among themselves.

It has been no secret in Europe that Sweden has viewed with suspicion the Russification of Finland. King Gustaf has openly declared that to the east lay the danger to Swedish nationality. It was Russia he meant when he asked for increased armament to guard against surprises. Sven Hedin's campaign was for the identical purpose. Always it was the Russian bear who stood ready to enfold the country to the west, that it might drink of those warmer waters denied it in every other direction. With the Swedish people this danger became little short of an obsession. Whether rightly so or not, the fact is that Finland's loss of nationality under Russian domination sent a shudder from the arctic circle to the Baltic on the south.

After the conference at Malmö, Russia was first among the great Powers to discuss the effect of a Scandinavian union. The inspired press declared that it could mean nothing derogatory to the Russian people. Be that as it may, not a nation in Europe but will watch with interest the new *entente* of the North. Let it be recalled that when Queen Margarethe, in 1397, summoned the clergy and nobility of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden to the assembly at Calmar, the celebrated Union of Calmar which resulted from that memorable gathering became a potent bulwark for the security of the three countries for more

than a century. Presenting a compact and united front, the three nations of the Northern peninsula were for a long time the arbiters of the European political system. No such effect, of course, is expected as a result of the Malmö meeting, yet there is some reason for the Scandinavians to paraphrase the "Te Deum" sung in the churches of Calmar as Erik of Pomerania was anointed and crowned by the archbishops of Upsala and Lund as King of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden: "*Haecce unio esto perpetua! Longe, longe, longe, vivai Margarethe, regina Daniae, Norvegiae et Sveciae!*"

An alliance between the Scandinavian countries has often been considered, but fear of offending the great Powers has in the past prevented its materialization. It is a curious thing that after the union of the three kingdoms of the North Queen Margarethe aimed all her efforts at regaining the duchy of Schleswig, which circumstances had compelled her to resign to Gerhard IV., Count of Holstein. It will thus be seen that the Schleswig-Holstein question was a mooted point as far back as the fifteenth century, when the interrelated affairs of Denmark and Germany were matters of the greatest concern to the peace of Europe. Again and again Sweden and Norway have stood ready to assist the Danes in retaining possession of what they consider integral parts of their land. Yet always there has been something to prevent the consummation of a plan that would have seen the three Scandinavian peoples united. The world war evidently has proved the need of openly announcing that henceforth Denmark, Sweden, and Norway will speak as if with one voice on affairs in which all three nations are interested.

The official statement issued after the Malmö conference may prove a historic document of the utmost value to Europe, and in order to understand why this may be so it is necessary to read between the lines. Wallenberg, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, said in a subsequent interview that the meeting would be of great benefit to all concerned. *Morgenbladet*, one of the leading newspapers of Christiania, declared that the present situation has taught the people of the Northern countries that their interests are identical, and that the connection between them is closer than that between any other group of nations.

Another important newspaper, the *Tidens Tegn*, said:

> We want peace, but we know that peace cannot be assured without the unity of all the countries.

Alone the Scandinavian countries might yield to pressure. Together the three countries represent a strength, both military and economic, which no Power can threaten.

Much as the people of Scandinavia desire to observe strict neutrality, it is really remarkable that neither Denmark, Norway, nor Sweden has so far yielded to persuasion of a contrary sort. None of the belligerent Powers has been guiltless in making undue advances. Emissaries have aimed at convincing the neutrals that their neutrality was no protection. Newspapers of the warring Powers have done the latter a poor service by hinting that Scandinavia had better cast its lot with this or that group. On the other hand, so long as leading men in the North continue to advocate any other policy but that of the respective Governments, so long will there be suspicion that Scandinavian neutrality is but a matter of present convenience. Sven Hedin, returning from his visit with the German General Staff in France, cannot serve Sweden by lauding the Teutons as against the Allies. Björn Björnson, with his news bureau on the Continent, ought not to give his reports a too Germanic coloring, as cautioned by Politiken, of Copenhagen. Let be that Professor Fahlbeck, the distinguished Swedish scholar and former member of the Upper House, affirms that the war could have been avoided had a thoroughly armed Sweden stood at the side of Germany as a warning to Russia. The highest patriotism may be moving these men to speak as they think, yet this is not the time to aggravate a situation serious enough without threatening an extension of the war zone to Scandinavian soil.

As coming from without, Professor William Oswald's mission to Sweden in the interest of a Baltic Union cannot have added to the comfort of Scandinavia. The German Nobel prize winner was undoubtedly actuated by motives of the most pacific intent. Yet there could have been no need for informing the Swedish people where their particular interests were to be found, and as for promising a united Scandinavia that Finland might be added —that would seem to be reckoning without Russia in the premises. From Petrograd comes the version that it was because of the attempt of coercing Sweden into the German camp that the Malmö meeting was arranged as a counter-blast. This report, however, need not be taken seriously, since, no matter what may be the grievances of Sweden toward Germany for the moment, there is always Finland to warn that the Russian bear is creeping closer and closer to the Swedish border. Swedish shipping has been subjected to much annoyance in the

Baltic, due to Germany's embargo, but when the Swedes look toward the North Sea they find another of the belligerents no less vigilant lest contraband get into the enemy's country by way of ships flying the flag of Sweden. It is, of course, for the purpose of asserting their rights that the three Northern nations have agreed on concerted action, and none of the other neutral countries applauds Scandinavia's stand more certainly than does Italy, where newspapers like *Vita*, the organ of the Radicals, and *Tribuna*, commenting on the Malmö conference, declare that the Northland has set an example of the greatest value to the world. There is not the slightest doubt that, acting as a unit, Scandinavia will argue its shipping case with greater hope for success than if Denmark, Norway, and Sweden had gone separately before the nations responsible for the halt to traffic. From the beginning of the war until the middle of December the total losses to Scandinavian shipping through mine disasters alone were seventy-two lives and twenty-two ships containing cargoes valued at $10,000,000. The embargo, of course, is an item impossible to figure out until long in the future, but that the loss through contraband search will run into the millions is a foregone conclusion.

Exposed as Norway is to the North Sea, on its western border, that country has found itself in a most uncomfortable position since the outbreak of the war. At any time a great naval battle might take place within earshot of the Norwegian coast. That would be the hour for testing Norway's neutrality, and also its ability to defend this neutrality. Unlike either Sweden or Denmark, however, Norway has neither fear of an immediate neighbor nor the recollection of a disastrous defeat that, as in the case of the Danes, cost them a valued territory. It is true, perhaps, that, owing to geographical conditions, Sweden's interests are now as closely knit with Norway's as when the brother nations had a ruler in common. There is no doubt, furthermore, that where for so many years the Finnish problem has remained unsolved, all the people in the Scandinavian peninsula have become steeped in the idea that Russia will not stop until it obtains those ice-free harbors that the empire considers essential to its existence as an empire. When men of the character of Fridtjof Nansen, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, and Björn Björnson persist in declaring that the menace to Norway is immediately beyond the Swedish border, there is reason to feel that the people will look apprehensively at the Czar's legions.

And yet, in speaking of the importance of the Malmö conference, Hr. Ihlen, the Norwegian Minister of Foreign Affairs, declared emphatically that his country was paying no heed to all the efforts that had been made to persuade Norway that Russia had designs on her national integrity as well as that of Sweden. In fact, Hr. Ihlen said that in recent months the Norwegians had had many proofs that the Russian Government was most amicably inclined toward the whole of Scandinavia. The Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs voiced a similar sentiment, affirming further that much of the uneasiness regarding Russia's intention was passing away as a result of the powerful neighbor's evident effort to usher in a new international epoch in Scandinavia.

If, then, the neighboring nations of Russia accept the assurance that their neutrality shall be respected now and in the future, there should be no cause for inquiring as to the reason why there has been such a change of front. The great catastrophe of to-day will make a material difference in the relations of the powers to the lesser countries. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden may even prove instrumental in making international adjustment easier because of the fact that Scandinavia is so thoroughly in earnest regarding its neutral attitude toward all the warring countries.

That the Norwegian press should have made the suggestion that Gustaf of Sweden is entitled to the Nobel Peace Prize for his initiative in establishing the Scandinavian triple *entente* must be conclusive evidence that all friction between the two countries has passed away. It is recalled also at this time that in the cause of Northern harmony no men worked more unceasingly than Oscar II. and that great Norwegian commoner Björnstjerne Björnson. The King and the poet did not always agree on questions that concerned the political alignment between Norway and Sweden. But that Scandinavia should make common cause, both men declared. The year 1905 arrived with its separation crisis, but the severance of the nations in reality led to the harmony which exists to-day.

That greater Scandinavia which may be considered a concrete fact already cannot record the events which led to the Malmö meeting without taking account of Nicholas II.'s peace rescript, however much out of harmony that incident in Russia's history appears when viewed in the light of the present. When W. T. Stead made his noteworthy tour of the courts of Europe to learn how the various nations felt about the Czar's

summons, he met in Rome Björnstjerne Björnson. Asked his opinion regarding the peace rescript of the Russian Emperor, Björnson replied by asserting that the small countries should now combine politically so as to present a solid front before the Powers. The germ of Mr. Stead's desired United States of Europe reposed in that proposal of the Norwegian, since Björnson insisted that Belgium and Holland and Switzerland should be members with the Scandinavian countries of this league of minor States.

And now Denmark and Norway and Sweden stand a unit for the preservation of their own independence and the safeguarding of the neutral principle. The war may go on; still one section of Europe will hardly undergo a geographical change when the conflict comes to an end. The belligerents will find a way to respect a neutrality that may be considered the one bright spot on the somber European canvas. In that direction Scandinavia may extend hands across the sea, for while the citizens of the United States, like those of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have a right to their opinions, and are privileged to place their sympathies where they wish, no Governments more so than the North American Republic and the three Northern nations of Europe are aiming to make neutrality effective, for their own sake, as well as for the purpose of saving some parts of the world from the devastating war that most likely will be the last permitted by an outraged civilization.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PEACE TREATY

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

At this writing many Americans are chafing at President Wilson's policy of neutrality. They would have the United States officially voice its protest against the violation of Belgium. Was it not a signatory with Germany to that convention of the Second Hague Conference which forbade belligerents to move troops across the territory of a neutral power? Shall the United States remain silent while Germany makes of these solemn Hague treaties mere scraps of paper? Ought this country not to hasten the end of the war by letting Germany feel the full weight of our Government's indignation at this breach of faith? Some, like ex-President Eliot, urge that we participate in the war in order that bloodshed cease at an early date and that the victory be so decisive as to make out of the question a Waterloo a few years hence.

Against this President Wilson has wisely set himself like flint. It is of the utmost importance to all the combatants that the greatest of the remaining neutral nations should keep its poise and be free from the bias inevitable if it should take sides by diplomatic action or by active participation in the war. Both sides have appealed to the head of this country to judge the alleged illegal war acts of their enemies—a striking proof that they have felt the need of an unprejudiced international tribunal before which to plead. Both sides have thus admitted the dominating moral position of the United States. There appears to be general agreement that it will be President Wilson's task to initiate the peace proceedings when there has been butchery enough. Returning travelers report that President Wilson's reputation abroad has grown immeasurably since the war began. British newspapers have dwelt with satisfaction on that passage in his annual message to Congress in which he so eloquently says, that—

We are the champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn.

Just now we should be particularly jealous of it because it is our dearest present hope that this character and reputation may, presently, in God's providence, bring us an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed any nation, the opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world and reconciliation and healing settlement of many a matter that has cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations.

If there has been considerable irritation by reason of Mr. Wilson's firm and just protest against the British policy in regard to neutral vessels, there is every prospect that the friendly tone of the American communication and of the British answer will permit a speedy settlement of the entire matter without any serious disturbance of the amicable relations previously existing.

Aside from this incident there is satisfaction abroad with the attitude taken by our Government up to this time—even in Germany; if there are some English newspapers which would have us pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and some German which would have us legislate to forbid the sale of arms and military supplies to England, as we stopped the exports to Mexico, they all admit that there is no criticism to be made of the policy of the President or his official acts. There is not the slightest insinuation that we have failed in any respect in our duty as a neutral under the existing laws; Secretary Bryan's statement to Senator Stone must prove the correctness of our position to all who are unbiased. This, together with the prevailing belief that there is in the White House a man of the exceptional stature needed for the wonderful opportunity looming up before him, makes it of the utmost importance that Mr. Wilson should not abate a single jot from the policy of neutrality he has marked out for himself and the country.

Great, doubtless, would be the service rendered to the Allies if the United States should fling itself into the war. Far greater is the service which it can perform if it holds not only our historic but our moral position intact. This, Mr. Wilson wrote, "is the time above all others when we should wish and resolve to keep our strength by self-possession." For us to rush either into the war or into extensive preparations for war would be not merely to tie the President's hands, to deprive him of his position of advantage, but to rob the nation of its vast moral prestige, for it would be the very reverse of keeping our strength by self-possession. And the goal is not merely the extending of our good offices and the offering of a navy-yard building for the plenipotentiaries to occupy, as Mr. Roosevelt

was able to do for Russia and Japan. It is no distortion of the President's just-quoted words to see in them a desire to use our great influence in the direction of such a disposition of the question of armaments as to make impossible a recurrence of this cataclysm with its horrible sum total of misery. That this country has suffered so gravely because of the war in its rôle of innocent bystander, and that it is, as the President says, honestly desirous of itself keeping out of the maelstrom of militarism, are other reasons that assure it a position of commanding importance provided that the President remains a friend to all parties until the end. For him to attempt to achieve his great aim with Congress voting a larger army and navy and new battle-ships would be out of the question. "You ask us to disarm," would be the answer, "when you are arming as never before. What sinister motive dictates the suggestion?" Should the President take sides, the moral leadership would fall to some one else, or, in the absence of any other powerful neutral executive, would be lacking altogether.

How grave this would be is apparent if one considers that all hope of the world's return to sanity rests upon the coming peace conference. What shall it avail humanity if a hateful Prussian militarism be smashed only to leave in its place a more hateful and dangerous Russian militarism and an even more dominating British navalism? Where will be the gain if the Continent remains armed precisely as before, save that Germany's wings are clipped? What hope of lasting peace will there be if the militarists are to continue to dominate in the counsels of State? How long can so unnatural an alliance as that of reactionary Russia and Liberal England last if there is a return to the old system of checks and balances, of secret and open alliances, with the power to make war in the hands of a few who have supreme authority over great military machines? Everybody now agrees that this war must have come, sooner or later, because the militarism of Europe made it inevitable. How soon will another come if it is left practically intact?

It is the curse of the whole military business that, whether it be German, or French, or Russian, or American, it inevitably breeds a powerful military propaganda. Its advocates talk it, think it, prepare for it, urge it, glory in it, insist that bloodletting must come every now and then, and, in Europe, have trained whole peoples to their belief. The psychological effect of all of this false teaching is inestimable, and it is not to be measured by the numbers engaged in it; a few men of Lord

Roberts's standing, assuming expert knowledge not possessed by any one else, may do incalculable harm. It is beyond all question that the Austrian military party sought war with Servia not once, but three times, and finally brought it about, thanks to the Archduke's assassination. Its members, and the rank and file of the army, were exultingly certain that war was at hand in 1912. "*Es lebe der Krieg!*" was the toast, and bitter was their disappointment that their old Kaiser held them in check during the Balkan wars. It was not German militarism that was the extreme danger-point then, but the Austrian, with the others not far behind, the Austrians solemnly prating that armies are the best insurance against war when they were doing their utmost to bring it on. They differ but in degrees. And is the world, when this war is over, to continue their policy, which at best spells economic ruin, with the United States perhaps following suit? If so, the men who are being maimed and are dying by the hundred thousand in the prime of their manhood are suffering and perishing in vain.

Again, what more glorious opportunity could there be than this offers for that moral leadership of the world which in some respects has always been America's? Indubitably we shall hear warnings that for Mr. Wilson to do anything beyond providing a meeting-place for peace plenipotentiaries may lead to dangerous entanglements; that it is our business to stand aloof and mind our own affairs lest we be drawn into some international agreement of the kind against which Washington, in his far-seeing wisdom, warned us so earnestly and so wisely. But wisely to exercise our *moral* influence will mean nothing of the kind. Already we have been deeply affected by the war; we have been drawn into it spiritually by our sympathies, economically through our sufferings and through the contributions of our granaries, our arms, and powder factories; politically because of the appeals to us to act as judge of wrong-doing. Shall the most extraordinary chance to lead the world back to the natural, peaceful status of man be allowed to slip by with no effort on our part? It is unthinkable if there is any imagination left in the White House; if there is any response there to an overwhelming moral appeal. We know there is.

Here is a straightforward, practical undertaking on behalf of peace to stir every man not war-mad. Never was there a better vantage-ground for attacking the whole vicious system because some of the oldest militaristic shibboleths have been shown to be utterly baseless. That hoary old falsehood that

armies make for peace is as exploded now as is the assertion that training in arms alone keeps a nation from rotting out, from becoming craven and flabby. Hereafter militarism is in the open to be defended, if at all, on the grounds that nobody is to be trusted; that mankind has not advanced during the centuries; that there is no way for any nation to live save with rifle on hip; that there is nothing in morality, or national honor, or Christianity. If militarism is to continue to exist we must be frankly brutal, frankly cynical, and here in peaceful America we shall be urged by some fellow-citizens to make the business of preparing to kill other peoples the supreme business of the nation. The world, in other words, is to defeat Prussian Bernhardiism, but is itself to be conquered by his doctrines—even the most peace-loving of democracies, safeguarded by two oceans; the democracy which came into being partly because of a profound hatred of a standing army of its own folk which menaced its freedom of political growth. Are we calmly to assent to this teaching of cynics, or are we to seize the opportunity practically and seriously to contend with these forces which menace the happiness of the world?

Surely the President of the United States who failed to profit by the unique international position which presents itself would be recreant to his trust and to our national traditions. It is not meant by this that the President should take an aggressive attitude and insist that American commissioners shall thrust their legs under the table of peace. Active participation might easily be a fatal mistake; direct action, unless the opportunity comes just in the right way, might prove more hurtful than helpful. But behind the President stands the sound, generous, and united public opinion of the American people, and that can be focused and expressed when the hour comes. How to make it tell is the President's task; it cannot be impossible when the belligerents have already besought us to exert it. Failure, of course, may be the President's lot. The bitter hatreds being aroused may end the possibility of even his good offices; but emphatically this is a case where not failure, but low aim, will be the crime. The opportunity is to serve not merely America and the belligerents, but all mankind. And the people of this country would hail as another Lincoln a President who could translate into action their ardent desire to render this service and to give expression to our own pacific aims. By the side of this of what importance is a formal declaration that the United States views with regret the vio-

lation of Belgian neutrality? All the world knows that it does; to record it officially might be to antagonize two great nations and to tie our hands for the "final help," which the London *Times* says the United States must give.

But it is precisely for those two offending nations that the United States ought to step into the breach. The victors, if victors the Allies prove to be, must needs be checked unless smoldering animosities like those left by the peace of 1871 and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine are to rankle for another forty years, then to burst into flames again. Already in England they are beginning to see this. Men of light and leading are protesting that Germany must not be degraded; that all talk of rending her limb from limb is as absurd as to speak of wiping her off the map. The "Union of Democratic Control" has been founded, one of the objects of which is to influence the terms of peace so that at least no province or territory shall be torn from its present allegiance, except by the consent of the people, duly registered by a fair vote.

Prominent writers like Prof. Sidney Webb are voicing humane sentiments at public meetings such as, "humiliation is the most expensive luxury in which any victor can indulge, because it does not pay." Mr. Webb declares that it would involve "an enormous loss to the world if the war should end with Europe armed to the teeth, or if the enemy were left in a state of furious hatred." Others are even questioning the wisdom of a great indemnity and are asking if the moral effect is not more advantageous to the nation paying the indemnity than to that receiving it—a question which inevitably recalls the French experience in paying the 1871 indemnity which Germany fancied would cripple her rival for years to come. Indeed, as eminent an authority as Hans Blum insists that the indemnity so unsettled German finance in the years after the war and until 1880 as actually to have been a grave injury to the recipients. As for the moral effects, surely the injury done to Germany in the opinion of the rest of the world by her forced levies upon Belgian cities far outweighs the benefit of the actual sums received, which are at best trifling compared with what this war is costing her in a single week.

Still other far-sighted Englishmen are much less concerned with the terms of peace than with doing away with the political conditions which make such a catastrophe possible. They desire no more secret British diplomacy; they would broaden the basis of the English diplomatic service that it shall not here-

after be restricted to graduates of Eton or Christ Church and those possessed of four hundred pounds a year. They would make it impossible hereafter for a split Cabinet to plunge Great Britain into war without taking a vote in Parliament, if not one of the people. Surely if enlightened sentiment like this can make itself heard in England, even in war-time, when no one is supposed to think save in accordance with the wishes of the Cabinet, and then only with a bloodthirsty Berserker desire to inflict untold injury upon the enemy, advances in kind from the United States would strike a responsive chord.

By the time the war ends we shall hear little or nothing of the talk of destroying Germany, and in that country there should speedily be an end of the nonsense that Germany is now fighting for her very existence. If history has taught anything, it is that a people with a strong individuality cannot be wiped out. Poland has proved that; divided into three parts, it yet lives in tongue, in character, in the hearts of its people, and may, for all one can foresee, be on the verge of its restoration as a political entity. Were Germany to be divided up among the Allies it could as little be conquered. That which is sound and good in its *Kultur* would survive, no matter how great the difficulties. The German spirit—that part of it which all the world admires—is unconquerable; it can no more be destroyed than matter which the scientists tell us is indestructible. Norman Angell has shown beyond dispute that in the modern economic organization of society no nation profits by conquest of territory. The United States has gained nothing by holding the Philippines save an administrative burden costly in more ways than one. It has acquired no trade advantages which would not inure to it if it hauled down its flag and let the Filipinos govern themselves. So Germany, if she succeeds in holding Belgium, cannot hope to make Germans of the Belgians. They have been for a century trying to compel the Polish Prussians to become German Prussians, without success. They have fought some successful wars during that period, but they have lost every battle against the Polish language. The Flemish would equally survive under German rule as it has outlived the vicissitudes of the centuries. How the Germans have failed to win the affection of the captured French provinces is apparent to every student of the situation. Why should not every effort, therefore, be directed toward avoiding these old pitfalls and of making a peace which shall advance humanity and not retard its spiritual development?

It is only the statesmen, the small ruling cliques, who, apart from the masses of the people, fail to appreciate this, who cling to the old shibboleths and still lust for conquests. The masses of no people seek the lands of others. Surplus populations do not by any means all go to colonies when colonies there are. There has been nothing more striking about this entire war than the discovery of the multitudes of Germans who lived in France and England, and of the French and English who lived in Germany. Thousands of them refused to go even after war was declared, notably in Germany. That was their home despite their technical British nationality, and there they wanted to stay in peace, and there the men are in concentration camps, to-day, owing to the ungenerous policy of the English Government. What would happen to German and Italian multitudes in the United States if we should go to war with Germany or Italy it is not easy to foresee. This is one of the effective, but quiet and unsuspected ways in which economic and social forces are gradually breaking down international boundaries and hastening the day of a world federation. It is one of the factors which make ridiculous the fire-eaters' assertion that Germany, if conquered, will be humbled in the dust. There is too little real enmity between the warring peoples, between the men in the ranks, who respect each other's prowess, to make this possible. All the greater should be the pressure from all neutral lands against any attempt to strike at her misled people.

American opinion particularly must be directed toward safeguarding the best interests of Germany when the war ends, for the claims of her people upon us cannot be denied, however we may reprobate her participation in the struggle or the policies of her General Staff. This will be the time to show how deep-seated is the friendship between the two nations, and to prove that we remember how German brain and brawn have helped to make this country what it is. German axes have hewn the pioneers' way through many a forest. In whole sections they alone till the soil. Everywhere they rank among the most industrious and the law-abiding; few are either agitators or enemies of the existing order, so that there has been regret that no more of them are coming to us. In our national crises they have stood fast, taking military service for idealistic reasons—thousands even who had not begun to master the English language. They are bone of our bone and sinew of our sinew. They have enriched our national life; what we owe to them for the development of art and music is incalculable. But

if there were not a single German-born citizen among us, our debt to the intellect and the heart of Germany itself is such that this country could not be ungenerous or unjust to it in its hour of distress, whatever its wrongdoing. As Carl Schurz once put it: "The friendship between the United States and Germany is as old as the Republic itself. It has remained unbroken because it was demanded by all considerations of interest, of civilization, and of international good-will. There is between the two nations not the slightest occasion for discord."

Nothing makes friendships, whether between individuals or nations, as does generosity. The United States, which set the noblest example of forgiveness and of leniency ever seen in dealing with its rebels of 1861–65, can prove that this is the policy which makes best for concord and amity. Had the scaffold taken its toll after Appomattox, no such speedy reunion as we have witnessed would have been seen. If that policy of forgiveness was possible in the heat and bitterness of our civil strife, when treason was rife, after the murder of the nation's best-beloved Executive, the Englishmen who are already working for a future friendship between their country and the Kaiser's are eminently justified in their aim. Prussian militarism is a disease to be eradicated; the whole aggressive attitude of the ruling Germans who to-day embody the nation is the inevitable result of their militarism and autocracy, combined with the bad manners of a *nouveau riche* nation, which has grown wealthy overnight. Our own country, if Dickens, Trollope, Harriet Martineau, and other travelers are to be trusted, went through a period of similar rudeness coupled with a similar egotism, until awakened by the Civil War. As it outgrew this state, so must embattled Germany hers. The point is that there is in German *Kultur*, that is, in her spirit, her steadfastness, in the homely virtues and industry of the masses of her people, the frequent inspiration of her men of learning, her artists and musicians, in her reverence for the achievements of the intellect, much that is priceless for all humanity, and this must be preserved. Every nation makes some such vital original contribution to the credit side of the world's vast bank account. England makes hers, and so does France, and so, too, through her democratic institutions, the absence of caste, the freedom of her people to think freely, to labor, to rise in the social scale as they please, does our own United States.

Our country in this pregnant hour has another duty. It is

to reaffirm to itself bravely and proudly the fundamental things for which the nation stands. Theoretically we do not believe in kings any more than in standing armies. Yet there has been noticeable a tendency among us to look upon Kings and Kaisers and Courts with a different eye than that of our fathers. Some of us have not only taken kindly to aristocracies, but have been eager to crook the knee to royalty. It is pleasant after-dinner babble to discourse of the evils of universal suffrage; even to lament, if things go not to our taste, that there is not a permanent, stable head at Washington. How else are we to have the kind of efficiency that is Germany's? Or as good city government? After all, there is little difference, the argument runs, whether you have a king or not; one's liberties are about as unfettered in England or Germany as in the United States. So we have graduated from the days when our fathers had such a hatred of royalty as to lead hosts of them to tear their families up by the roots and transplant them across the ocean; as to make our Fourth-of-July orators return with stale, but useful, reiteration to the fact that we are all kings; that we owe allegiance to no man; that we change our rulers as suits us, and believe in no such nonsense as the divine right of anybody to decide the fate and destinies of the masses of his countrymen.

It is thus a wonderful opportunity to set forth the value of our republican institutions. Not that we believe them perfect; our President by himself and our Congress can involve the nation in war, ruin the hopes and aspirations of a generation, and plunge it into misery and grief without the consent of those so injured. But we can at least point to the millions who have flocked to us from abroad and their happiness under our flag, the eagerness with which they seek our citizenship, the passionate loyalty that a Carl Schurz, a Jacob Riis, or a Mary Antin brings to our institutions, and claim for those institutions that more nearly than any others they satisfy the human longing for equality of opportunity and equality in government. If there is any cause for which Americans are justified in proselyting, it is that of a republican form of government. Liberty is still enlightening the world; the American flag still stands for the greatest achievement in self-government in recorded times. All the more should this Republic add to its long list of contributions to the welfare and progress of all mankind the magnificent one of leading the way to universal and permanent peace.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

FROM THE FRONT—HOME!

BY A BRITISH OFFICER

[The following communication was written by a British officer with the expeditionary forces of the Indian Army, who was wounded last autumn in an engagement near La Bassée, but has now resumed his command.—THE EDITOR.]

SOMETHING has struck you just behind the thigh. It feels a heavy blow—something big, in the nature of a sledge-hammer or cannon-ball. "Dash it, I'm hit," you murmur, instinctively; and yet it cannot be. What hit you was too big. You wonder what on earth it can be. Perhaps a bomb that failed to explode —or a large piece of one.

All this flashes through your mind as you lie there in the snow, with the enemy just across the road still shooting and throwing bombs at you. Very soon you realize it is a wound, all right. It is cold and wet and clammy, and is feeling sore. You look round to see what has happened to the others. Only two or three have arrived. Are they coming? You wait. No signs of them. Your Subadar is near you; he has followed you in the rush. The rest have been stopped. "What's happened, Subadar Sahib? Where are the others?" "I don't know, Sahib; they haven't come." "Subadar Sahib, I'm hit." "So am I, Sahib," comes the answer. "We can't take the trench alone, Subadar Sahib, so we'd better try and get back out of it." You crawl back and away, being shot at all the time, wondering vaguely why they don't hit you. After what seems an eternity you get back, report what has happened, and one Sepoy is told off to help the two wounded officers back. The communication-trench is full of men; to struggle past them means too much pain. You decide to chance the bullets and keep to the open. It is a slow, long walk, a thousand yards at snail's pace. You realize you are lucky there are no bones broken, but you wonder to what extent it is possible to bleed. The Subadar says he is only slightly wounded, too, but you are conscious that he is very

depressed. He maintains he is in no pain, but he has lost his air of quiet confidence. Suddenly the reason comes to you. His faith has been shaken; he is a devout Mohammedan, and has without ostentation told you that very afternoon that he will not be hit—"for these things are in the light of God." You realize now why he is upset. His faith is the faith of one who imagines much prayer will make him invulnerable, and at the moment he is shocked. Later he will reason it all out and regain his inward peace. And so you struggle on through the night till you reach the village where the billets are (for it is midnight or later—everything happens at night in modern war). Arrived at the cottages, you go into the room where the first little beam of light comes from. "Where is the first-aid post?" you inquire. "Second turn on the left, about two hundred kilometers off." Off staggers the trio into the darkness again. Eventually a kind officer to whom you confide you are wounded pilots you through the intricacies of a farm-house, and there, in one of the minor rooms, is the doctor busy bandaging a crowd of Sepoys. There is a small fire in an outer room, and here, cowering over it, is a British officer. He seems to be bandaged everywhere. Presently you discover it is the gallant Sapper who went to the trenches to boost the Germans out. Unfortunately the Germans got the first hit. Poor fellow! he is very plucky. He tells you with quiet humor he is not badly hurt anywhere, but is hurt more or less everywhere. This you see from the bandages—on hands, feet, and head; he is waiting for a stretcher to take him to one of the wagons. In comes the doctor: "Well, where are you hit?" You tell him, and proceed to remove your equipment. The doctor ruthlessly applies scissors to the tails of your shirt; it goes to your heart—you have but one other. Then comes the examination, for which the Sapper at the fire wakes up and takes interest. "Here, you see, is where it went in, and here it came out," the doctor remarks. "Just missed the hip-bone," says the Sapper, adding, "It's made a bit of a hole." Eventually the first-aid bandage is applied. Next comes the Subadar, who, it appears, has a slight wound through the inner part of the thigh. This is also bandaged, and again we sally forth into the night, with hazy directions as to the whereabouts of the ambulance-wagons. Another crawl for a half-mile or more. One is beginning to feel faint and wonder how much longer it will be possible to walk. Stray bullets keep coming up the road. These stray bullets have followed you throughout your wanderings, and you pray that

one will not find you just at the end of your goal. At last you come upon the wagons standing in the road. You ask for an officer, and are directed to a house. On entering, you find it is the temporary mess of some reinforcements put up to relieve the troops in the trenches. Among them you find some old friends that you did not know were even in the country. When they hear you are wounded, rum and hot water are immediately offered and accepted. The drink puts new life into you. Three or four real Egyptian cigarettes are pressed on you, and you are taken to the medical officer in charge of the wagons. Here you and your Subadar are parted, for he has to be conveyed to the Indian portion of the field ambulance. A seat is found for you in one of the wagons, which will start when full—luckily the wait is not longer. You are helped up into the wagon and feel your way in darkness to the farther end and sit down; this you find a painful operation. Then commences the long drive in. That drive will never fade from your memory. The wagon is a heavy concern, drawn at a slow walk by two heavy horses that keep slipping on the frosty road. It is bitterly cold and utterly dark as you creak along a road full of filled-in "Jack Johnson" holes. How long it takes to cover that three miles of road you cannot tell, but it feels a century. Each bump gives you a painful jar and makes your heart ache for the other poor fellows lying silently in the stretchers, of whom you caught a glimpse as you came in. Soon you are conscious of some one sitting opposite you breathing through his mouth and giving a little sigh occasionally. Presently a hand touches your own; you close on it and give it a little squeeze. "Where are we?" says a gentle little voice in broad Scotch. "It's all right, laddie; we are in the ambulance-wagon." There is a long pause. "You an officer?" "Yes." Long pause. "You wounded?" "Yes." Long pause. "I'm in the Black Watch. The officer took my name. I lost my head and got among the Germans." "You badly hurt?" "No; but I can't see." The voice is very faint and indistinct. It dies away, and one doesn't care to fatigue the sufferer by asking questions. After another long pause the voice continues, painfully. The three things it harps on are the fact that he lost his head and got in among the Germans alone, that his name was taken, and that he can't see because his eyes are bandaged. You try and cheer him up and tell him not to worry, that it will be all right now. He relapses into silence for a while, and then painfully goes over those three points again, adding, "It was a bomb that done it."

At last the long, painful drive comes to an end. The field ambulance, situated in a beautiful French château, is reached and you are taken through the inviting gates into light and warmth. It is a busy night—the busiest they have had. As you enter the ward you are directed to, you feel a sudden sickness and faintness; you are helped to a chair by the fire and given some warm milk. That warm milk is the best drink you have tasted in your life. The room stops going round and you recognize opposite you with surprise a brother officer in your regiment. You discover he was hit about the same time as you, in a different part of the line, and found his way back by another route. Seated near him is a wounded German prisoner. His arm is in a sling, but he seems blissfully content. You question him. He turns out to be an Alsatian. He will not admit to being glad at his capture, but his whole appearance gives his answer the lie—he is one smile all over. You await your turn for dressing in the room crowded with wounded lying on stretchers; the dressing is being done in adjoining rooms, and you anticipate the groans and cries of victims. This you find is another fallacy. Never a groan or cry reaches your ears. The perfect silence of the sufferers is perhaps more horrible than anything. Your turn comes; you are bandaged in a corner. The place is full of cases being bandaged, while on the table in the center you see your Sapper friend being prodded about for pieces of bomb; in absolute silence he lies through the ordeal. You are bandaged, and shown into the officers' mess to wait. Here you find all the less-severe cases also waiting. To-night is a busy night, and the overflow is shown to the mess. Here you sit from three till nine. The sitting position is a kind of refined torture, but the warmth and peace and quiet is just heaven compared to the strain and noise of where you have come from. Nothing can exceed the thoughtfulness and kindness of the surgeons; busy and overworked as they are, they still dash in for a moment to see if you are all right; give you a coat, a blanket; throw more wood on the fire; help you with a pillow or offer you a cigarette. Such attention and kindness you never expected from any but a woman. The gentleness, kindness, and thoughtfulness of the medical officer, whom you had hitherto always regarded as callous and hardened, comes to you as a wonderful surprise. At 9 A.M. you are "evacuated" —this means "moved on." Motors arrive, and you are slid in on stretchers and buzz off to the clearing hospital eight miles off. Here you are taken in and wait on the stretcher till your

train is ready. Again you are impressed by the kindness of the medical staff. Food and drink is provided for you; the memory of that cold tinned chicken and glass of champagne will never leave you. It is your first meal in twenty-four hours, excepting some bread and jam that was the only food available in the field ambulance. Your attention is drawn to the case alongside you—he has his left arm bandaged and another bandage over his eyes and nose; his right hand is black with congealed blood and mud, as is his mouth and chin. You recognize that breathing through the mouth, and every now and again that little sigh. This is confirmed presently by the slow, gentle voice with its Scotch accent; he is answering the doctor's question: "I don't think I'm badly hurt, but I can't see." Later he repeats the three things on his mind. The doctor cannot understand him, and you explain. Then he is comforted, told where he is, and that it will soon be all right. You ask the staff what is going to become of you. The answer is, "Train to Boulogne and then home, probably." The idea of home gives you a wild delight; you cannot believe it; it is too good to be true. You understand that the final decision rests with the officer at Boulogne. How you pray that his decision may be favorable to you! In a few hours the train is there. Again you are packed in the motors and taken off. Not a little amusing is the anxiety and troubles that occur over the poor remnants called kit that accompany officers. One is clasping a sword and cap. Another is anxiously inquiring after a revolver and "Sam Browne" that have gone astray. A third has a massive valise that always gives trouble, as it has no name on it and has to be described at every change. The description is, "It was green, but is very old and has given way at the right side, which is tied up with string." Various officers, nurses, and orderlies go in search, each murmuring to himself, "It was green, but is very old, etc., etc." Arrived at the station, your stretcher is raised and pushed through the window of the compartment; it is a difficult operation, but the hospital orderlies and stretcher-bearers regard it as a point of honor that the patient is not to be jarred or jolted. The care with which they handle the wounded is beyond praise, and it is marked everywhere. Once in the train you are told that you can settle down. It is 3 P. M., and you understand you will arrive at Boulogne at 8 A. M. The luxury of the train is such contrast to life in the trenches that it feels like heaven. Orderlies spend their time up and down the corridor attending to the wants of the wounded. You are

presented with a pair of slippers, a tooth-brush and comb, and a packet of cigarettes. What more could the heart of man desire? You are offered pajamas, but the thought of changing your clothes presents an ordeal that you put off till to-morrow. You doze, and are awakened for tea: it's delicious. Again you settle down until dinner. "What will you drink?" asks the orderly. "What can I have?" you reply. "Would you like a whiskey-and-soda?" You nearly spring out of your berth at the joyful words, and when he finally produces a real whiskey-and-soda you gaze at it fondly and sip it as though it were nectar. Thoroughly happy and contented with your meal and your surroundings, you settle down to a real good sleep. Here you meet with your first big disappointment. Every time you doze off some one comes and tells you the Germans are advancing and you must get your men out and dig. You expostulate that you are wounded, that the men are also wounded, and that you don't know where your men are, and in any case neither you nor they are fit to dig. It is all of no avail—you've got to turn out and dig support-trenches, wounded or not. You prepare to get up and the pain brings you to wakeful consciousness. So you settle down and presently doze off again, but the nightmare follows you through the night and leaves you with an oppression long into the day. On arrival at Boulogne another disappointment awaits you. A train of wounded has just short-headed you, so you are turned round and sent off to Havre. The journey is painfully slow, but the hardest thing to bear is that the decision of your fate as regards home has been postponed. All through the day you travel; it is a glorious day, and you revel in the beautiful scenery, finding it difficult to realize that this gorgeous country is being ravaged by war. The only disturber of your peace and boredom is the engine-driver. At intervals during the day he finds it necessary to bring the train to an instant standstill. The jolts nearly fling you off your bunk, and must have opened every wound on the train. If one could have got hold of the offender one would gladly have cut his throat with a very blunt knife. At midnight Havre is reached, and here the sitters and the stretcher cases are separated—the sitters, or cases that can sit up—stay at the Gare, while we of the stretchers are taken to the officers' hospital. Up the stairs and to the left; you suggest walking up, but are sternly rebuked and carried. Once in the ward, you are undressed, supplied with pajamas, and put to bed. In come two orderlies who proceed to wash you all over; it is a weird

operation, performed piecemeal between two blankets, but is most comforting and refreshing. Then follow tea and biscuits, after which you try to sleep, but are again worried by German attacks and digging trenches. Next day you find you have come under petticoat rule, for beautiful nurses surround you, who attend to your every want—if you will remember to address them as "Sister" and not "Nurse"—the latter is met with cold disapproval. Being a mere soldier, some of the more personal attentions are at first not a little embarrassing. The protection of a screen does not afford the desired exclusion. Later in the morning comes the examination of the surgeon, followed by inoculation against tetanus. You await his decision breathlessly, and give a huge sigh of relief when he decides that you are bad enough for home. Three of the sitting cases are diagnosed to be well in ten days, and they are ordered to remain at Havre. Your heart bleeds for the poor fellows; they are not serious, you know; still, even three days at home with their friends and relatives would do more to buck them up and make them forget for a while the strain of the fighting than any length of time in Havre. But orders are orders, and they take the decision cheerfully like men, but one cannot but feel that it is a mistake. The next question that arises is—when will the hospital-ship be in. The *Asturias* is due at 3 P.M., they tell you; when she arrives you will go on board. She arrives at 4.30 P.M., and your departure is postponed till after breakfast next morning. You settle down for the night. After all, it is only one more day in France instead of England, but to some of the wounded who had not been home for seven or five years that extra day meant a lot. Still, there was every comfort in the hospital, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the nurses—I beg pardon, I mean the sisters. Again the night is made hideous with dreams. This time the Germans have broken through at Ypres, and Havre has to be fortified. Vainly you protest that if they have got so far, a few wounded can't dig trenches sufficient to stop them. It is no use, you must turn out and dig for your life. This continues through the night, and you are left with the firm impression in the morning that the line is broken, so much so that you can barely refrain from questioning the sisters on the point. Breakfast over, you impatiently await transit to the ship; this, however, is again postponed, and in the mean time you are got ready. Your going-away suit would bring in a fortune at a music-hall. It consists of a field-service cap, pajamas, long, white, knitted

stockings pulled over these, black felt slippers, a muffler, coat—warm, British—and finally a sword. You carry the latter for fear of losing it. Word comes at last to start. You bid good-by to the nursing sisters, thanking them gratefully, and away to the ship, where you arrive for lunch. Here you are given a sumptuous cabin to yourself. The ship, you find, sails on the following morning, so prepare for another night of battle-dreams. At 6 A.M. the following morning you weigh anchor and start for Bonnie England. You ask the orderly if it is true that the passage takes eleven hours; he answers, in a pained voice, "No, sir, never more than nine and one-half." The dressing of your wound is enhanced by a slight feeling of *mal de mer*. But nothing matters, now you are nearly in sight of the white cliffs. At 4 P.M you reach Southampton. Here another excitement ensues—where will you be sent? One batch is ordered to Torquay. You wonder will you be sent within a day's journey from home. No. Luck is in your way—you have drawn London. But the London train is the last to go. No matter; you wait patiently till 8 P.M., then off again. This time the carriage is just one long one, crowded from end to end. There is some discussion as to whether you are a lying or a sitting patient. Seeing an empty bunk, you proceed to lie on it and then argue. Presently tea is served in blue mugs. You sip, and place it where the orderly won't see it—you do not want to hurt the man's feelings, even though he has evil designs on your stomach. You wish he could taste the tea Tommy makes in the trenches—that might shame him. Another orderly pulls up alongside your cot with pencil and paper. You know the formula by heart now. During your journey the pencil fiend has dogged your footsteps; every one remotely connected with the hospital who owns a pencil and paper has taken upon himself or herself to ask you a searching list of questions which is promptly committed to paper. Even such intimate details as your age last birthday are not omitted.

The train pulls up at Waterloo at 10.30 P.M. You find some kind friend with influence has seen your name in the list of wounded and arranged for you to be taken to a select and private hospital. Here you arrive at midnight with all your troubles ended. "When were you wounded?" they ask. You mention the date. "You've been very quick," they say. Quick! two hundred miles in five days! You can't help wondering how long the Germans would have taken.

A British Officer.

ETHICS MADE IN GERMANY

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER, BISHOP OF CONNECTICUT

HALF a century ago James Russell Lowell wrote: "There seems to be, in the average German mind, an inability or a disinclination to see a thing as it really is." To-day surprise is expressed at the attitude of Americans toward this war. It is not owing to British influence. In our Civil War we owed far more to Germans than to England. In 1870 our sympathies were with Germany. But to-day there is presented a moral issue. For example, we behold put in practice the principle that might makes right. It has been deduced from the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

Nietzsche, not a consistent Darwinian, yet glorified the strength that *can*. He combated a threatening contagion of pessimism, a commonplace, negative morality, and all enfeebling sentimentality. But in his "transvaluation of all values" he put on top a force to succeed which was beyond good and evil. The Christian morality which kept common people in their place was fatal to the strength of the superior man. While this fantastic philosophy was largely repudiated by scholars, its literary power won it popular vogue. It has conspicuous part in a tendency of recent German thought finding extreme expression in a revolt from Christian ideals and a reversion to the paganism from which Prussia was forcibly wrested by the Teutonic Knights late in the Middle Ages. War in itself is held to be good. Much that had promised to mitigate its ills is set aside as weakness. There are consistently carried out principles of national procedure.

The violation of the neutrality of Belgium was publicly acknowledged by the German Chancellor to be a wrong. It contravened a treaty made, be it remembered, for precisely such a juncture. It was, aside from the treaty, an unprovoked invasion of a sovereign State. It has been followed by an amazing

disregard of principles of humanity that had become embodied in the laws of war. Yet all this finds defenders among hitherto revered teachers of ethics, who seemingly cannot, or dare not, think straight; while a leading German journalist declares, "Our might shall create a new law in Europe."

The historian Treitschke taught that "the State is power," and amenable to no higher tribunal of public opinion or international law. This doctrine finds expression in the declaration that "the State is the sole judge of the morality of its action. It is, in fact, above morality." In this twentieth century it has been held that there may be one code of morals or honor for the individual and a different one for a country. But why are not men, collectively, bound by the same principles of justice, honesty, and honor to which they owe obligation as individuals? We hear to-day of a "social conscience." Why should there not be a national character and conscience? Otherwise there is no basis of intercourse, good faith, or progress in international relations; and into those relations is intruded the morality of the card-sharper.

There is in human life something better than the natural selection of the strongest. When Huxley made the famous declaration that the ethical progress of society lay not in imitating the cosmic process, but "in combating it," there was recognition of the fact that with the appearance of man begins a new chapter, a chapter of advance in moral worth according to moral standards. This new chapter is marked by the distinction between right and wrong.

It is true that in political ethics there has been recognition of a right of conquest. That, however, baldly stated, belongs to a bygone age. It is not in accord with the present stage of Christian civilization and its standards. It has to-day to justify itself before the moral judgment of mankind and square itself with a higher law. Might alone cannot make right what is seen to be wrong. In defense of the invasion of Belgium is advanced the plea that necessity may excuse a breach of justice or of plighted word, that necessity knows no law. Necessity, let it be remembered, here means the necessity of more easily getting at France to crush her. But, whatever the necessity, the God of right is the God of nations. No necessity may transcend the law of right, no other "must" ever take precedence of the "must" meaning ought.

This "ought," I owe it, this sense of something due and obligatory, I am not seeking to explain. Howsoever it got

there, there it is, a fact fronting human nature, the imperative authority of right. Might may defend right, as it may assail it. As it may crush it, so it may vindicate and establish right. When all is said, however, there remains a sense of right as distinct from might, right that may defy might and persistently survive the utmost triumph of might. This it is which supremely dignifies and glorifies human nature, whether it be one man or a nation, martyred Stephen or murdered Belgium.

This ethical conviction is near akin to a sense of honor.

> Say, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest sense
> Of justice which the human mind can frame.

In this high meaning there must yet be honor among nations. Fidelity to plighted word, due regard for the rights of other States, great and small, a decent respect for the general sentiment of mankind on behalf of fair dealing—these a nation cannot afford to ignore. Significant, in the Dublin speech of the British Prime Minister, was his reference to words of Gladstone: "The enthronement of public right as the governing idea of European politics"—public right as the governing idea of world politics. That would mean an end not only of war, but of suspicion and secret intrigue. It would mean peace, because it would mean good-will. It would mean the prevalence among nations of the old-fashioned principles of morality with a new and higher interpretation. Only such principles, after all, will really work.

Germany in recent decades has set up an ideal of social efficiency, and in thoroughness of organization has to a marvelous degree realized it. It has been, however, at a tremendous cost in things held dear by a large part of mankind. This efficiently socialized civilization is, it is claimed, far superior to other types. This superior civilization Germans, many of them in an honest conviction of lofty mission, propose to extend elsewhere over the earth and to impose it by force.

To the rest of us this vaunted type of civilization, mighty though it be, and largely because of its might, seems something intolerable. It is in our eyes a civilization organized and socialized at the expense of the personal, the spiritual, and ethical. It is a mechanical excellence wherein certain higher things seem wanting. We can see what Eucken himself last year described therein as "soul-lessness." We have seen something of its working and its fruits; and thereby it is not commended to us. It defies what we feel to be sacred principles of humanity and freedom and righteousness. It disregards the rights of others.

It crushes and tramples upon the weak and defenseless. It reveals an evident moral deterioration.

Moreover, with all its advantages, it has not proved a success. In the supreme test of a great crisis it has broken down. It has worked with mechanical precision in details; but in the great aims and issues it has failed, because of its lack of finer quality, of moral force and insight. A Government that yields itself to dishonor fails to take account of the sentiment of honor that may thrill other nations to be reckoned with. Confounding honor with hypocrisy, confusing right with might, subordinating the better instincts of human nature to brute force, its code, as practically carried out in shamelessly brutal procedure, looks like a doctrine of devils.

This yielding to the temptation of power, this obsession by a new Cæsarism, this perversion of a people by a pervasive military despotism, this lapse of a great nation and collapse of its high faith and ideals, will, I am persuaded, stand as the signal tragedy of history. We seem to go back to an elder day; we hear the stern lines of Æschylus, after Salamis and its victory for the higher hopes of humanity:

> Those silent heaps of dead abide to show
> Children of children's children that a man
> Should have no thoughts that are too high for men.
> Always presumption blossoms and the fruit
> Is doom, and all the harvest only tears.

CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER.

THE PLAYS OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

It is a matter of seven or eight years since Mr. Lawrence Irving persuaded me, much unwilling, to come and see a play by a French author which he thought uncommonly good, and which he and his excellent company did uncommonly well. He called it "The Incubus," but the author had called it "*Les Hannetons*," and I thought it immensely amusing. Amusing is not the word for "*Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*" (literally translated for our public), but still I do not know that I felt all the author's tragical force when I saw it played by the same admirable artists. A sense of his far reach came to me when again, after years, I saw in London his mighty homily, "*La Foi*," or, as they called it there, "False Gods."

Of course I am talking of the work of Eugène Brieux, which I have been acquainting myself with during the past fortnight almost exhaustively—that is, out of his twenty-two pieces I have read fourteen, besides the three I have seen played. I call this rather a large preparation for an intending critic; but I do not despair of reading the other six plays, possibly before I shall have finished writing this paper.

I suppose we must concede something to the stage as a means of setting forth the drama. The Greeks seemed to like it, and the Elizabethans used it almost to forgetfulness of the written plays, or at least the fact of their authorship. But with a really good play one really does not need the stage, or at least need it, so to speak, necessitously. It is a luxury, it is perhaps a superfluity of naughtiness; I grant that in the case of Pantomime, or that young daughter of Pantomime, the Movie, it is a valuable adjunct to the printed text; but I have somehow not missed it in my acquaintances with dramatists generally, and especially with the greatest of all dramatists, Shakespeare. That is, not having it, I have got on without it; and I have a passion for reading plays which seems to grow

upon me at the time of life when one hates to go out after dinner to the theater. If the theater would come to me, very well, I would not refuse its help in the interpretation of a dramatist; but I can get on without it; and if it insists, it must give me a seat on the center aisle of the orchestra, not farther than eight rows back. Then I can make pretty sure of a pleasure comparable to that I have had in reading the plays of Shakespeare, of Alfieri, of Goldoni, of Sheridan, of Ibsen, of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, of Chekoff, of M. Maeterlinck, and now lastly of M. Eugène Brieux, not to name a score of others. In my arm-chair at home I do not have to suffer any waits between the acts; nobody crushes across my knees coming in or going out, or makes me rise to let him by; there are no draughts; I have no anxiety as to the hat of the lady in front of me, whether I shall have the courage to ask her to take it off if she forgets to do so. The dramatist has not me at his mercy, but I have him at mine, and I can shut him off, or up, at an instant's notice. Some might suppose that I was saying all this in the interest of readers who have no theater to represent the drama to them, or of authors who cannot get their plays on the stage; and there is a good deal of force in the supposition. But I am sure that I have never once had the impulse to shut M. Brieux off or up except in the instance of that most terrible tragedy, "*Les Avariés*," which was played here as "Damaged Goods," a very vulgar misnomer. I used to bear anything in literature, if only it was true, but in my old age I have to draw the line, and "*Les Avariés*" was of a terribleness which left it on the thither side of the frontier fixed by my nerves. The other plays I have had the fortitude for seeing through to the bitter end, whether I saw them on the stage or in the theater which "rose like an exhalation" from the printed page. The end of them is mostly bitter, as the end of most fables or histories must be where the final moral does not report itself "beyond these noises where is peace." Which of the pieces shall I speak of first? They are all alike in the intention to "see life steadily and see it whole" as a lesson for right living; but there is nothing in serious literature less directly didactic than these mercifully unsparing pictures of the thing as it is. Not by their counsel, but by their texture, which is that of experience, they protest against this or that evil of French life which has its analogue in every civilization. The terms of the life are French, but there are corresponding terms in the potentiality of American life if not in its actual conditioning. In the last analysis we are

human beings with the same inhuman impulse to oppress and deceive and enslave other human beings; but beyond this I shall not try to make the analogy appear.

Perhaps the play where the analogy is most apparent is that sardonic tragedy of "*L'Engrenage*," the "Cog-Wheel," in which like effects of the democracy of both civilizations, not yet ultimated in economic equality, relentlessly clutch their prey. That is in some sort the scheme of Mr. Brand Whitlock's as yet incomparable political novel, *The Thirteenth District;* but in the novel the cause of the effect is in the crude ambition of that common politician, who becomes far more squalidly corrupt and degraded than the Frenchman whose tragedy begins in his renunciation of political ambition. It is by an ecstasy of irony that the cogs begin to clutch him in the very instant of his protest when the "supporter" who is dragging him on commits him to a pledge in favor of the measure which he most abhors as economically immoral. They never loose their hold of him till they drop him, bewildered, baffled, dishonored, after a year's experience as deputy, still an honest soul, but utterly defeated in his high purposes by the constituents whose good he wished to devote himself to, but who on their part only wished to use him for their own selfish ends. He becomes the victim of a sort of Crédit Mobilier enterprise, but he alone of all who have innocently or guiltily taken the promoter's checks comes out in print and publicly confesses his act and denounces the scheme which has entrapped him. His reward comes when the mob passes under his windows with the cry of "Rémoussin the Thief! Rémoussin the Thief! Resign!" The irony is very bitter; it is gall and wormwood in the mouth; but it is wholesome, and the lesson is not so much civic as personal; it does not so fully teach the hopelessness of the democratic system as it shows the helplessness of character which does not defend itself against the perversities of fate by the steadfastness wanting in Rémoussin.

In all his plays M. Brieux makes you think at first that he is mainly concerned with the social, political, or moral problem which he has taken for the basis of his action; but he has not done with you before he has made you feel that it is the nature, the character, of this or that man or woman which has finally interested him, and this, whether he will or not, finally interests you. One might specify *La petite Amie* as the exception which proves this rule. It is a protest against that terrible persistence of the Roman *paterfamilias* in French law

and custom by which a father may forbid the marriage of his son, and it is this abominable despotism which the dramatist wishes to bring in dishonor to destruction; but, after all, he leaves one thinking of the characteristics of the poor young pair who go out to drown themselves in their despair,. rather than of the abominable power of the father who forces them to their doom. The young people have been living together unmarried because he would not consent to their marriage; their last hope of living at all is taken away when the father interferes to prevent the son's getting some small government employ because the young man is not married to the woman he is living with. The father is not a bad man beyond the average; to be sure, he had tried himself to make love to the girl before she goes to his son, though he bears her no malice for escaping him; only he wishes his son to make a marriage which will advance him in their bourgeois world and enhance their common respectability by means of the bride's *dot*. He is not overdone, neither he nor his wife, who, struggling still, still conforms to his will and to the law which is with him. Even the son's wife, wife in everything but marriage because marriage is impossible, is not idealized, not romanced. She is painted with admirable restraint, and she remains with the reader a presence of goodness, of tenderness, of courage, of despair. Say the situation is very French and you say something to be ashamed of unless you add that it is helplessly French. Here is nothing of the evil allure of the illicit, which it is the disgrace of the French romancers to have thrown about love gone wrong; in this grave, sad, dreadful instance appears the seriousness which is the characteristic of the French rather than the insensate gaiety of an unmoral civilization.

In this, as in his other plays, the author is always saying a good, brave, generous word for women. He recognizes their better motives, their unselfish devotion, their heroic bravery. In such a piece as "*Les Remplaçantes*" (those "substitutes" in the maternal function which the bourgeois mothers in cities forbid themselves, or are forbidden by their denatured lives), a peasant mother is forced to become a wet-nurse by the environment of a village devoted to the production of wet-nurses, and by the greed of her husband and his father, to leave her baby and go to foster another woman's child in Paris; but even with such a poor, humble, hungering creature as this the dramatist does not fail in the honor and the pity due her womanhood. He paints her pure mother hallowed by the instinct

which lust and vice makes so foul in men, and he makes the heart glow at her truth to herself. The play is, more than the rest, a study of conditions. Not that it is not also a study of nature and character; the author cannot help making his plays always that; the people of the wet-nurse-producing village are real people, men and women, old and young; they are not merely figures in a polemic; the wet-nurse broker, a truly diabolical personage, is not an abstraction, he is entirely concrete; and the women of the bourgeois world of Paris, who demand the nurses for their convenience or their necessity, are each, though more slightly sketched, portraits and not merely composite pictures. If they prefer *filles-mères* for their children, it is because these are less likely to pine for their own little ones, and not with any notion of countenancing immorality. They would perhaps even feel the moral of the piece immoral, since it seems to teach that women who cannot nurse their children have no right to be mothers. That is indeed a hard saying, but the lesson of the play is directed to those who will not rather than those who cannot. What is safely to be said in the matter is that the same amount of wholesome work, honest work of the hand, would solve the problem for the women of the city as it does for the women of the village. Perhaps this is what M. Brieux means to imply.

It is not so easy to tell what a dramatist means as what a novelist means. That is one reason for dramatists forbearing the use of problems in plots. The novelist may (if he is an inartistic novelist, especially) go inside of his characters or behind them and push them the way he would have them go, or tell what they think and what they feel, and explain their circumstance to the last detail; but the dramatist, having got his people on their legs, has to let them do their own walking and talking, with the help of a few sign-board suggestions in the way of stage directions. If the spectator does not understand what they are after from what they say and do, or perhaps look, there is no help for him, when the dramatist is an artist and is truly on his job. But if he has produced a considerable body of drama, as M. Brieux has, there is no difficulty in knowing what he is after. M. Brieux is unmistakably after liberty, after keeping one man's will off another man's life, after kindness, after making you put yourself in your neighbor's place, after bringing things home to you, after making you feel how it is yourself. He is accused of writing plays with a purpose, and I should not be surprised if one found him guilty. Of

course he writes plays with a purpose, as every dramatist has done from the beginning, unless he has the soul of a clown or a mountebank, merely. They are all like that, the good dramatists of our time, of every time that was not a rotten time. Mr. Pinero writes plays with a purpose, Sir Henry Arthur Jones does, Mr. Shaw does, Sir James Barrie does, Ibsen did (mostly the purpose of making you see what you are about even if you could not see what he was), Björnson did, Herr Hauptmann does, Herr Sudermann does. They have no scruple in luring you to the theater and then letting you realize that you are as in a church, under a machine-gun fire of homilies from a pulpit that calls itself a stage. You may say it is a fraud, that you supposed you were coming to a musical comedy, but you ought to have known who was asking you. The only question is whether the dramatist has hunted up his purpose or his purpose has hunted up him. In M. Brieux's case I should say the purpose had hunted up him. For me it is not imaginable that he frequented the law-courts in pursuit of a subject such as overtook him in "*La Robe Rouge*": that dolorous tragedy was not the prey of a muck-raker, and neither was "*Maternité*" or "*L'Évasion*" or "*Les Bienfaiteurs*" or "*La Foi.*" But a man deeply concerned, humanly concerned in life, and avidly eager to show it as he sees it, goes about the world in a wireless apparatus where every fact and aspect of life catches and trembles and burns to report itself to his hearers and beholders. If he is of the dramatist's make, his report is a play with a purpose, for every fact and aspect of life throbs with purpose, with the longing to impart its meaning. But why do I bother to defend the play with a purpose. The "only Shakespeare" wrote plays with a purpose, as "Macbeth," for instance, or "Hamlet," or "Richard II." and several others.

The primal purpose of a play is to illustrate life or to reproduce it. This done, the secondary, or moral, purposes fulfil themselves — that is, they teach, they impart the convictions of the dramatist if he has any, and if he has none he is no dramatist, but a contriver of emotional acts analogous to the feats of the trapeze or of ground-and-lofty tumbling. The trouble with M. Brieux, in the minds of those who have not much mind, is that he has so many convictions and that he has so little hesitation in declaring them. He has convictions as to courts of law very like those of Tolstoy, who will not allow that there is a public personality separable from the private personality, and holds that it is impossible for justice to come

pure through the dirty souls of some who administer the statutes. He has convictions as to the comparative guilt of those who bring into the world children whom they cannot nurture and those who criminally prevent them. He has convictions as to the futility of organized charity and of the democratic means of representative government. He has convictions concerning the subterfuges of medical science. He has very powerful convictions of the wickedness of the paternal control in the French family. He has horribly drastic convictions of the sin and shame which sexual vice entails upon the innocent. He has all these convictions, and others which he expresses with unsparing frankness but with perfect scientific decency. If any one went to his drama with hope of having his filthy soul tickled by the management of these intimate subjects, he would be entirely disappointed. Not for a moment is there lewd suggestion, an obscene glance; and the plain speaking, the awfully plain speaking, is worlds aloof from the sort of thing which we have been accustomed to call French. There is a splendid disdain of all this which ought to instruct a civilization averse from the material so boldly handled.

I am not going to shrivel my polite page by giving an illustration of what I mean by passages from the plays. But I will say that there are some things in them almost as naked as some things in the Bible. I will not claim that they are of the same religious intention, but I have no doubt, from the things themselves, of their moral intention. I suspect from the allegory of "*La Foi*," in which the author paints the effect of the world-old superstitions of Egypt, that he is not of a theological or ecclesiastical bias in his way of thinking. But I could not honestly call him irreligious, if religion means the will for a better life here, whether in order to a better life hereafter or not. I do not say that all the convictions of M. Brieux are just; that would leave me in the attitude of his advocate rather than his judge, which I set out to be. But I do believe that he most powerfully holds them to be right. A great quality, I will even say a great charm, of the man is his ever-apparent honesty. I cannot make out that there is any straining for effect, any lying, even in a good cause, or for the purpose of enforcing a principle; there is no doing evil that good may come, in him; and so far one may safely say he is not a Jesuit; not that I think Jesuits are invariably or altogether bad.

It seems to me one of M. Brieux's happy fortuities that he started in life as the son of a workingman, and that for a number

of years he worked himself at his father's trade of carpenter. From the carpenter's bench to a chair in the French Academy was not an immediate step. In fact, he had first to study at night, to read whenever he could, to write when he must, to become a journalist, and then a playwright. "He bought books," says the somewhat emotional M. Adrien Bertrand's sketch of his life and letters—"he bought books and devoured them; his first readings were *Atala* and *René, Scenes of Bohemian Life* and *Faust.* The heroes of Murger, and all their independence, their hatred of the bourgeoisie, and all their hardships; these two masterpieces, *Atala* and *René,* the psychology of the love romance; and *Faust,* with its dizzying depth, its eternal struggle of Good and Evil—these were the first germs chance-sown in the brain of the boy. And naturally in the bold imagination of the young apprentice boiled a thousand confused ideas, the desire to create literature, the need of expressing what he felt throbbing within him."

It was not till he was thirty-four that his first play, the "*Ménages d'Artists,*" was accepted at the Théâtre Libre in 1892. By that time the "thousand confused ideas" boiling within him had simmered down to a quiet surface in which life mirrored itself. His tremendous appeal to a past not less remote than Egypt in his "False Gods" for help against superstition in all times is, so far as I know, his only turning from his own time and place in the subjects of his drama. Otherwise it has only and always to do with the actual life of France. Mostly it has to do with the life of the French bourgeoisie, but sometimes with the life of the workman; and I think it very notable that in his whole drama there is not one person of title. Of course, titles do not count for much in France except with the American colonists at Paris, but when we reflect that M. Brieux has got on perfectly without once employing a M. le Marquis or a Mme. la Comtesse we must conclude either that he has an inveterate prejudice against the *noblesse* or else that the notion of nobility no longer strikes the French imagination. This, indeed, is what some observers of French life tell us, who say that democracy has gone much farther and deeper there than here. In contrast with the titlelessness of M. Brieux's plays it is amusing to note how the Englishmen, the best of them, cannot get through a play without the help of the nobility and gentry in some form. Mr. Pinero cannot, Sir James Barrie cannot, Sir Henry Arthur Jones cannot; Mr. George Bernard Shaw alone can manage without. In the beginnings of our American drama (very good

beginnings, some of them) it has been difficult almost to impossibility to bring in noblemen, but when our novelists have the chance of hallooing their fancy abroad they at once meet people of quality. M. Brieux never brings them in, and it is an immense relief. One keeps one's own commonness without shame; one is as good as anybody. It would be a mistake though, to suppose that the exclusion of people of quality works anything like the idealization of the bourgeoisie or of the working-classes. M. Brieux is far too honest a man for that; he knows his ground too well to have the heart to show it a flowery space or a well-trimmed lawn. There are good men among his bourgeoisie, and especially good women, but the average is very like the vast American average, and often the men are grossly selfish and tyrannical brutes, wild beasts of egotism and wilfulness, or, at their best, plain pigs. His poor people have the defects of their disadvantages and are oftener drunk than one would like to have them. One can best see them as he saw them in "*Les Bienfaiteurs*" and "*Les Remplaçantes*," and no doubt (though I have not yet read those plays) the "*Ménages l'Artists*" and "*Le Résultat des Courses.*" As for the bourgeoisie, you will find its people in all the plays.

In drawing near my conclusion and application I have been asking myself which of this dramatist's plays I think the greatest, and I am going to say "*L'Engrenage*," "*Les Bienfaiteurs*," "*L'Évasion*," "*La Robe Rouge*," "*Les Remplaçantes*," "*Maternité*," and "*La Foi*," and yes, of course, "*Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*," though I have merely seen that on the stage, where no play has really its best chance. I cannot say from my no-knowledge of French life that these studies of it are true to it, but from my knowledge of human nature as I find it in myself and in my other enemies I think they must be true. It is from this belief and from the temperament of his work everywhere that I feel his prime characteristic to be honesty. Above his natural desire for effect, for "the creation of the beautiful," he seems to feel his heart bound to the truth. He is honest, honest, honest. A man may of course be too honest, but it is a good fault, and this fault one may detect in M. Brieux. A man, especially a dramatic author, ought not to be too honest; he unfits himself to comfort the tired business man.

Except (so far as I have noted) in "*La Foi*," where the persons are necessarily types of fanaticism, of tyranny, of servility, of self-devotion, either to blind belief or to a beneficent iconoclasm, M. Brieux seems always to deal with character.

His people are differenced from one another as they are in the real world, and they are differenced each in themselves—that is, they are not always governed by their ruling passions. They do not wholly abandon themselves to their natural inclinations; sometimes they straighten up and lean the other way. I think this is so in all his pieces, but I should say, with due misgiving, that it was most so in "*La Déserteuse*," where the whole action is quieter than usual and the lesson is not civic or social so much as personal. The fool, for example, who gives herself up to the superstition of her histrionic genius, and leaves her husband and child to follow its lead in the bonds of a sufficiently silly liaison, and then, after years, returns to captivate the love and faith of her young daughter, is not altogether a fool nor altogether bad. She is wise enough and good enough when she is shown her advantage in leaving the girl to the stepmother whom the forsaken father has found for her in his second marriage, and she not unamiably resumes her adventure, which her business faculty promises to turn into a rather successful enterprise. All the persons of this very strong play are similarly kept in hand; none of them exceeds the bounds of common sense in the end, not even the girl infatuated with her cheaply fascinating and almost, but not quite, worthless mother.

It is admirable work, and there is such work in all of this dramatist's pieces: none is so tragical, so terrible in its meaning as to be without a saving grace, without reserves that console and convince. It is with evil and cruel conditions that M. Brieux wages unsparing war; it is on those who stand for them, when they stand for them, that he has no mercy. I feel how vain it is to try and sum up the meaning of such a man in a few words, or even many, but I venture to say the purpose of this dramatist in all his purposeful drama is to better conditions, that they who afflict by them and they who suffer in them may see the possibility of changing them.

Throughout these inadequacies I have been trying to say that when M. Brieux suffers himself to be humorous, he is delightfully humorous, but never broadly humorous; and there is a sort of heartache in his smile when he paints the defects of qualities. In this ultimately amusing mother, he paints the qualities of defects, and seems to console himself for the defects.

W. D. Howells.

HENRI DE RÉGNIER

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

It was nearly twenty-five years ago. Mallarmé lived in the Rue de Rome, with his family, in a small flat reached by many flights of stairs. The oblong salon was correspondingly small, and almost filled by the long and narrow table. Up to this sanctuary on Tuesday evenings, when Mallarmé received his friends and disciples, there used to climb a few young men whose names are now, for the most part, well known to fame in France and some in the world. They talked, quietly, episodically, never magisterially—least of all the quietly courteous and unassuming host—perhaps of the premature death of a young poet, of the new book of another, of the technical qualities of some foreign author, of the great principle of art. As they talked they pushed up and down the table the porcelain bowl of tobacco which symbolized their host's hospitality, and was the only form of hospitality within the means of the man who was the most significant and influential figure in modern French literature. That, indeed, mattered little to those who knew and loved him. Among these one would at this time scarcely fail to miss, seated next to the host, his preferred disciple, a tall, slender young man, with long and elegant fingers, an eyeglass in his left eye which was rather weak, a drooping mustache, a powerful chin, and a general air of rather languid aristocratic distinction, a calm, correct, observant air, more suggestive, on the whole, of a young diplomat than of a man of letters—the mask, one divined, of a highly sensitive temperament.

That was a quarter of a century ago, and I have never seen Henri de Régnier again. But I have followed with interest and enjoyment the course of this rare, wayward, and delicious genius. He has not yet reached the end of that course, but he has achieved conventional success by entering the portals of the Academy—which Mallarmé, who turned over a whole new leaf in literature, never entered, and might well have disdained to

enter—and it is perhaps not too early to speak generally of his work. It is possible to do so with the more confidence since that work, with all its subtle and even strong artistry, is at bottom the work of a child and a dreamer, unlikely to yield those new developments which may sometimes come with age to richer and robuster natures.

I think, indeed, of the genius of Régnier as a perpetual child. There is the child's fresh and unspoiled vision, noting new aspects of familiar things, sometimes the things which, one might say, no adult would notice, or at all events mention. There is the inconsequence and spontaneity of the child, obedient to its own caprices, wandering at its own will through the variegated field of the world, not even so much as seeing the things which fail to interest it. There is, again, the child's innocence of morals, no deliberate immorality indeed, and a delicate horror of grossness save when it fascinates by its strangeness, yet sometimes a certain mischievousness and even a touch of delightful impertinence. In all these ways the genius of Régnier is a child, a child who is at the same time a conscious, deliberate, and highly accomplished artist.

If the spirit of Régnier's genius is a child's spirit, his inspiring muse is certainly an Undine. There are few things that so mark the true child as the love of water. All his life, one can well believe, the visionary muse that has beckoned Henri de Régnier through the world is a creature of fountains and streams, a wayward and lovely Undine who has scarcely yet acquired a soul. All the forms of water in nature are beautiful to this poet, and he has not even disdained its physiological manifestations; he has never been unfaithful to Undine. The seashore and the river, lake and ponds, springs and fountains, and the basins they fall into, beautiful vases and glasses for water or for wine, mirrors that are like still pools—all these things and the like, and many others in which the charm of water in the world is more elusively presented, pass before us in the pages of Régnier, alike in his poems and his novels, and always with a fresh touch of poetry or observation to make them delightful. The places of which he has written most, and most lovingly, are the places of waters, and among cities, especially Versailles and Venice. To Versailles he has been very strongly attracted from an early age. It appears again and again in his novels, and he has devoted to it at least one series of poems, "*La Cité des Eaux*. They are, indeed, scarcely among his happiest poems, for though he knows how to seize the more exquisite aspects of

Versailles, he is not quite able to suppress that dreary and pompous conventionality which is too obvious for most of us; for Régnier, clearly, Versailles has its supreme charm as the background of that ancient life which he loves to evoke with so intimate a sympathy, and even in realizing this aspect of Versailles he has never been so happy—the remark has been made before—as Musset, certainly attempting less, in the unforgetable stanzas "*Sur Trois Marches de Marbre Rose.*" Venice is the city of waters which has in more recent years taken the first place in Régnier's affections, and what he has written of Venice is always and altogether happy, sometimes among his most exquisite work. Many poets have written of Venice, but few have been more temperamentally fitted to appreciate her beauty. There is only one form of water which is repugnant to Régnier, and that is rain. He takes, indeed, an interest in rain, but it is a purely malevolent interest. He regards it as a chastisement, and views it with disgust, distress, and revolt. He has written an essay on "*Jours de Pluie,*" one of the most important subjects, he declares, that any one can write about. But "just as rain has always seemed vexatious to me, so water has always appeared beautiful," and even his anathema of rain becomes a pæan in praise of water.

The love of all forms of water which runs through the whole of Régnier's work is the chief and most distinctive element in a wider affinity for all the sylvan aspects of nature, for woods and for gardens, for flowers and for fruits. Fruits—especially grapes and peaches and pears — play an unusual part in Régnier's work and are described with a rare love and felicity, wherein, again, we may see the child in this poet. One recalls, for instance, the Abbé Hubertet, who especially loved the season of autumn, and not least because it was the season of pears, which, with their slowly developed maturity and beautiful individuality, filled that season for him with delicious surprises. Very notably fruit plays a symbolic part in Régnier's work. The beauty of a fruit has for him almost the beauty of a woman, and he notes it with almost as delicate and tender an appreciation. It is, therefore, meet to be the symbol of a woman's offer of herself, a temptation playful or serious, as was long ago dimly realized when Eve was represented as offering sin to Adam symbolized as a fruit. In Régnier's work it is the grape which fills this place. In the tragic comedy of M. de Galandot's life, narrated in *La Double Maîtresse,* the offer of love in youth and again in age is flung to him with a grape. To the timid boy the

challenge of his charming cousin came in vain; forty years later the same challenge came once more, and this time it made M. de Galandot a hopeless slave to an insolent Roman girl of the gutter.

Autumn, especially September, is, with April—and before April—the season which Régnier peculiarly loves. It would often appear, indeed, that there are only these two months in his year. He is drawn to the things which move gaily with light feet over the threshold of life in the dawn, and still more to the things which in mellow maturity move toward the twilight, tender and melancholy, exuberant and somber, beautiful with a beauty which is heightened because it is fleeting. These things become habitually imaged to the poet's eye as sylvans and nymphs, centaurs and centauresses, fauns of the rivers and satyrs of the sea. For him such figures are not classical conventions, but fresh emanations from living nature and yet mixed with humanity. The siren whom he sings of in *Aréthuse* has the form of a woman, and the seaweed is in her hair, and the moss on her flesh, and the odor of all the forest in her breath, and the fountains in her eyes, and the bees in her laughter, and beneath the touch she is a wave which slowly swells and never breaks into foam. These figures which he has evoked, a whirlwind of the forces of nature, dance madly around the artist—as he has himself told in one of the finest of his poems, "*Le Vase*"—and gravely he takes up his chisel and reproduces them in a spiral around the great marble vase he carves for idle spectators to gaze at. The spectators do not know that it is himself he has put into his work.

Henri de Régnier was born nearly fifty years ago at Honfleur, the little old town at the mouth of the Seine which probably lingers chiefly in the memory of those who have visited it for the sake of its fascinating little Norman museum and the homely charm of its ancient wooden church; rather a decayed town nowadays, it looks lazily across from its quays toward the dreary upstart city of Havre, which has more than replaced it in the world. Here the poet's father was an official in the custom-house. Both father and mother, neither of Normandy, were of anciently noble stock, one from Picardy and the other from Burgundy, and this fact has not been without influence in determining the personality of the poet and especially the novelist who has so often recreated the atmosphere of the days when his forefathers were brilliant soldiers. The early life of the sensitive and rather nervous child at Honfleur is brought

before us in "*Le Trèfle Blanc.*" He was still a child when the family removed to Paris, where he passed through the usual school and college career, more brilliantly than Georges Dolonne, whose educational and sentimental experiences are described in *Les Vacances d'un Jeune Homme Sage.* Young Régnier was intended for the diplomatic service, and for a short time he was in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. But his literary vocation soon affirmed itself, and diplomacy was abandoned. At an early age he had begun to write verse, very accomplished verse from the first, rich, jeweled, exotic, and complex. His early admirations were largely for Hugo and Sully-Prudhomme. But the first was too strident to accord with his refinement, and the second too tamely correct for his vagrant freedom. Régnier exhibited a feminine receptivity to the manifold inspiring poetic forces of his time. But the artist in him has always possessed a delicate plastic strength to mold this sensibility and to hold it aloof from alien disturbance. All the various influences he underwent in his developmental period were fitted to aid his own personal temperament. He fell under the influence of Mallarmé and Verlaine, and his verse soon became simpler, more variously musical, more intimately personal in its spirit. A little later he began to know Edmond de Goncourt, the real discoverer of the art of the eighteenth century, which to Régnier also is "*l'époque délicieuse,*" and in the last volume of the *Journal* Goncourt often refers to his young friend and his "conversation full of charming images and acute remarks and delicate ironies." He also became intimate with Hérédia, the great master of the sonnet, whose artistic perfection could not fail to attract and influence the younger poet; in 1896, moreover, Régnier married Hérédia's daughter, Marie, herself a writer of verse and stories under the name of Gérard d'Houville, and to her Régnier has dedicated several of his best novels and many of his poems. In the mean while he was beginning to attract the attention and the applause of a wider public, not only through his poems, but by his *contes,* and later by his novels, of which since 1900 he has published nine. He lives quietly, it is said, partly in Paris, partly in the country, and, as his writings show, he has traveled considerably. He may be said to have shown a fine artist's taste in his selection of sites and cities to visit. He loves the old Cities of Dreams, which are also usually the Cities of Waters, such as Bruges, Aix in Provence, Arles, Aigues-mortès, and, "beautiful above all," Versailles. He loves Constantinople, "the city of fountains," Corfu, New Orleans,

Damascus, the city of fruits, and, with a love which has grown with familiarity, and found expression through novels, *contes*, essays, and poems—Venice.

Régnier is no doubt most widely known as a novelist, but he is first and last a poet. He published seven volumes of verse before any volume of prose, and the vitality of his poetic evolution is still clearly evident in the recent *Le Miroir des Heures*. It is easy to trace growth throughout. His poetic work has been divided into periods, but any such division is artificial, for there are no sharp boundary-lines. Putting aside the early work, in which, however accomplished and interesting it is, the poet has not yet attained full individuality, it may be said that Régnier's earlier manner is best represented in *Jeux Rustiques et Divins* and his later manner in *La Sandale Ailée*. In the first we see to perfection the peculiar wayward world, sylvan, pagan, and melancholy, which Régnier has created; in the second he has attained the full expression of his directly personal, lyric, and sometimes rather philosophic emotion, the mood of the stoical epicurean who declares that the truly wise man, knowing that all things are fleeting, builds upon the sand. The *Jeux Rustiques et Divins* contains the best of Régnier's poems in *vers libres*. In *Le Miroir des Heures* the note is graver, and there is even a somewhat somber reserve. In his poems it has usually been possible to divine that the poet was transforming into the forms of art—as it were, clay or marble or metal, to use his own favorite images—the emotions and moods that stirred himself, his own special vision of the world. Now, at last he declares:

> *Je ne livrerai plus aux passants du chemin*
> *La clé des beaux palais de ma mélancolie.*

At an early period in his career it was Régnier's ambition to write a novel. But with the fine judgment which has never failed him he knew that a young man is not likely to attain success in this field; his first novel was published at the age of thirty-six. In the mean while he had written many *contes*, now further increased in number and collected into three volumes: *La Canne de Jaspe*, *Les Amants Singuliers*, and *Couleur du Temps*. The earlier of these *contes*, such, for instance, as "*M. d'Amercœur*," form a transition between the poems and the novels. The atmosphere of poetry prevails even when they present some tragically dramatic situation; they are laden with rich imagery, there is a languorous or melancholy trail in

the complicated sentences. But, as had happened with the poems, they tended to grow simpler and more direct, and the way was then opened to the novels: *La Double Maîtresse* appeared in 1900.

Although not the most skilfully achieved, *La Double Maîtresse* will remain the most curiously characteristic, as it certainly is the most elaborately wrought, of all Régnier's novels. The story is double and is told in an inverted manner, which at first seems more awkward than perhaps it really is. Within this framework we find a whole gallery of delightfully sketched persons and a long succession of gracious, piquant, and poignant scenes. Here, and in the later novels, Régnier reveals a delicate power of observation, an enjoyment of rare human types, and a fine skill in presenting them by a few strokes, with an apparently effortless ease. Most of these early novels are historical in the sense that it is not difficult to realize that they are placed in the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century. But nothing could be further from the conventional pattern of the historical novel. There are never any tedious descriptions of definitely real historical events, places, or personages; at the most but a swift momentary glimpse. They are written by one who has clearly absorbed the atmosphere of that old life with intimate love and an artist's perception, and who writes of it with the ease and simplicity of one who seems merely to be evoking his own early memories. This evocation of a picture as though it were a vision drawn from early memory, with the fragrance of personal emotion still clinging to it, is, indeed, a special element in the charm of Régnier's novels, as often of his *contes*, but in the novels it is effected with a finer ease and simplicity. There is no elaborate and self-conscious poetic prose here; we move, indeed, in the atmosphere of poetry, and at every turn we are conscious that we see the details of the story through that atmosphere. But the artist always takes care that this fact shall not be too obtrusive.

It is significant that Régnier seems to move with greater freedom and with a fuller development of his own personal qualities in the stories he places two centuries ago than in the stories of to-day. Sometimes, indeed, as in *Le Passé Vivant*, he ingeniously seeks to throw back the interest of the present into the past. But, on the whole, by what is no doubt a sound artistic instinct, when he concerns himself with modern life he at once falls into modern conventions. The special qualities of his genius are thereby obscured or dissipated. The appre-

ciative admirer of Régnier can often only feel a very tepid interest in the sentimental or amorous stories of these elegantly commonplace modern persons. Even the vein of nonchalant libertinism running through them makes a different impression when we are no longer concerned with the wanton or fantastic persons on whom the Great Monarch had once shone in the gardens of Versailles. Yet it must be admitted that in these later novels, such as *La Flambée* and *L'Amphisbène*, Régnier is still moving on his artistic course. They grow swifter and more direct, evidently inspired by a definite ideal; the novelist, one perceives, is seeking to suppress, altogether if possible, all literary conventions, dramatic artifices, mechanical surprises, only concerned that the action of a story should be simple, supple, various, moving with ease, and always close to nature.

Régnier's novels reveal an objective psychological skill in the concise presentation of subtle traits of character which his poems never lead us to suspect. They also reveal throughout another trait equally organic yet equally absent from the poems, and that is a continual slight irreverence. In face of all the conventional verities we constantly detect, not the solemn uplifting of the eyeball we anticipate, but rather a mischievous uplifting of the nostril. It may perhaps surprise us at first in one who, as so stern a critic as Remy de Gourmont declares, has written the sweetest love-poems of our time. But while it is in the novels and not in the poems that this trait prevails, we may yet trace it to the poet's instinctively close intimacy with nature. His irreverence to the make-believes of men is the outcome of his belief in reality. His attitude is that of the child in the fairy-tale who alone had the vision and the courage to declare that the emperor had no clothes on. To the most impudently delightful of his books, *Les Rencontres de M. de Bréot*, Régnier has set a Preface in which he briefly says what he has to say on this aspect of his work. He is quite content, he declares, to be engaged in "the delicious and always novel pleasure" of a useless occupation, and if his pleasantry may seem a little offensive to respectable feelings, he is far from wishing to offend—it may find an excuse, he believes, in its "joyous and wholesome good humor." And then he strikes a deeper note by quoting Ninon de Lenclos's sentence, "They are much to be pitied who need a religion to guide themselves by, for there can be no surer proof that one's mind is very narrow or one's heart very corrupt." There we have a clue to the artist's temperament in Régnier, the wayward and original temperament in-

susceptible to the external restraint of social conventions which to ordinary people mean religion, yet firmly controlled by its own fine judgment and its own instinctive sense of measure.

If we are still inclined to find an offense to good taste in such adventures as these of M. Le Varlon de Verrigny or such an attitude toward life as that of M. Armand de Bréot, we may well feel a doubt on which side the lack of taste lies when we realize how exquisite an artist we are here concerned with. He has indeed no wish to thrust his vision of life upon us. He is the least insistent of fine artists, content to assure us that he writes only to please himself. Has he not entitled one of his earliest series of stories *Contes à Soi-même?* He knows that, as he wrote long ago in an essay on Mallarmé, "an understanding between the reader and the writer can only come about slowly; one has some chance of being understood by one's contemporaries; afterward one is only understood by tradition; and, to tell the truth, one has never been understood at all except by oneself."

Understood or not, it would scarcely seem that the gay irreverence, social, moral, or religious, which plays through the novels of Régnier has done him serious disservice even in his own time, except possibly on his first attempt to enter the Academy. At that time the rival candidate was Richepin, a poet once distinguished by a much more solemn and ferocious irreverence, at all events, in the sphere of religion. Régnier had presented in *La Double Maîtresse* a grotesque picture of a Roman cardinal. In playing with cardinals, however, Régnier was in good company, and had Stendhal on his side.

The name of "that free and delicious spirit," as Régnier has termed him, may here be fittingly recalled, for if we are to seek any germs anywhere for the novel developed by Régnier it should probably be mainly in Stendhal, whose *Chartreuse de Parme* has been from an early period one of the later writer's most cherished readings. In both we may see something of the same disdainful independence of spirit, the same faculty of penetrating, reminiscent vision, the same psychological aptitude and dramatic presentation, which make *La Chartreuse de Parme* so rare and fascinating a book for certain readers. The difference is that Stendhal had in him a trace of the soldier and much of the man of the world, indifferent to literary style, while Régnier, whatever else he may be, is always poet, dreamer, and artist. The beauty of the world has for him a mysterious terror; "*j'ai peur*" occurs again and again in his poems, even

though he sometimes seems inclined to a pantheistic conception of the universe, an instinctive naturalistic pantheism like that of Maurice de Guérin, with whom on one side he has a real affinity. *La Peur de l'Amour*, the title of one of his novels, may well have been the title of many, and a sensitive apprehension before the mystery of life, different indeed from the attitude of Julien Sorel or even of Fabrice, frequently marks the heroes of Régnier's novels; in M. de Galandot he has made that attitude extravagant and pitiful, but he has done so not only with the artist's instinct, but the poet's sympathy. In Régnier's attitude there is no failure of courage, and he has never turned away from his vision of the world to the narcotics and stimulants in which so many writers of his own and the immediately preceding generation in France have sought consolation—a submissive Catholicism, or a propagandist morality, or a narrow patriotism, or a zealous anarchism. It is scarcely even easy to tell what this isolated guardian of pure art, as he has been called, thinks of these things. "I forget Bismarck when I read Goethe," he remarks in an early essay, "D'Annunzio hides Crispi, and in a Shakespearian drama I think less about Mr. Chamberlain." He is content to find, it is clear, the reconciliations of men's jarring ambitions in the serene world of art wherein he has himself seen so much loveliness and evoked so many dreams. To-day Régnier's work represents the most exquisite embodiment of the French spirit in literature, as Debussy may be said to represent it in music, and as once Watteau immortally embodied it in painting. It is a spirit of joy, of freedom, of wantonness, but also of discipline, of self-restraint, even of sadness. Régnier has himself noted how restless and troubled a spirit guided the hand that painted the "*Embarquement pour Cythère*," and perhaps there must always be an element of melancholy in the creation of beauty more exquisite than the world holds.

It is sometimes said in France that the art of Régnier is so intimate an expression of the French spirit that it cannot be understood outside France. One may be permitted to doubt. Still, even if the doubt is unjustified, and this poet-artist is not for the many among us, the few may perhaps venture to associate ourselves with the sentiments of that robust Old World Englishman, Thomas Tobyson of Tottenwood, in *La Double Maîtresse*, who had spent twenty years exhaling his boredom along the highways of Europe, having sworn never to return home so long as Mrs. Tobyson lived, though it was the dearest wish of his heart to see once more the soft rain falling on London Bridge.

"We English, sir, value men who carry out to the utmost their duty or their passion or their whim. That, sir, is why I claim to admire you. To do what one has willed to do—that is everything." And then the postilions mounted and he entered his coach, having sought in vain to carry away M. de Galandot, who had not "the honor of being an Englishman," from his slavery to Olympia. Happier than Galandot, when that Undine who is his muse flung the last grape of her bunch at his lips and made him captive for ever, Henri de Régnier was led into a paradise of freedom and delight. Here with a fine skill and even a fine courage, subtly weaving reality into fresh symbols, he has carried out to the utmost his own passion and fantasy, in forms of harmonious beauty and unalloyed art, evoking a new dream into which the life-stained traveler may awhile wander, to inhale the perfume of its flowers, to gather its fruits, to drink of its unfailing streams. "*Faire ce qu'on veut, tout est là.*"

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THOMAS HARDY

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

"To read *Tess* here in America and to read it in Wessex," some one told me, "are not comparable experiences." When, two months before war was declared last year it was my great privilege to visit Mr. Hardy at Maxgate, near Dorchester, I fully understood what my friend meant.

It is with bated breath that I speak of stopping at Maxgate; almost with the same awe that I might say "I once saw Shakespeare in Avon." Greatness of course gains glamour with the passage of time, and the added centuries make it mysterious and inaccessible, and therefore more to be prized, but even at the present moment I still feel the thrill with which I looked at the every-day life of one of the greatest of English writers. No matter how we may rank Mr. Hardy, whether we put him before or after George Meredith or George Eliot or Thackeray or Dickens, his place in the history of English literature is secure. He has made a locality live; he has immortalized its towns and villages, its sea-coasts, heaths, and hills; he has created a whole army of men and women and sent them living, breathing, acting down the highways of eternity; he has given us an arraignment of certain social conditions, aye, in despite of himself he has given us an interpretation, if not a philosophy, of life. The life he set himself to portray he has recorded with something akin to the Shakespearian irony and detachment; somewhat the same patient, quiescent contemplation, and if not with the same, at least with a related beauty of expression.

In the preface to the final edition he deprecates the idea that either in the novels or the metrical section of his compositions he has offered any positive views on the Whence and the Wherefore of things.

> Nor is it likely [he writes] that imaginative writings extending over more than forty years would exhibit a coherent scientific theory of the Universe even if it had been attempted—of that Universe concerning

which Spencer owns to the "paralyzing thought" that possibly there exists no comprehension of it anywhere.

Again he defends himself against the frequent charge of pessimism.

It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth. Existence is either ordered in a certain way, or it is not so ordered, and conjectures which harmonize best with experience are removed above all comparison with other conjectures which do not so harmonize. So that to say that one view is worse than other views, without proving it erroneous, implies the possibility of a false view being better or more expedient than a true view; and no pragmatic proppings can make that *idolum specus* stand on its feet, for it postulates a prescience denied to humanity.

And there is another consideration. Differing natures find their tongue in the presence of differing spectacles. Some natures become vocal at tragedy, some are made vocal by comedy, and it seems to me that to whichever of these aspects of life a writer's instinct for expression the more readily responds, to that he should allow it to respond.

Thomas Hardy's much-proclaimed pessimism is really, then, due to the fact that he does chiefly become vocal at the sight of tragedy. In speaking to him of one of his most pessimistic short poems I mentioned how widely it had been copied in the American magazines and papers: "And that," he said, "goes out as one of my final utterances upon the Universe!" He then told me that the poem in question had lain in a drawer for some twenty years, and when an importunate editor asked for something, anything, from his pen, he had unearthed it. It is an undoubted pleasure, when one realizes how rarely Mr. Hardy's novels give us the sense of relief and ease that go with a happy ending, to look back at the peaceful simplicity so full of honors and rewards that Fate has granted to him. The little City of Casterbridge, which he has endowed with immortality, has given him the "Freedom of the City," the key laid in a beautiful, inscribed shrine. His years are crowded with the recognition from all sides so rarely given to the living, and with complete devotion and loyalty in his own household.

Of his fourteen novels, only three—*Under the Greenwood Tree*, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, and *The Well-Beloved*—touch upon the lighter side of life. These are delightful comedies, so permeated with gentle, ironic laughter, so devoid of the sense of a cruel destiny waiting to swallow its puppets, that it is hard to reconcile oneself to the fact that there are not more of the same kind.

But as Mr. Hardy progressed he dealt with subjects more and more austere. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, first published in 1886, and *Jude the Obscure*, published in book form in 1895, are tragedies to set beside "King Lear" and *Père Goriot*. They are unrelenting accounts of the cruelty of life. Nor does Mr. Hardy deign to explain or to fix the blame upon any culprit whatsoever. With the greatest artists and thinkers he merely says, "Life can be like this." He is accused sometimes of trying to justify the ways of man to God. On the contrary, if in his supreme detachment of disinterested observer any purpose can be divined, it is rather that he would show what "Man has made of Man." *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, he says in his preface, is a study of "one man's deeds and character." It shows how in the self-same character may be the forces that build up and then destroy utterly. And yet had there been one living soul near Henchard who had had imaginative sympathy, the tragedy might have been averted.

Of *Jude* Mr. Hardy writes:

> For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken.

But of course exception was taken of *Jude*.

It has long been my contention that the reason America has not and apparently cannot produce a great, original literature, such as Russia, France, England, Germany, and Italy have done, is twofold. First, we are suffering from nervous exhaustion brought about by Puritan intensity and strain, and we have not the vitality or vigor to face reality. Owing to over-refinement and tension of the nerves, we are too depressed to enjoy any painful picture of life, however true it may be. Compare the tragedies to which the Greeks of the great dramatic period and the lusty Elizabethans could enjoy with our wincing and aversion to-day. Terror and Pity no longer purge; they wound to the death! Secondly, the struggle for comfort and ease has been so strenuous that we are tired and dislike mental effort. Only youth and vitality are willing to make the effort that translates them into an alien atmosphere or a new conception of life. Mr. Hardy was entirely uncompromising. He would not placate an audience. He offered no current, ob-

vious views of life. He chose his setting and abode in and by it.

It has sometimes been conceived of novels that evolve their action on a circumscribed scene [he says] that they cannot be so inclusive in their exhibition of human nature as novels wherein the scenes cover large extents of country in which events figure amid towns and cities—even wander over the four quarters of the globe. I am not concerned to argue this point further than to suggest that the conception is an untrue one in respect of the elementary passions. But I would state that the geographical limits of the stage here trodden were not absolutely forced upon the writer by circumstances; he forced them upon himself from judgment. I consider that our magnificent heritage from the Greeks in dramatic literature found sufficient room for a large proportion of its action in an extent of their country not much larger than the half-dozen counties here reunited under the old name of Wessex. That the domestic emotions have throbbed in Wessex nooks with as much intensity as in the palaces of Europe, and that, anyhow, there was quite enough human nature in Wessex for one man's literary purpose. So far was I possessed by this idea that I kept within the frontiers, where it would have been easier to overleap them and give more cosmopolitan features to the narrative.

This deliberate circumscription of environment has indeed been one of Mr. Hardy's chief gains. The counties of Dorset and Somerset, Wilts, Berkshire, Oxford, and Hants, are full of literary associations. Here are found traces of Keats, Shelley, Voltaire, Young, Browning, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Raleigh, Shorthouse, and the scenes of William Barnes's poems; yet it is, and will always be, Thomas Hardy's country. When I drove across Egdon Heath from Dorchester through Cerne-Abbas and Piddletown to Wareham, with Mr. Hardy's written directions in hand, it was to see the farm where Clym Yeobright lived, and the hill upon which Eustacia Vye stood. Passing Wellbridge, one remembers Tess and Angel on their honeymoon. And the inn at Wareham where I passed a night was the same in which Ethelberta and Lady Petherwin were stopping at the opening of that story. No English author has so made a locality his own or given so many haunting descriptions. Who has read *Under the Greenwood Tree* knows the Yalbury woods as he knows his own garden.

Not only has Thomas Hardy made a locality live, but in the portrayal of women he has but two rivals in English literature—Shakespeare and George Meredith. His women stand out more real than the people of our every-day inter-

course; Ælfride the timid, Bathsheba the vacillating, Viviette the fond and impassioned, and yet self-abnegating; there is Anne Garland, all sweetness and dignity; Thomasin the submissive, Tess the puppet of fate, and Ethelberta, fate's manipulator. There is Sue, a study in temperament unmatched by anything similar in English literature. It is hard to classify these heroines. Mr. Hardy has a special touch, a particular tenderness, for the timid and the impulsive, a profound understanding of the passionate and egoistical—the Eustacia, Lucetta, and Felice type. But no less than his predecessors Dickens and Thackeray, he knows how to value what is still, and will perhaps remain, the highest type of womanhood, the long-suffering, patient, restrained, and faithful type, like Marty South and Anne.

If one singles out portraits of women it is that this is a rarer achievement in English literature than portraits of men. But when one remembers the subtlety, fineness, and wealth of detail which Hardy has expended upon such portraits as Swithin St. Cleeve, Smith, Gabriel Oak, Farmer Boldwood, Clym Yeobright, the faithful reddleman, and charming Dick Dewy, one sees that he does not fall behind in portraits of men. But above all other English novelists and, if one except Shakespeare, without rival in our literature, Hardy stands in delineation of the English peasant. One can only remind the reader to turn again to the scene in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, where the Mellstock choir visits Vicar Maybold; the scene of the bonfires on Egdon Heath guarded by Granfer Cantle, Fairway, Humphrey, Olly Dowden, Christian, and other turf-cutters; and the chapter in *Two on a Tower* where Viviette and Swithin, imprisoned in the tower, overhear the desultory talk outside of Haymoss, Hezzy Biles, and Sammy Blore, to prove the point. Irony, humor without caricature, truth, and delicacy of observation fairly riot in these scenes, giving to English-speaking peoples an historic record without parallel. Self-consciousness and the rapid spread of general information is robbing the world of its rustic and ingenuous characters. Originals of portraits such as these will hardly be found a half-century from now, and the very swiftness of their passing lends a value like that of Greek sculpture to the passing type.

One novel far too often overlooked by Mr. Hardy's critics, *Two on a Tower*, seems to me to deserve far greater praise than it has ever won. Who else has dared so majestic a setting as the whole northern sphere of the starry heavens against which

to set the capricious destinies of a young student and a lonely woman? Just by this amazing contrast one gains a sense of proportionate values so rarely found in any story.

By common consent the five greatest novels are *Tess of the D'Urbervilles, The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge, The Woodlanders,* and *Far from the Madding Crowd,* and yet very close to these in the matter of charm, beauty of description, character drawing, and fine artistry come *Two on a Tower, A Pair of Blue Eyes,* and *Under the Greenwood Tree.*

Every one who has ever written of Thomas Hardy has stopped to quote the moving words of Marty South which form the final paragraph of *The Woodlanders.* But Mr. Hardy's special genius for closing a book on a fine and haunting note has not been noted. Yet *Jude, Tess, Two on a Tower, Far from the Madding Crowd,* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* sum up with perfect poetic beauty the mood of the whole book. Some of these endings are as felicitous and impressive as the famous touchstone:

> O, good Horatio, what a wounded name
> Things standing thus unknown shall live behind us!
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story.

Mr. Hardy himself warns us that although he believes his metrical work to contain his most individualistic utterances, we must still not make the mistake of taking his philosophy therein expressed to be other than dramatic or impersonative. Since he himself forbids us to make any ultimate statement of his philosophy of life, we can only agree that despite his great gift of humor, poetic fancy, and keen perception of the beautiful, his is a nature that most often finds tongue at the aspect of tragedy.

His "Spirit of the Pities" looks down upon life and exclaims in the words of Sophocles of the gods:

> Such gross injustice to their own creation
> Burdens the time with mournfulness for us,
> And for themselves with shame.

And the "Spirit of the Years" defends the *élan vitale* thus:

> Nay, blame not! For what judgment can ye blame?
> In that immense unweeting Mind is shown

One far above forethinking; a clairvoyancy
That knows not what it knows, yet works therewith.
. . . . . .
O heap not blame on that inbrooding will;
O pause, till all things all their days fulfil.

And how widely echoed in human hearts is the cry:

Crass casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan—
Where purblind doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

Less read, perhaps, than any of Mr. Hardy's work is his great dramatic epic, *The Dynasts*, but fated to be more and more read as the world takes profounder interest not only in the author's own view of life, but in the philosophy and significance of history.

The Wessex edition, which is final and definite, is as handsome, well printed, well bound an edition as one could ask for. The maps of the famous Wessex country are entirely appeasing to the curious, and we have the great gift of a great author's final words in the introductions on his own creation.

If he can afford to exclaim,

The little done, the undone vast,

we at least can only bow in gratitude and recognition for so noble a life-work.

Louise Collier Willcox.

THE JEW'S OPPORTUNITY IN AMERICA

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

AMERICA is an open door to opinions as well as to men, and ideas are emigrants that cannot be restricted. Happily, no law can bar them—and that is indicative of American progress The opportunity afforded by our Republic to all creeds to display their best qualities without fear or prejudice is one which signifies, perhaps, more to Judaism than to any other religion. Here, where conditions are so favorable, it has a field for development in breadth, character, and usefulness which has never yet been possible. The Jew's breathing-spells have been so few, the transitions from comparative rest to superlative misery so many, that he has had no genuine opportunity for any length of time to reveal his creed's latent capacity for growth in relation to world problems and ideals. In America the cynic thinks the Jew will lose himself. Why may he not find himself? Full growth has been denied him almost from the beginning. It was Heine who wrote that the Greeks were children, while the Hebrews were men. Circumstance, however, has kept the Jew in his kindergarten these modern centuries, and, unhappily, a double wall encompassed him — the Ghetto within and without.

Now it might be asserted frankly that his "daughter-religions," Christianity and Islam, have exhausted any chance of further Jewish development, have supplied what mankind requires with a finality which is indisputable. In other words, according to this point of view, the Jew lags superfluous on the stage. Let him make his exit now—he has no further rôle to play. Yet the parent stock would appear to possess abundant vitality to have resisted disintegration since Palestine was exchanged for the universe. If still a wandering people, "roaming to and fro in the highways of the world," when the opportunity is within its grasp it may utter the right word and do the fitting deed to help realize its ideals with an energy and

irresistibility of which the world may have no adequate conception.

How can this be done? Granting that here at last the practical crucifixion of the race is no longer in evidence, and in the atmosphere of civil and religious freedom the Jew can live his religion, what methods of activity is he to follow? Shall he start propaganda, begin street demonstrations, organize a whirlwind campaign with the flag of Judah heading the procession, and canonize "Palestine, my Palestine," to the air of "Maryland, my Maryland"?

Such a programme is utterly foreign to Judaism. Its mission is peace, not war. Its message is not selfish aggrandizement. Its policy is never aggressive. It regards not the creeds as foes, but as partners in the work of human betterment. It is glad to learn from them and to co-operate with them when possible.

What, then, is to be the precise and definite programme on American soil? Obviously a mere outline only can be given within the limitations of these pages.

First and in its broadest meaning, simple living. That was the insistent cry of the prophets of old when conditions were strikingly modern, and it must again be heard to-day. The Jew whose fondness for idolatry took ages to be eradicated must resist luxury and the evils in its train as his foremost duty. If he really is appointed to be a witness among the nations, he must cease to take his color from his surroundings, but must prove superior to current tendencies that imperil his mission. In the final analysis Judaism stands for self-discipline. Its spirit makes for self-denial, self-sacrifice, and leads to the quiet, modest, simple life. To be a Jew must express more than to join the gay procession of ostentatious puppets, eager to ape the latest fashions, however degrading. He is not needed in the rôle of cringing lackey or glittering showman. Anybody can act in that capacity. The descendant of Moses and Isaiah and the long line of saintly men and women who kept and lived the faith must be of sterner stuff and loftier aim, or the glory of Ichabod is indeed departed for ever.

Then, too, he must widen his activity. What a few are doing more must do, so that it may be characteristic, not exceptional. To develop into successful men and women, to leave more or less comfortable fortunes to one's family, with occasional gifts to charities in which one is interested, this is laudable enough and calls for no criticism. A few Israelites

however, recognize that their duty goes further. They give of their wealth and personal service to other than specifically Jewish causes, without neglecting home interests. If the Jew claims that Judaism is the religion of humanity, he must heed ungrudgingly the call of the larger world and apply himself more zealously to solve its problems. Men like David Lubin, for example, or like Benjamin Altman, Joseph Fels, and Morris Loeb, who have recently passed away, are identified with activities that give to the multitude a new meaning of the term Jew. In art, literature, and the drama; in science, invention, and philanthropy; in education and public service—what precious opportunities for usefulness! These are brave beginnings, but only beginnings. A fuller, more generous participation is imperative. In barter and trade, in strictly commercial lines, no new emphasis need be laid. The danger lies in commercializing spiritual factors and pandering to low standards because it pays for the time in sales and audiences. That is the curse of much that passes for civilizing influences—and the Jew, of all men, is not needed to swell the crowd of panderers. Let him choose, then, some other name than son of Israel. When he makes for Baal he is a counterfeit. The contagion of his presence and example is not to be endured.

But still a third quality the Jew must possess in fuller measure—he must have vision without being a mere visionary. His aim must be higher, as his whole life must be purer and nobler, just because he is a Jew. There has been too much restriction in scope and vision. Open windows in the synagogue have always existed, out of which a few choice spirits caught a glimpse of the broader heavens. He would never have survived if there had not come to him songs in the night, dreams in captivity, longings in wretchedness, and gleams of light amid the stifling darkness. Such open windows gave him buoyancy and taught him patience to endure until spring would dawn and the shadows flee. Circumstance draping Jewish history in funeral crêpe peremptorily checked universalistic tendencies, and made the great mass look ever backward in their weakness and helplessness. The traditional fate of Lot's wife is always a warning and illustration. Is there not a bolder and more heroic alternative? To plant itself on God, virtue, and immortality, to develop as an active working force, and cease to be a mere reminiscence from the era of the Moabites and the Perizzites, and to accomplish in the realm of the spirit what has already been done in the world of trade—this implies for Israel no violent

break with tradition, but an evolution on more daring lines. Its small coterie of thinkers and workers who cherish such a vision must be strengthened and enlarged until the name Israel shall regain its original significance as wrestler for right living, at whatever sacrifice.

How impatient! how heartless! some critics might exclaim. How absurd to prate of vision and the mirage of humanity, when three-fourths of the Jews of the world are in the war zone, and the nearer duty calls on us to relieve the suffering and restore the broken-hearted. Let us wait until the war clouds have uplifted, and complete emancipation has been enjoyed by our brethren in Russia and Rumania.

That has always been the answer. Let us wait. Let us fold our hands and sleep still longer until the spirit slumbers and Judaism is atrophied as a real power among Jews. Here on American soil are no war clouds, and the calls to relieve the suffering are not so overwhelming as to stifle every other claim, banish every other duty. The thoughtful Israelite who does not delude himself knows that there is a rift within the lute, that readjustment is imperatively demanded, that the danger is imminent, despite current alleviatives and rhetorical soothing draughts. The ethical foundations are being sapped and the synagogue is powerless.

Is the Jew in America ready to grasp the opportunity? Has he sufficient confidence in himself and his creed? *Noblesse oblige.* If he belongs to the aristocracy of the spirit, as he claims, let him cease to be a mere image in clay, but stand upon his own feet, think his own thoughts, live in his own age, and, no longer an echo, be a voice clear, emphatic, and convincing.

ABRAM S. ISAACS.

"BURNING-GLASSES," DUNDONALD'S DESTROYER?

BY EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

In the present war, the greatest in the world's history, when man's inventive genius has produced engines for the destruction of life and property, both on land and sea, which have appalled humanity for their wholesale awfulness, interest becomes more acute as to what manner of device was that "terrible invention" of Thomas Cochrane, the tenth earl of Dundonald, which the British Admiralty kept rigorously secret more than a hundred years as being "too horrible for humanity," and which was so interestingly discussed in an editorial in the November number of this Review. With the highest science and the best of mechanical devices at their command, present-day inventors have devised mechanisms which, by the merest touch of a button or the turning of a lever, have swept thousands of men into eternity. Yet, one hundred years ago, when science and the mechanical arts were in a comparatively primitive stage of development, Lord Dundonald created an engine of warfare which the highest authorities in the English navy declared to be so terrible that it "shocked humanity," and would render wars between nations impossible. We know of the frightful destructiveness of present-day war weapons, yet, thus far, they have not brought any of the many warring nations to terms of peace. What could have been Lord Dundonald's invention, perfected in the crude sciences and arts of a century ago, that by its terrific potentiality could accomplish more than the most powerful engines for destruction devised in the twentieth century?

While engaged in researches in the British Museum library, the writer found a small pamphlet, published in London toward the close of the eighteenth century, which described an invention of "burning-glasses," whereby it was claimed that man was enabled to grasp the "veritable bolts of Jove himself" and hurl

them at his enemies. It fills out with convincing amplitude every detail of what was claimed for Dundonald's destroyer. It is not known if Dundonald obtained the ideas for his machine from these "burning-glasses," but it is known that the latter were experimented with by English scientists early in the nineteenth century, and results were obtained which fully substantiate Dundonald's claim that any foe, whether on sea or land, would be annihilated by their "terrific" power.

The essential idea of this singular device was the arrangement of several hundred mirrors in a great frame, at such angles as to catch and concentrate the rays of the sun on any desired spot. The power of these concentrated rays was so great as to explode any magazine, quickly set all woodwork in a flame, and to cause the instant death of any human being who came within the influence of their scorching breath. It was claimed that, so great was the heat generated in these concentrated sun rays, they could be swept along a line of advancing troops, causing each man to drop dead the moment the rays fell upon him. As is well known, wood entered largely into the construction of forts a century ago, when exploding shells were almost unknown. Gun-carriages were almost entirely of wood, while the "mantlets" that guarded each embrasure in the fortifications at Sebastopol were made of wood. With the terrific heat of these concentrated sun rays pouring into their embrasures, it was claimed that no men could stand by their guns, while all woodwork would be instantly set on fire.

It was in sea-fights, however, that these "burning-glasses" were declared to be most horrible in their execution. In these days of steel construction, when everything about the modern fighting craft, so far as possible, is made of metal (even to the masts, spars, standing rigging, and some of the running rigging), it is difficult for us to appreciate the unaffected terror the mariners of a century ag had for fire at sea. Their craft were built almost entirely of wood. Wood and hemp ropes, saturated with tar and oil, together with primitive hand-pumps, rendered a fire aboard ship one of the most dreaded foes of the old-time sailor. Add to these conditions the powder necessarily exposed along the decks in time of action and stored in magazines, and we can readily believe that the Admiralty was "horrified" over the power of these "burning-glasses" and made determined and continued efforts to conceal the invention from mankind.

So prominently did the "demon fire" enter into the life of old-time navies that we find the first considerable history of the

British navy (a solid work in six portly volumes by Capt. Isaac Schomberg, published late in the eighteenth century), entitled *A History of the English Navy and an Account of "Conflagrations" in His Majesty's Warships and Dock-yards.* If these "burning-glasses" generated only half the heat credited to them, it is easy to understand how they could easily set instantly on fire any of the old-time wooden ships opposed to them. Indeed, the officers and crew of the doomed craft would have had difficulty in leaving before her magazine blew up.

While difficulties were encountered in adapting "burning-glasses" to naval warfare, not one of them was insurmountable. The rolling and pitching motions of water craft were easily accommodated in a manner similar to that employed with "floating" compasses, whereby a degree of stability was acquired sufficient to maintain a direct line with the sun and transmit its concentrated rays to the desired objective. As to the delicate mechanism or fragile nature of these glasses being shattered by hostile shot, it must be remembered that a century ago ordnance was of a comparatively low power; so much so, in fact, that it was the rule rather than the exception for opposing war craft to hammer each other for hours and sometimes days without any being sunk—and the thickness of planks in militant craft then was only about four inches.

It would have been an easy matter to fortify the small space occupied by a frame of "burning-glasses" with timbers massive enough to render them impervious to shot—the narrow slit through which the concentrated rays were to be projected against an enemy affording an infinitesimally small target for the cumbersome cannon of those days. With this "horrible" engine of death and destruction thus protected, it was quite possible for a war craft to approach close enough to an adversary to set the latter instantly afire.

On land the operation was simpler. There, also, old-time ordnance was of low velocity and, consequently, of less smashing power. Not having the rolling and pitching motions of water craft to overcome, the operators confined their attention to moving the "frame" on wheels, and, under the protection of massive timbers, could bring it within the desired distance from the enemy's fortifications in spite of the heaviest cannon-fire then known.

Just what was the "distance" necessary for the most effective operation of these "burning-glasses" is left to conjecture, but when we read how Archimedes, by means of polished metal

mirrors, burned completely to ashes the Roman ships besieging Syracuse, and that Proclus by the same means destroyed the galleys of Vitalian when attacking Byzantium, we can believe that the opponents were not very far apart. That these reports of ancient "burning-glasses" are not entirely mythical has been demonstrated by modern scientific experiments. With only five plane mirrors in a frame, Kircher concentrated a degree of heat at a point one hundred feet away sufficient to ignite wood; and he concluded that by increasing the number of mirrors he could develop almost any degree of heat. He visited Syracuse, and, from actual measurements, declared that the Roman galleys could not have been more than one hundred feet from the "burning-glasses" of Archimedes. By using one hundred and sixty-eight mirrors Buffon constructed a frame by which he set fire to the hardest wood at a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet. Increasing the number of mirrors to four hundred, he found that he could melt lead and tin at one hundred and fifty feet.

That these "burning-glasses" were known in England at the time Dundonald made his invention is shown in the fact that an English artisan named Penn constructed a powerful lens by which steel and flint were melted like wax, while a ten-grain diamond, after being subjected to this heat thirty minutes, was reduced to six grains.

With these well-authenticated modern experiments before us we can readily understand how it became merely a matter of mechanical ingenuity to arrange these "burning-glasses" for war purposes. When we remember that England's main reliance for national defense was on her navy, with its "walls of oak" saturated with tar and surmounted with highly inflammable oiled ropes, we better appreciate the Admiralty's "horror" for this method of sea-fighting.

At the time Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, gunpowder or high explosives of any kind were unknown. With the advent of "gunpowder cannon" in war craft the storage of explosives in war-vessels added vastly to the terror of these "burning-glasses." In the days of wooden war craft naval engagements were fought, as a rule, at the closest quarters; a favorite strategy being to "lay the enemy alongside," board in the smoke of broadsides, and decide the issue in a hand-to-hand struggle on the adversary's deck. With "burning-glasses" having power to melt lead or tin at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet we can readily understand how a frigate thus equipped could

instantly set the oil-soaked rigging and tar-saturated planks of an opposing vessel aflame; while the terrific heat pouring through the open gun-ports would cause the instant death of men facing it, besides igniting the powder necessarily stored along the decks and leading to the magazines.

Dundonald's destroyer was thoroughly tested by five of the highest experts then in the British navy—namely, the Duke of York as commander-in-chief of the English army, Admirals Lord Keith and Exmouth, and the two Congreve brothers for whom the celebrated war-rocket was named. The fact that the inventors of these rockets were placed on this board of experts is suggestive that Dundonald's invention was in the nature of "burning-glasses," as they were operated somewhat on the principle of rockets.

Dundonald declared that his destroyer afforded "the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity," that "no power on earth could stand against it," that it could be used by the weakest nation against the strongest, and that its construction was so simple that the most ignorant minds could readily master its mechanism. These "burning-glasses," if operated in naval and land warfare as it existed a century ago, seem to fill all these conditions. But, with the advent of high-power and long-range ordnance, the "terror" of this peculiar engine of destruction disappears.

In a different form, however, the ancient "burning-glasses" promise to become a potent factor in land and sea contests. Instead of utilizing sun rays, Italian inventors have made experiments with the violet or F-ray by means of which they claim they can explode the magazine of any fort or ship at a distance of nine miles. Their successes with the wireless telegraph entitle their claims to serious consideration. The principle is easy enough, but the difficulty has been to establish the "projector" of the F-ray at a point in the enemy's rear where the fort or hostile war craft will be on a direct line between the "projector" and its "receiver." The difficulty of reaching an enemy's rear, especially on land, is obvious, and it is this difficulty which gives hope of further postponement of the practical workings of this "terrible destroyer" of the twentieth century. Conditions surrounding the mysterious explosion which destroyed the British battle-ship *Bulwark* have led some experts to believe that she was a victim of this new method of attack.

EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

The Advent of Mr. Granville Barker.—A New Opera at the Metropolitan.—"Marie-Odile": a Fable for Pharisees.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Androcles and his friend Tommy the Lion waltzed rapturously off the stage at the end of the first act of Mr. Granville Barker's production of Shaw's play, followed by Megaera's furious cry of "Coward!" and the audience at Wallack's burst into a joyous roar of delighted appreciation, Mr. Barker's ambitious and long-awaited enterprise was saved. It was saved from the clutches of the faddists and poseurs, the *précieux*, the pseudo-intellectuals, who would smother all important esthetic innovations with their clamorous and unintelligent adulation. Those amusing but pestiferous folk had threatened to wreck Mr. Barker's season by the amiable but calamitous process of making a cult of him and his proceedings; and who shall deny that it was Tommy and Androcles who saved the English producer from this tragic end? For, enormously to the surprise of the faddists, it was apparent before Mr. Barker's first night was half over that here was something that, in the producer's own words, was just "good fun"—fun *de luxe*, to be sure: delightful and finely flavored and exquisitely adorned fun; yet something that might be heartily relished even by that fabulous being (if he is not fabulous, he is at least never self-confessed), the "low-brow."

We have said that Mr. Barker's unexpected triumph was won to the tune of Tommy's adorable purring and Megaera's wild cry that Androcles was a coward because, though he hadn't danced with her for years, he was now dancing with "a great brute beast whom he hadn't known for ten minutes." But it is more accurate to say that it was won even earlier

in the evening, when, after an unforgetable hour of fun, the unhappy Master Botal, finally cured of the affliction of a garrulous spouse by the attainment of voluntary deafness, paused a moment in his jubilant dance and begged the audience to "pardon the author's shortcomings." It was apparent that no indulgence was necessary, either for M. Anatole France and his play after (so he says) Rabelais, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," or for the merry and beautiful production it had received at the hands of Mr. Barker. Clearly there was nothing forbiddingly rarefied or esoteric about these entertaining proceedings; this was merely a gay farce in the medieval manner, set upon the stage with extraordinary charm and effectiveness, and acted with a perfection of ensemble that was a continual delight. Here also, of course, were those departures from the conventional stagecraft which have made Mr. Barker the most widely discussed *metteur-en-scène* in England: here were the platform-stage with its Elizabethan "apron," the decorative rather than pictorial treatment of scenery, the absence of footlights, with the illumination coming from a remote point in the balcony, and, finally, the sense of a vigorous and poetically imaginative intelligence pervading, ordering, and unifying the whole. Here, in short, was "the new stagecraft"—which is not so new as it is admirable. That these methods and devices suited ideally the two plays chosen by Mr. Barker to inaugurate his season (as we write, his version of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is still undisclosed) is obvious to the least perceptive. There has been some doubt concerning their adaptability to plays of a different order. But no one who witnessed Mr. Barker's wholly satisfying production of "The Great Adventure" at the Kingsway Theater in London a year and a half ago will feel any serious doubts over Mr. Barker's possession of common sense and a sense of humor. He will naturally not mount "The Madras House" as he has mounted "Androcles and the Lion."

The little medieval fable which Prof. Curtis Hidden Page has concocted from Anatole France's *La comédie de celui qui épousa une femme muette* is sheer farce; but no one save Anatole France could have invented it: its blend of irony and wit, its humor that is both rich and adroit, the delicate art of its contrivance—all these show the crafty hand of that mocking and fantastic spirit. Shaw's play—done for the first time here by Mr. Barker—is stronger meat. One cannot resist the temptation of saying that "Androcles" is pure Shaw—a completely characteristic

outgiving. Despite the cloud of controversial and expository dust which he has stirred up along the highways of criticism, there is really, as we have said before in this place, only one indefeasible attitude to hold regarding Mr. Shaw. It is as otiose to see in him a dazzling though somewhat disturbing mountebank as it is to consider him a prophet and philosopher whose every dictum is to be accepted absolutely *au sérieux*. We all know that he has derived infinite joy from a knowledge of the fact that he is widely regarded, among a class of persons whom he quite honestly despises, as being in the same case as Andrew Undershaft in his "Major Barbara," of whom the excellent Lady Britomart observes that "he is always most clever and unanswerable when he is defending nonsense and wickedness." That is a conception of himself which Mr. Shaw, one fancies, is far from averse to fostering; and it suggests, for those who care to apply it, the key to a just apprehension of him. We have always insisted that he is at bottom a poet, a man of extreme intensity and sensitiveness of feeling; but he is also a moralist with an insatiable and inextinguishable *flair* for comedy: a more painfully and utterly inharmonious blend of characteristics than which it would be difficult to conceive. It follows, quite simply and as a matter of course, that Mr. Shaw is forced into a nervous and fidgety dread of parody or derision; he is mortally afraid that we will accuse him of taking himself with an excess of seriousness, or that we will burlesque him. Therefore, he is perpetually engaged in forestalling us by obligingly burlesquing himself. Hence his exuberant impertinence, his elaborate audacity, his heaven-storming insolence—in short, all that in him which scandalizes the orthodox, enrages the unsympathetic, and—sometimes—distresses the candid friend. That he would doubtless repudiate any such conception of his activities as engagingly and effectively as he would controvert any other confident or positive exegesis, and with his usual ignorance of the fact that he is least prepossessing when he is most airily and blithely self-conscious, does not necessarily invalidate it.

He has never been more patently himself than in "Androcles and the Lion," with its riotous jumble of styles and methods —now farce, now melodrama, now satire, now thesis-play. It is a miracle of the heterogeneous. It is as full of ideas, of what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-stuff," as it will hold. It is often uproariously absurd, yet sometimes it takes the breath with an exaltation of thought and utterance that are nothing short of inspired. So it happens that the same play

includes the inimitable Tommy—drollest, most winsome, most captivating of all stage animals—and the noble and candid Lavinia, who gives away that inconvenient and embarrassing fact which Mr. Shaw is at such elaborate pains, when he is on his guard, to conceal: the fact that he is, *au fond* and incurably, a poet. In proof of which, hear him in Lavinia's answers to her "handsome captain."

To apportion the honors among the participants in these two productions is difficult; for all are as near perfection as the most exacting could ask—from Miss McCarthy with her fine Lavinia, and Mr. Heggie with his consummate Master Botal and Androcles, and Mr. Phil Dwyer with his marvelous Lion, to Mr. Robert E. Jones, who "decorated" with a beauty at once sober and rich the play of Anatole France, and Mr. Albert Rothenstein, who wrought with equal felicity and imagination the designs and hues for "Androcles."

The best thing that can be said of "Mme. Sans-Gêne," the new opera by Umberto Giordano which the Metropolitan has lately added to its repertoire, is that it might have been a good opera if it were not for its music. That conclusion is, of course, a little rough on Giordano; for all operas exist because of their music, and for no other reason whatsoever. "The Magic Flute" still lives, a century and a quarter old, despite a preposterous libretto; Weber's "Euryanthe" is still vital, in defiance of the absurd "book" of Helmine von Chezy; Wagner, with his fatuous dream of a union of all the arts, survives in the opera-house because the wondrous enchantment of his music persuades us to endure the *longueurs* of his cumbersome dramatic structures. We have heard concert performances of "Parsifal," with the *Reine Thor* in evening clothes and white kid gloves, that were deeply and thrillingly impressive; yet who could endure a stage performance of "Parsifal" were it not for its magnificent music? Who could tolerate "Tristan" were it not for the transfiguring genius of Wagner the poet in tones? No—Wagner the theoretician was wrong: opera is not drama; it is not drama plus music, plus poetry, plus painting, plus sculpture. It is music. It is, as the early Wagnerians used to say contemptuously of pre-Wagnerian opera, a "concert in costume." We tolerate the drama—action and text and scenery—for the sake of the music, and the emotion that is implicit in the music. It matters not what metaphysical subtleties are spun by Tristan and Isolde in their nocturnal encounter; we

know only that the music speaks to us with entrancing eloquence of the longing and the ecstasy of a man and woman in love.

So with "Mme. Sans-Gêne." If Giordano were Puccini, with Puccini's power of writing terse, vivid, trenchant musical prose, and his still more valuable power of writing impassioned and not too subtle musical poetry, there might have been a different tale to tell. There is not much doubt that Puccini could achieve artistic prosperity with any libretto he chose to lay his hands upon—unless his evil genius should tempt him to ape the manner of a brother composer, as he aped Debussy (with results as droll as they were deplorable) in his "Girl of the Golden West." Yet even in that amorphous score, Puccini, when he saw fit to write in the style that is natural to him, accomplished wonders in his setting of a play which is about as well suited to lyrico-dramatic treatment as Mark Twain's story of the immortal frog of Calaveras. The trouble with "Mme. Sans-Gêne" is that the music gets under the feet of the play. It would be a pure delight again to observe the humors of the lovable Caterina's encounter with the ladies of the court, and her still more engrossing encounter with Napoleon (as Miss Farrar irresistibly portrays them), if the dull and common music of Giordano were not continually intrusive. For the libretto which Renato Simoni has derived from the famous play of Sardou and Moreau is not a bad one. At least, like the curate's egg, it is only bad in spots. It has considerable humor, some charm, and some degree of dramatic tension. Its gravest defect is that it does not imperatively cry aloud for musical enlargement. A good opera-book, as Mr. Henderson has memorably said, "must not only make room for great music, but must inspire it." Any one who remembers the dramatic material with which Sardou and Moreau dealt in their famous comedy will see that it could hardly yield a libretto fulfilling this requirement. Save for a few brief passages, it neither invites nor demands great music; and Giordano is not sufficiently gifted to take advantage of these brief opportunities, not to speak of his inability to adorn the book with a musical power and loveliness which it does not in itself provoke.

The motives of impresarios are frequently baffling. It would be hard to say whether the course of the Metropolitan is more mysterious in the case of the important operas it does not mount or in the case of the unimportant ones it does mount. The reason why "Mme. Sans-Gêne" was chosen for the high honor of a production does not plainly meet the eye—unless it was to

provide Miss Farrar with a part which she handles inimitably, to be sure, but which is far from showing her at her best. It cannot have been because the musical public of New York was obviously hungering and thirsting to hear more of Giordano's music. We already know it well. Three of his operas have been given, and well given, in New York. We have heard his "Andrea Chenier," his "Fédora," his "Siberia." None has displayed ability above the mediocre. None has intrigued the affections of the musical public. When you have said that he writes with facility, with technical competence of a kind, you have said about all that even the friendliest criticism can find to say in approbation. It would be indulgent to discern in Giordano any of the qualities that have set apart certain of his countrymen who are also his contemporaries. He has none of Mascagni's crude force, and he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Puccini; for, second-rate though he is, Puccini is always, at his best, the master of a pungent and individual style—there is no one who speaks with just his accent, whether you find the accent wholly to your taste or not. Giordano is a young—or youngish—man. He is not yet forty-eight. He is three years younger than Richard Strauss, five years younger than Debussy; yet his music sounds tragically old. Hearing it, you would say that he stands—proudly or indifferently—wholly aside from the current of musical modernity. Save for a single audacious fling which he permits himself—a momentary toying with that notorious "whole-tone scale" which will always, to this generation at least, evoke the slyly satirical countenance of Debussy—he writes, for the most part, in the manner of the early eighteen-nineties, though now and again he threatens to lapse into harmonic refinements which he perhaps regards as a sop to contemporaneous taste. But it is not, we hasten to say, because Giordano does not write in the modern vein of Richard Strauss or of Claude Debussy that we find little to praise in him. On the contrary, we share with most admirers of these great masters of the musical present a cordial abhorrence of those who play the "sedulous ape" to them. What we regret in the music of Giordano is its emptiness and its impotence. It is vacuous with the pathetic vacuity of the gaze of the blind. It is blank, and it is inarticulate. No loveliness, no beauty—austere or grave, passionate or voluptuous—speaks out of it; and its lack of expressional capacity is remarkable—witness the futile endeavor to characterize, in the last act, the presence of the Emperor. One does not, of course,

expect to come upon masterpieces at every turn of the road; nor would it be reasonable to chide our august operatic institution because the new works it produces are not always emanations of genius. Music that is either subtle or profound is no commoner to-day than it ever was. But so long as one may point to conspicuous works of genius which the Metropolitan has never mounted, certain of the curious will continue to wonder why that admirable establishment wastes its energies upon such unrewarding material as "Mme. Sans-Gêne."

It all happened because Marie-Odile, the tender-hearted little novice in the Alsatian convent, would not obey the hard and tyrannical Mother Superior. Marie-Odile's pet pigeon, her beloved St. Francis—he was the brown one—had been ordered killed by the Mother Superior, who regarded pet pigeons only as potential food for the refectory table, and who was determined to teach Marie-Odile to "love nothing but her Maker"—to "prevail against all vain promptings of the flesh." So Marie-Odile, frightened, heavy-hearted, rebellious, hides herself in the loft so that she shall not be compelled to carry the Mother Superior's lethal order to doddering old Peter, the gardener, who is to act as St. Francis's executioner. So it falls out that when news reaches the convent that the French have suffered defeat and the Uhlans are approaching (for it is the time of the Franco-Prussian War), the nuns, unable to discover the little novice, depart in terrified haste; and when the Prussians arrive they find the convent deserted save for old Peter, the pigeons murmuring among the trees of the garden, and Marie-Odile.

Marie-Odile had often wondered if all men were like the ancient and half-witted Peter, or perhaps like old Father Fisher, the chaplain, for she knows even less of the world than her brown pigeon, St. Francis—at least he has been up among the branches and has spread his wings over the fields and woods. Perhaps, if all men are *not* like Peter or Father Fisher (she has been assured of this by her gentle friend, Sister Louise), then perhaps they are like St. Michael, splendid with sword and armor, whose picture hangs on the wall. So when Corporal Meissner, of the invading Prussians, young and tall and heroically martial, confronts her suddenly in the sunlit quiet of the refectory, she kneels to him in worship, for of course he must be St. Michael.

"I feel," Marie-Odile had mused when she thought of the Mother Superior's stern command to love nothing but her

Maker—"I feel as if there must be something else." And after the soldiers have departed, young Corporal Meissner remains behind with the little novice, and Marie-Odile finds that "something else" of which she had vaguely dreamed; for we leave her, as the curtain falls upon the second act, looking with rapturous and candid happiness up into the face of her St. Michael in the flesh. "Ah!" she sighs gently, "it is sweet to be kissed by a man."

A year passes, and the war is over, and the nuns come back to the convent, to find Marie-Odile and old Peter and the pigeons just as they were—save that a miracle has happened, says the little novice, for Heaven has sent her a child, and she shows it joyously to the sisters. And then, of course, the horrified sisters do what you expect them to do—they denounce her bitterly and order her from the convent that has been so foully and wickedly contaminated; for has she not desecrated their sacred precincts? So Marie-Odile departs, wonderingly, whispering gently and reasurringly to the baby in her arms, still perversely unaware of sin, and leaving us to ponder again that ancient problem, Who are the pure in heart? Perhaps we shall be led to believe that of all sins the only unpardonable ones are bigotry and self-righteousness and uncharitableness. Perhaps we shall even find ourselves believing—what is indeed preposterous—that human passion, and bodily tenderness, and the yielding of love to love, are not unholy in the sight of God; and we like to imagine the kindly Sister Louise murmuring reverently to herself as she watches Marie-Odile depart with that serene radiance in her face: "As the wings of doves over their nestlings, and the mouths of their nestlings toward their mouths, so also are the wings of the Spirit over my heart."

To appreciate how moving and memorable these happenings really are, it is necessary to witness them at the Belasco Theater, where Miss Frances Starr and Mrs. Dellenbaugh and Miss Wainwright and Jerome Patrick and the others are exhibiting this rare and beautiful play of Mr. Knoblauch's—a play so touching and fine and true, so austerely remote from sentimentalism and insipidity, so exquisitely tactful in its restraint, so delicate in its touch, that only a rendering as perfect as Mr. Belasco and his thrice-admirable players give could communicate its potency and its haunting charm.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

JAMES GALLATIN began his diary on March 12, 1813, a few days before his father, Albert Gallatin, was appointed one of the three commissioners to Russia for the negotiation of peace with England, the two others being Bayard and John Quincy Adams. Though only sixteen years old, he was his father's private secretary on that mission and all through the difficult negotiations that led to the Treaty of Ghent. He held the same position during his father's ministry in France from 1815 to 1823, and his special mission to England in 1826-27. Throughout these fourteen years his entries, though irregular, are detailed and intimate. The diary closes on October 9, 1827.

Young Gallatin deified his father, but had a sharp enough eye for the foibles of other people, and his remarks on the important personages he was thrown with are shrewd and often amusing. He gives us some new glimpses of the cantankerous John Quincy Adams.

Oct. 24, 1813.

After a stormy interview with Mr. Adams (Adams was the storm) father has decided to take his own course.

This was during the attempt to secure Russian mediation. As commissioner in the negotiations with England, Adams was worse yet, having Clay as well to quarrel with.

July 15, 1814.

Nothing to do. Mr. Adams in a very bad temper. Mr. Clay annoys him. Father pours oil on the troubled waters. I am now reading a history of the Low Countries. . . . The women are so ugly here. . . . We had waffles for breakfast—it reminded me of home. It seems they are an old Dutch dish. . . .

[1] *A Great Peace-Maker; The Diary of James Gallatin.* Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1914.

Again we find Clay using "strong language" to Adams, who "returns the compliment," while "father looks calmly on with a twinkle in his eye"; further trouble because Adams insisted on making the first draft of the treaty; another "long and angry discussion" between Adams and Clay; and Adams and Clay "objecting to everything" that they do not suggest themselves.

Dec. 7.

An answer refusing to accept this proposition received to-day. More discussion, everlasting bickering, and matters delayed. Father can no longer support Mr. Adams; he has tried his patience too far.

In 1821, when the elder Gallatin was Minister to France and Adams had become Secretary of State, the diarist resumes his comments on him, referring to his "very disagreeable communications," "Yankee tricks," and "petty and annoying" interference. Young Gallatin believed he was venting "his spleen on father for his imaginary grievances at Ghent."

He certainly is an impossible person. He is not a man of great force or intelligence, but his own opinion of himself is immense. I really think father, in a covert way, pulls his leg. I know he thinks little of his talents and less of his manners.

On the contrary, he was quite sure that Adams had "in his heart of hearts a very strong opinion of father's ability." From the notes on Adams it would seem that the elder Gallatin had quite accurately taken the measure of him as a member of a very familiar class of social tormentors. They aim at being reformers whose merits posterity will discover, but succeed in being inopportunists whom posterity mercifully forgets. As to Clay, "father" regarded him "as simply an obstinate firebrand who is not capable of grasping or dealing with a subject without prejudice."

The comments of a light-minded and very susceptible youth on the various celebrities he encountered are naturally rather trivial at times. Having a keen sense of immediate social values, he experienced, like the usual memoir-writer, a sort of buck-fever on meeting famous persons, with the result that what he says has sometimes no meaning whatever to the present generation. There is a good deal about how the king looked and the queen smiled, and the prince said it was a pleasant day. "Prince Talleyrand was present, the Duc de Rohan, Duchesse de Courland (niece of Talleyrand, who seems devoted to him), Duc and Duchesse de Duras, the Galitzins, Caumont la Forces," and so

on—a dozen more names—and concluding, "The Duke was in fine spirits and received congratulations on all sides."

Yet there is less of this than one would expect, and indeed it contrasts most favorably in this respect with the memoirs and reminiscences of the present day. To judge from the mass of these writings, it would seem that snobbishness is on the increase, for surely there never was a time when so many large volumes of undesirable recollections could find a sale as now. Distinguished men and women by the scores turn their thoughts to the past and record lovingly the smallest talk they can find there. If they are not distinguished, they tell with amazing particularity how they shook the hands of those who were. Of course one does not expect a volume of memoirs to grapple the attention like a masterpiece of fiction. It is the sort of reading that admits of book-marks. Yet who has not read during the last ten years reminiscences of court life, queens, dukes, and people who have met Tennyson, when the mind was turned loose to wander forty years at a time? It is usually a handsome volume with gilt edges and weighing about four pounds. From the frontispiece of Something Castle to the portrait of Somebody with side-whiskers there is a stretch that could be read by a normal person only in a prison-cell. If there is anything to look at, your attention is gone for an hour, and if a fly gets into the room your heart goes out to him. At the end of the evening you are well posted on the fly and still unacquainted with his Highness. To one distinguished person whose memory is preserved in current volumes of reminiscences there are a hundred whose memories are dissolved. What is left of their once strong characters cannot as a center of interest compete with the ticking of a clock. When Thackeray jeered at "fashionable fiddle-faddle and feeble court slip-slop," it was for the most part merely talked, but nowadays it is gathered and bound into fine stout volumes which are sold to Americans for three dollars apiece.

It is not true, as excited reviewers are exclaiming, that Gallatin's Diary is to be ranked with the books of Samuel Pepys or Benvenuto Cellini or that it abounds in "wisdom in human nature," but it is certainly a marked exception to the present rule. Among the personages on whom the young diarist comments more or less familiarly are Napoleon Bonaparte, with whom his father had an unpleasant interview during the Hundred Days; the Duke of Wellington, Alexander of Russia, Louis XVIII., the Duke of Berri, whose assassination

young Gallatin witnessed and describes; Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Alexander von Humboldt, Madame de Staël, a relative and great admirer of his father, whom she consulted about her American property; Lafayette, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte, who called her husband the "Corsican blackguard"; John Jacob Astor, who "ate his ice-cream and peas with a knife"; Count d'Orsay, Madame Récamier, George Canning, Charles Greville, Pozzo di Borgo, Châteaubriand—in short no small part of the entries in a dictionary of biography. Guesses, tittle-tattle, scandal, his own successes with women, accounts of balls, routs, drinking-parties, gambling, guillotinings, practical jokes—everything is jotted down without discrimination or discretion, save as it might reflect on his father or the glory of the Gallatin family. Those two subjects are sacred.

Albert Gallatin's opinion of Napoleon was expressed in a letter to Jefferson, November 27, 1815, which illustrates, by the way, the writer's imperfect command of English:

> Our opinion of Bonaparte is precisely the same. In that Lafayette's and the opinion of every friend of rational liberty did coincide. The return of that man was generally considered by them a curse. . . . I lament to see our republican editors so much dazzled by extraordinary actions or carried away by natural aversion to our only dangerous enemy as to take up the cause of that despot and conqueror, and to represent him as the champion of liberty who has been her most mortal enemy, where hatred to republican systems was founded on the most unbounded selfishness and on the most hearty contempt for mankind. I really wish that you would permit me to publish, or rather that you would publish your opinions on that subject.

The meeting with Napoleon, above mentioned, occurred on March 30, 1815:

> The audience at 10.30 this morning. I am not to go. . . . Father was not at all pleased with his interview. He says that the Emperor is brusque—that his speech is most vulgar. Joseph Bonaparte was present. I had better quote father's own words: "The Emperor first asked my advice on important financial matters, to which I gave my frank opinion. He then began to question me about Canada, also the slave trade. I replied, 'Sire, my position is such that on these subjects my lips are at present sealed.' He abruptly said, 'Then why did you come here?' Bowing, I answered, 'I obeyed your Majesty's command out of respect for the ruler of France, but as an envoy from the United States to England I am not my own master.' The Emperor, turning his back on me, walked to a window; I having backed out of the room, so ended our interview."

But more characteristic of this youthful record than these grave matters are:

I was presented to a Madame Chapelle last night at the opera. She is a daughter of the Regent Orléans and Madame de Genlis. She is not pretty, but has great charm of manner—a *grande dame*. . . . Katinka Galitzin is pretty and full of fun; we get on capitally. . . . We had just commenced to sup when I heard a noise in the antechamber. My charmer exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu, je suis perdue, cachez-vous.*" I rushed behind a curtain The door opened, and to my dismay I recognized the voice of the Duc de Berri. . . . We heated francs and sous in the fire and threw them out of the window and watched the poor devils scramble for them, only to burn their fingers. . . . Madame Bonaparte talks of nothing else but "Bo," her son, and his marriage. As he is now only a fat boy, it is a little premature. . . .

July 4, New York.

A horrible day here; the noise of July 4 celebration intolerable. . . . The streets absolutely filthy and the heat horrible. No roads—no paths. I never realized the absolutely unfinished state of the American cities until I returned. The horrible chewing of tobacco—the spitting; all too awful.

In short, it is an admirable diary, full of trifles typical of class and period, superficial, careless, inadvertently illuminating. It owes its present value to the fact that its writer never stopped to think. The best diarists are those who never think. They must swim with the currents of their day, unresisting. Had Benvenuto Cellini had a grain of philosophy, a hundred charming pages would have been deleted, and what a mercy it was to posterity that Samuel Pepys never had a second thought. The good diarist should have a mind like a sun-dial, always in the same place, contributing nothing of its own, and anecdotes that delighted him at fifteen should continue to amuse him at fifty. The least reflection on the vanity of his subject would detract from his accuracy in social registration.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE TURMOIL. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

The enjoyment of good fiction is like the enjoyment of good friendship: it is a thing easy to feel, but in the last analysis hard to explain. And in the case of such a novel as Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* it is the "last analysis" that counts. Ultimately the charm of this tale is as real and as elusive as is the personality of a friend. One would prefer, then, to take it for granted that Mr. Tarkington is in all respects a capable story-teller—that he understands fully the kind of American life he is writing about; that he knows how to draw character convincingly; that he may be trusted to invent along the lines of probability, and to dovetail his plot with skill. And, on the other hand, one would like to bring out as forcibly as possible the fact that there is in Mr. Tarkington's novels—and especially in this latest one, *The Turmoil*—a freshness and reality of interest such as it is within the power of few writers to produce.

This quality, of course, depends not upon art or special method, but upon an individuality of viewpoint, and a keen, catholic appreciativeness of life and of character that are native gifts. The writers who are thus gifted do not merely compel our interest by an insistent emotional appeal, or rivet our attention by the exactness of their pictures of life, or stir our curiosity by the vigor of their thought about human affairs, or hypnotize us with romantic sentiment: they write the novels that we read with perfectly spontaneous and uncritical interest, that we remember long, and that we not infrequently recur to. It is always a certain type of original and affording personality that we have to thank for the fine flower of our enjoyment in fiction—for that touch of vital magic that we have experienced in Scott, in Dickens, in Stevenson. That *The Turmoil* is the product of a definite kind of genius that we may perhaps venture to call pre-eminently novelistic—a kind of genius, imaginative, humane, versatile, and humorous, which finds a complete and congenial expression in novel-writing, and which produces what are for most readers the really satisfying novels—may be seen by many signs.

In the first place, the story is written throughout in a major key; its fundamental note is not the note of sentiment, or of melancholy, or of levity, but the note of happiness. Now, it seems to be comparatively easy in a novel to write in a manner ingeniously moody,

violently earnest, or hyper-sentimental—to compose, in short, in one of the many minor keys. But to write in a major key is another matter. There are, of course, certain masterpieces of gloom; but, speaking in general, the ability to write sanely and cheerfully without being vapid or commonplace is the mark of true creativeness; and it is perhaps permissible in this connection to refer to the obvious fact that Shakespeare, who wrote the great tragedies, also wrote the great comedies. To write a novel of contemporary life with its scene in an unbeautiful American manufacturing city; to portray with adequate realism, and in full daylight, the smoke, the dirt, and the people; to refrain from romanticizing scene or psychology; to deal with elemental, vital motives, such as love and jealousy and the driving power of modern business ambition; and through it all never to be commonplace or depressing, but always to preserve a sense of the joy and interest of life, even enhancing the reader's sense of life's richness, livableness, worthwhileness—this would seem to be a task unmistakably requiring fertility of mind, buoyancy of temperament, that healthy and highly developed imagination that works wonders in fiction and in life.

The cheerfulness and essential optimism of Mr. Tarkington are pervasive. We are, as it were, constantly surprised that his "evidential facts" do not depress us. His description, for instance, of the city of his novel, is always sufficiently unsparing. "A midland city," it is, "in the heart of a fair open country, a dirty and wonderful city, nestling dingily in the fog of its own smoke. The stranger must feel the dirt before he feels the wonder, for the dirt will be upon him instantly. It will be upon him and within him, since he must breathe it, and he may care for no further proof that wealth is here better loved than cleanliness; but whether he cares or not, the negligently tended streets incessantly press home the point, and so do the flecked and grimy citizens. . . . The smoke is like the bad breath of a giant panting for more and more riches. . . . He has a hoarse voice, hot and rapacious, trained to one tune: 'Wealth! I will get Wealth! I will make Wealth! I will sell Wealth for more Wealth. My house shall be dirty, my garment shall be dirty, and I will foul my neighbor so that he cannot be clean—but I will get Wealth.'" Continually this impression is repeated and deepened. Than the atmosphere thus produced nothing could be more unesthetic, more inconsistent with that love of the finer things of life which Mr. Tarkington expresses with so much real feeling through his central character, "Bibbs" Sheridan. Yet there is never any minor complaint. Always, on the contrary, there is the glorious sense of life; for in this city there is nothing decaying or decadent; it has the vigor to throw off uncleanness. And the genius of it all, the elder Sheridan—narrow but lovable, often absurd but never contemptible, blind but gifted with the splendid strength to triumph over his mistakes, crude but endowed with a fundamental rightness of feeling that

makes his crudities gracious — Sheridan, in spite of that lack of imaginative sympathy which begets unconscious cruelty — a lack that is almost a tragic frailty—is one of those strong, noble, and tonic personalities whose presence is incompatible with discouragement or with uncharitable thoughts. And in the end these impressions are summed up for us in an inspiring philosophy. Bibbs Sheridan, born to be a poet or story-writer, but compelled to serve the god of Bigness, —Bibbs, gazing out over the great, ugly city and asking the old, old question, What for?—catches "a glimmer of far, faint light." "He saw that Sheridan had all his life struggled and conquered, and must all his life go on struggling and inevitably conquering as part of a vast impulse not his own. Sheridan served blindly—but was the impulse blind? Bibbs asked himself if it was not he who had been in the greatest hurry, after all. The kiln must be fired before the vase is glazed, and the Acropolis was not crowned with marble in a day." This and the rest of Bibbs's revelation express no shallow optimism, but practical faith.

Besides this positive and sane cheerfulness, *The Turmoil* has another aspect that allies it with the richly affording type of novel. It is written with great ease and freedom and with plentiful humor. This is the mark of that kind of genius which finds the novel really its most natural form of expression, which puts into the novel all that it may best contain and nothing that strains the medium. Mr. Tarkington writes in a manner that seems familiar, offhand, even careless. One never perceives him laboring at his art. His humor even permits of an apparent irrelevance. The discussion between Bibbs and his colored attendant, George, about the egregiously and magnificently ugly statue of a Moor which pridefully adorns Sheridan's hall, is Shakespearian in its elemental and delightful foolery. George's childlike intelligence and active intuition, his seriousness and chuckling glee, are infectious; and his discovery of the wonderful word "lami*dal*" to describe the statue is a sheer stroke of genius. One cannot explain why George's "lami*dal*" is so brilliantly descriptive any more than one can tell exactly why Dogberry's "Reading and writing come by nature" is sublimely comic. There are some things that defy analysis. As a whole Mr. Tarkington's novel is so pervaded by humor—so quaintly lighted by it, as a room by firelight—that although we perceive this humor everywhere, warming to sympathy or deepening to philosophy, there is danger, not of our failing to appreciate the story, but of our undervaluing its real strength and bigness. Anything so natural and spontaneous is likely to be taken too much for granted.

But the special and indispensable element in Mr. Tarkington's novelistic gift is, of course, his singular power of creating character, of rendering that irreducible something that resides in human personality, giving it dignity and charm. It is really this element in novels which causes that curiously direct and stimulating pleasure which all readers with

a cultivated taste for fiction seek. Without it fiction is as flat as poetry without beauty or as unfermented wine. For a little of this pleasure we are willing to read through much dull narrative; Mr. Tarkington's narrative, which is anything but dull, affords this pleasure lavishly. Almost as soon as we have met one of the persons of *The Turmoil* we begin to think of his sayings and doings as "characteristic." Of Bibbs Sheridan we in a way know what to expect from the first, yet we never know exactly what to expect. His personality makes itself felt with a distinctness of impression and a familiarity like that of living acquaintances, and like a living person he is spontaneous, more or less surprising, and unaccountable. We can never discover his equation. In Mary Vertrees we have an even subtler manifestation of the same power. Mary Vertrees is a typical Tarkington heroine; she is drawn with a reserve that gives her a certain ethereal quality and a certain fascinating aloofness. She has few grossly seizable traits, yet all the more is one aware of her distinct individuality, as well as of the essential femininity of her pride and gentleness, of her clearness of soul, and her maternal insight. Hers is one of those personalities that make themselves felt as positive and to be reckoned with, even on the slightest acquaintance and without especial self-assertion. Of the elder Sheridan it is enough to say that we smile at him and respect him; this singularly complex reaction can only be produced by a personality that really lives. As for those less likable and more transparent persons, Bibbs's callow sister, Edith, and his shallow, selfish sister-in-law, Sibyl—both infatuated with the same speciously attractive young scapegrace, and violently jealous of each other—their behavior is so beautifully instinctive, they have such excellent self-justifications, they are so reasonably unreasonable, and so sublimely unconscious of their own crudities and limitations, that their humanity is unmistakable. Such characters, too elemental for a certain kind of ingenious analysis, are all too often the merest puppets; but in *The Turmoil* they are immensely lifelike.

The final proof of Mr. Tarkington's positive fertility of mind is the fact that, although he is quite free from the unbearable fault of straining for effect, he scarcely by any chance says a thing just as any one else might say it. To him in rather a particular way applies a remark of G. K. Chesterton's which contains at least an illuminating half-truth. "The only serious reason," says Mr. Chesterton, "which I can imagine inducing any one person to listen to any other person is that the first person looks to the second person with an ardent faith and a fixed attention, expecting him to say what he does not expect him to say." This paradoxical expectation Mr. Tarkington never disappoints. Steering equally clear of benumbing commonplace and false brilliancy, he finds the golden way of truth, interest, genuine humor.

In plot *The Turmoil* is simply the working out by real people of a situation, if not ordinary, at least not at all hard to believe in. Sheri-

dan is the American self-made man, at almost his strongest and crudest. His son Bibbs, dreamy, shrewd, a semi-invalid, and a vexatious puzzle to his father, is brought home from a sanitarium to be put right into the business—to become a slave of Bigness, like his exemplary brothers. Bibbs does not like it; he questions the sanity of it all; he wants to be a writer. There is a clash of wills between Sheridan and his son, in which one's sympathy at first—until life readjusts matters—is wholly with the misunderstood boy. Next door to the Sheridan palace lives Mary Vertrees, the daughter of parents once rich, but now reduced to shabby gentility—a girl of high breeding and high soul. Mary feels it her duty to marry for money, but when it comes to the critical point she cannot. Instead she falls beautifully in love with Bibbs; but, unfortunately, this becomes apparent to others just after the death of Sheridan's eldest son, whom, as it seemed, she had been trying to ensnare. The story turns out, one feels, as it would have to in life, and, though it turns out happily, the grimest realism could hardly produce a stronger impression of inevitableness. When one has finished reading it, the conviction is borne in upon one that Mr. Tarkington is neither a realist, nor a romanticist, nor a localist, nor an impressionist, nor any special kind of literary artist, but simply a complete novelist, of that type and temperament which, on the whole, has added most to the world's sum of imaginative enjoyment and right feeling.

The Political Thought of Heinrich von Treitschke. By H. W. C. Davis, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Treitschke was not, of course, the grand originator of that German concept of life which is now being put to so tragic a test. Like all thinkers but those of the very first rank, he was quite as much the product of his times as the molder of them. With real eloquence and insight he formulated general ideas such as would explain and justify the progress of the German Empire; and because he was singularly gifted with that more or less unequal mixture of strong feeling and abstract reason which often passes for sublimated common sense, he was able to give a certain impetus and direction to the political tendencies of which he approved. Through Treitschke's thought there runs a vein of passionate practicality, an optimism apparently based not upon ideals, but upon realities. His reasoning strips the idea of liberty of its false glamour, but preserves its substance as an attainable human good. The aristocratic principle he regards as a law of nature; it is necessary, he thinks, that millions should slave in order that a few thousands may be students or painters or poets. But this is not a thing to be deplored, because the essentials of happiness, which depend upon other faculties than the intellect, are as open to the toiling millions as to the cultured few. War, too, is not merely a necessary evil, but a thing to glory in—a position supported

by many familiar arguments. Treitschke was very human—that is, he was, as all Germans are said to be, pre-eminently a man of feeling. He therefore pictures a cosmos into which one may conceivably enter with zest, and he seems to have in mind, even in his most iconoclastic mood, the conserving of human values. In short, one feels that on his philosophic side Treitschke is no mere devil's advocate, but simply one of the long line of thinkers who have endeavored to make the world more habitable by reconciling humanity to its conditions. It is easy to understand the persuasiveness of his writings apart from their appeal to German patriotism.

Nor can he be held personally responsible for certain extreme views thought to be consequences of his teachings. To be sure, he defended the principle that treaties hold good only *rebus sic stantibus*, but he never recommended the policy of merely pretending to respect treaties until the opportune moment arrives for violating them. Nowhere do his writings reveal anything like an absolute contempt for international law; and although, as President Hadley has pointed out, it is an obviously weak point in his system that he allowed far too little weight and significance to international public opinion, Treitschke was ethical by instinct and intention.

And yet, despite his sincerity, his clear vision of facts, his occasional visions of truth, Treitschke was by no means a profound or a thoroughly trustworthy thinker. His contributions to the philosophy of history seem, in fact, no more considerable than those of Haeckel to metaphysics. Just as Haeckel, who was primarily a scientist, extended his point of view into philosophy with a degree of blindness to some fundamental distinctions, so Treitschke, reasoning from the point of view of a practical statesman, as much as from that of philosopher, expands his doctrines to almost their farthest extent without seeming to be aware of certain inconsistencies. There is in him a kind of dangerous dogmatism, an overconfidence in the universal validity of the point of view derived from his special studies. If he had not generalized, if instead of making a sort of patriotic religion of his beliefs, he had merely set himself the task of showing the advantages of the Prussian system to Germany and of criticizing the systems of other nations from a Prussian point of view, hostile critics could find little unsoundness in him.

Such, at least, is the impression made upon a fairly unbiased mind by a perusal of Mr. Davis's book, which consists chiefly of extracts from Treitschke's principal works, interspersed with brief explanatory comments and criticisms. Treitschke's views, the author notes, were developed through years of controversy—a fact which in part explains their rather obvious lack of unity and moderation. There is, indeed, a vast difference between the liberalism expressed by the historian in his early work, *Die Freiheit*, and the sterner doctrines formulated in the more mature and comprehensive treatise *Die Politik*. Into the latter, Mr. Davis tells us, Treitschke

"wove the best of the political ideas which he had elaborated in his essays from *Die Freiheit* onward. These ideas did not always benefit by transplantation from their original context into an academic oration. Half-truths, which are salutary correctives to the equally one-sided views of an opponent, may become monstrous paradoxes when the original debate is forgotten." One cannot but admit the truth of this; yet if one finds a certain aberration in Treitschke's thought, one is inclined to look deeper for the cause. And this cause ultimately seems to be that, no matter of what the historian is professedly writing, he is really thinking of Germany, of the benefits of Prussian hegemony, of the effects of the wars of 1860 and 1870.

In August, 1870, he published an essay discussing the terms of peace which he thought Germany entitled to demand, and incidentally defining his views of the right of a State to annex territory. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, he argued, was both legitimate and necessary, and in the main he put his case upon more or less defensible grounds; but in a part of his reasoning one cannot resist the belief that the thought of Germany's destiny and that alone determined his doctrine. "We Germans," he wrote, "who know both Germany and France, know better what is for the good of the Alsatians than do these unhappy people themselves, who, in the perverse conditions of a French life, have been denied any true knowledge of modern Germany. We desire, even against their will, to restore them to themselves. . . . The spirit of a nation embraces successive as well as contemporary generations. Against the misguided wills of those who are living now we invoke the wills of those who lived before them. We call to witness all those strong German men who once impressed the stamp of our spirit on the speech, the customs, the art, and the social life of the Upper Rhine."

Indeed, the reader of Mr. Davis's extracts from *Die Politik* may not unreasonably feel that the whole is primarily an exposition of German methods and aspirations rather than a complete political philosophy. It even seems that Treitschke sometimes fails to distinguish adequately between the two. Yet he does show a desire to give his doctrines general validity and to make them acceptable to the mind and conscience of the world. In his reasoning one sees at work a process of adjustment between traditional ethical beliefs and the newer gospel of force—a process that results in compromise and sometimes in a lack of consistency.

Thus, while Treitschke adopts the Aristotelian conception of the State as a being infinitely superior to the individual, he makes the important reservation that the individual's conscience is to remain free; yet he holds that in all matters with which Church and State have an equal concern the latter should be supreme, and that the State has a right to enforce a certain measure of religious uniformity. In effect, then, as Mr. Davis points out, Treitschke reduces the State's obligation of non-interference to "a bare duty not to inquire about

the faith of an individual so long as he refrains from expressing his faith in action." Again in maintaining the thesis that there is no such thing as a universal moral law applicable to States, Treitschke fell foul of the objection that without some kind of moral standard no progress is conceivable. This difficulty he felt to be real, but he disposed of it in the most summary way. "Here," he declared, "conscience has the last word. The craving of the individual conscience for individual perfection leads to the conviction that humanity as a whole experiences the same craving for perfection. And this proof arrived at by practical reasoning is the only one of any importance." Insisting strenuously that the ideal of a world State embracing all humanity is unnatural and repulsive, he gave his argument, as it were, a theological turn that seems to do away with moral objections to State egoism. "It would be impossible to realize all that is meant by civilization in any single State. . . . The rays of divine light reveal themselves in broken form in different peoples, each of whom manifests a new shape and a new conception of Godhead." The State may become a *Culturstaat*, but, primarily, *der Staat ist Macht;* it may be more than this, but this at least it must be. The State must indeed respect public opinion, the moral sense of the world; yet self-preservation is not only its chief, but also its highest duty. Finally Treitschke's discussion of the right of a subject to resist commits him to the position that the majority, or at any rate the stronger party, may do what it would be wrong for the individual to attempt.

Doubtless Treitschke wrote with a sincere zeal for truth, strong in the thought that it is the highest morality to discard false moral concepts for truth's sake, and by no means desirous, like Nietzsche, of turning the morals of the world upside down. Nevertheless, as a political philosopher he is far from completely convincing, and it is not easy to believe that his views would have obtained wide acceptance but for the fact that they embodied German aspirations and expanded with them. As a critic he is often penetrating, and his analyses of the ideas of liberty, of party government, of nationalism, are instructive. The extracts which Mr. Davis has made from Treitschke's *Deutsche Geschichte im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert* consist of pungent criticisms of English institutions, policies, and men, showing how similar in letter and spirit were the German beliefs about England in 1879 and in 1914, and emphasizing in a striking manner the conviction that since 1832 England has been a decadent nation.

Mr. Davis's comments are pointed, but moderate in tone; they are made in the unimpassioned spirit of pure scholarship.

THE CONGO AND OTHER POEMS. By VACHEL LINDSAY. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

The title-poem of Mr. Lindsay's new book of verse belongs to a group of singular metrical compositions which are intended, the

author tells us, to be read aloud or chanted. "The Congo: A Study of the Negro Race," begins thus:

> Fat, black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
> Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
> Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
> Pounded on the table,
> Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
> Hard as they were able,
> Boom, boom, BOOM
> With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
> Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
> THEN I had religion. THEN I had a vision.
> I could not turn from their revel in derision.
> THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
> CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.

If one's conventional tastes are repelled by a certain unbeautifulness of language and a seeming fatuity in lines such as this—if, indeed, the whole composition strikes one as an effort to combine the aims of impressionism with the methods of the nursery rhyme—one is to remember that poetry such as this is to be read aloud or chanted—and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Lindsay would fain restore the "primitive singing of poetry." For an explanation of just what this means we are referred to a passage in Prof. Edward Bliss Reed's volume on *The English Lyric*. "With the Greeks," writes Professor Reed, "song was an all-embracing term. It included the crooning of the nurse to the child, . . . the half-sung chant of the mower or the sailor, . . . the formal ode sung by the poet. In all Greek lyrics, even in the choral odes, music was the handmaid of verse. . . . The poet himself composed the accompaniment. Euripides was censured because Iophon assisted him in the musical setting of some of his dramas." Surely one is predisposed to favor any effort toward making poetry a more popular, a more vital thing; for the sake of so good a result, one is prepared even to swallow a rather large mouthful of seeming absurdity. The invitation, too, to return to primitive things, for the sake of their freshness and spontaneity, is always persuasive. One may venture to remark, however, that the tendency to go "back to nature" is liable to lead to some rather strange extravagances: it is anti-evolutionary; it is, to use a now somewhat discredited term, "atavistic." Through all the ages poetry, singing, and speechifying have tended to differentiate themselves and to develop each in its own way, with the result that while some modern verse has a most exquisite singing quality, it is for the most part quite unfitted for being set to music, and in most cases gains comparatively little in effect—loses, indeed, something of its intimacy and warmth—through being read aloud. Proper appreciation of Mr. Lindsay's experiments in the restoration of primitive singing seems to require of us that we take our poetic enjoyment in somewhat the same manner as do drum-beating savages.

But to consider thus is perhaps to consider too curiously. One is not so much frightened by seeming "atavism" as by the threat to impose upon us a new form of elocution. It is the feeling that with us the primitive singing of verse would become merely a drawing-room amusement, unworthy of the dignity of poetry, that strikes one cold. One's instinct protests that the thing could never be really primitive or really spontaneous; that it would simply result in a more violent phase of that form of entertainment which is neither good singing nor good acting nor good reading. Incidentally, it may be said that the chanter of Mr. Lindsay's verses must, like Cicero's orator, have good lungs. He must be able to sing or declaim "with the heavy buzzing base of fire-engines pumping"; to speak "with snapping explosiveness"; to imitate the wind in the chimney; to roar "like a train-caller in a Union Depot." He must also have a mind of some subtlety; he must know what is meant by a "philosophic pause and how to express himself on occasion with "great deliberation and ghostliness."

Among the "other poems" of the Congo volume there are many verses of the ordinary not-to-be-read-aloud kind. These are, in general, impressionistic, sometimes very striking in imagery, almost always colorful, and, in general, such as many a reader may take great joy in. The opening lines of "A Rhyme about an Electrical Advertising Sign" may be quoted as illustrating the poet's power of vivid realization and also his note of actuality:

> I look on the specious electrical light,
> Blatant, mechanical, crawling, and white,
> Wickedly red or malignantly green
> Like the beads of a young Senegambian queen,
> Showing, while millions of souls hurry on,
> The virtues of collars from sunset till dawn,
> By dart or by tumble of whirl within whirl,
> Starting new fads for the shame-weary girl,
> By maggoty motions in sickening line
> Proclaiming a hat or a soup or a wine,
> While there far above the steep cliffs of the street
> The stars sing a message illusive and sweet.

It is disappointing that the poet who wrote this vivid passage should content himself with the strident commonplace of such effusions as the one entitled "Who Knows?" in which Mr. Lindsay makes rhetorical inquiries about the alleged madness of certain European kings. He asks:

> Is Europe, then, to be their sprawling place?
> Their madhouse, till it turns the wide world's bane?
> Their place of maudlin slavering conference
> Till every far-off farmstead goes insane?

In general, those poems of Mr. Lindsay's that have reference to the European war are not his best.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

APPRECIATION

HIGH COMMISSIONER. COMMONWEALTH OFFICES,
72 VICTORIA STREET,
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S. W.

SIR,—What a wonderful century for the United States and the world, as well as for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW! The long-sustained achievements of your magnificent REVIEW fill my memory with perennial vistas of mental beauty,—noble monuments of intellectual power,—living waters leaping to the sunshine and gliding into the heart of hidden things.

Your REVIEW is worthy alike of the Young Mother of Freedom, and of her great Ancestress.

Like them you have always shown what justice and good faith can accomplish for those whose appeals to force come last of all.

G. W. REID.

SIR,—I desire to extend to the management of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and to you personally, my sincere congratulations upon the advent of the one-hundredth anniversary of your good magazine. The existence of any institution for that length of time is certainly due to great merit, and I feel that I am voicing the sentiment of many thousands of people when I say that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a periodical of which every American should be proud. I have this day ordered my subscription renewed.

SIMON J. STRAUS.

LIGONIER, INDIANA.

SIR,—Although of opposite political faith, I desire to thank you for the excellent editorials which have appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW within the past five or six months. I have read them with great interest and always wonder "how you do it." Your editorials on the European war situation and on the political outlook in this country are quite illuminating. Nor is there anything in any of the current magazines quite so interesting as the reprints in your "100th Anniversary Year."

SAMUEL H. THOMPSON.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

SIR,—After reading the hundredth-anniversary number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I was not at all astonished at it flourishing throughout the last century. It was a real pleasure to read the manuscripts of such great men as Thomas Jefferson, John Q. Adams, and Benjamin Franklin; also the poems of Byron and William C. Bryant. I can readily see what a

prominent part THE REVIEW has played in forming this great Republic of ours. We see, from the letters passed between Jefferson and Adams, that great men differed in their opinions as to war and its maintenance then as well as now.

I have had the pleasure of reading but one other copy of THE REVIEW besides the January number of 1915. I am delighted with it and am sorry that the people in Georgia and in the South are not thirsty for such periodicals as it is. I regret that the inferior periodicals of fiction and romance fill the news-stands down here instead of such bounteous storehouses of knowledge as THE REVIEW. I hope to witness the day when all the news-stands in our Southland will have to supplant the inferior periodicals with such as THE REVIEW, causing us to aspire to a higher plane of knowledge.

I realize what the trouble is down here. Our people are not educated to think for themselves and do not realize their duty in regard to education. We need an awakening along this line.

I see the need of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in every home in our Southland, and, were each home advanced in culture to appreciate it, we would develop a high standard of civilization, attaining a *real true democratic republic.*

I felt duty bound to express to you and your associated writers my appreciation of your ancient as well as up-to-date periodical through this medium.

ROBERT L. MILLER.

MONROE, GA.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

SIR,—I wish to make a confession and a request.

I do not like to go on record with an admission of failure in anything, and yet after seven years of iteration and reiteration it seems to me that I have not succeeded in making clear two points that are most frequently discussed in connection with the liquor problem.

One of these is that "prohibition" is not intended to prohibit. The second is that dragon's-tooth question, "Why, if prohibition does not prohibit, do the liquor men oppose prohibition?"

Having made my confession, I wish now to make my request, and this is, that you give careful consideration to the following very earnest attempt to make clear these points.

Not long ago, the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, one of the members of one of the prohibition flying squadrons, was speaking in Chicago, and in the course of his speech said:

> I was in New York. I found a little girl three years old, working with her hands to make a few cents at eight o'clock at night.
>
> There are many hundreds such in New York.
>
> That child's father is a drunkard. There are thousands of such drunkards and of such children in the cities of this country.
>
> We purpose to abolish the drunkard and rescue the child.

On such grounds is the prohibition movement based. The prohibition oration pictures actual or exaggerated evils growing out of the abuse of the use of liquor, and then proceeds to demand, not the abolition of the use of liquor, but what is called the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor.

With the possible exception of one case, now being tested in the courts,

there is in America to-day, after more than half a century of prohibition agitation and legislation, not one prohibition law that prevents the lawful purchase, possession, and use of liquor; nor is there a prohibition law that is intended to prevent even the drunkard from obtaining a drink.

Only in license territory are there laws against furnishing liquor to inebriates. There is not a drunkard in all the prohibition territory in the United States who has not the lawful right to purchase, possess, and use liquor, and I charge that this lawful right to purchase liquor has been preserved for the drunkard, even as it has been preserved for the liquor-drinking prohibitionist, by the Anti-Saloon League of America and by the Prohibition party.

Why, in the State of Kentucky, at the last session of the Legislature the Anti-Saloon League of Kentucky pushed through our Legislature a bill repealing the law that prevented the shipping of liquor from the license counties of Kentucky to those that were under prohibition. The reason for this was that the county-option movement had come to a standstill in Kentucky.

Under the old law, citizens in prohibition counties had the right to order and receive from Kentucky dealers, provided it was sent out of the state before being sent to the prohibition county. This was inconvenient and often caused some little delay in obtaining liquor supplies; and because it proved unpopular in the prohibition counties and because the Anti-Saloon League intended to call elections in other counties and hoped to win them, it caused the repeal of this "inconvenient law." The result is that now, under a law passed by the Legislature at the request of the Anti-Saloon League, liquor can be shipped from any county in Kentucky to any other county in Kentucky.

This is a sample of the kind of legislation that the Anti-Saloon League offers for putting a stop to drunkenness and for keeping three-year-old children from having to work for a living.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams has expressed this point so clearly in an article in *The Ladies' Home Journal* that I would like to quote him as follows:

> To me, at least, it seems obvious that the only thing that has kept the prohibition movement before the people of the United States is the simple fact that prohibition does not prohibit.

The prohibitionists continue to drum it into the ears of the people that prohibition does not prohibit because the liquor men will not permit it to prohibit, whereas the actual truth is that prohibition does not prohibit because the prohibitionists will actively fight the adoption of any law intended to cut off the individual's supply of liquor in prohibition territory.

When confronted with these facts, the Anti-Saloon League's speakers and writers do not deny them. They seek to beg the question by repeating the query, "Why, if prohibition does not prohibit, do the liquor men oppose prohibition?"

By asking this question, they get the public's mind away from the more pertinent question, "Why, if prohibition is not intended to prohibit, does the Anti-Saloon League solicit funds in behalf of prohibition?" Or, "Why, if prohibition does not prohibit, is prohibition supposed to prevent either the use or the abuse of liquor?"

The men who have invested their money and time and labor in the various branches of the liquor business and in collateral trades object to prohibition individually because it threatens to, and often does, destroy the business

of individuals, and it is only natural that these individuals should work together in opposition to prohibition.

The retailer opposes prohibition because prohibition destroys his right to continue in the liquor business in the locality where prohibition is adopted.

The wholesaler objects to prohibition because it puts his customer, the retailer, out of business and to that extent breaks up his established trade.

The distiller objects to prohibition because what hurts the wholesaler interferes with the distiller's established trade.

But these individual losses do not bring about a loss to the liquor business as a whole. The business that is lawfully done under the license system through the saloon is done lawfully under the mail-order system in prohibition territory.

Of course, if we had nation-wide prohibition, the distilleries as at present conducted would be put out of business; but even nation-wide prohibition, as proposed by Mr. Hobson's resolution recently defeated, would not reduce the consumption of alcoholic beverages, because the adroit measure, while purporting to prevent the manufacture of liquor for sale and the transportation of liquor for sale, would permit the manufacture and transportation of liquor for use.

Under nation-wide prohibition, as proposed by the Congressional spokesman for the Anti-Saloon League, present-day moonshine stills, which the Federal authorities are unable to suppress in prohibition territory, would have the right to manufacture liquor without hindrance from revenue officers.

Every farmer could have his still-house and his winery, and as it would be lawful to sell liquor for medicinal purposes, there is no reason to suppose that even nation-wide prohibition, as proposed by the Anti-Saloon League, is intended to prohibit either the use or the abuse of liquor.

As the situation now stands, the prohibitionists are demanding that the States surrender their police powers, centralize government at Washington, confiscate private property without compensation, make a mockery of civil liberty and local self-government, and all for the purpose of sustaining in affluence the promoters of a movement that is not even intended to reduce the use of liquor.

That the prohibition movement has not reduced the consumption of liquor is shown by the following accurate table, compiled from the Government's revenue records:

Fiscal Year	Per Capita Distilled Spirits (Gallons)	Per Capita Fermented Liquors (Gallons)	Total Per Capita (Gallons)
1896	.86	15.66	16.52
1914	1.38	20.74	22.12

Total increase—Annual per capita, 5.60 gallons.

Considering these facts—and they are facts—don't you think that the prohibition movement has reached a point where its sincerity should be questioned and its leaders called upon to show cause for their demand for prohibition that is not intended to prohibit?

I am, sir,

LOUISVILLE, KY. J. M. GILMORE,
President National Model License League.

A NAVY FOR REASONABLE PROTECTION

SIR,—In the midst of popular clamor for a larger navy, we may profitably remember a warning to America uttered by Sydney Smith a century ago, and moderate our enthusiasm accordingly:

> David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men; but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.
>
> We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes upon everything on earth and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride—at bed or at board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent. into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

This admonition, spoken in the early part of the nineteenth century, is even more timely to-day, and any one writing from a tax-ridden European country would subscribe to every article in it. By all means let us have reasonable protection; but let us not be carried away by an un-American ambition to have "the greatest fleet on earth."

CONSUMER.

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

CENSORSHIP APPROVED

SIR,—I have read with some interest and more amusement the article by Sydney Brooks on the "Press in War-Time." Its egotism is characteristic of the breed. I well remember how a member of the Guild immediately set out for Tokio as soon as it was known that a war with Russia was inevitable, and offered his services as adviser to the War Office. Poor fellow, he is dead now, but in the light of later events how ridiculous his whole performance! Equally so would be the masterly effort of the writer of the "Press in War-Time" "to expose defects that in the interests of the services themselves ought to be exposed."

If the press of any country would refrain from stimulating the people to support their government because their representatives were forbidden access to the firing-line, treason could go no further. If the trained and elected

officials of the government and naval and military forces of any government could not guard its interests, how could the fresh correspondent do any better?

We all know how our war correspondents bungled over our own affairs in Cuba, how only the grace of God prevented a dozen or more of them being shot, which would have been their just deserts and would have been their fate in any other country on earth.

We all remember the round-robin which might have cost us our entire army had we been fighting with any other people, and now that the Oriental has shown us the way to fight battles and win victories by leaving the conduct of the affairs of war in the hands of men trained to the business unhampered by premature exposure of plans, let us not return to the idiotic custom which has murdered more men than were ever killed in any properly conducted campaign.

J. H. Morie.

San Francisco, California.

OUR GERMAN CITIZENS

Sir,—I was struck by the letter of A. Busse, Ph.D., Professor in Hunter College, New York, published in the January number of The Review. The question as to the real citizenship of the Germans residing in America seems to be pretty thoroughly answered. They seem to know no obligation to this country. In this connection it would be interesting to learn who gave the word which was passed east, west, north, and south. Was it Dr. Dernburg who gave the order? If so, he seems to be abusing his hospitality.

J. Ward Wickersham.

Detroit, Michigan.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MANUFACTURERS

Sir,—You take the ground that Mr. Bryan was not justified in his contention that manufacturers suspended operations before election in order to arouse opposition to the new tariff law. Perhaps this is so, generally speaking, but the inclosed clipping from the *Times* of November 8th, if true, seems to indicate that the manufacturers of Pennsylvania were not averse to the re-election of Senator Penrose. We know that the war conditions, and not the tariff, caused the suspension of activities in Pennsylvania, but, curiously enough, the announcement of renewed activities did not come until after election. Possibly it is a coincidence, and not a result of desire not to renew activities until after election. It seems strange, however, that all of these companies should not be aware that they had all these orders and that they intended to resume operations in time to announce such orders and intentions prior to election.

Cyrus C. Miller.

New York City.

FROM A SCOFFER

Sir,—Permit me to quote: "Great Britain and France, for example, have developed their great colonial holdings in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific without any thought that an armed clash over them ever would occur." Has the sage

forgotten the little incident of the champagne from Kitchener to a certain daring French explorer? No? Yes?

May I ask you a question, dear sir? Why these tears that are wetting the soil of our country for Belgium when our country is sprinkled with ruined refugees from Mexico, of our own blood, who can cap every horror from Flanders with another and worse?

Why "poor Belgians" now and "questionable adventurers" then? Yes? No?

Nothing like the dramatic to touch the pocket-nerve and the tear-duct, is there?

La! la! it is a sad world and we need amusement, so please do not grow too fond of our watchful waiter who never brings our order; you are so much more amusing when you are not fond of people.

A little bit in another article in your magazine (which alone among magazines is almost worth its—well, its editor), a trifle, a mere trifle, about the slowness of recruiting in England caught my eye. Will you permit a parody?

> The tumult and the shoutings rise;
> But ever steadfast in our might
> Still stands our ancient sacrifice,
> Some other man to fight our fight.

FORREST HALSEY.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

The North American Review

The best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, 1878.

EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING

Edward Tyrrell Channing was born in Newport, Rhode Island, December, 1790. He entered Harvard University in 1804, but did not make his graduation, as he was one of the students involved in the famous rebellion of 1807. He did, however, receive his degree later, and in 1851 the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The group of young men in Boston who in the winter of 1814–15 began the enterprise of publishing The North American Review appointed committees to consider contributions, and President Kirkland, of Harvard University, was in favor of the undertaking. "The first meeting was attended by several persons, of whom, in a memorandum found among his papers, Mr. Channing could only recollect, besides himself, President Kirkland, Richard H. Dana, and Mr. Phillips. The results of this meeting were given by Mr. Channing in a letter to his friend, Mr. George Ticknor, then at Washington, dated December 10, 1814."[1] The Review came into being with William Tudor, Jr., as its first editor, who in turn was succeeded by Willard Phillips, and then for a short time by Mr. Sparks, who later held the editorship for a number of years. Mr. Sparks edited for one year, when it was undertaken by Mr. Channing, assisted by his cousin, Richard H. Dana, both being under the age of thirty. In 1819, at the age of twenty-eight, Mr. Channing was appointed professor of rhetoric and oratory at Cambridge. This terminated his editorship of The Review, and he was succeeded by Edward Everett. Mr. Channing held the professorship for thirty-two years, and his reputation for pure style, and for exquisite taste and judgment in English literature, has been long established. He was an able classical scholar, and the evidence of this is easily seen in the essays published in The Review. In politics he was a Federalist, and "his sympathies were always with the efforts for reasonable and responsible systems of freedom,

[1] Memoirs by Richard H. Dana, Jr., to a volume of *Lectures to Harvard Seniors*, by E. T. Channing.

at home or abroad." He never published a book, but he was widely known for his contributions to THE REVIEW and other periodicals. He died at Boston in 1856.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the fourth editor of THE REVIEW, and eminent essayist, poet, and scholar, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 15, 1787. He, too, was a student in Harvard College when the famous rebellion occurred among the undergraduates, and he in company with numerous others was dismissed from the institution. When an attempt was made to reinstate some of these young recalcitrants his pride forbade his considering it, and he pursued his education along less prescribed lines. His interest in literature manifested itself in early life, and his association with the groups of young men who projected the plan to publish THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was an obvious recognition of his tastes and ability. The cousins, Edward Tyrrell Channing and Richard Henry Dana, were associated together on THE REVIEW for several years, each in turn acting as editor. But when Mr. Channing accepted a professorship at Harvard Mr. Dana broke his editorial connection with the periodical, but continued for many years to be one of its valued contributors. His review of Irving's *Sketch Book*, which appeared in THE REVIEW, was one of his notable essays, and it is a matter of note that his interest in that form of literature led him to come to New York and begin a publication similar to the *Salmagundi* papers, under the title *The Idle Man*. This venture was of short duration, although aided by his old friend, William Cullen Bryant. He was pre-eminently a critic, and his reputation was considerable as having brought to the notice of American readers the new school of English poets represented at that time by Wordsworth and Coleridge. The last years of his life were passed at Cambridge, where his leisure became occupation in the pursuits of a scholarly gentleman. He died in 1879.

"ROB ROY"

BY EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING

The Third Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1818*

Rob Roy, by the author of *Waverley, Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, James Eastburn & Co., 1818.

IT is not possible that the fame or attraction of these writings should be increased, by fixing them upon any living author,—there is no living author, who would not add to his celebrity by owning them. If the writer, however, chooses to hide himself and 'feed unenvied' upon his glory, it is his own affair—we wish for his name, merely that we may refer to him more conveniently.

Some of his tales are admirable histories of Scotland, all of them lie chiefly there, and most of the characters are natives. His own country is the home and school of his genius—it is familiar to him, and thus, as the scene of his stories, it gives them an air of easy reality. He

found it a new and unexhausted country in fiction, at least for his purposes; on all sides there was a boundless variety and striking distinctness in the face of the earth, the modes of life and the character of man, and just such a union of the chivalrous and wild with the later habits of a busier and more worldly race, as would enable him to be at once a poet and a practical, philosophical observer.

We have here his fifth tale, founded upon Scottish character, manners, antiquities and scenery. Like the others, it is supported in some measure by fact, and all are faithful sketches of society and nature at different periods. They have the truth, without the formality and limitations of history, for men here are grouped and at work, very much as they are in life; society never stands still and is never lost sight of, that battles may be fought or great men display themselves,—the anvil is ringing, as well that the poor traveller's beast may not go unshod, as that the soldier may be equipped, who is to fight for a realm. . . .

The author is extremely generous to his characters. He is never afraid of them, or anxious to give you a full preparatory account of them, to excite your interest, or save you from mistakes. If a man has any individuality, he is sure to have fair play; and it is more than probable that you will at first be told, merely how he is regarded by people about him; and if you receive a wrong impression, you may correct it as you go along, just as you are set right in the living world. The profusion and huddle of characters and interests make no disturbance and jostling, which are not sufficiently balanced. It is but setting powers against each other, so as to keep up a perpetual agitation. . . .

If we were asked, which of the tales we liked most, we should say, The Antiquary; and which least,—Rob Roy. But this is a very shallow sort of criticism, and a very unfair way to treat the present work. It has blemishes enough as a whole; but how many parts are there,—perfectly new ones too,—which could come from no other mind on earth! The descriptions of Scottish scenery appear to us as fine as any in the other stories; and we have rarely felt that we were looking upon old prospects. We have here many new and very minute views of Highland manners and usages, and much eloquent expression of the wild, free character and feelings of the mountaineers. It may not be easy to find in the other tales more graphic descriptions of buildings, especially their interior, than are given here. We do not allude merely to the Hall and the cathedral. The author is perhaps even more successful in the Highland hovel, and in the contrast between its smoke and filth, its wretched furniture and vulgar brawls, and the fresh, tranquil, pastoral beauties which surround it. He always delights in the picturesque effect of such scenes. But we must not go over the ground again. On the whole, there is matter here for a better book, and proofs on all hands that the author is not exhausted, that he has not yet forsaken invention and become an artisan.

"THE SKETCH BOOK"

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA
Fourth Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1819*

"The Sketch Book" of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. No. 1. No. II. New York. C. P. Van Winkle, 1819.

WHEN Launcelot Langstaff, Will Wizard and Anthony Evergreen first appeared before the public, they made known that 'they should not puzzle their heads to give an account of themselves, for two reasons; first, because it was nobody's business; secondly, because if it were, they did not hold themselves bound to attend to any body's business but their own'; and the most that could be gotten from them was, 'there are three of us, Bardolph, Peto and I'. This cavalier air, together with the mystery, and the bold declaration, 'we care not what the public think of us,' put the public upon guessing and thinking about them and nothing else. Whether it was the sagacity of the people, or that eagerness to be found out, which we see in little children at hide-and-go-seek, which discovered them, we cannot tell, but it was not long before the authors of Salmagundi were as well known as their writings. Probably the secrecy was a mere matter of sport, and that after it had served its turn, they cared little whether they were known or not. It is now well understood who the gentlemen were, and that Mr. Washington Irving was the principal contributor to the work. Knickerbocker, which was published not long after, was written wholly by him, as are also the numbers of the Sketch Book which have just appeared.

We have to thank Mr. Irving for being the first to begin and persevere in works which may be called purely literary. His success has done more to remove our anxiety for the fate of such works, than all we have read or heard about the disposition to encourage American genius.

Mr. Irving's success does not rest, perhaps, wholly upon his merit, however great. Salmagundi came out in numbers, and a little at a time. With a few exceptions it treated of the city—what was seen and felt, and easy to be understood by those in society? It had to do with the present and real, not the distant and ideal. It was exceedingly pleasant morning or after-dinner reading, never taking up too much of a gentleman's time from his business and pleasures, nor so exalted and spiritualized as to seem mystical to his far reaching vision. It was an excellent thing in the rests between cotillions, and pauses between games at cards; and answered a most convenient purpose, in as much as it furnished those who had none of their own, with wit enough for sixpence, to talk out the sitting of an evening party. In the end, it took fast hold of people, through their vanity; for frequent use had

made them so familiar with it as to look upon it as their own; and having retailed its good things so long, they began to run of the notion that they were all of their own making.

It was fortunate, too, that the work made its first appearance in New York—'where the people—heaven help them—are the most irregular, crazy-headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whim-whamsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together'. Had it first shown its face in any other part of the country, how soon would it have been looked out of countenance, and talked down by your 'honest, fair, worthy, square, good-looking, well meaning, regular, uniform, straight forward, clock-work, clear headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright, kind of people!' . . .

Though many of the characters and circumstances in Salmagundi are necessarily without such associations, yet the Cocklofts are not only the most witty and eccentric, but the most thoroughly sentimental folks in the world, like some of the characters in the Spectator and like Trim, and that best of men, my Uncle Toby. And here we would notice a resemblance to our author to Sterne. With a very few exceptions, his sentiment is in a purer taste, and better sustained, where it is mixed with witty and ludicrous characters and circumstances, than where it stands by itself. He not only shows a contemplative, sentimental mind, but what is more rare, a power of mingling with his wit, the wild, mysterious and visionary. Glimpses of this appear in his Rip Van Winkle, and the same fine combination is seen in the "Two Painters" and "the Paint King" of Mr. Allston. It is a very uncommon union of qualities, and one which no man, who has it in him, should neglect.

Mr. Irving's style in his lighter productions, is suited to his subject. He has not thought it necessary to write the history of the family of the Giblets as he would be that of the Gracchi, nor to descant upon Mustapha's Breeches in all the formality of a lecture. He is full, idiomatic and easy to an uncommon degree; and though we have observed a few grammatical errors, they are of a kind which appear to arise from the hurry in which such works are commonly written. There are, likewise, one or two Americanisms. Upon the whole, it is superior to any instance of the easy style in this country, that we can call to mind.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1818*

WERE it not for the extremely unpleasant nature of the discussion to which the first of these pamphlets has given rise, we should not regret the occasion of recurring to that distinguished and ever memo-

rable opening of the revolutionary contest. No national drama was ever developed, in a more interesting and splendid first scene. The incidents and the result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought, on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous city; and consequently in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking army moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and movements were of course all visible and all distinct. Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston had a fuller view of every important operation and event, than can ordinarily be had of any battle, or than can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown, (fired as is generally supposed, by a shell), began to ascend. The spectators, far out-numbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point which afforded a view of the scene, themselves constituted a very important part of it.

The troops of the two armies seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheatre. The manner in which they should acquit themselves, was to be judged of, not as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

In other battles the *recollection* of wives and children, has been used as an excitement to animate the warriors breast and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual *presence* of them, and other dear connexions, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

But there was a more comprehensive and vastly more important view of that day's contest, than has been mentioned,—a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the colonial councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprised of the magnitude of the events likely to hand on the business of that day. They saw in it not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war, of unmeasured extent and uncertain issue. All America and all England were like to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals themselves, who knew full well what agency they had had, in bringing

affairs to this crisis, had need of all their courage;—not that disregard of personal safety, in which the vulgar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before them, and with a conviction, that, before they arrive at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy, as well as to defeat.

Spirits, that fear nothing else, fear disgrace; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least till resistance becomes so general and formidable, as to assume the form of regular war. But who can tell, when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, described themselves as signing it, 'as with halters about their necks.' If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard, when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought? Otis, to whose merits it is high time that some competent pen should do full and ample justice, had ceased to be active in public concerns; but others, who had partaken of the public councils with him,—and among them, he, who acted a conspicuous part in the business of those times, and who yet lives, to assert, with a vigour unimpaired by years, the claims of the patriots of this Commonwealth to a full participation and an efficient agency, not only in the *very earliest* scenes of the Revolution, but in the events which preceded it, and in which it may be said, more than in any other particular occurrences, to have had its origin,—were earnestly watching the immediate issue of the contest, but were seeing also, at the same time, its more remote consequences, and the vastness and importance of the scene which was then opening.

These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion; while to the outward senses the movement of armies, the roar of artillery, the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer's sun, from the burnished armour of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur.

LAST MOMENTS OF EMINENT MEN

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

From The North American Review *of January, 1834*

It is a common remark that the ruling passion displays itself in the last hour. The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness, just as it expires. 'The fit gives vigor, as it destroys.' He, who has

but a moment remaining, is released from the common motives for dissimulation; and time, that lays his hand on every thing else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life, spares the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

> . . . . sticks to our last sand.
> Consistent in our follies and our sins,
> Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Napoleon expired during the raging of a whirlwind, and his last words showed that his thoughts were in the battle-field. The meritorious author of the Memoir of Cabot, a work which in accuracy and in extensive research is very far superior to the discoverer of our continent, in a hallucination before his death, believed himself again on the ocean, and once more steering in quest of adventure over the waves, which knew him as the steed knows its rider. How many a gentle eye has been dimmed with tears, as it read the fabled fate of Fergus MacIvor! Not inferior to the admirable hero of the romance, was the Marquis of Montrose. He had fought for the Stuarts, and he fell into the hands of the Presbyterians. He was condemned to die; his head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and in other public towns of the kingdom. He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. 'I wish,' he exclaimed, 'I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer.'

But let us take an example of sublimer virtue. Let us look for a man, who lived without a stain from youth to age, and displayed an unwavering consistency to the last; a man who was in some degree our own. The age of unlimited monarchy has passed; and the period of popular sovereignty has begun to dawn. It is one of the worst features of the tory party, which was so long in the ascendant, that self-defence required it to pursue, with relentless censure, the men who fell as victims to its licentious ambition. Wat Tyler struck down an officer, who attempted an insult on the chastity of his daughter. There is not a father in New England, who would not have applauded the blow. And when he was invited to a peaceful conference with the king, he was basely assassinated in the royal presence. Yet an English poet was obliged to retract the defence of the reputation of Wat Tyler. A very similar incident in Swiss history has been embalmed in the verse of one of the finest poets, who have ever awakened a nation's sympathies by the power of genius. It becomes America to rescue from undeserved censure the names and the memory of the men, who have fallen victims to their unconquerable love of republican liberty.

The public of Boston and its vicinity have been recently instructed in the details of the treason of Benedict Arnold, by an inquirer, who

has compassed earth and sea in search of historic truth, and has merited the applause of his country, not less for candor and judgment, than for diligence and ability. The victim of the treason was André. He protested against the manner of his death; and not against dying. He dreaded the gallows,—not the loss of life. The sentiment in his breast was one of honest pride. His mind repelled the service of treachery; and holding a stain upon his honor to be worse than a sentence of death, his feelings were those of poignant bitterness, in the fear lest the manner of his execution should be taken as evidence, that the hangman closed for him a career of ignominy. He felt the sense of honor, the rising emotions of pride, the same sentiment which filled the breast of Lawrence, of Nelson, and of Wolfe; a keen sense, which to the latter rendered death easy and triumphant, because it was attended by victory; but, in the case of André, added new bitterness to the cup of affliction, by menacing opprobrium as a necessary consequence of a disgraceful execution.

The curate of St. Sulpice asked the confessor, who had shrived Montesquieu on his death bed, if the penitent had given satisfaction. 'Yes,' replied father Roust, 'like a man of genius.' The curate was dissatisfied; he was unwilling to leave to the dying man a moment of tranquility; and he addressed him, 'Sir are you truly conscious of the greatness of God?' 'Yes,' said the departing philosopher, 'and of the littleness of man.'

MECHANISM OF VITAL ACTIONS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

From The North American Review *of July, 1857*

We recognize two, and only two, great divisions in created things. To the first class of his creatures the Deity sustains only active relations. All their qualities, functions, adjustments, harmonies, are immediate expressions of his wisdom and power. Every specific form is a manifestation of the Supreme thought. Every elemental movement is the Sovereign's self in action. The only question is whether he has at one time been present in our elements with an organizing force, and afterwards withdrawn this particular manifestation, or whether under the same conditions these elements would always manifest his ideas in the production of the same forms, just as they now maintain the present forms of life by a perpetual miracle, which we fail to recognize as such only because it is familiar to our daily experience. We have stated, as well as our space permitted, the argument for the presence of an organizing force in the elements around us.

To the second class of his creatures the Creator stands in passive as well as active relations. They are no longer simple instruments to do his bidding. They may disobey him, and violate the harmonies

of the universe. They have the great prerogative of self-determination, which, with knowledge of the moral relations of their acts, constitutes them responsible beings. . . .

In conclusion, we recognize our spiritual natures as having only incidental and temporary relations with the material substance and general forces of the universe. But we may concede that, the farther our examination extends, the more completely the organic or simply vital forces appear to resolve themselves into manifestations of those closely related or mutually convertible principles which give activity to the unconscious portion of the universal. We have no experimental evidence that these physical agencies can form any living germ by their action upon matter; nor can we prove the contrary. The only directly observed conditions of the evolution of a living structure involve the presence of a germ derived from a being of similar character. But observation of the earth's strata shows that new forms of life have appeared at numerous successive periods by some other creative mechanism. We can frame hypotheses not inconsistent with the ordinary laws of matter to account for such formations, but they can be regarded only as more or less ingenious speculations. We are obliged to recognize a special intervention of creative power in the introduction of spiritual existence in the midst of the pre-existing unconscious creation. If we allow that higher modes of action have once been superinduced upon the ordinary physical forces, we cannot deny the possibility, and even probability, of repeated changes in the working machinery of creation, coinciding with the evolution of each new type of organization. And if new formulæ of force in combination with matter preceded the creation of each organism, or group of organisms, we can understand that a special *vital* formula may be involved in the continuance of their existence. Thus accepting the fact of a change of law as a possible part of the constitution of the universe, we arrive, independently of Revelation, at the doctrine of Miracles, as this term is commonly understood. But in the view we have taken, whatever part may be assigned to the physical forces in the production and phenomena of life, all being is not the less one perpetual miracle, in which the Infinite Creator, acting through what we often call secondary causes, is himself the moving principle of the universe he first framed and never ceases to sustain.

QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1868*

WE prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise. Our debt to tradition through reading and conversation is so massive, our protest or private addition so rare and insignificant,—and that commonly on the ground of other reading or hearing,—that,

in a large sense, one would say there is no pure originality. All minds quote. . . .

The borrowing is often honest enough, and comes of magnanimity and stoutness. A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good. What he quotes he fills with his own voice and humor, and the whole cyclopædia of his table-talk is presently believed to be his own. Thirty years ago, when Mr. Webster at the bar or in the Senate filled the eyes and minds of young men, you might often hear cited as Mr. Webster's three rules: first, never to do to-day what he could defer till to-morrow; secondly, never to do himself what he could make another do for him; and, thirdly, never to pay any debt to-day. Well, they are none the worse for being already told, in the last generation, of Sheridan; and we find in Grimm's "*Mémoires*" that Sheridan got them from the witty D'Argenson; who, no doubt, if we could consult him, could tell of whom he first heard them. . . .

But there remains the indefeasible persistency of the individual to be himself. Every mind is different; and the more it is unfolded, the more pronounced is that difference. He must draw the elements into him for food, and, if they be granite and silex, will prefer them cooked by sun and rain, by time and art, to his hand. But, however received, these elements pass into the substance of his constitution, will be assimilated, and tend always to form, not a partisan, but a possessor of truth. To all that can be said of the preponderance of the Past, the single word Genius is a sufficient reply. The divine resides in the new. The divine never quotes, but is, and creates. The profound apprehension of the Present is Genius, which makes the Past forgotten. And what is Originality? It is being, being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and are. Genius is, in the first instance, sensibility, the capacity of receiving just impressions from the external world, and the power of co-ordinating these after the laws of thought. It implies Will, or original force, for their right distribution and expression. If to this the sentiment of piety be added, if the thinker feel that the thought most strictly his own is not his own, and recognizes the perpetual suggestion of the Supreme Intellect, the oldest thoughts become new and fertile whilst he speaks them.

BRITISH NEUTRALITY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

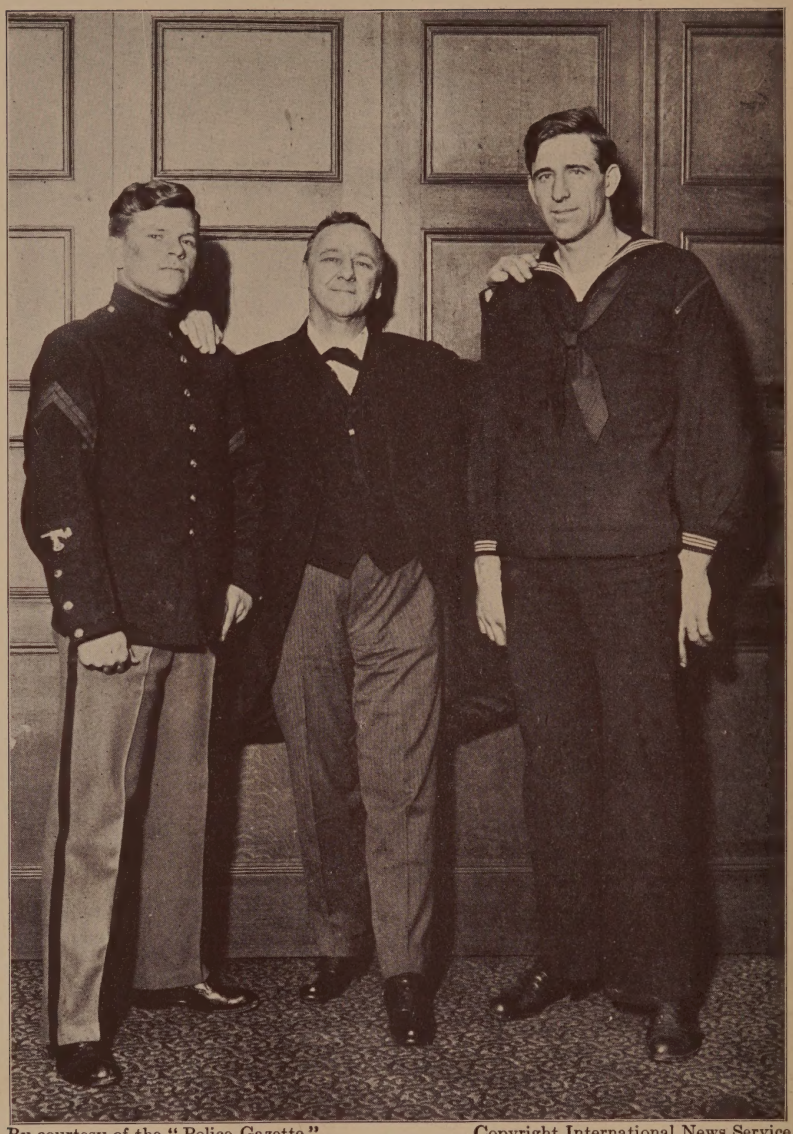
BY THEODORE D. WOOLSEY

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of October, 1870.*

LET us consider for a moment what can now be done by neutrals when a war breaks out between their friends. We have so generally occupied a neutral position since our existence as a nation began, and

our trade, when the rest of the world was at war, consisted so generally in innocent articles,—like provisions and naval stores,—that we were unprepared, at the breaking out of the war, to regard as lawful the kinds of trade which the law of nations does not forbid. Nay, more, we complained of England for doing that which we ourselves did, and which our courts did not condemn during the wars of the South American provinces. The law of nations, as interpreted by our courts, requires no neutral to interfere for the prevention of a trade in contraband carried on by its citizens or subjects, or to take active measures against ships purposing to run a blockade instituted by a friendly state. It is held, in a technical and formal way, that a contraband trade begins when the articles so called are afloat on the high sea; and there is a general agreement that the neutral is not to be put to the cost and trouble of keeping his subjects from such a traffic. The police of the seas belongs to the belligerents, and the violation of neutrality in carrying contraband, and in breaking blockade, is for him, and for none else, to notice. How often were Judge Story's words quoted, especially by British writers a few years back, that "there is nothing in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation." [1] It is unnecessary to say that the risk of confiscation has never been so great, and probably never will be so great, that the gains of contraband trade do not cover the losses. Neutrals thus supply the food upon which war lives, and supply it alike to either belligerent that can pay for it, so that until exhaustion comes upon one of the combatants, the harvest of the neutral trader goes on. Is this state of things the best for the interests of humanity and the general welfare? Is it not better for neutrals, on the whole, that wars should be short and few? And if so, may it not be said to be the duty of the nations to agree that contraband trade shall be prohibited at the commencement of a voyage? This can be done, as it seems to us, without great difficulty, by placing vessels carrying such articles under heavy bonds that they shall not be conveyed to the ports of a friendly nation engaged in war. We would put blockade-runners, as far as possible, under the same penalties, and would wish to have Dr. Phillimore's suggestion adopted, that all exportation of munitions of war by merchant ships of the belligerents should be strictly prohibited. We should be glad also to have violators of neutrality considered as prisoners of war, and treated as such. That the world can be brought to all this with ease we are not credulous enough to believe; but we believe that if two leading nations were to make a treaty containing such stipulations, the probability of their keeping peace with one another, and with the rest of the world, would be decidedly increased.

[1] Case of the Santissima Trinidad, 7 Wheaton, 340.



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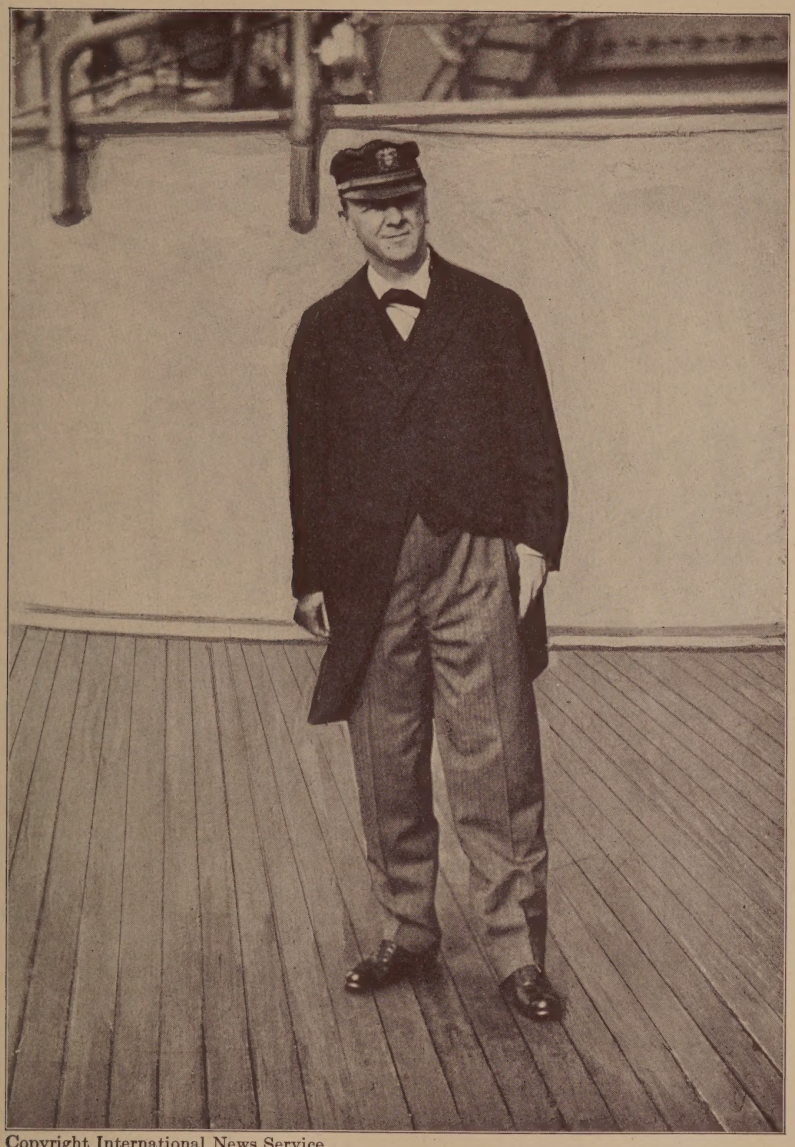
The Secretary of the Navy



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Our First Lord of the Admiralty

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1915

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPHUS, N.C.B.

OUR FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

BY THE EDITOR

We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant, but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear.
—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

IT seems but day before yesterday when we printed upon these pages for the enlightenment of our readers a brief sketch of the origin and tenderest years of Josephus Daniels; and yet since then so many moons have appeared and disappeared and such quantities of clear, cold water have gurgled through the purifying Democratic sieve that our present purpose can best be served by republishing that touching tale, to wit or not to wit, as follows:

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CONTENTNEA

The prenatal discussion pertained to his name. He was to be a boy and braver than lions; that was certain. Hence Daniel. And he was to possess vast literary gifts with power of immeasurable loquacity. So Josephus. But should it be Josephus Daniel or Daniel Josephus? That was the question. But he might be twins. There was a possible contingency to be provided for. Josephus Daniels then it was, by universal assent.

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The happy event took place at Washington, North Carolina, on the left bank of the river Tar, on May 18th, 1862. And the lad throve very much as the original Josephus tells us Moses did. His hair was fair, his eyes blue, and his form lithe. He was endowed, too, with curiously winning ways which served well to temper the intrepid spirit and marvelous garrulity which had been anticipated.

We have no record of the youth of Josephus except the impression which still abides in the hearts of old residents that he was the joy of Washington. Even then, his childish prattle was so fascinating that the rugged mountaineers who toiled by day made pilgrimages to the town by night to hear him talk in his sleep. At the comparatively early age of fifteen ambition stirred within the breast of Josephus and he resolved upon an abrupt departure from the place of his birth in search of culture. Westward he turned his toes, unaccompanied by retinue of any kind, and in the short space of three days, going by way of Old Sparta, he encompassed the distance—by no means inconsiderable, as all now must recognize—from Washington to Wilson. Naturally there was no lack of pedagogues in a town of that name, and it was with the greatest ease that Josephus acquired a university education at the Collegiate Institute. Having become notoriously proficient after three years of studious application, at the age of eighteen he assumed the editorship of the Wilson (N. C.) *Advance*, a journal of the highest type whose political tendencies are indicated by its title. There he was admitted to the bar, but for some reason not noted in the American Biography he "did not practise"! he only preached.

The year 1885 marked the turning-point in the career of Josephus Daniels. Wilson, oddly enough, though classical, was circumscribed, and the brilliant young journalist experienced a long-felt want for a wider sphere of usefulness and renown. So it came about that he applied for and obtained the position of editor of the Raleigh *State Chronicle*. And then ensued the most remarkable and regrettable personal tragedy recorded in the annals of modern journalism.

The information having been conveyed surreptitiously through the columns of the *Advance* that the editor proposed to make the journey to the scene of his future triumphs by water, admiring friends and fellow-countrymen conspired and combined and purchased for his use a canoe. It was a blithesome day in June when, to the music of many plaudits, Josephus embarked upon his tiny but fearless Dreadnought and set paddle down the winding Contentnea. Past the cheering multitudes upon the teeming wharves of Stantonsburg and Snow Hill he glided gracefully as a swan, and on the third day entered the woodland. Awearied by his unwonted exertions, at nightfall he landed and slept upon the boughs provided for such purposes by Nature. Arising refreshed by gentle slumber and inspired by the singing of the birds, he detached large areas of bark from trees and wrote thereon his first editorial "For the Raleigh *State Chronicle*, by Josephus Daniels." It

was entitled "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea," and when finally published filled seven overwrought columns. Then on and on he wended his way into the dark and gruesome forest, gay as a lark in seeming solitude.

But danger lurked in the deep recesses of that noxious swamp. The unsuspecting Josephus was not unseen. Had he looked up he would have beheld a pair of ferocious eyes glittering through the branches of a noble tamarack. And back of the eyes was a wild man of the forest, unclad from birth, but shrouded by the leaves, clinging with feet and hands and with the ease of long experience to the boughs. That night, when the moon shone high, Josephus slept as only the pure and just can sleep on prickly limbs, but not for long. Stirring restlessly from instinct of peril, he awoke with a start to behold hovering gloatingly over him that breathing specter of the forest. Leaping quickly to his feet, our hero turned upon his enemy the proud, fearless gaze of a Daniel in a lions' den. And there they stood, those two, for several trying moments, steadfastly regarding each other. Although one was the finest type of our modern civilization and a college graduate, and the other was only an untutored embodiment of aboriginal existence, physically they were not ill-matched. There was the light of like intelligence, too, upon both countenances. Neither was armed with gun or club.

Finally, responding to the impulse of habit, Josephus spoke and the other listened in grim and contemptuous silence. A long time Josephus spoke, calmly, amiably, ingratiatingly, until, weakened by lack of nourishment, for an instant he hesitated and, as almost always happens in that contingency, was lost. It was then the other's turn. From his open mouth there issued a succession of sounds slowly at first, and then, as hour after hour sped by, more and more rapidly until they became a veritable torrent. And ceaselessly. There seemed to be and probably would never have been an end but for the surprise of the speaker at the sudden collapse of his victim. Then he stopped and, leaning over the prostrate body, quickly convinced himself of the truth. His face lit up with fiendish glee. He had performed a miracle. *He had talked Josephus Daniels to death.*

Two weeks later a canoe, propelled with the ease and skill of the forest-born, passed up the river Neuse to the Raleigh wharf, and the sole occupant, alighting nonchalantly, sought the office of the *State Chronicle*. There he found the proprietors awaiting the advent of their brilliant new editor. One of them offered him a hand, but he gave no sign in return, appearing, as was remarked subsequently, as one unfamiliar with that form of salutation. But he bowed with a grace that seemed a fit accompaniment of his wrinkled crash trousers and, advancing with the utmost dignity and composure, placed upon the table many sheets of bark. The most venerable proprietor, selecting the topmost, adjusted his spectacles and read "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea." Sighing slightly as he noted the length

of the essay, he turned, nevertheless, with dauntless mien to his associates and said:

"It is he who we feared was lost. It is Josephus Daniels. Welcome, sir, to our city."

And to this day—but why recount the familiar episodes that have marked the career of that famous one since that epoch-making day? Why, at any rate, recount them in this number?

But deep and mournful and unceasing is the soughing of the pines over the lonely grave on the left bank of the Contentnea, and even unsophisticated children draw away affrighted from the forks which signify the joining of the creek and the majestic river Neuse.

Assuming for the sake of convenience and verisimilitude complete metempsychosis as a consequence of the tragic episode depicted, we now resume our narrative.

Time passed, as usual in Raleigh, upon leaden wings, but Josephus did not wane; on the contrary, he waxed and grew fat and annexed another paper and was appointed Official Printer of the State of North Carolina. Thus he became a power in the land and was besieged by aspiring politicians who might have won his favor but for his stern determination to continue true to the cause of the downtrodden people whom he loved with the undiscriminating fervor of a passionate nature evolved in the forest of the Contentnea. Yielding to the entreaties of President Cleveland, he accepted the post of clerk in the Department of the Interior, but the place was uncongenial, and he retired involuntarily and simultaneously with Mr. Cleveland to become, according to *Who's Who*, "Ex-pres. N. C. Editorial Assn." It was while he was rendering faithful and honorable service in this capacity that he met William Jennings Bryan and heard him speak and sat at his feet; whereupon he enlarged his vocabulary and began to think deeply.

Cogitations such as those thus inspired could have but one effect upon a susceptible temperament. Theretofore the existence of Josephus had been marked by placidity and sweet reasonableness, but now his nights became sleepless, deep furrows plowed his marble brow, lanky grooves supplanted his second chin; in a word, the canker of political ambition possessed his soul. He affirmed—not being a swearing man—to do (somebody) or die (somewhere).

Such, in the felicitous language of our accomplished Chief Magistrate, was the "state of mind" of Josephus when with rare abruptness an untoward event transpired in Raleigh. A wandering minstrel troupe appeared upon the scene and an-

nounced an immediate production of the latest comic opera called "Pinafore." Josephus hesitated. Should he permit distraction of the brain? Would attendance upon a frivolous performance be regarded as a momentary betrayal of freest silver? Those were the troublous questions fetching into bold relief the unceasing struggle between the spirit and the flesh. Duty forbade, but the call of Pleasure, enhanced by an innate love of music of the spheres and the flitting of fairies, to speak naught of complimentary tickets for the Editor, was too strong. Josephus went.

The opera company, being obliged to take the 11.10 for Greensboro, began promptly to sail the ocean blue as sober men and true and attentive to their duty, but to no effect whatever upon the discriminating critic whose gaze was transfixed by the first lines under "Dramatis Personæ":

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.,
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Here was a coincidence, a remarkable coincidence, perchance a miraculous pointing of the way of vaulting ambition. Was not Joseph synonymous with Josephus? Assuredly. The difference was only that between singular and plural. "K.C.B." was puzzling, to be sure, but it might be a misprint of "N.C.B.," signifying North Carolina Boy. But "First Lord of the Admiralty"! Josephus's eyes glittered; his throat became as parchment; he would have given a year's subscription for a drink of—well, of whatever it was that foreflowed the juice of the grape. Impatiently he heard the tenori sail o'er the bright blue sea and at anchor ride; contemptuously he regarded Little Buttercup with her snuff and her tobaccy and her ribbons and her laces; sneeringly he contemplated poor Ralph's longing for love of a maiden fair to see but far above his station; despairingly he suffered the gallant Captain and his no less gallant crew and Josephine and her sorry lot; would the First Lord never come?

At last! Three cheers! cried Captain Corcoran, and, with stately tread, the bewigged and dazzling Sir Joseph advanced to the footlights and, after confessing to the audience that he was indeed monarch of the seas, turned as if drawn by a magnet of sympathy to Our Hero and sang to him and him alone:

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,

If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

Josephus gulped. This was his cue—his golden rule to be. Breathlessly he listened while Sir Joseph insisted that the crew be treated kindly, that strong language be barred in addressing the noble fellows, that a British sailor was any man's equal, and that "if you please" on the seas was a particularly gentlemanly and becoming expression. And then the Admiral's song depicting the British tar as a soaring soul, free as a mountain bird, with en-er-get-ic fist ever ready to resist a dic-ta-to-rial word! etc. The inspiration of true democracy! Josephus thrilled with anticipation. Wending his way homeward as upon the wings of a dove of peace, he felt his own lips curl, his own brow furl, his own nose pant, his own heart glow, his own bosom heave, his own eyes flash, his own feet stamp, his own throat growl, his own cheeks flame, and his own breast protrude, for this henceforth was to be his Cus-tom-a-ry At-ti-tude.

At break of dawn on the ensuing morn the early milkman beheld an unaccustomed figure upon the stoop of the *News and Observer*. It was Josephus *polishing up the handle of the big front door*. And the milkman, who also had attended the performance, murmured softly, "Why, dam-me, it's too bad." But history tells us that it was the beginning, if not of a career, at least of a careering such as no navy other than Sir Joseph's own has experienced within the memory of man.

It is not needful to recount the many steps, long and short, backward and forward, taken by Our Hero in relentness pursuit of his goal. Suffice it to say that at the last the bewildered President-elect was unable to withstand the effect of a monstrous petition signed in tar; that, according to current rumor an attempt upon second thought to recall the customary notice proved futile; that the Secretary not only took his seat firmly, but coated it thoughtfully with glue in advance; and that, when signs of dissatisfaction became manifest throughout the land, he decreed prohibition, to the end that any possible suggestion of his withdrawal might be attributed to the liquor interests and thus be rendered impracticable in the existing perturbation of political prospectives.

But whatever may be said of a derogatory nature respecting the Secretary's official activities, it is but just and fair to pro-

claim that he has not been idle. "An industrious ass," was the late David Dudley Field's characterization of a pertinacious attorney; but Josephus is more than industrious; he is indefatigable. No subject is too small to enlist his attention, none is too large to daunt his fearless spirit in forming the judgment of assurance. Acting from the outset upon his firm conviction that whatever had been was wrong, he demonstrated his mettle immediately upon his installation by summarily removing Philip Andrews, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, depriving him of the title of Rear Admiral which attaches to the important post, and denying to him the rank of Captain, for which he had already passed his examinations. Simultaneously he forbade the promotion, which would have been granted in ordinary course, of Captain Templin M. Potts, who had been serving as aide for personnel, to the grade of Rear Admiral. Insufficient service at sea was the ground assigned for these orders, despite the fact that both officers, who are universally recognized as among the most capable and efficient in the navy, had been detailed by Secretary Meyer, irrespective of their own wishes, to office duty. That they should have fallen as victims of our First Lord's disapprobation of his predecessor was regarded by some as an unmerited hardship, but the obvious purpose of showing who was "monarch of the seas" was duly and most effectively accomplished. We mention the incident, not because of its singularity, but rather as the first of many which have tended to consternation among officers and demoralization of the service, as noted at the time by the friendly *Springfield Republican* in these words:

> That there has been discontent in the navy at Secretary Daniels's administration has been apparent for some time. Yet while discipline requires that it should be restrained, it must be frankly said that there have been suggestions of some reasonable ground for dissatisfaction. The matter, however, is not yet entirely clear, and in justice to Secretary Daniels's judgment may be suspended until it is. While he was doubtless within the letter of the law in blocking the promotion of Captain Potts last summer, no satisfactory explanation has ever been given of his permitting the promotion of others who apparently stood upon precisely the same footing with Captain Potts, except that they had never given evidence of equal efficiency so far as their records were open to the public. That it would have been better for the department if Secretary Daniels had talked less is scarcely to be doubted. Stories came to this office months ago of the disturbing effects upon the discipline of one or more ships' crews which had followed some of his

oratorical efforts; it was added that the captains of the navy disliked to see him come aboard.

"Putting to one side the wrongs inflicted upon Captain Potts and Commander Andrews," the *Herald* added, "the baleful effect of the incident is reacting in a most unfortunate manner on the navy. Intensified as this surely is by other curious and melancholy reports concerning the theories and intentions of the Navy Department, the zeal and energy of the whole service are in way to be seriously impaired. Its feeling of deep unrest is unmistakable; its resentment is undoubted. . . . The officers have sincerely believed, as the *Herald* has reported, that Mr. Daniels is temperamentally and mentally incapable of administering the service for the main purpose for which the navy is intended, namely, battle efficiency for the protection of the country."

All this may be and probably is true, but the discerning reader can hardly fail to place the responsibility where it belongs—upon the shoulders of our First Lord's famous exemplar, Sir Joseph, K.C.B.

Clearly it is a matter of viewpoint. The navy regards itself as a fighting machine created for one purpose, namely, to serve as the first line of defense in case of war; whereas, observes the *Sun* most aptly:

> Mr. Daniels, on the other hand, if the conviction existing in the navy is well founded, does not proceed with such ideas as the fundamental bases of his policies of administration. The navy believes that he considers the service a great but probably for the moment necessary evil, the direction of which political fortune has thrust into his hands. The navy considers him unwilling to devote himself to the single idea of achieving the maximum preparedness for the most efficient defense of the nation and believes that he is trying to make the navy serve other purposes. Instead of regarding it as a wonderfully complex human machine, he is treating the service as a field for the application of his political principles, as an aggregation of individuals for whose mental and moral welfare, instead of efficiency, he has been made responsible.

It was in pursuance of this policy of achieving reformation through edict that our First Lord proclaimed his famous order forbidding "the use or introduction of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel or within any yard or station." Inasmuch as no complaint of excessive indulgence was instanced as a reason

for this action, it was but natural, perhaps, that the officers should have regarded the ukase not only as conveying an unmerited implication and a direct reflection upon their conduct as gentlemen, but also as based upon the Secretary's personal theory rather than upon practice in the service. Quite probably, too, they suspected that their First Lord's disingenuous statement of belief that "experience has demonstrated that a uniform rule should prevail in the navy for all who enlist in the service, from the highest rank to the youngest enlisted man or officer who comes into the service," was calculated to create a false impression. In any case, Admiral Dewey lost no time in saying for publication:

> It does not seem to be generally understood that, until this new order of Secretary Daniels's, beer and light wines were allowed enlisted men on special occasions.
>
> When they visited vessels of other nations, especially of the French navy, clarets and beer were served. When they played host in return, wines and beers were served. Now the only beverage they may offer is distilled water. So the invitations probably will have to be declined, since the hospitality may not be returned in kind.

The Admiral "carefully refrained from commenting upon the wisdom of the order," but put his finger upon the real cause of resentment when he added significantly, "It should be understood that the naval officers consider that such an order comes directly from the President, who also is their commander—and it will be obeyed without a whimper or murmur of complaint."

What the naval officers could not understand was why the Commander-in-chief should sanction prohibition in the navy and not in the army. If it were essential or desirable for the one, why not for the other? It was the discrimination implying comparative recreancy, not the order itself, that hurt—and for this clearly it was the President, not the Secretary, who was responsible. The sole but sententious comment of Secretary Garrison upon the act of his colleague was that he was striving to emulate the example of the man who acquired a fortune by minding his own business. But incidentally he put forth no edict forbidding his subordinates to do what nobody had accused them of doing and reflecting, at least by way of comparison, upon their characters and their conduct. So perhaps it is not a cause of wonderment that the officers of the army swear *by* and the officers of the navy swear *at* their respective chiefs. Nevertheless, as we have hinted, while feeling that the First Lord would have been more consistent both as an official and as

a Democrat if he had adhered to his declaration to the midshipmen at Annapolis in June, 1913, that "it is not in your province or mine to fix a standard for others, but each for himself must make a regimen for himself that makes him the master of himself and the dictator to habit, forbidding any habit to dictate to him," we cannot share the common indignation at his action in this matter. The obligation to co-ordinate the various departments when dissonant proposals create disaffection and jeopardize efficiency rests upon the Chief Magistrate, who alone holds the power to reconcile such differences.

The most striking illustration of our First Lord's paternalistic doctrine is, of course, the turning of battle-ships into primary school-houses. To what extent, if any, this proceeding conflicts with the performance of the fundamental functions of a navy is a question upon which little information is obtainable except from the Secretary's own exuberant reports. That opportunity to obtain suitable educational training should be accorded enlisted men is generally conceded; the point is whether study and teaching should be made compulsory. Apparently not only the officers, but a large majority of the men, think not; so much at least was evidenced by the loud cheers which greeted announcement of a prolonged "recess" upon the ships which went to Vera Cruz, and by the hisses which greeted the presentation of our First Lord's likeness upon a moving-picture screen while the vessels lay at anchor in that troubled port. But it would seem ungracious to deprive a true reformer of the gratification which he derives from exemplification of his favorite idea, so long at least as the real work of the navy is not seriously impaired. What, perhaps, is even more to the point is that no change is possible while the present monarch rules the seas.

Having learned from Sir Josephus that a sailor is "any man's equal" (except his own), it was inevitable that our conscientious First Lord should proceed forthwith to "democratize" the navy. To signify his intention in an unmistakable way, therefore, he sent for an enlisted man about the time when he put Captain Potts and Commander Andrews in their places, shook his hand cordially, directed him to inform his comrades that the great heart of their chief beat loudly in sympathy with such splendid fellows, and then, calling in the newspaper correspondents, heralded his performance to the masses. Simultaneously he reduced the standard of examinations for positions carrying officers' commissions to the pre-

sumed level of enlisted men's capacities and ordered that ten vacancies in the pay corps be filled by noble tars, to the exclusion of a number of young men who had been studying in preparation.

The leveling of ranks, in a word, became and continues to be our First Lord's obsession. With this purpose in mind he put forth a proposal that officers and men should mess together, but was finally dissuaded from issuing the order when he discovered, so it was said, that colored bluejackets would necessarily be included—a circumstance not likely to win approbation from Southern Democrats. While it is but fair to add that the Secretary himself denounced this rumor as false and "an insult" to his "intelligence," the fact remains that no other reason for withholding the remarkable decree has yet appeared in print, although the subject came before the Senate on August 2nd, when Mr. Gallinger declared that the Secretary actually issued the order but "rescinded it, admitting that it was not correct." Senator Kern thereupon made this happy explanation:

> I understood the Secretary of the Navy is opposed to caste in the navy. The declarations were to the effect that where a common sailor and seaman of any kind had worked himself up and become capable of becoming an officer of the navy it did not lie in the face of any of these perfumed officers of the navy to object to him because he had been a common sailor, and because they did not feel like sitting at the same mess.
>
> I have heard the Secretary of the Navy express that kind of a sentiment.

Unfortunately the distinguished Democratic leader failed to enlighten the Senate as to whether the term "perfumed officers" was the Secretary's or his own.

But alas for beneficent intentions! However greatly pleased the worthy sailors may have been by the "taking down" of their officers, and whatever may have been the effect of such snubbing upon the discipline of the crews, appreciation of the First Lord's good works in their behalf disappeared overnight when his most particular activities conflicted with their own inclinations. Whether in his heart of hearts our First Lord considers the use of tobacco injurious to health and consequently deserving of the ban put upon wine and beer is not and probably never will be known so long as the noxious weed continues to be the staple product of North Carolina. In any case, no forbidding edict has yet been promulgated. But mind

you—you who know naught of such things—there are brands and brands of tobacco, and some like one and some another.

Now, the bluejackets pay for what they use with their own well-earned dimes and nickels, but it has been the custom of the Department to make the purchases. Imagine, then, the horror of Josephus when, in the course of a painstaking investigation into minute but vital details, he discovered that the most popular brands were manufactured by a Trust! Inevitably and immediately further purchases of these brands were forbidden and a peremptory order was issued compelling the buying of goods meeting certain specifications from the lowest bidder.

Thus was upheld with a firm hand the great Democratic doctrine of free and full competition, but the enforcement necessarily imposed upon the sailormen "something just as good" for what they really wanted, and what they thought they ought to be permitted to have, since they were paying for it with their own money. Being concerned less by political principles and Trust depredations than by their preferences for particular brands of tobacco, the sturdy bluejackets revolted and the canteen receipts went up in a smoke of discontent. Looking after their interests was well enough so long as only officers' privileges were curtailed, but this was different. Perhaps that is why they hissed at Vera Cruz.

The Democratic National platform, conformably to custom, denounced "the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation" and demanded "a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government." We are not now concerned with the general relation of practice and profession of the Administration with respect to this pledge; it suffices the present purpose to note that of all branches of the Government the Navy Department offered the widest opportunity for the saving of enormous sums. The mere fact that our inferior navy had cost half a billion dollars more than that of Germany was in itself sufficiently startling, but was really but one of many indications of the gross extravagance and utter wastefulness which had resulted from making the Department a mere tender to politics.

Instances without number confronted the new Secretary as a consequence of his predecessor's grappling of the problem in the last two years of his administration. Among them were the expenditures of nearly $11,000,000 at Portsmouth, only seventy miles from the big navy-yard at Boston; of $5,000,000

at Charleston, including $1,250,000 for a dry-dock unavailable for battle-ships; of $2,275,000 for a naval base at Port Royal, which proved useless and was abandoned; of $35,000,000 at Mare Island, where insufficient depth of water prevents the berthing of modern battle-ships; of $2,000,000 one hundred miles up the river from New Orleans for no practical purpose whatever; of $12,000,000 at Pensacola, with wholly insignificant output; and so on, to say nothing of the useless construction in outlying possessions, fetching the total cost of navy-yards on June 30, 1910, up to $320,600,000, of which fully one-half and probably much more was absolute waste.

Secretary Meyer was slow in attacking this colossal abuse, but in 1910, when he began to feel sure of his ground, he did recommend the abandonment of and practically close the stations at New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan, Porto Rico, New London, Sackett's Harbor, Culebra, and Cavité, none of which was of the first class or of material value. Here at least was the beginning of a notable reform.

It was also the ending, at least for the time; for, be it noted, our First Lord is primarily a politician of the Jackson type, not only willing, but eager to meet the cravings of all "deserving Democrats." His policy was clearly defined before he took his place. "It is suggested," wrote the inspired Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte *Observer* upon the eve of the newly appointed Secretary's departure for Washington, "that under Secretary Daniels's administration the old Charlotte navy-yard will be rehabilitated. This would furnish jobs to quite a squad of patriots, and Mr. Daniels is agreeable to the idea."

The First Lord demonstrated his agreeableness forthwith by reopening the yards at New Orleans and Pensacola and by utilizing opportunities generally to feed the "deserving" from the public crib. In the words of the *Springfield Republican:*

> The simple truth of the matter is that Mr. Daniels, who is eloquent as to his efforts to restrain alleged combinations of armor-manufacturers and ship-builders, and is to be praised in so far as he has actually done so, has surrendered body and soul to the combination of log-rolling politicians which costs the treasury infinitely more than any trust he has defied.
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> Navy-yards supply jobs for the faithful; that is the essence of the whole thing, and there are unpleasant reports of what political influence is accomplishing. Such minor savings as Mr. Daniels may effect now will be mere pittances beside the additional costs with which the budgets of his successors will be burdened as a result of his

policy of scattering work that ought to be concentrated at points located with the best regard to economy and military efficiency.

If Mr. Daniels has any reason to doubt the figures and the significant comparisons with other navies, he might, instead of taking time to be photographed in dramatic poses with his hands upon the shoulders of marines and bluejackets, have them checked up. It was unfortunate for the reform Mr. Meyer began that the yards and stations he closed were chiefly in the South; but there is no more question that they were the least useful than that the best-located and, in the opinion of the many experts, the only properly located yard on the Atlantic coast to-day is that at Norfolk, Va.

It was upon Mr. Daniels that the duty rested of carrying on the reform that Mr. Meyer had begun; instead he has turned back the hands of the clock. Conditions are drifting back into a worse state than when Mr. Meyer took hold, and Mr. Daniels is responsible.

That the drift is to continue, moreover, may be readily deduced from the declaration in the Secretary's annual report that "construction of ships in navy-yards justifies an *enlargement* of that policy," supplemented by the complacent observation that "during the past year the Department authorized new construction work at navy-yards which hitherto have not been so engaged, and there is at the present time a greater volume of new ship-building work in progress and authorized at navy-yards, also a greater number of navy-yards so employed in new construction, than ever before in the history of the new navy."

All this is bad enough in all conscience, but worse is yet to come. Our First Lord believes in punishing his enemies as well as in rewarding his friends. When the unarmed citizenry of New Hampshire failed to respond to his fervid oratorical appeals at the Congressional elections last year, an order forthcame promptly, according to the Boston *Transcript*, that "ships that hitherto repaired at the Portsmouth navy-yard be transferred to Pensacola and other Southern yards, some of which are now being equipped at large expense to the Government to do repair work," thus evidencing, the *Transcript* pathetically concluded, that Portsmouth "has already begun to feel the effects of Secretary Daniels's displeasure over the defeat of the Democratic ticket in New Hampshire." Vengeance was our First Lord's, and promptly did he repay. For waste and extravagance he had ample precedents in the administration of his predecessors, but we venture to assert that so brazen an act as this is without parallel in our political annals.

The country fortunately is rich and can withstand wasteful-

ness in the future as it has withstood it in the past; it is sound politically and can outlive the effect of spasmodic efforts on the part of a professed spoilsman to set back the clock; it is immune even to the vagaries of a bucolic statesman in the administration of a great department. But recent events have brought very sharply to public attention the need of both efficiency and preparedness in the first line of our national defense. Upon that point there is no diversity of opinion.

What, then, is the present situation? Our First Lord is more than satisfied; he is proud. "The get-away of the fleet" to Vera Cruz and the subjection by that mighty force of a feeble garrison he regards as "signal proof" of all that can be desired. His judgment is sustained, moreover, by remarkable authority. Speaking to the Navy League in New York City on April 16th, he cited the Honorable John Lind as one who had stirred his "pride and admiration."

"For weary months," he spoke, "this grim and patriotic Norse philosopher has lived in Mexico, most of the time being in close touch with Admiral Fletcher and the splendid men with him. Upon the day of his return he called at the Navy Department to express his pleasure of being well cared for on his trip up on the *Mayflower*. 'I have never before,' he said to me, 'had the opportunity of seeing much of the navy. In my Minnesota home your ships and sailors do not come, but during my stay in Mexico it was my happiness to see much of Admiral Fletcher, the officers, and the sailors, and I want to tell you, Mr. Secretary, that they are the finest body of men I have known.' He grew more enthusiastic in his praise, and I remarked that America had few men as wise as Admiral Fletcher. 'Yes; he is a wise man of sound judgment, and, better than that, he is a patriot, loyal to the core to his country.' Now, John Lind is the sort of American who pays no compliments. He would not privately give this warm praise if he had not taken the quality of our sailors and found them sturdy and sound."

Evidence such as this few would have the hardihood to attempt to controvert. But, oddly enough, there were those to whom even the testimony of the grim Norse philosopher was unconvincing, as suggested by the *Army and Navy Journal* in these words:

> We are not surprised to learn that the House Committee on Naval Affairs intends to make an inquiry into the management of the navy by Mr. Daniels at the coming session. Some of the members of that

committee have been so long associated with it and their interest in and their study of the navy for years have been so great that they may consider themselves as knowing more about the service than the head of the department himself.

Furthermore, such members have developed a pride in and love for the institution, and may naturally be expected to resent the introduction of any schemes that would impair its efficiency and make it the plaything of an irrational utopianism. These members know that on account of the prominence given to navies by the present war the size and efficiency of our own navy should reasonably be among the leading questions brought before the coming session.

Members of the committee believe further that the time has arrived to ascertain what injury, if any, has been wrought in the service by the effort to make it something else than a great fighting-machine, and to combine with such a military organization the conveniences and benefits of an educational system.

The committee is doing wisely to bring this latter matter to the attention of Congress before any further deterioration in the navy shall develop. It is easier to start a big institution down-hill than it is to start it up again, and no time should be lost in discovering to what extent the philanthropic features grafted upon the navy have interfered and are interfering with its primary business of being ready to fight.

Among the first witnesses called by the committee was Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who served on the *Yorktown* at Valparaiso in the critical times following the Baltimore incident; who was at Rio de Janeiro in 1894 when the fleet cleared for action to enforce neutral rights; whom Admiral Dewey commended for "heroic conduct" at the battle of Manila; who took part in the bombardments of Paranaque, Malabon, and San Fernando during the Philippine insurrection; who has been commander of the *Minneapolis*, *Arkansas*, and *Tennessee*, and of a division of the Atlantic fleet, and a member of the General Board. And this distinguished officer informed the committee and the country bluntly that the United States has only one mine-laying ship, with a very limited capacity; that from want of practice the gunnery of the fleet has fallen off until it is inferior to that of at least one other sea power; that the personnel is not sufficiently drilled; that as there is no general staff, although the British, German, Japanese, French, Russian, Austrian, and even the Argentine navies have such an organization, the United States would go to war in a haphazard way; that "we have no plan of battle approach and we have no plan of torpedo attack"; that in

mine-sweepers as well as mine-layers, in aeronautical equipment, submarines, and "all the auxiliaries" we are deplorably deficient; that, having no naval reserve worth the name, we could not properly man our ships for hostilities, and that five years of methodical preparation would be required to "bring our navy up to the standard of efficiency of one of the great European navies."

"There can be no question," said Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, president of the Naval War College, to the members of the Efficiency Society on January 25th, "that the existing organization of the Navy Department is inadequate and would break down under the strain of war. We have a navy, and a good one, but we will all agree that it must not only be good, but it must also be at its highest point of efficiency, and this is not its present condition. I do not hold that it is altogether inefficient, but I do think that it could be much better. Three things that we lack are:

"First—Absolute harmony in all the branches of the fleet.

"Second—The absolutely necessary facilities for the care and preservation of the ships, such as dry-docks and supporting ships.

"Third—We need a more efficient organization of the personnel.

"The thing that is most radically wrong is the fact that the Navy Department takes no account of the relation of the navy to war. War is one thing for which no arrangement is made."

That these outspoken views express the consensus of opinion of the entire body of naval officers from Admiral Dewey to the youngest captain there can be no question, but thus far there has been no indication that our First Lord is not still of the same opinion evolved from the deep philosophy and expert observation of the Honorable John Lind. Be it said, however, to his credit that when the Congress, aroused by the indignation of the country, made provision for four new battle-ships, he felicitated both the President and the people. Indeed, he went further and smugly took to himself the honor, regardless of the fact that Congress had rejected his own proposal of two dreadnoughts and had adopted the recommendation of the General Board for the construction of twice that number.

It is no pleasing duty to depict the failings in comprehension and judgment of a high official charged with heavy burdens and grave responsibilities, although in this instance the task is

rendered less distasteful by his own love of lime-light naïvely revealed in a speech in San Francisco on August 2d, when he said:

> All newspaper men will tell you that Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson have been the two greatest Presidents this country has ever had, because each went into the editorial sanctum to secure a managing editor for the navy. I think the finest compliment ever paid me was that made by another newspaper man, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, of California, when he said to me, "You are a born headline artist."

Nor can one fail to appreciate the blessed sense of gentle humor as bearing upon accurate self-understanding which was evinced in an after-dinner speech thus reported by the New York *Evening Post:*

> "I had been a worker in the vineyard for a long time," the Secretary said, "and had never sought or expected any preferment from the party organization. I was just a good working Democrat. When Mr. Bryan began to emerge as a public man and as a Democratic leader I got interested in him and became one of his champions and supporters. I became an ardent free-silver man and a believer in unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. When it was time to select delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1896 there was a fellow in my town who wanted to be sent as a delegate mighty badly. He went around to the State chairman to see what he could do.
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> "'Jim,' he said, 'I—I want to be sent as one of the delegates to Chicago.'
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> "'Well,' said the chairman, 'how do you stand on free silver?'
>
> "'Oh, well, I guess—I—reckon I believe in it all right, but I ain't no damn fool about it!'
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> "'Well,' answered the chairman, 'you can't go.'
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> "So they sent me," concluded Daniels.

Here in ordinary times we should be content to leave our First Lord of the Admiralty. Attainment of perfection in the personnel of a Government cannot be demanded with reason or expected in practice, and exceptional consideration must be accorded an Administration compelled by circumstances to draw its responsible officials from the ranks of the inexperienced. In all fairness, moreover, due allowance should be made for the delinquencies of one thus chosen if he be zealous in the performance of unfamiliar tasks. For his painstaking application, then, Mr. Daniels is entitled to a full meed of credit, but there, unhappily, favorable recognition ends. Of all the Secretaries

of the Navy from Benjamin Stoddert to George von L. Meyer he has proved himself unquestionably the least competent. If he has done a single useful act, barring his boasted saving at the spigot while wasting at the bung-hole, the instance has yet to be revealed. If he has failed to utilize an opportunity to discredit both the department and the Administration, the omission is not apparent.

It is, indeed, a question whether the most important and most popular arm of the service itself has not suffered seriously in public estimation both at home and abroad in consequence of his persistent blundering and insatiable craving for notoriety. To smile at the childish vanity which prompts the wearing of a naval cap with a civilian's costume—and such a costume!—is easy and natural, but however unimportant in seeming, it is not a laughing matter. If the head of the navy can thus not only disregard a universal custom, but also flout a strict and specific naval regulation, what is there to be said of his example to officers and men? And how can be gauged the effect upon a body, supposed to be disciplined to the highest point, of the unbecoming comportment of a Secretary of the Navy whose visits are awaited by captains with trepidation and whose likeness is hissed by enlisted men? But it is as unnecessary as it is disagreeable to dwell further upon the demoralization inevitably wrought by a chief who is regarded by his subordinates as "temperamentally and mentally incapable of administering the service."

Yet more serious at this critical time, when at any moment the navy may be called upon to perform a vitally important service, is the effect of vagarious misdirection upon the public mind. Whether or not Mr. Edward S. Martin, a keen and competent observer, is correct in estimating that not more than six persons out of our hundred millions of people would fail to heave a sigh of relief at the withdrawal or removal of Mr. Daniels from his present post, there is not a shadow of doubt that he has forfeited the confidence of the country. His repeated declarations, notably at the recent launching of the *Pennsylvania*, that the navy is fully prepared for battle, in the face of testimony to the contrary by every admiral who has been questioned, and of the bold but patriotic assertion of the President of the War College that "war is one thing for which no arrangement is made," have come to be regarded as no more than the puerile chatter of an incompetent official fatuously attempting self-justification. These words, though not

so intended, sound bitter, but, alas! they are true—only too sadly true at a time such as this, when palliation or silence would be little short of criminal.

Occasional tolerant reference is made to Secretary Daniels's "amiability," and none would deny the normal kindliness of a nature which impels endeavors in the interest of fellow-beings, even though such striving be without the scope of official duty. But a genial disposition is not invariably allied with either comprehension or judgment. Puppies are friendly enough, but one would hardly set them to the work of a ferret. And Mr. Daniels is not, as is so commonly remarked, merely a misfit. A round peg in a square hole is inadequate as an expression of a condition when it is quite obvious that, if the hole were round, the peg would be square. The simple truth in this case, moreover, demonstrated over and over again, is that back of self-conscious easy-going there lurks that inexorable obduracy which so often characterizes and dominates a narrow and shallow mentality.

We cheerfully accord to Mr. Daniels whatever credit there may lie in a lack of comprehension of the magnitude of his handicap to the Administration, but we are no less strongly convinced that the fullest understanding would convey to his conscience no sense of obligation to relieve the President to whom he is so immoderately indebted of a burden which would break the back of any but an extraordinary Administration.

To chide the President for not ridding himself and the country of such a clog is easy, but none cognizant of the present political situation within the Democratic party can fail to recognize the hazard of offending the Secretary of State and the army of teetotallers whose apostle he has become.

It is idle, then, to murmur ineffectually, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Naught remains but to minimize so far as possible the dismay which attends the probability of being compelled in 1916 to meet the cry:

"*A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels*"—no less than for Mr. Bryan himself, and for others who must patiently await their turn in our weighing of their respective achievements and capabilities.

ONE GOOD WAR

THE saying has been attributed to Franklin that there never was a good war nor a bad peace. He could scarcely have meant it at its apparent value without self-stultification, seeing how earnestly he supported at least one great war, and seeing, too, that at its close he openly preferred an indefinite renewal of that war to the making of peace on unsatisfactory terms. If continued war was preferable to peace, surely in at least that case war, if not good, was less bad than peace; and peace, if not bad, was less good than war.

But there are wars and wars; and while one is raging which may be condemned as pre-eminently bad, another is being successfully pushed which must be esteemed wholly and conspicuously good. That is the war which this country is waging against Death. It is a war of vast extent, and of multifarious campaigns; and in it the forces of Life are pretty steadily winning vast victories for the welfare of the whole human race.

Attention has frequently been called to the conquest of disease at Panama. It is indeed one of the most notable of all. Certainly it is one of the most spectacular—in a good sense of that word. A century ago Humboldt dwelt with scientific circumstance and assurance upon the hideous unhealthfulness of the Isthmus. A generation ago Froude not unjustly described the place as probably the foulest physical plague-spot in the world. The appalling mortality, particularly from yellow fever and protean "malaria," was one of the three major causes of Lesseps's epochal failure to construct the canal. That same circumstance was harped upon as a reason why we should not go to Panama; and it was added with cock-sure confidence that if we did go there and did succeed in completing the canal despite the loss of life, the enterprise would be a failure because people would shun travel by so deadly a route.

The fact is, however, that the diseases named have been so far subjugated that we have been able to construct the canal with one of the lowest death-rates in all the annals of great engineering works, and that the route is likely to be a favorite, and the Isthmus is likely to be much frequented, because of their phenomenal salubrity. We have transformed a lazaretto into a sanitarium, a plague-spot into a health resort. The triumph of the engineers over the natural barrier to navigation has been monumental. The triumph of the sanitarians over pestilence has been at least equally important and noteworthy.

That is, however, only one campaign in the war against untimely and unnecessary death. Another, of even greater extent and beneficence, has been and is being waged in behalf of infant life all over the land. Bureaus of child hygiene have been organized, infantile diseases have been studied and combated, and to-day the death-rate among children has in many places fallen to a gratifying though still not irreducible minimum. Thus we are told that in New York City last year the infantile death-rate was the lowest on record. That is gratifying; but it is still more pleasing to learn how much lower that rate was than the rates which prevailed only a few years ago.

Last year to every 1,000 births there were between 94 and 95 deaths of infants not over one year of age. Seven years before, to every thousand births there were 144 such deaths. That is to say that one out of every three infants who died seven years ago would be saved under present conditions. It means that in New York at the present time 7,000 infant lives are being saved each year which seven years ago would have been lost. And seven years ago conditions were not at their worst. The death-rate of infants was 144 to the thousand births. But twenty years ago it was 208 to the thousand, or considerably more than twice as high as it is now. There were about 13,000 infant deaths last year. With the same population in the conditions of twenty years ago, there would be 28,000.

Nor is it to be overlooked that this enormous gain has been effected in the face of and in spite of processes and conditions which are supposed to make for, and which, all other things being equal, doubtless would make for, a higher rather than a lower death-rate. That is chiefly the increase in the size of the city. The bigger the city, the higher the death-rate among children, has been the common rule. But in this case the death-rate has been decreasing far more rapidly than the size of the city has increased.

In this latter fact is strong encouragement for the belief that what has been done in New York can be done in comparable degree in other cities and all over the land. It has indeed been done in many other places, as a part of the general warfare against death. The effect upon the census must be noteworthy, and still more marked must be that upon what we may call the physical and procreative morale of the community and the nation. A high birth-rate is looked upon as desirable. Granted, but it should be accompanied or supplemented by a low infantile death-rate. There is no profit, but vast and

demoralizing loss, in bringing many children into the world only to have them die in infancy. In a community of a given population it is a fine thing to have a thousand babies born each year. But suppose that in one such community a thousand are born and two hundred of them die within the year; while in another of equal size a thousand are born and only one hundred die. Which is the better? Nay, but suppose that in one a thousand are born and only eight hundred live, while in the other only eight hundred are born and all live. Which, then, is the better? The latter, by far; for the product of new lives is just as great, while the cost is far less.

Of old it was appropriately said, "*Belli alii gerant; Tu, felix Austria, nube.*" It was a fact that while other nations were engaging in profitable or unprofitable wars, the House of Austria was to a far greater degree promoting its welfare through fortunate marriages. To-day, while other nations wage wars enormously destructive of human life, it may well be the profit and the glory of this nation to wage warfare for the suppression of disease and for the promotion and protection of human life. Of such a war the most pronounced pacifist must say that it is altogether good.

STAMBOUL, SUEZ, AND PANAMA

THE year bids fair to be epochal for each of the three great intermarine and international inland waterways of the world, with at once a striking likeness and a striking contrast among them. The Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, and the Panama Canal, though widely separated, have been linked together in history in an interesting fashion, and there is a certain logical fitness in their again being associated in the transcendent annals of 1915, though nothing could be more impressive than the difference between the circumstances which invest the two and those which surround the third.

One assured result of the present war, in case the Allies win, is already obvious. That is the return to Asia of the remnant of the once formidable Asiatic Power which long dominated the southeastern and southwestern parts of Europe and practically all of Africa north of the Equator. The name of Turkey will disappear from the map of Europe, and the Tribe of Othman, which once occupied the whole Balkan Peninsula and threatened Central Europe with conquest, will be driven to the eastern side of those straits upon the western shores of which it

has for some time had only a narrow and precarious footing. For the first time in history Europe will be at least nominally an exclusively Christian continent.

Nor will the change in Africa be less noteworthy. A century ago the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean, together with most of the inland regions as far as the Equator, was under Mohammedan rule, and a large part of it owed allegiance directly to the Turkish Sultan. Abyssinia, the mysterious Land of Prester John, alone in its rocky fastnesses, held out against the conquering followers of the Prophet. But one by one the independent Mohammedan States were taken as appanages of the European Powers; in the recent war with Italy a large part of the African empire of the Ottomans was thus taken; and now the last vestige of Turkish sovereignty has been swept from Egypt and therefore from all Africa. All that is left to the Turk lies "somewhere east of Suez." France has Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis; Italy has Tripoli and Cyrene; and now Egypt has become one of the federated States of the British Empire.

It is a significant circumstance that these things have been happening simultaneously with the completion of the Panama Canal and the opening of it to international commerce. For vast as are the other political changes occurring or impending in Europe and Africa, a leading place in world-interest must be given to the changes in the control and use of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal, forming a fitting sequel to the tremendous influence which those waterways have hitherto exerted upon the progress and destinies of mankind.

For centuries the straits between Europe and Asia have been in the exclusive control of the Ottoman Turks. Their falling under that control was one of the climacteric events of history. It meant tne changing of the world's great trade routes; the decline of Mediterranean lands in commercial and political importance; the discovery of the Cape route from Europe to India; the discovery of America; and some of the most profound social, religious, economical, and political transformations in the whole history of Europe. It was by far the greatest event since the Fall of Rome. Now that tremendous occurrence is reversed. The straits pass from Asiatic to European control. Whatever may be the details of settlement, we may assume that they will henceforth be a free international highway, making the Black Sea a part of the high seas of the world and making the Powers which front upon it practically Medi-

terranean Powers. What that will mean, in commerce and in politics, piques and taxes the imagination to conceive.

Only less striking, and still of vast interest, is the final confirmation of complete British sovereignty over the Suez Canal. Thus is fulfilled a pictorial prophecy of thirty-five years ago, in a Tenniel cartoon in *Punch* second only to the immortal "Dropping the Pilot." The scene was cast amid the sands of Egypt. The solitary living figure was that of Disraeli in the guise of a Cook tourist. Beneath his arm, in lieu of the proverbial umbrella, he carried a monster key inscribed "The Key of India: Suez Canal." Upon his face was that indescribable half-smile, half-smirk of mingled cunning and exultation which Tenniel so well knew how to portray, as he looked up at the Sphinx, looming colossal in the background, upon whose granite countenance were an answering smile and a most obvious wink of congratulation. The reference was, of course, to the British purchase of the Khedive's Canal shares, which gave to Great Britain commanding influence in the control of that highway and the paramount interest in Egyptian affairs which has logically led to the present consummation.

There will be no regret at these changes. Turkish rule on the Bosporus has long been the scandal of Europe, and the barring of the straits to free traffic has been a major disturbing factor in the politics of the world. When Peter the Great secured his "window looking on Europe" on the Gulf of Finland, he found it barred half the year with ice. Then he sought a "window at the south" in the conquest of Azov, only to find himself looking on a Turkish lake, with access to the Mediterranean barred at the "narrowing Symplegades." It was that circumstance, the barring of the Bosporus and Dardanelles, that drove Russia during two centuries to seek other lines of access to the open sea—across Siberia to the China Sea, across Persia or Afghanistan to the Persian Gulf, across Sweden and Norway to the North Atlantic; more than once at the cost of war. Now that age-long demand for passage of the straits will be gratified.

Nor will there be regret at the nominal subversion of Egyptain "independence"—that is, of something which has scarcely existed since the death of Cleopatra. Roman, Persian, Saracen, and Turk have successively lorded it over the Land of the Pharaohs, save for the brief interval when Mehemet and Ibrahim waged war against Turkey, and might have taken Constantinople and have made the Ottoman Empire an appanage

of Egypt had not the great powers intervened. Since then Egypt has been a puppet in alien hands.

Now the historic relation among these waterways is this: that it was the seizure of the Dardanelles and Bosporus by the Turks that sent Columbus in quest of a Panama Canal—that is, in quest of a water highway from Europe to Asia across the Atlantic—and it was as the successor of the obsolete Byzantine route to India that the Suez Canal was planned and constructed. The epochal coincidence in the history of the three convincingly emphasizes the satisfaction which is to be felt at the American control of the Panama Canal. We can realize how deplorable and indeed intolerable it would be for that highway to be placed under such bigoted, selfish, and exclusive rule as that which for centuries has controlled the Dardanelles; or to be subject to the disturbances and menaces which have at times assailed the Suez Canal, and which would frequently prevail there were it not for the assertion of British authority. Yet the former history of the Isthmus of Panama suggests that if left to local control the fate of the canal there would be comparable in evil with that of the Dardanelles under Ottoman, and that of Suez under native Egyptian rule. These latter have only now, after many years, and as a result of inestimably costly war, entered into the fortunate estate which we have peacefully assured to our canal from its very inception.

THE CENTENARY OF BISMARCK

There is a peculiar fitness in the commemoration of the centenary of Bismarck at this time. The vast war which convulses Europe is in a sense the most appropriate celebration. Not that Bismarck would have precipitated such a war if he had been living, for in all probability he would not have done so; or if he had done so, it would have been in a far different manner. Nor that his mighty shade in the Elysian Fields looks with pleasure or satisfaction upon the present situation of affairs upon the Continent; for that is inconceivable. But the war is, after all, a logical if not the inevitable outcome of the system which Bismarck originated and imposed upon Germany; and if it be said, as it well may be, that he never contemplated nor intended any such thing, then it is also to be said that the case presents a striking illustration of the inexorable manner in which the process of events often exceeds intent.

It was under Stein and Hardenberg and Scharnhorst, just

at the time of Bismarck's birth, that Prussia was raised from the ruin into which Napoleon had plunged it and was made again one of the great Powers of Europe. But Stein and his colleagues aimed at nothing more than the rehabilitation and secure defense of Prussia as the chief North German State. They had no imperial vision. They had no thought of Continental conquest. These things were left for Bismarck. But it will be observed that when Bismarck conceived and executed his great designs, going so immeasurably far beyond his predecessors, he did so through the very means which they had prepared. They had provided the means, and he used them for an end of which they had never dreamed.

Born during the Napoleonic "Hundred Days," Bismarck entered public life in the stormy revolution era of the middle of the last century. At thirty-three, a typical Junker, he was in the midst of the strife of 1848. Not a soldier himself, save as every Prussian was a soldier, he looked from the first to militarism as the agency through which the designs of his statecraft were to be executed. For fifteen years he studiously slighted and contemned constitutional principles, and then, in the fullness of opportunity, he enunciated the supremely characteristic doctrine and principle of his whole career—the principle by which he had thus far been guided and by which he was even more completely guided and controlled during the succeeding and vastly more important transactions of his career. It was on September 30, 1862, speaking in the Prussian Diet, that he said:

> Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities are the mighty problems of the age to be solved, but by Blood and Iron!

The next nine years saw that principle practically applied, with tremendous effect. The powerful enginery which Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst had created for nothing more than the rehabilitation and confirmation of Prussia herself, was transformed into an agency of aggression, of spoliation, and of aggrandizement. Two years after that utterance, Blood and Iron were applied to Denmark, and two rich provinces were shorn from her. Two years after that, Blood and Iron were made the portion of Austria and many minor German States; Hanover, Nassau, Electoral Hesse, and Frankfort, together with the Danish provinces, were annexed outright by Prussia, and Saxony was made a military appanage. Within the next five years France had been scourged with Iron and drenched with

Blood, and in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles there had been proclaimed that new German Empire which meant Prussia and a group of subordinate States. Believing that France had been "bled white" beyond all power of recuperation, and that Great Britain, alienated from Russia and France, was no longer to be accounted a force in Continental politics, Bismarck reckoned his object achieved. The "mighty problems of the age" had been solved by Blood and Iron; and Prussia bestrode the map of Europe as a supreme and impregnable colossus.

The solution was not, however, final. Long before the "Dropping of the Pilot" this fact was recognized—by no man more keenly than by Bismarck himself. France had not, after all, been "bled white," but had exhibited a recuperative energy unrivaled in the history of the world. In time, too, the international alienations which Bismarck had sedulously fostered and upon the perpetuity of which he had over-confidently counted, waned, disappeared, and were replaced with friendships and alliances. Why not? After Königgrätz, had not Prussia and Austria become allies? After Solferino and Magenta, and in the presence of Italia Irredenta, had not Italy and Austria together entered the Dreibund? Surely, then, it was not wonderful that memories of the Crimea should fade sufficiently to let France and Russia become allies; that Fashoda should be forgotten in an Anglo-French entente; and that even Great Britain and Russia should find that they had more reasons for friendship than for enmity.

In the face of these changed conditions, what was to be done? It may be matter for speculation what Bismarck himself would have done. The Emperor who had "dropped the pilot" did not hesitate. The old factors, created by Stein and Hardenberg and Scharnhorst, and employed with tremendous efficiency far beyond their original purpose by Bismarck, were again to be employed—this time far beyond Bismarck's original intent. And so once more the rule of Blood and Iron was applied. Not only, however, was it carried beyond Bismarck's intent, but also it was carried in a direction directly opposite to that upon which he insisted. "The whole Balkan Peninsula," he said, "is not worth, to Germany, the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier." Yet with a petty Balkan embroilment as a pretext, not only all the grenadiers of Pomerania, but also all the soldiers of all Germany, are marched to the fields of death. Just as Bismarck used the means of Stein and Hardenberg and Scharnhorst for ends not meant nor antici-

pated by them, so his successor has used Bismarck's means for ends which he had not in view and of which he would probably not have approved. It is the old story of the Arabian Nights, of the Fisherman who released the Genie from the bottle. Or, rather, it is a realization of the German legend of Frankenstein.

In two other specific respects this centenary of Bismarck's birth sees Bismarck's policy brought to full fruition. "Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities," said Bismarck, "are problems to be solved." He himself on more than one occasion treated the Prussian Constitution as a negligible "scrap of paper." It is fitting, therefore, that his successor should regard a treaty as a "scrap of paper," and should in effect say that it is not by treaties or conventions of the nations that problems are to be solved, but by Blood and Iron. Again, the ruthless spoliation and annexation of Hanover and the other States, and the attempt to "bleed France white," find their analogue in the spoliation and attempted annexation of Belgium and the draining of that country's very life blood.

It was the glory of Bismarck that while he found Germany a group of discordant and impotent States—puppets in the hands of France and Austria—he made it the greatest Power on the Continent of Europe, and successively the conqueror of Austria and France. Thus he left it at his death. It is logically appropriate, though it is inexpressibly bitter to reflect upon, that the centenary of his birth should see the mighty structure of his erection jeoparded "from turret to foundation stone," and that through the operation of principles which he himself enunciated and of forces which he himself set in motion.

COMMENT

The poet William Watson complains in a letter to the London *Times* that we misrepresented him in the communication which we addressed last month to Lord Northcliffe. After pointing out that the sonnet did not contain the expressions, "craven daughter" and "noble mother," he says:

> Colonel Harvey also represents me as cursing his country. It would not become me to quote my own sonnet in order to show how grotesquely baseless is this accusation. It is more to the purpose to observe that Lord Fisher, in a message to the people of the United States, conveyed to them *via* the New York *Tribune*, expressed the wish that the whole people of that great republic might read what I had written, and I leave it to your readers to judge whether the First

Sea Lord is likely to have committed such a wanton breach of international good manners as to recommend the American people to read a poem in which their country was cursed and called "craven," while the "nobleness" of England was held up for admiration.

Although we frankly confess with due apologies that Mr. Watson has a measure of justification for concluding that we assumed to quote him literally, such was not our intention. We aimed only to interpret the spirit of his effusion. Whether or not we succeeded in that endeavor can be judged from perusal of the lines themselves, to wit:

TO AMERICA CONCERNING ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday
Of her large soul's abundance and excess?
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress,
Dowered with her thoughts, and lit on Thy great way
By her great lamps that shine and fail not? Yes!
And at this thunderous hour of struggle and stress
Hither across the ocean wilderness
What word comes frozen on the frozen spray?
Neutrality! The tiger from his den. . . .
Springs at Thy mother's throat. And canst thou now
Watch with a stranger's gaze? So be it then.
Thy loss is more than hers; for, bruised and torn,
She shall yet live without Thine aid, and thou
Without the crown divine thou mightst have worn!

It is for the reader to infer also whether the poet, in carefully refraining from submitting the sonnet itself as evidence of misrepresentation, was really actuated by becoming modesty or by apprehension that he might disprove his own contention. Despite the expressed desire of the First Sea Lord that all good Americans might read the verse—though what that has to do with it we have difficulty in comprehending—we are quite willing to accept a decision founded upon the merits. That we were not alone in our impression appears from Mr. Watson's further ingenuous remark to this effect:

My poem had already been scattered broadcast throughout the United States by the newspaper press of that country, and had evoked innumerable rejoinders, public and private, some of them breathing a ferocity which I was innocent of attempting to arouse; but so far as I have had opportunity of seeing, it was left for the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to represent an English poet, who claims to have written at least as sympathetically and admiringly of America

as any living Englishman has done, as having violently aspersed, insulted, and even anathematized the American nation and people.

We did indicate quite plainly, and still insist, that America is not beholden to England exclusively for either her birth or her growth, and cannot, therefore, be justly pronounced guilty of ingratitude for not rushing eagerly to her support. The stern withholding of the crown divine, too, we regarded with composure, without, however, "breathing a ferocity" such as characterized the "innumerable rejoinders" of others less considerate of a poet's sensibilities.

Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, whose untimely death we regret deeply to record, was not, like his father, a great journalist endowed with marked originality and telling forcefulness, but he was good and strong and true as steel to the high ideals which it became his duty to maintain. The sending of a message of condolence by the President was a thoughtful and appropriate act on the part of the only one who could voice the sentiment of the whole country which the famous old journal has served so long and still serves with unsurpassed intelligence and fidelity.

Senator Hamilton Lewis relieves all doubts in this happy fashion:

> I prophesy if times are good, the administration will get the credit and Mr. Wilson will be re-elected. If times are bad as a result of the war and conditions of the war continue to such a degree as will make times bad merely through the peril of the fear of war—the country will continue President Wilson, on the ground that, having through such peril maintained peace, it is wiser and better for the nation to continue the condition that maintains the nation in peace and honor, at a loss of some small commercial benefits, than to have a change upon the theory of a policy that might promise commercial revival in certain industries and yet by the other method involve the nation in a war of retaliation of tariff duties from other countries, retaliation of embargo upon our ships and our shipping, and retaliation in different forms of discriminations against us that would tend to open conflict and prospective war.

A comforting soul!

Senator Ollie James must have had Senator Brutus Camden in mind when he declaimed in the Senate during the discussion of the Shipping Bill on February 5th:

But, Mr. President, above everything, if this bill must go down, if this great constructive measure must fail, if this must be the first defeat for the greatest President who has occupied that chair in fifty years, if he must fall and above his body the wild shouts of a triumphant Republican body shall rise, I do pray God that I may be spared the humiliation of reaching down to pull from his body a dagger bearing the impress of the hand of a Kentucky Senator.

The "wild shouts of a triumphant Republican party" did indeed rise in due time, but the biggest of Senators spared himself the dreaded humiliation by taking the first train for his old Kentucky home, thus leaving the greatest of Presidents in a plight which a Victorian novelist would have pronounced sorry —to say the least.

"The New York *Times*," said Mr. Taft, "sent to me a man to ask my opinion of Mr. Root. I told them without hesitation I believed there was no one better fitted for the Presidency in the country. The *Times* published it, and a man wrote to me and asked if my experience of 1912 had not shown me the people of this country did not care a damn what I thought."—*Press report.*

And what was Mr. Taft's reply?

The fact that Maine's municipal elections showed an average Republican gain of 30 per cent. and an average Democratic loss of 12 per cent., indicating a Republican majority in the State of 30,000, should not surprise any one acquainted with the political sentiment of New England at the present writing.

When Speaker Clark declared in Philadelphia that President Wilson "bears a burden heavier than any President since Lincoln has borne," he put into a sentence what we have taken twenty pages to say elsewhere in this number.

WASHINGTON NOTE,—The old sign, "Offices of the President and Congress" has been supplanted by a new one reading, "Offices of the President and the State Department."

Do you want to go to the Panama Exhibition, now in full swing in San Francisco? It's easy. All you have to do is to win the Five-Hundred-Dollar Prize in our LIFE'S picture contest, shown on this and the opposite page.—*Life.*

But does anybody want to go?

PEACE

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

I PRAY for peace; yet peace is but a prayer.
How many wars have been in my brief years!
All races and all faiths, both hemispheres
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere
The wide earth through: yet do I not despair
Of peace that slowly through far ages nears,
Though not to me the golden morn appears;
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

For man doth build on an eternal scale,
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;
The millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,
Though ever unaccomplished is His word;
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail,
Supreme, when in all bosoms He be heard.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

THE VICTORS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

They have triumphed who have died;
They have passed the porches wide,
Leading from the House of Night
To the splendid lawns of light.
They have gone on that far road
Leading to their new abode,
And from curtained casements we
Watch their going wistfully.

Ah! that turn, that glimpse! That last
Wondering where their feet have passed!
They have read new meanings, they
Who have found the open way.
Now they know that hill and glen
Far beyond our mortal ken,
And they know why Winter turns
Into April; why Youth burns
With its dreams that go to rust,
Why men falter, and yet trust;
Why the Autumn grieves and sighs
Underneath the brooding skies;
Why the grass, with punctual feet,
Comes in Spring our eyes to greet,
And white dawn succeeds white dawn,
And the moon shines on and on.

They have left our House of Night,
Faring to the bournes of light.
Grieve not for them; rather, say,
"They are victors on the way;
They have won, for they have read
The bright secrets of the dead;
And they gain the deep unknown,
Hearing Life's strange undertone.
In the race across the days
They are victors; theirs the praise,
Theirs the glory and the pride—
They have triumphed, having died!"

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

CLOTURE

BY CHAMP CLARK

In the last days of February and the first days of March cloture was the resounding theme of every tongue, the text of every newspaper. The House of Representatives has it. The Senate is debating it.

"Cloture" is our word "closure" Gallicized. So far as its use in parliamentary bodies is concerned, Webster defines "closure" as follows: "A method of putting an end to debate and securing an immediate vote upon a measure before a legislative body. It is similar in effect to the *Previous Question*."

In the House "the previous question," our name for cloture or closure, has been in use almost from the beginning and is of high privilege—only two other motions—"To adjourn" and "To lay on the table"—ranking it. With the large House membership we could not go very far without it. Mr. Speaker Reed once truthfully said: "All the rules of the House are intended to aid in the transaction of business; not to retard it." Most assuredly "the previous question"—that is, Shall the main question now be put?—tends to expedite the transaction of business. When Mr. Speaker Muhlenberg called the first House to order he presided over fifty-six members—Rhode Island and North Carolina not then being in the Union.

With so few members there was no necessity for "the previous question." In the earlier day there was time sufficient for the handful of members to talk to their hearts' content. The House is now composed of four hundred and thirty-five members, two Territorial Delegates, two Commissioners from the Philippines, and one from Porto Rico. It is patent that every member cannot speak *ad libitum*. When we conclude that there has been a *quantum sufficit* of debate, some member, usually the member having the bill in charge, moves the previous question. If that motion prevails, the bill is immediately voted on. If the motion for the previous question is defeated,

the control of the bill swings to the leader of the opposition to the bill.

"The previous question" is not in order in the Committee of the Whole or in the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union.

The history of the curtailment of speeches in the House is interesting and pertinent. Until early in 1812, while Henry Clay was serving his first term both as a member of the House and as Speaker, if a member could secure recognition he could talk as long as he pleased about anything and everything under heaven. Of all our famous public men, John Randolph of Roanoke had the least logical mind. He was much of a scholar, and possessed a wonderful store of information, for he had read almost everything worth reading. When the spirit moved him, which was quite frequently, he delivered orations three or four hours long, learned, sparkling, brilliant, on many topics, having no sort of connection with one another. Since St. Paul perhaps John C. Calhoun possessed the most logical and metaphysical mind. It so happened one day in the early part of 1812, while Mr. Speaker Clay was temporarily absent from the House, Randolph started in on one of his classical but rambling orations, whereupon Calhoun, who was acting Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and desired to present some measure touching the then prospective war of 1812, made the point of order that no member should be permitted to address the House unless some proposition, bill, resolution, amendment, or motion was pending. Mr. Bibb, of Georgia, Speaker *pro tempore*, overruled Calhoun's point of order, probably because he dreaded Randolph's fiery temper and sarcastic tongue, and the brilliant Virginian proceeded. After a while Clay returned and resumed the chair. Calhoun immediately made his point of order again, and Clay, who was afraid of neither man nor devil, sustained it. Thus was taken the first step in regulating speech-making in the House; but it did not curtail the length of speeches. Clay simply sustained Calhoun's point without giving any reason. Somebody, however, must have criticized his ruling, for shortly thereafter he wrote a letter to the Government organ in Washington explaining and justifying his decision.

House speeches were not shortened until 1841, when the feud between President Tyler and Clay became acute. Clay would secure the passage of Whig measures through the Senate and send them over to the House, where Henry A. Wise, who possessed the most extensive vocabulary known to our history,

aided and abetted by a small coterie of "Tylerites," talked Clay's bills to death. This infuriated "The Great Kentuckian," one of the most imperious of mortals, to such a degree that he induced the House, which was overwhelmingly Whiggish, to adopt "the hour rule" in order to put a bit in the mouth of Wise. From that day to this no man has been permitted to speak longer in the House than one hour except by unanimous consent—a most wholesome rule.

The longest speech delivered in the House in twenty years was Hon. Sereno Elisha Payne's nine-and-one-half-hour speech explaining and defending the Payne Tariff Bill. In reply to him I spoke five and one-half hours. To state the facts more accurately, we held the floor for nine and one-half and five and one-half hours respectively. What were called our speeches were really prolonged dialogues with divers and sundry members seeking information or endeavoring to bother us; but, as we were both speaking without limit by the courtesy of the House, and as he was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means and I the ranking Democrat on it, we could not in decency refuse to answer any pertinent question. As a matter of truth, we also answered many which were impertinent.

It goes without saying that the hour rule would have been adopted sooner or later even if Henry A. Wise, with his astounding vocabulary, had never gotten into action. It was a thing inevitable. The growing membership of the House would have forced it. I have learned that the enactment of a statute is frequently occasioned by the conduct of some one person. So in this case Henry A. Wise precipitated the adoption of the hour rule. He builded more wisely than he knew.

Clay, having succeeded by his vast influence in inducing the House, a body to which he did not belong, to bend to his iron will, was in high feather, and he went back to the Senate, of which he was a member, and endeavored to force the Conscript Fathers to adopt the hour rule. They, however, treated his ukase with contumely and scorn, and have turned up their august noses at the hour rule or any limitation whatsoever on debate in the less numerous branch of the National Legislature whenever or by whomsoever it has been suggested. They probably will continue so to do for some years to come.

During the fight on the Ship Purchase Bill, forty-five out of the ninety-six Senators voted for Senator James A. Reed's quasi-cloture motion on that particular bill; but it is apropos

to state that when they did that they were sleepy, weary, sore, and animated by a desire for revenge. Certainly they did not so vote "in a cool state of the blood." Anyway, the forty-five did not constitute a majority, and their votes are simply straws indicating the direction of the wind.

It is said that a cloture rule will be introduced in the Senate when it meets again, and debate will be had thereon. And such a debate—of such unheard-of length! Introducing a rule in the Senate and getting it adopted are two propositions very different.

The Senate began with twenty-two members. Certainly there was no necessity for any sort of cloture, mild or severe, in that far-away day. Now there are ninety-six, and many persons outside the Senate and some inside are clamoring for cloture; but this clamor is intermittent. When a stubborn filibuster is on, the clamor vexes the ears of men; at other times it dies out. But, it is to be remarked, the clamor for cloture always goes to one bill and to one filibuster! In any fair discussion as to what Senators are liable to do about cloture we would do well to remember what Senators will not forget for one moment when brought squarely face to face with a general cloture rule, and that is, that the regular of to-day is quite likely to be the filibuster of to-morrow, and *vice versa*. That thought may give them pause. Nor should it be forgotten that rules in parliamentary bodies are largely for the protection of the rights of the minority, and that majorities and minorities have a queer habit of changing places in this country.

Is filibustering ever justifiable? Any person curious on that subject might accumulate some useful information by inquiring of the men who poured a flood of vituperation upon the latest filibusters how they regard Arthur Pue Gorman, Matthew Stanley Quay, and James Donald Cameron, who led the successful filibuster against the Lodge Force Bill. If that is not sufficient, let the seeker after truth confer with the celebrated pundit, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who was one of the astutest managers of the triumphant filibuster against the Ship Purchase Bill, and discover what he thought of the great performance of Gorman, Quay, and Cameron when they killed his Force Bill. Verily, verily, much depends on whose ox is gored. Times change and men change with them.

The great argument against cloture in the Senate is that there should be some place in our system of government where

questions can be discussed fully—which is absolutely true; but even a good thing can be overdone, and unquestionably it is sometimes overdone in the Senate. Mere garrulity is not discussion, and in the Senate there is no limit to speech except human endurance—the endurance of the Senator who is doing the talking. When a filibuster against a particular measure is carried to such an extreme as to defeat measures absolutely necessary for the public welfare, it becomes not only a farce, but a nuisance, and should be abated.

Public opinion, when fully aroused, is an irresistible force. I once heard a great Senator say that no bill was ever defeated in the Senate which a clear majority of the American people really wanted. It might be delayed, but could not be indefinitely postponed. He cited the amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by popular vote and the Income Tax as samples. Therefore, according to his dictum, when Senators conclude that a majority of our people demand cloture in the Senate, then and not earlier the Senate will adopt cloture—mild, easy cloture, something midway between the severe cloture of the House and the utter lack of cloture in the Senate. They perhaps will adopt a rule that at the end of five or ten or fifteen or even twenty days of debate on any bill it will be in order to move the previous question on the bill or on the bill and all amendments to the final passage. Even that mild form of cloture is not likely to be adopted in a hurry, for the chances are that a majority of Senators do not believe that a majority of the people demand Senatorial cloture.

The average citizen considers legislative results more than legislative methods. So soon as he discovers, if he ever does, that beneficent and remedial legislation is blocked and defeated in the Senate by reason of a lack of cloture, he will force cloture, for in political and legislative matters the average citizen is supreme. From his fiat there is no appeal except to himself at some future day.

Writers on pugilists and pugilism are fond of quoting the sentence, "Youth will be served." That saying is applicable here, and the fact that the average age of Senators is so constantly reduced that the name Senator is slowly becoming a misnomer may force Senatorial cloture sooner than is generally expected.

CHAMP CLARK.

POLITICS AND PROSPERITY

BY JAMES B. DUKE

WHILE business prosperity is not the chief concern of individuals, the bringing about and maintenance of conditions essential to business prosperity is the chief concern of modern governments. To keep just peace with foreign nations is perhaps more important—but this does not require constant effort; to preserve order and maintain the machinery for the administration of justice is equally vital—but this is left largely to local authorities. The time and attention of the executive and legislative departments of the Federal Government, in normal times, ought to be, and are, principally taken up with matters that are essentially and fundamentally business matters, having to do with the financial well being of the citizens of the United States. The tariff, the income tax, the currency and banking laws, the anti-trust laws, the interstate commerce commission and trade commission statutes, are all matters of precisely this kind.

It is a great mistake to assume, as to most of these matters, that there is a conflict in interest between different classes of citizens—certainly if comparative wealth is the basis of the classification. Undoubtedly it is unpleasant for the average man to pay direct taxes, and therefore, an income tax, especially when it is graduated, may be assumed to displease the rich, who have to pay it, and, correspondingly, to please the poor, who do not have to pay it. Generally speaking, though, these matters of business involve no conflict of interest whatever. The very conditions that bring good dividends to the shareholder and opportunities otherwise for the profitable investment of capital, bring good wages and abundant work to the wage-earner and good markets to the farmer; and the very conditions that bring distress to one bring distress to all. The difference between the various elements is not a matter of conflict, but a matter of vast difference of degree of interest:

the conditions that merely curtail the dividends of the shareholder, and lessen the income of the capitalist, may bring the best obtainable wage of the laborer to the starvation-point, or, worse still, transfer him from the ranks of self-supporting and self-respecting labor to the bread-line.

It is not a pleasant contemplation, but it is the simple truth, that since 1904 the whole course of national political affairs, so far as it has been influential at all, has been—with one solitary exception—toward the depression of business, the hindering of business prosperity, the curtailment of the income of the capitalist and the laborer alike. That single exception has been the so-called Federal Reserve Act, which, while it has in it possible seeds of inflation and danger, is, in the opinion of most competent financiers, a work of constructive legislation that at least makes violent money panics most improbable, and frees the currency of the country from the danger of centralized and discriminating control.

That is the only exception, and, in my judgment, bad as business now is in this country, if it were not for some of the benefits that come to our trade from the European War we would now be in a condition infinitely more distressing. Thousands of men are now out of employment, but there would be tens of thousands if peace had reigned. Certain farm products have been low because of the war, but it is my belief that cotton itself is at as high a price now as it would have been by this time if conditions of the first half of 1914 had continued; and the prices of other farm products are twice as high. Mills have had to close or run on part time, but are better off, infinitely—they and their employees—than they would have been had the world been spared the sickening sight of men by the millions engaged in shooting each other down. The European War is a nightmare to all humane men, and ultimately we must suffer financially, as well as in our pity and sympathies, on account of it, but, so far, its effect on our business prosperity undoubtedly has shown a decided balance of advantage and not disadvantage to us.

It is an elementary truth that any individual, family, community, or nation may spell its business success or failure in terms of income and outgo. More received than expended means business success, rapid or slow as the excess of receipts over expenditure is great or small. More expended than received means failure, quick or delayed as the deficit is great or small, and as the resources are considerable or insignificant.

This condition is revealed in nations by what is called the balance of trade. Some countries—as England—have enormous incomes from foreign investments, and some—like Switzerland and France (at least so far as Paris is concerned)—have enormous incomes from foreign tourists. The United States is neither the world's bank nor the world's playground. We must, in the nature of things, send large sums to European countries in interest and dividends, and our rich and pleasure-seeking compatriots spend much in luxuriant living and luxuriant buying in European capitals and recreation districts and shopping centers. We are producers of *things*, and if we are to have the success that attends an excess of income over outgo, we must make our *export* of *things sold* sufficiently exceed our *import* of *things bought* to do more than balance our interest charges and tourist expenditures. If this so obvious thing be true, might not one expect to find a policy in the administration of national affairs that would seek to increase exports and seek to decrease imports? Could the head of any manufacturing, farming, or other producing business defend a policy in favor of decreased sales and increased purchases? Has not "raise your own supplies" and make your surplus for sale as large as possible been the advice given to, though, unfortunately, not always heeded by, farmers everywhere?

The fact, however, is that the deliberate, and apparently premeditated, conduct of our Federal Government since 1904 has tended to prevent our "raising our own supplies," and tended to make our surplus for sale as small, and not as large, as possible.

The building of an export business in manufactured products is a difficult undertaking. The customs, tastes, desires, even whims, of the prospective buyers must be carefully studied and heeded. Their currency, terms of credit, and methods of distribution to the consumer must be taken into account. Most of our manufactured products have, as a large item of their cost, labor, and our foreign competitors have cheaper labor than we have now, and cheaper, I trust, than we ever will have. No concern, whose products are without patent protection, can hope to build an export business unless it has adequate capital to make large investments, whose return—like bread cast upon the waters—it may see "after many days," and may not see at all unless its operations are so large as to give it a maximum of efficiency and economy in production. In other words, a manufacturing concern that builds an export business worth while must be a big concern—it must be a part of "big business."

Now, since 1904, nothing has been quite so antipathetic to the Federal Government—quite so conducive to the hostility and sinister suspicion of all departments of the Federal Government—as "big business." Undoubtedly "big business," as well as little business, has erred and erred grievously, and these errors have deserved the corrective influence—severe condemnation, if you please—of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments. So far, very well. But the vital fault is that it has not been the wrongs, but the size—the power—that have been crucified. Power and wealth—accompanied by the evidence of a desire to accumulate power and wealth—led to the condemnation and disintegration of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company. It is the basis of the charge of the Government in the Steel case, the Harvester case, and the Cash Register case. Now, wealth and power in a business organization bring a capacity for evil, it is true—as do talent and power in an individual—but they are essential, in the one case as in the other, to the accomplishment of much good.

No one can read the decisions of the courts in the anti-trust cases, nor the briefs for the prosecution in such cases, without being brought to the fact that it is mere "bigness" that is crucial and condemnatory; all else is detail. Motives are questioned in some cases, but they are motives that involve an ambition to become big; forms of growth are denounced, but in the very opinions that condemn them it is said that substance is infinitely more than form. In one case—as in Standard Oil and Tobacco—the company is criticized for not being sufficiently considerate of the welfare of competitors; while in another—the Steel case—the complaint is that too much consideration has been accorded competitors. In the one case and the other the real objection is to size and success.

There has been nothing unintended in the attitude of the executive department of the Federal Government in this matter. As early as January, 1910, the Attorney-General in the argument of one of the anti-trust cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, conceded his effort to be one to cripple the foreign commerce of his country, and put upon Congress the responsibility for his action. "Nevertheless," he said, "Congress was undoubtedly, in passing that Act (the Sherman Act), expressing the mature, deliberate judgment of the people of the United States, that it was far more important to them that all combinations of the character that we have here should be destroyed, than that our great foreign trade and commerce

should expand as it has done, and that we should be as rich a nation as we are."

Well, so far as the cases have reached the Supreme Court, the "mature, deliberate judgment of the people of the United States," as interpreted by the Federal Department of Justice, has been invariably enforced, and some of the effective builders of our "foreign trade"—some of those who had contributed to making the "nation as rich as we are"—have been put out of business. In the mean time, so far as I have been advised, the serried ranks of interrogation-points that surround and threaten successful business men have not been diminished, but have been increased in their numbers and in their terrors, by new legislation and new commissions and new inquisitions.

In the midst of this condemnation and uncertainty, the exporters have drawn back, naturally. Their business did not disappear overnight. There has been nothing deliberate about it; no purposed curtailment of effort; business men do not regulate their affairs with the view of teaching either the Government or the voters a lesson. Inevitably (subject to the abnormal conditions that the European War has brought) there has been a curtailment of our manufactured exports because of the hostility of all the circumstances toward the exporters. Can the export trade in harvesting machinery be energetically exploited when the company that makes and markets harvesting machinery is fighting, through the courts, for its life? Can the export trade in cash-registers receive the full thought and energy of the chief executive of a company when he is trying to reverse and annul a sentence of imprisonment?

There has been, then, a cutting down of our export business by a tendency to cripple those who have the capital and organization essential to effective competition in the export fields. This has been to the loss of these companies and to their employees, who might have labored in the production of goods for export, and to merchants, farmers, laborers who would have supplied the wants of these employees, if the employees could have enjoyed the luxury of satisfying their wants.

The place of these exporters is not to be taken by small independent exporters permitted, by a dispensation, to work in combination in their foreign trade in violation of a law that is a criminal statute and therefore presumably defines a crime. There ought to be no permission given to commit a crime. If the statute in truth defines what ought to be criminal—what shocks the conscience of the average good citizen—there

can be no excuse for a dispensation that will prevent its execution, wherever the jurisdiction of the United States extends. If, as construed by the courts, it does not describe what is properly a crime, it ought not to exist as a criminal statute. In any event, foreign trade will not be gotten by any voluntary association, subject to the looseness of control and the jealousies and bickerings of such associations. It is to be gotten, if at all, by highly organized, largely capitalized concerns, having income already assured sufficient to enable them to look with complacency upon initial losses in foreign fields. In some lines of new business—as in automobiles—an individual may "from the ground," and without co-operation except from his employees, succeed, but generally, short as the individual's life is, a business concern of the capacity required is resultant from the combination, at some time or other, in some form or other, of the business, brains, and training of several—perhaps many—formerly competing companies.

Having adopted a policy, the recognized effect of which was to discourage our export sales and thus diminish our income of foreign gold, our Government, with the change of administration in 1913, in its tariff legislation, adopted a policy deliberately designed to increase our purchases from abroad—and thus, at the same time, to diminish the opportunities of employment of our workmen, and increase our outgo of gold. The tariff question has been discussed since the world—the business world—began, and the man who thought he had a new word to add to the discussion would be rash and presumptuous. I hope I am neither the one nor the other, but it is and always has been to me one of the things past finding out, how any one whose schooling has been in practical business matters, and whose opportunities have included the opportunity to watch the larger currents of trade, can favor as a fiscal policy for his country what he recognizes as sheer folly for himself, or his family, or his neighbors.

There must be an analogy between the state of mind that in 1896 led some to favor free silver and the state of mind that in 1915 leads others—perhaps largely the same people—to favor free trade. If the world were one—with the same mints and coinage laws and currency denominations extending everywhere—it is easy to believe that the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at a fixed ratio would be practicable and wise. If the world were one, it is also conceivable that it would attain its highest development if each section devoted itself to the production of what it could produce best, buying from other

sections what they could produce better, and giving in exchange its own supreme and glorified products. There would be involved in this conception, though, equality of wages, unselfishness in men, and a complete making over of human nature, as well as of political and industrial life. But the world is still composed of contending forces and if we are to play our part in the world's trade we must, in the first place, have a currency such as the world uses, and we must, in the second place, make our fiscal policies conform to things as they are, and not to things as they might be. England, with its enormous interest and dividend income from foreign lands, needs industrial growth less than any other country, and, except England, there is no country whose government is not jealously attempting to hold for its own producers its own markets, and to obtain for them, and to encourage them in the obtaining, foreign markets for the disposition of their surplus.

Yes, there is one other: our own. But more than any other country on earth we need that policy. We are yet a new land, with undeveloped resources, with high wages, with substantially no foreign investments, and we require an export trade. If our policy of opening our markets to the foreigner insured his opening his markets to us, the situation would be different, but such is not the fact and such is not the tendency. In the game of business, as in most other games, men take advantage of, rather than imitate, the mistakes of their rivals.

We can survive, with our exports of agricultural products and our sporadic and unorganized exports of manufactured products to set off against our foreign interest payments and tourist expenditures, but only if our own producers are protected in their occupancy of their home market. Whatever party platforms may say to the contrary, there has been no revision of the tariff in fifty years that did not, in some things and to some extent, recognize the desirability of protection. But our last tariff law was framed by those who deny the validity of the principle; the protection it gives is haphazard and half-hearted; it was designed deliberately to increase the consumption by our own people of foreign-made goods, and, to the extent it succeeds, to diminish the market of the American producer.

The normal effect of all fiscal legislation and trade tendencies has been turned awry, in one direction or another, by the cataclysm that involves the whole of Europe; but before that cataclysm happened there were tendencies unmistakable to the

observant business man. He deceives himself, and not others, who says that the business conditions here were good in June and July of 1914. The trade balance—the excess of our sales over our purchases—had been $308,624,462 in our favor during the first seven months of 1913; during the first seven months of 1914 our sales exceeded our purchases by only $60,579,830. A change so soon of $250,000,000 in this absolute barometer is more significant than any theory of what should happen, however so ingeniously devised or attractively expressed.

No man can assert it as a fact, but I repeat that, in my deliberate judgment, formed not without careful thought, it has been only the tragedy of war that has prevented our condition from becoming disastrous even by this time. The war has thrust opportunities for export business upon us, and in the mean time our home market has, in spite of ourselves, been left to our own producers, for the simple reason that Europe cannot at the same time conduct war and produce goods for the American markets.

What is the cause and what the cure for this singular antagonism of governmental authorities to what is conducive to prosperity? No man desires ill for his country—least of all men upon whom their countrymen have conferred the honor and the responsibility of high office. Successful business men in charge of large affairs have undoubtedly, in their zeal, erred, and so, in their zeal, have public men whose ambitions have been along the line of politics rather than of business achievement. Is it possible that public men are more intent on the punishment of successful business men, and preventing the accumulation of large personal fortunes, than on achieving a condition of helpfulness to all? In a country so large and rich as ours it is idle to attempt to bring about a condition inimical to the accumulation of great wealth that is not also inimical to the wage-earner, the farmer, and all self-supporting men.

The cure for present ills is certainly not in the projection of the successful business-builder into public office; public office requires talents that the business-builder has not had time nor environment to cultivate. The business man who enters politics, without acquaintance with public men or general knowledge of public affairs, is apt to be most inefficient. Cannot the cure come, in part at least, from cordial co-operation and conference, on business matters, between substantial, sober, and successful men of business on the one hand, and the men in charge of the administration of public affairs on the other? I

do not mean that men in charge of the administration of public affairs should yield their judgment—only that they perfect it through frank consultation with successful business men who surely wish no ill to their country; but rather crave prosperity, not for themselves alone, but for the whole people, of whom they claim to constitute a component part as patriotic citizens.

President Wilson never said a wiser or truer thing than when, away back before the national conventions, he declared that all residents of this commercial country—miners, manufacturers, producers, bankers, lawyers, preachers, teachers—all are necessarily business men, and that, consequently, viewed aright, there could be no real conflict of interests, but there must be genuine co-operation along the whole line to attain mutual advantage throughout the world and the personal happiness that springs from common prosperity at home.

If all men in business and all men in public office—not excluding the President himself—will take this saying to heart and, in approaching difficult problems, act upon it openly, fairly, and manfully in the broad and thoughtful spirit in which it was given, the way will quickly open to the most splendid era this country has ever known.

JAMES B. DUKE.

RUSSIA'S STRUGGLE FOR AN OUTLET

BY SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

Among the dramatic events of the unparalleled clash of peoples in this war of the nations is the spectacle of the bombardment of the Strait of the Dardanelles by an Anglo-French fleet, the most powerful engine of warfare that has ever been assembled in one action, led by an obsolete Russian cruiser, the *Askold*, a relic of the disastrous conflict with Japan. The operations of the great international armada, and the presence in it of one of the remnants of the Russian naval power which escaped the destructive force of the Japanese fleet in the fateful year of 1904, are coincidences of vast significance in the present turn in the world's affairs.

An inkling of this significance may be gathered from the triumphant incident in the Russian Duma a few weeks ago, when the representatives of the Russian peoples—Great Russians, White Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Tartars—rose as one man in a tumultuous demonstration of enthusiasm to the announcement in the Chamber by the Armenian, M. Sazonoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Russia at last was assured of the attainment of her ancient goal, Constantinople—*Tsarigrad*, the City of the Tsars! The portentous silence with which this declaration was received in the capitals of the other members of the *Triplice* augmented instead of detracting from the suggestiveness of the occasion. The roar of the guns had hardly begun at the mouth of the Dardanelles when the Russian press, now more than ever guided by the strong hand of officialdom, gave vent to a bitter and universal presentiment of disappointment—or was it menace?—at the prospect of a failure in the achievement of a national ideal, perhaps the only ideal which unites all the races of the Russian Empire.

A glance at the steady southward march of Russia through

a series of wars for more than a thousand years past will aid in the realization of the intensity of the passion which dominates Russian diplomacy and Russian arms in the present appalling crisis. Beside this ancient aspiration of a fast-growing people of almost a hundred and fifty millions of souls, the ambitions and resentments of the rest of the world—the French longing for Alsace-Lorraine, the Italian desire for the "restoration" of the lost provinces, the German demand for a "place in the sun," and even the vital British struggle for mastery of the seaways—appear as mere impulses of yesterday.

The southward pressure of the Russian mass began in the semi-legendary period of the Varangians, who, in the person of the Viking Ruric, laid the foundations of the Russian Empire in Novgorod—the *New City* which at the beginning of the tenth century was already hoary with age. It was Oleg, the successor and kinsman of Ruric, who led the Russians in their first onslaught upon the towered walls of Constantinople in 906. Then it was that a Russian invading army—an army of Pagans, who offered human sacrifices—first beheld the glamour of the city which was destined to appeal dominantly to the Muscovite imagination to this day. After Oleg came his successor, Sviatoslav, Grand Duke of Kiev, on the path of conquest southward. Through the Varangian line to the beginning of the Romanoff dynasty the same pressure toward the City of the Tsars is indicated by sporadic and unsuccessful adventurings toward a domination of Byzantium, the mistress of the Mediterranean and the religious capital of the Eastern world.

In the time of Peter the Great, and largely under the influence of his mighty personality, the southward march of Russia became a fixed policy, almost an instinct of Russian statecraft. Having opened the much-desired "window into Europe" by the establishment of St. Petersburg, and obtained free access to the Baltic, the sovereign whose achievements assured a European destiny to Russia set about the inherited task of securing for his empire a seaport which should be open all the year round, unlike Archangel, on the White Sea, or Kronstadt, on the Baltic. His campaign against Turkey, in 1711, the overwhelming disaster that came upon him on the Pruth, the devoted efforts by which his mistress, Catherine, succeeded in satisfying the cupidity of the Grand Vizier and the withdrawal of the Tsar from his abortive advance upon Constantinople, at the cost of all the jewelry which the future Empress could scrape together, are incidents of a reign which reads like a romance.

But the failure on the Pruth blazed the path for similar dramatic ventures in the future, of which the latest—and perhaps the last—is being related every morning at the breakfast-tables of the two Americas in the columns of the morning press. In his unsuccessful advance upon the Sweet Waters of Europe, Peter the Great, always a constructive statesman, had adopted the principle that it was Russia's part to aid the Christians under the horse-tail standards of the Turks. He had sought to reach the dazzling goal, not across the Black Sea after the example of Oleg, but overland, through the country of an oppressed Christian people, the Rumanians of the Danubian Hospodarates of Moldavia and Wallachia. The precedent was destined to be followed with fidelity by his successors, including conspicuously Catherine the Great, Nicholas I., Alexander II., and the last-named sovereign's grandson, Nicholas II. Each of these assumed—or attempted to assume—the rôle of protector of the Christians subject to the Porte.

The assumption of such a part by Russia was made all the easier by the circumstance that practically all the races under Ottoman rule were kin to her, either by the single bond of religious unity (as represented by the Eastern Orthodox Church), as in the case of the Rumanians and the Greeks, or by the double affinity of faith and blood, as in the case of the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Montenegrins. The Empress Catherine conceived the romantic project of reviving the might and the glories of Byzantium—the Eastern Rome—under a scion of the House of Romanoff. To that end she named one of her grandsons Constantine, after the founder of the city upon the Golden Horn. The Grand Duke had been dedicated at his birth to the destiny of ascending the throne of the Eastern Cæsars. The failure of Catherine's plans was due to the delay of her Grand Admiral, Alexis Orloff, in attacking the Dardanelles after he had smashed the Turkish navy off the island of Chios and annihilated its remnants in the harbor of Tchesmé, on the mainland opposite. When Orloff's fleet appeared off the entrance to the strait, he found that the Ottomans, acting then under French direction as now under German, had fortified it to an extent that made it impregnable.

But the Empress had succeeded in accomplishing a definite result by the campaign against Constantinople. She had so terrorized the Sultan Abdul Hamid I. that in 1774 he signed the treaty of Kütchuk Kaïnardji, by which he bound himself to open the Dardanelles to Russia on the terms enjoyed by the

one greatly favored nation, France, and recognized the protectorate of the great Empress of the North over the Christians of his empire. That treaty, which was designed to reduce Turkey to the position of a sort of trans-Euxine province, had the effect of arousing the collective suspicions of the rest of Christendom and brought in its wake a series of tragic events, including the Crimean War.

In the memorable siege of Sevastopol the concert of Europe, then consisting of Great Britain, France, and Sardinia, demonstrated its determination as well as its ability to interpose a barrier of arms between Russia and the realization of her dream to establish herself at Constantinople. When Alexander II. mounted the throne of the Romanoffs upon the tragic death of his father, Nicholas I., in 1856, he performed a historic act of renunciation under the victorious guns of the Allies. He appended his signature to the Treaty of Paris, under the terms of which Russia was locked out of the Dardanelles and the key was thrown away, so to speak, on the assumption that the decree of Paris was a law of nature. And yet to-day two of the Powers which imposed that treaty upon Russia are burning tons of powder in the Strait of the Dardanelles in a determined attempt to reverse their own verdict and let Russia out of the pent-up Utica of the Black Sea.

But the Treaty of Paris was not a binding instrument in Russian eyes even in the years that immediately followed its signature. In 1877, responding to an undoubtedly strong sentiment among the mass of the people, Alexander undertook to undo the deed which had been accomplished amid the thunder of cannon on the Crimea. He declared war upon Turkey—one of those chronic undertakings which had dotted the Balkan Peninsula with Russian graves and incidentally had brought freedom to the Danubian principalities, to Servia and Greece.

The stirring events of that struggle — the stubborn resistance of the Turks, the enormous losses of the invaders, the creation of the principality of Bulgaria, the recognition of the independence of Rumania and Servia as a result of the war—are memories of yesterday. But in the essential purpose of that conflict Russia failed, and the failure seared the heart of the Russian people. When the Russian army arrived before the walls of Constantinople, the longed-for recompense for the sacrifices of ten centuries, it found the gigantic shadow of England's forbidding hand at the gates of Tsarigrad. A British fleet in Besica Bay, with decks cleared for action, swung ready, with

steam up and full ammunition chests, to enforce the "Stop!" which Beaconsfield uttered in the hour of the greatest triumph of the Muscovites. It is related by eye-witnesses that the Russian soldiers—not merely the officers, but the rank and file—wept as they beheld the gleaming domes of Santa Sophia, from which they were being debarred by the might of Britannia, standing at the gates of Russia's desire with a drawn sword.

At the Congress of Berlin, where Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Andrássy forced Russia from the path to the open sea which her triumphant legions had beaten, Europe once more affirmed its veto upon the southward march which Ruric had begun, and once more pronounced the decree which the battalions of the Allies had spoken at Sevastopol.

Russia, with her customary tenacity, bowed to the inevitable for the moment, withdrew her forces from the Balkan Peninsula, and promptly undertook a new adventure which reflects little credit, either upon the statesmanship or the humanity of her governing men. Having been debarred from Constantinople, Russian statesmen settled down to a policy of tampering with the virtual independence of Bulgaria and Servia, the two small Slav States which owed their liberties to Russian intervention. There are bitter memories at Sofia of the underground methods of Russian diplomacy—of wholesale corruption, varied by threats and seditious agitations, of abductions of princes and insidious attacks upon the vitality of constitutions. It is recalled in Vienna that King Alexander of Servia, attached to Austria at a period when Russia sought to establish her influence at Belgrade, fell by the hands of assassins, with his Queen, Draga Maschin, and that he was succeeded by the strongly pro-Russian Peter Karageorgievitch. All these feverish activities are ascribed by adverse critics to Russia's unscrupulous determination to keep a way open toward Stamboul and the Dardanelles. But this is a page upon which no lover of Russia cares to dwell.

The opposition which Russian statecraft met with in the Near East had one incidental effect—that of diverting the attention of the Tsar's statesmen to the Far East in the century-long search for an open outlet. There is reason to believe that the first signs of the new impulse toward Far Eastern expansion which became apparent in St. Petersburg in the early nineties of the nineteenth century were received with hopeful gratification in Vienna and Berlin. These aggressive energies at the

other end of the world seemed to give promise of a respite nearer home to both Austria-Hungary and Germany. The archives of the foreign office at Vienna contain a copy of a note wherein Austria pledges herself to refrain from exerting pressure upon the Russian frontier in the event of a conflict between Russia and Japan. Germany gave similar assurances to her mighty neighbor. At both Vienna and Berlin there was a hope, almost pathetic in its intensity, that, having put her hand to the plow in Asia, Russia would not turn back to the oft and vainly furrowed fields of Europe.

These expectations, however, were not justified by events. The hand of the Muscovite giant, stretched across the width of two continents, came into contact with the full strength of the Japanese pygmy. The Japanese battalions decided at the battles of the Yalu, of Liao-Yang, of Mukden, that Russia must lose the ice-free harbor of Port Arthur, which she had obtained from China by the expedient known as a lease, and of Dalny, which had been evoked overnight as if by a magic wand, and the decision was confirmed by the treaty of Portsmouth. Once more the greatest nation in the world, in point of population, with the sole exception of China, found itself balked of a free outlet to the seaways of the globe.

Forced back from its advanced position in the Far East, the restless and perpetual southward pressure of Russia made itself felt almost instantly after the astonishing events of 1904 and 1905 in its earlier channel. For the next decade, leading up to the sharp interchange of despatches between Vienna and Berlin, on the one hand, and London, Paris, and St. Petersburg on the other, the nations of Central Europe and of the Balkans felt the reviving Russian interest in European affairs. There were treason trials in Austria, at which the authorities disclosed the agency of eminent Russians, including Count Vladimir Bobrinski, one of the leaders in the Duma and a former president of the Slavic Benevolent Society of St. Petersburg. There were signs and portents in the political sky. There was a movement under the surface of things in the Balkans—and then came the Balkan War, breaking like a clap of thunder upon the expensively bolstered up tranquillity of Europe.

The clash of swords in Southeastern Europe roused ominous echoes in the North and in the West. Russian battalions were called to the colors as a "precautionary measure." Austrian divisions were mobilized upon similar grounds. At the end of the first Balkan War came the second Balkan War, in

which Bulgaria was robbed of the fruits of her costly victories by the combined assaults of her former allies, reinforced by Rumania and supplemented by Turkey. They will tell you at Sofia that the collapse of the Balkan League and the despoiling of Bulgaria by the Allies whose battles she had fought with such conspicuous success were the outcome of Russia's determination to strengthen at all costs her Servian outpost on the Austrian frontier and to weaken and humiliate Bulgaria, the country which she never had been able to bend to her purposes, and whose growth in territory and in civilization constituted a barrier on the Russian road to Constantinople.

After the second Balkan War came the continued tremor of hidden forces which found expression in the bloody deed of Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort, Princess Sophie of Hohenberg, fell by the hand of a Servian youth whose head was hot with the fire of a nationalist agitation that had its origin in Belgrade. The next step in the tragedy toward which the world was being irresistibly swept was the resumption by Russia of its old rôle as the champion of an oppressed Slavic people—the rôle which Peter the Great had first assumed in his attempted march toward Constantinople by way of the Hospodarates of Wallachia and Moldavia. This, too, on the heels of a remarkable reversal of her established policy of 1913, when the champion of the Slavic races had permitted the spoliation of a Slavic nation, the Bulgarians, by three non-Slavic countries—Rumania, Greece, and Turkey. In 1913 Russia had presided at the dismemberment of Bulgaria. In 1914 the presentation of an Austrian ultimatum at Belgrade sent the Russian sword leaping from its scabbard on the ground that the sovereignty of a Slavic people had been menaced. Then the curtain rose upon the great struggle which is convulsing the world and casting grave doubts upon the efficiency of civilization.

And in this struggle, apart from the strange reversal of verdicts which has ranged the two mighty democracies of Europe shoulder to shoulder with its most powerful autocracy, is the astounding spectacle of those democracies fighting for the destruction of the very barriers which they have built up by force of arms to restrain that autocracy from dominating the world. Great Britain, which in 1877 had cleared decks for action in a determined effort to prevent Russia from approaching one step farther toward the forbidden strait, is hurling its sea-forces at the forts which Turkey has erected in its endeavors to

conserve its existence and carry out the mandates of England in the past. France, which precipitated the Crimean War because she could not tolerate even the prospect of Russian mastery in the Near East suggested by Russia's claim to the right of protectorate over the Christians of the Ottoman Empire, is backing the British ally in the terrific bombardment, with the obsolete Russian cruiser in the rôle ascribed in Scripture to the "little child." Verily, an almost unbelievable contradiction, which might well cause Disraeli to lie uneasy in the peaceful shadows of Westminster Abbey and break the repose of Alexander I. in the Kremlin.

And these operations have been undertaken at this stage of the general war because of a commercial necessity, the same necessity which has been the real motive beneath all the sentiment, religious and political, that has actuated the perpetual southward pressure of the Colossus of the North. The guns of the allied fleet are beating down the barrier that is keeping the Russian wheat crop of last year cooped up in the Black Sea. It is the argument of bread, the most powerful of all arguments, that is directing the fire of the gunners and the policies of their governments in the great assault upon the Dardanelles. It is precisely the same motive—the motive of self-preservation—that has vitalized and perpetuated Russia's ambition to unfurl her flag over the towers of Constantinople.

Will Russia be balked of her purpose in the readjustment of boundaries that will follow the pending universal convulsion? Or will a compromise be forced upon her by her Allies by the formation of a neutralized territory?

Upon the answer to these questions will depend the peace of Europe after the present war has been fought out. And the temper of the Russian people is not reassuring.

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF.

INFERIOR AND SUPERIOR RACES

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

One thing connected with the present war in Europe has particularly impressed me. It is the intimation that I have heard from time to time that this is, first of all, a race war and that it is, in the second place, a struggle to determine whether England or Germany shall rule the world.

I do not suppose that any one, who has thought about the matter, believes that it is possible to describe or even suggest, in any single phrase, all the motives that have gone into this mighty struggle. At any rate, I think it is safe to say that, back of all other causes, there is the ambition to be first, to be the leading power in the world. The nations do not desire to destroy each other, because each is necessary to the other, and the world would certainly be poorer, from every point of view, if either Germany, France, England, or Russia should suddenly drop out of it. What each belligerent desires, apparently, is not to destroy, but to cripple the other, to get its opponent at a disadvantage so that he will be compelled to accept a subordinate position. There is behind this war, in other words, the desire on the one hand to obtain a position of superiority, and, on the other, the fear that a superior position will be lost. And so important and necessary to the happiness of races and of nations is this superiority that in order to maintain it they are willing to sacrifice their own best blood and all the property which they have accumulated with so much pains and so much effort, and at the same time they are eager to destroy their neighbors' property and to kill and maim as many of their young men as is necessary to win.

Not only are they willing to inflict and to suffer in turn all these cruelties, but like some desperate gambler, they are prepared to risk their own future and their children's future on the chances of what to an outsider seems at best a doubtful victory, because, whoever wins, the masses of the people will

have to settle down and live side by side with the memories of all those who have died and those who have suffered and all the bitterness and hatred between them.

When I consider the cost of this war; when I think of the blood that has been shed; of the property that has been destroyed and the misery that has been caused—I am sometimes inclined to thank God that I am not a member of a superior race. Rather I am disposed to thank God that I belong to a people that cannot hope and does not desire to prosper at the cost of any other race.

There is a certain advantage in belonging to a race that has to make its way peacefully through the world; a race that prospers, if it prospers at all, because it has made friends rather than enemies of the people by whom it is surrounded. There is a certain satisfaction, also, in belonging to a race whose hope of success in the world consists in making itself useful to the world, and it is not wholly a disadvantage to the Negro that, though he should fight in every war as he has in this, it is not to maintain his own superiority, but that of some other race, that he fights.

These considerations have raised in my mind the question as to what it is, exactly, that we mean when we speak of racial superiority. In particular it has raised the question in regard to the subject races or those occupying second or third place in the world, what should they think and what sort of superiority should they strive for.

For example, it is said that the present war brings us one step nearer to a war with Japan, and from now on, perhaps, we shall be watching anxiously and eagerly everything that is said or done by Japan, always with the suspicion that whatever is said or whatever is done it is something to be feared, something to be resisted.

But this talked-of war with Japan, it is said again, is merely the beginning of a bigger and more terrible world war which must some day take place between the dark-skinned and the light-skinned races of the earth. It is assumed that the dark-skinned people, who are now classed along with the Slavs as inferior peoples, will infallibly imitate the example of the superior races; that they will plot and plan and secretly contrive means for overcoming those who stand above them, meanwhile interpreting every action of their rivals in the worst possible light and unconsciously employing every possible means to incite fear and hate, so that at last, when their

hour finally strikes, the lesser peoples will be ready and willing to rise up and throw off the protection which the stronger races have imposed upon them. In that case the fear and hate which they have cherished secretly in their hearts will give them courage to be as ruthless in their rebellion as the superior races are likely to be in suppressing it. And they will do this in order to convince themselves and the rest of the world that they are really not inferiors, but the equals, if not the superiors, of the white races.

Such seems to be the programme which it is generally presumed that those who are now regarded as inferior races—though of course they do not regard themselves so—will pursue with regard to the superior races, the races in control. This is, I have no doubt, an attractive programme to some persons, particularly agitators, and as there seems to be even more agitators among white people than among colored, I have no doubt there are many white people to whom this seems a perfectly proper and natural method of procedure. For one thing, the very general belief that it is the natural course to take under the conditions in which the white and the dark races now live, is the excuse for the harsh measures that it seems necessary to use now and then to keep the lesser peoples in their lesser places.

There is, however, for races and nations, as well as for individuals, more than one way to be superior. One race may, for example, be superior to the other by the simple process of getting on top and holding the other down. It may, however, become superior by learning to do some one thing better than any one else in the world. And this may be a very simple thing; it may be raising cotton or it may be writing a book.

There is only room for one race, one group, and finally one individual to be superior, if superiority consists in holding a place on top with every one else somewhere between that place and the bottom. On the other hand, there is opportunity for almost every one to be superior if superiority consists in performing some kind of useful service in an exceptional manner. Almost every race and almost every individual possesses some gifts that make it or him exceptional. There is almost certain to be some directions in which an individual or a race may be of greater service than in others. To seek and find that place is to be successful. To fill that place in an exceptional way is to be superior.

Therefore, the races which are down and are seeking to rise should consider this road to superiority. They will make a

mistake if they imitate the superior races in the struggle for a superiority that is grounded on force and conquest. We should ask each nation that claims to be superior, before we accept it as such and set it up as a model for ourselves, in what precisely its superiority consists. Nations, races, and individuals should not be classed as superior simply, but we should know in what they are superior and then we can determine whether we desire to imitate them.

What we should strive to do, to put it simply and squarely, is contribute our part toward bringing into existence a civilization in which superiority is based on service, and not contribute more than we have to to maintain a civilization in which superiority is based on force. We should look forward to a civilization based on racial peace rather than one based on racial war and racial subjugation.

Such a conclusion will seem very simple-minded and quite impractical. To choose such a course would mean that the lesser peoples, in their struggle upward, must be willing to plod painfully, patiently forward, winning their way as they go, proving that in each gain they make for themselves they are at the same time enriching the world at large, that in each step upward they have lifted not merely themselves, but the whole world above them.

Perhaps no race or people would choose to advance in this way, unless it was compelled to do so. It is much more thrilling to be able to feel that, just because you know your own worth better than any one else, you likewise have the courage to make peremptory demands upon the world for what is plainly your due, and then enforce these demands, if necessary, with the shedding of blood.

However, it will be a long time before the little brown people of the world will be in a position to enforce their claims in this way. The black people of Africa may never be in that position.

Meanwhile it is well to remember a very large part of the actual progress of the world in the past has been made by the farmer and the mechanic, those who reap and those who build, rather than by the soldier with his implements of destruction. Thrift, industry, and patience are still the staples of human progress, and the peculiarity about them is this, that, while they may belong separately to individuals or races, they are counted as part of the common capital because while they make no man's life poorer they make the whole world richer.

Not only has this been so in the past, but I believe it is going

to be true in an increasing degree in the future. It is part of the task of civilization to do away with war; it is also a part of the task of civilization to do away with agitations that lead to war, agitations directed against persons and races; agitations that distort facts and provoke prejudice; agitations that emphasize only the points at which there is conflict and minimize the points at which there is co-operation.

Superiority in the future will depend more upon excellence in some service for the common good and less upon success on the field of battle. I look forward to a time when no individual and no race will be considered superior to another merely because, being on top, he or it is able to hold that other race or the other individual down.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES H. BRENT, BISHOP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

THERE is no enigma in this caption. I mean Christ, the best known and the least known of the race. Nor will any one who claims to be a Christian dispute His supremacy as the Hope of the World.

When I speak of Christ I refer to One whom I know to be living, conscious, throbbing Personality, the most modern of men, whose activities are built on the foundation of a human career converted into an eternal force, perennial, inexhaustible. Upon His leadership accepted, His counsels heeded, depends the happy transfiguration of to-day's tragedies and woes, and the salvation of the world.

From the beginning men have demanded a leader who would be strong enough to weld a variegated multitude into a unity, loving enough to compassionate the feeble and maimed, great enough to give discerning attention to each of us separately. When they could not find such a leader among their contemporaries, men searched the past and idealized the best of their ancestors. But the strongest ancestral propulsion is a poor substitute for that compelling attraction of personal sympathy which alone can lift a man above himself. So it was that humanity, disillusionized as to the transforming power of the dead past, early began to explore the abode of the unborn in a quest for the Leader who men knew must be waiting somewhere for the beckoning of loyalty. Prophecy, the articulate yearning of the heart, was the invitation which the Hope of the World was tarrying for. He came, and left on the history of His time a representative impression. Since then He has not ceased to operate according to the principles revealed in His incarnate career. In Him we have a Leader who never fails

His followers. What is lacking is followers who will never fail Him.

The triumph of human confusion which our day has achieved does not connote the failure of Christ or even of Christianity. It does connote, however, the failure of Christians. The many concentric wheels of human thought and activity are not swinging on the common pivot, Christ. The result is what it is. Let Him be put never so small a space from the center of any department of life, and jolting begins. The mechanical has been exalted above the personal, the material above the spiritual, the expedient above the true.

Christ is the Hope of the World because He is the one Leader who has in Him human personality that is sufficient in wisdom, creative force, and stability to knit the whole human to the whole divine. He is no tribal partisan. Already in His time-scarred hands He holds the threads of the misconduct of the nations and is knitting them into a remedial scourge. He has in preparation a new nationality too self-respecting for jingoism, too respectful of other nations to be quarrelsome.

A world of persons can be unified only by complete Personality. The incomparable energy of co-operative international peace cannot be bought by money, molded by machinery, or bullied into being by great armaments. Now it is because Christ, the offspring of the most persistent nation in history, is superior to nationality by being whole-man (not super-man) instead of part-man as the mere nationalist or patriot is, that He is the Hope of mankind. Others, men well skilled to speak, will treat exhaustively of the congeries of valuable agencies, mechanical and otherwise, which will make for a higher order. I would confine myself to the one central figure that alone can give full meaning and power to all the rest. In a world of men that which counts is either personal or personalized. Consequently Christianity can never be a formula. It must be preserved (or revived) as a life principle controlled from moment to moment by its author. Principles call for acceptance first, then precise application. Christianity to live must always be original in this sense of re-acceptance from the hand of Christ, and re-application from generation to generation to the ever-changing conditions that make life a puzzle and a joy.

To-day the world of Christians stands before the bar of God's judgments convicted, punished—and forgiven. Now for the to-morrows of our Nation and the world! CHARLES H. BRENT.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY AND THE WAR

BY DAVID LAWRENCE

THIS is a day when the life of American industry and the domestic well-being of the nation, dependent largely on foreign markets, are intimately associated with the foreign policies of the Government. American diplomacy, hitherto aimless and placid, has become intensely practical. Its trend is now destined to be influenced in a variety of ways. Indeed, the central thought in the minds of officials and diplomats who are thinking, in a broad sense, of America and the present war is how far the identity of interest of the nations of this hemisphere will strengthen the bonds of Pan-Americanism and increase our trade in Central and South America; to what extent also the interests of this country in the Philippines and the Far East, generally, will require definition, or what adjustments of outstanding difficulties with Japan over the California anti-alien laws, or with Russia over the Jewish passport question. will present themselves in the light of current events.

To be sure, the advantages hitherto gained by the United States in its forbearance and championship of the cause of peace are not likely to divert the Government at any time from a recognition of our own equities in the unusual situation produced by the war. For while there no longer is any doubt of the commercial equity possessed by this nation in the affairs of the world, the American people have not until this moment been conscious of the diplomatic responsibilities acquired for them by the comparatively recent ascendency of the United States to a position of command among world Powers. Irrespective of which countries shall be the victors in the present struggle, the era of peace, as before, will present a system of checks and balances. Just how and where the United States ultimately will contribute its influence to the making of such an equilibrium has from the first absorbed the attention of the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited here.

Sixteen years ago American foreign policy could have been summarized in a phrase—the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. Then the Spanish-American War gave us the Philippines and a Far-Eastern question, with policies and interests destined by no means to diminish in importance with the promised grant of independence to the Archipelago. And now the greatest war of world history is molding for us a European policy. Traditionally, we have been opposed to "entangling alliances." Not even the most biased of the foreign diplomats here believes the United States ever will depart voluntarily from that course. Admittedly, it would be contrary to the spirit of independent America to bind itself in an offensive or defensive alliance with any nation. This would introduce a mutual responsibility over the respective actions of the contracting parties directly at variance with the doctrines of the American Republic as upheld by our statesmen from the very beginning. But Governments are not impersonal; their relations to each other are those of one individual to another. Nations breathe their passions, their likes, and dislikes, through the agency of Governments. The aspirations of one often are in conflict with those of another and just as frequently, too, identity, or, rather, community, of interest breeds strong and lasting friendships.

It is easy to point the goal of American diplomacy—the development of a policy of genuine friendship for all the nations of Europe, expecting from them in return a recognition of the paramountcy of the United States in the Western Hemisphere. But the attainment of this means a more general and explicit acquiescence in our interests by the different nations of Europe than we have witnessed in the past. Some may continue to remain aloof, interpreting in their own way and to their own interest the measure of their assent. With those who are in thorough agreement with us and do not seek to interpose obstacles to the development of our paramount interests it is inevitable that close understandings, often more effective than alliances, will ensue.

Such is the result which many diplomats foresee out of the rising influence of the United States. They do not predicate their beliefs on whether the Triple Entente or the Germanic Alliance will win. In fact, neutral diplomats and many high officials of the United States Government tired early of hearing the iterated boasts that Germany, or England, or France, or Russia would be "crushed." The neutral cannot conceive that

the limitless resources of the belligerents ever will permit so decisive a result. The pertinent fact, the importance of which is by no means underestimated in Washington, is that for the United States there always will be a Britain, a Germany, a France, a Russia, and an Austria with which to deal. The respective relation of these countries to each other cannot materially change their individual or collective feeling toward us. The tremendous resources of the United States make us more desirable even as a friend, and even as an ally, and less and less welcome as an adversary. A world granary is worth scores of army corps.

Should the mediation of the United States eventually be accepted, obviously its duties would be simply that of an intermediary furnishing the medium of communication through which the parties at interest are brought together to fix their own terms. No one for the moment believes that the United States will have a voice in making those terms, nor is it her desire to speak in that connection. Possibly for reasons best known to the belligerents, Italy, Spain, or Switzerland, or some of the other neutrals of Europe, may furnish the diplomatic machinery for the making of peace, a contingency which could not affect us adversely and might have the peculiar advantage of removing possible causes of embarrassment.

Whether the United States will accomplish the chief object of its diplomacy—the development of friendship for all while entering into hostile combinations toward none—depends, for the present, on the kind of neutrality preserved by the Administration and by the people of this country collectively. Ours, truly, has been a vigorous, unrelenting neutrality, as contrasted with the "friendly" or "beneficent neutrality" so often characteristic of States contiguous to those at war. The best proof of the impartiality of American neutrality is the universal approval given it by neutral nations. Neutral Governments have not hesitated to follow our lead or seek our advice.

Most of the negotiations of the United States in disputes as to commerce and contraband, it so happens, have been with Great Britain because of the naval superiority of that nation. Although controversies over seizures of ships and cargoes will continue indefinitely, a deep-rooted feeling of confidence, based perhaps on the free interplay of public opinion in the two English-speaking countries, prevails among the officials of the American Government, that the relations between the United

States and Great Britain at the end of the war will not be less cordial than at its inception.

As for the subsequent relations, on the other hand, between Germany and the United States, the belief existed for several months in many quarters in Washington, among some of our officials, and shared to an extent by neutral envoys, that, unfortunately, the two nations hereafter would not be as friendly. It was evident that such apprehensions were based to some extent on the fact that a large portion of the American press manifested itself in favor of the cause of the Allies. The prohibition by the American Government of the manufacture of submarines in this country for the Allies, the repeated protests against interference by England with neutral commerce, and the unwillingness of President Wilson to heed the suggestions of British publicists and even prominent Americans to protest against alleged violations of the articles of the Hague Convention may have failed to convince the German people, in these days of interrupted cables and censors, of the sincerity of our neutrality. As time passes they are bound to understand. The most amusing but none the less significant circumstance of the day is that German despatches charge the Administration with being "pro-English," and London despatches not infrequently have accused the same officials of "pro-German sympathies."

In the long run the moot question of neutrality and the idea that our decisions appeared to favor one side or the other will be viewed as a matter of accident rather than intent. They will balance each other—this is the conclusion of far-seeing diplomats who recall similar occurrences in history and discount the passions of the hour. Yet one phase of the situation which may linger long in the minds of German publicists, and perhaps a large part of the people, is the partisan debate which Americans have carried on in newspapers at home and abroad on various aspects of the war. Notwithstanding President Wilson's earnest appeal for neutrality of utterance, a prejudice against Germany's cause in the present war has been manifest in many journals and periodicals which is likely to be construed as an antipathy toward the German people, for whom America always has felt an admiring friendship. It is not necessary to argue here the merits of these prejudices, but merely to realize the fact of their existence. Certain it is that unless American public opinion through its various channels of expression effectually dispels the view, now developing in some parts of Germany, that the people of the United States have all but taken sides

physically in the present conflict, the position of this Government in the future, be it Republican or Democratic, will be rendered constantly embarrassing. Every act of our Government will be judged in the light of these war prejudices, and a feeling of natural distrust will be born which cannot but affect seriously frankness and cordiality in official relations.

Assuming, however, that no overt acts will occur during the present war to cause estrangement between Germany and the United States, there are some diplomats who see in the Far Eastern situation an index of our future relations with Germany. This view has its origin in the belief that the interests of Germany and the United States, as opposed to Japan, will tend more and more to coincide. Bernhardi, in his now-famous book, suggested the same idea.

Opposed to this line of thought, however, is the view of many American officials and diplomats who see no possibility of war with Japan, because they are convinced no momentous question will arise which such a conflict could settle. They contend that the mastery of the Pacific need be decided no more than has been the mastery of the Atlantic. Our commercial relations with Japan are profitable and constantly expanding. The abstract issue, moreover, of racial superiority as between the Caucasian and the yellow races does not require settlement by the United States any more than by the other nations of the world.

British diplomacy, which availed itself of the intimacy of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to restrain the Tokio Government from precipitating a crisis in the last California dispute undoubtedly will continue to exhibit that alliance to us as a similar bulwark for the future. Such a course would seem to be dictated not only by the desire for the preservation of a strong friendship between the United States and Great Britain, but by an appreciation, on the part of England, that racial prejudices, and an inclination to exclude the Japanese, is no less malignant in Australia and Canada than in California. A definite break between Japan and the United States assuredly would test to the extreme the strength of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. But the entry of Japan into the present war, involving big expenditures to an already-overburdened treasury, as well as the new opportunity for Japanese commercial expansion now sought by her in China, are counted upon by British diplomats to divert Japanese attention from this continent and secure, for many years, at least, peaceful relations with this country.

An interesting suggestion has been advanced in this connec-

tion by some American observers of Far Eastern affairs. They would bring about the acquiescence of the United States in the retention by Japan of the Bay of Kiao-chou for the remaining years of the lease previously held by Germany. Before hostilities were declared in the period during which Japan's ultimatum to Germany was being considered in Washington, the United States formally recorded itself in a note to Japan as expecting "to be consulted" in all matters affecting the territorial integrity of China and in such efforts as Japan might desire to institute to quell revolutionary outbreaks in China proper. Japan, on her part, promised eventually to restore Kiao-chou to China. Count Okuma, the Japanese Premier, some months ago announced that these promises had been nullified because Germany did not comply with the terms of the ultimatum, necessitating a long siege of Tsing Tao and many sacrifices.

In the mean time those who would urge the United States to acquiesce in the retention of Kiao-chou by Japan argue that for us the substitution of Japan for Germany in the leased territory can make no diplomatic or commercial difference. In return the suggestion is offered that the United States might conceivably obtain from Japan a favorable understanding or adjustment of all outstanding difficulties. Japan recently began separate negotiations with China relative to foreign commercial concessions, the exact effect of which on the Hay policy of the "open door" and equality of opportunity is not clear at this writing, and which may affect the attitude of the United States when the moment arrives for discussing the restoration of Kiao-chou to China.

In the light of present events with the manifold possibilities which the future holds in store it is pertinent to remember that the status of our foreign relations at the outbreak of the war will have a most important bearing on the course which European nations will be inclined to pursue when they are able to give closer attention to their interests in this hemisphere. We asked for a free hand in Mexico and obtained it. We adopted the principle that the States of the Americas should not be embarrassed by foreign concessionaires in working out their own destinies. During the progress of the European war we have had added to the manifestations which Great Britain and France previously had given us, of their acquiescence in the Monroe Doctrine, a practical recognition by Germany of her respect for the same. Of all the varying effects, indeed, which

the present war will have on the world's diplomacy, the most certain and calculable result is the open recognition by virtually the entire world of the paramount interests of the United States in this half of the globe. The Monroe Doctrine has never been defined; American diplomats consider its vagueness a virtue, though the numerous corrollaries drawn from it have not been without embarrassments. The Powers of Europe in the past have not been slow to burden us with its implied responsibilities, while reluctantly begrudging us its manifest privileges. Mexico at the close of the European war may furnish a supreme test of our responsibilities.

Although President Wilson in his references to the United States as "the nearest neighbor of Mexico" has never mentioned the Monroe Doctrine, it has been the purpose of his Administration to dispel the notion existing in many parts of Central and South America that the Doctrine comprehended the exercise of police power by the United States to the impairment of national sovereignties.

Several Ambassadors and Ministers from the countries to the south of us have told the writer recently that the relations between the United States and the nations in this hemisphere were never more cordial or friendly. No doubt this result has been reached because of the benevolent friendship which, on the whole, the various Administrations at Washington have exhibited toward weaker States. These grow more impressive, indeed, in contrast to the historic examples of domination by European Powers over smaller Governments. Latin America at last is convinced that the days of territorial aggression, once stimulated by the greed for slave States, have passed away and that the American people, essentially peaceful and self-sufficient amid their boundless resources and intensive opportunities, can well afford to continue their altruistic position. Our withdrawal from Cuba, and the declared intention of this Government to grant independence some day to the Philippines, demonstrates clearly to the world that the United States is not quietly seeking territory while professing otherwise. It is but natural, therefore, that the vitality given Pan-Americanism by the spontaneous efforts of the Central and South American nations themselves should have drawn them intimately to us in discussing the rights of neutrals in the European war. Almost within a year the nations of this hemisphere have recognized that in a closer understanding with the United States lies their greatest security.

Turning to our relations with the individual countries of Europe, we find special problems confronting us in both Turkey and Russia. Abrogation by the Ottoman Government of the capitulations during the stress of the war's confusion will not erase the claim of the Powers for extra-territorial rights and privileges in a country where religious tolerance is so doubtful. Identity of interest, no doubt, will bring all the Christian nations together in an effort to compose the situation there. Should German influence eventually be preponderant in Turkey, a settlement is no less likely than if British or Russian domination ensues. Regardless of the possibility that the United States may have to assert itself in the Levant before the present war ends, certainly we shall insist on receiving the same privileges granted to other foreigners in whatever understanding the European nations ultimately may reach with Turkey.

With respect to Russia, the circumstances which caused us to abrogate our commercial treaty—discrimination against the passports of American citizens who happened to be of the Jewish faith—seem certain to be altered in the not far-distant future. The promises which Russia already has made for the political and religious freedom of the Jew have divided what otherwise might have been a solid antipathy to the cause of the Allies by the Jews of America. Domestic reform in Russia with respect to the Jew no doubt would be received with enthusiastic approval by American Jews—the influential force behind the abrogation of our last treaty. If the promises are fulfilled, Russia certainly would have no plausible reason for discriminating against foreign Jews, especially Americans.

There is at present more than an expectancy in both Washington and Petrograd that a new commercial treaty overcoming the previous causes of objection will soon be negotiated. Both countries are anxious to provide the single stimulus needed for the making of an important agreement of reciprocal value. Numerous opportunities already have appeared in the development of European Russia and the Near and Far East where Russian influence has inclined toward American enterprise.

As for the other countries of Europe, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries are all our sincere friends. Our influence, wherever exerted, has been honorable and inspired by unquestioned motives. The universal readiness of practically all the nations of the world to sign treaties with us, agreeing to submit to a joint commission of investigation all disputes which may arise, is significant of their

faith in our uprightness. We have ratified conventions of this kind with nearly all the nations of the globe except Germany, Japan, and Turkey, and our diplomacy, for the next two years at least, will endeavor to add them to the list. Although a panacea for the passion that produces armed conflict may never be found, it is evident that if nations are sincerely desirous of avoiding war they can find in such treaties a bulwark of real security.

In these efforts to establish on a solid basis of friendship the relations of the United States with the other peoples of the globe may be seen the cause to which our Government and the nation is now dedicated. We may have no direct interest in the turbulence of the Balkans, but we have an equity in the peace of the world. In retrospect, the thought often suggests itself as to whether the present war would have been fought if the mediation of a single outside Power in whom all Europe could have placed its trust had been projected during those diplomatic conversations which preceded the actual outbreak of hostilities. Mutual distrust hastened the catastrophe.

The present war undeniably has won for the United States a universal respect abroad, notwithstanding the animadversions of interested propagandists. The world looks to us for the highest ideals of government and international amity. With such an enviable reputation the influence of the United States after the close of the war cannot but resolve itself into a balancing-force, ever working for the advancement of civilization and the cause of humanity—a force backed by such a wealth of public opinion as might well stay the hand of over-zealous nations or lend assistance to peoples struggling for national entity.

DAVID LAWRENCE.

SHOULD THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION BE SUPPRESSED?

BY PRESIDENT HENRY S. PRITCHETT

FOUNDATIONS for scientific, educational, and philanthropic service are not new in either Europe or America. Public attention in America has been drawn to them during the last ten years, not so much on account of their novelty as on account of the magnitude of some of those recently created. Six such foundations, chartered between 1903 and 1913, have a total endowment of three hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

Public attention has still further been directed toward these foundations by the inquiries of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. That the national Government, through appropriate agencies, should scrutinize these endowments and look closely into their objects and their administration is most desirable. A wise and thorough-going scrutiny of every educational and philanthropic agency chartered by the State is in the interest of the common good.

Outside of the somewhat vague anticipations of harm which might come from the size of these endowments, various individuals and organizations have recently expressed doubts concerning their administration and tendencies. Such criticism as has been directed toward the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is due chiefly to the fact that its reports deal with educational questions, where wide differences of opinion are possible.

It may illuminate the difficulties that the administration of these agencies encounter and set before the public a clearer idea of their purposes if some of these criticisms are considered in the light of the purpose of the Foundation.

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, holding its charter from Congress, administers the income of two endowments. One of thirteen million dollars is devoted to

the payment of pensions to college professors and their widows, in the three English-speaking countries of North America—the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. The other, of a million and a quarter dollars, is devoted to the study of educational problems throughout the United States and Canada, and to printing the results of such studies.

It has been conceded generally that the payment of pensions to college teachers is a worthy object, although so far but little attention has been directed to a sound economic and social basis for such pensions. Such criticism as has been directed toward the Foundation has arisen almost entirely from the administration of its second endowment, growing out of the educational studies which have been made and published, such, for example, as the studies of Medical Education, Legal Education, the Denominational Control of Colleges, the Training of Teachers, and the System of Education in the State of Vermont.

The theory upon which this division of the work was inaugurated was briefly the following:

Most American colleges and universities are intensely engaged in institutional problems. The rivalry between colleges tends to emphasize local considerations. Until recently one class of institution, like the college, showed but scant consideration for any other class, such as the public high school. It was believed that an agency with a moderate income, studying education from the standpoint of the welfare of the whole country rather than from the standpoint of a single school or isolated college, which sought to learn the conditions in the various States accurately, to study them sympathetically, and to report upon them frankly, could render a service supplementary to the work of the teaching institutions.

It ought to be said that this effort has met in most quarters a most satisfactory educational hospitality. It has been welcomed by the great majority of high schools, colleges, professional schools, and universities. On the other hand, there have been decided opinions that such an agency is not desirable, that it interferes with the free development of teaching institutions, that its separation from local interests is a harm, not a help. That, in short, it ought to be suppressed.

It is quite clear that the president of such a foundation is not in a position to answer this question to the satisfaction of all. Devotion to one's institution is a form of patriotism so universal and so intense that one who deals with many in-

stitutions comes to have some doubt concerning any opinion that a college may have of its own work or of the work of its neighbor. The weakest college, the most commercial medical school, somehow persuades itself—with apparent honesty—that students are better served by it than by its better-equipped rivals. I have even doubted at times whether the Carnegie Foundation was indispensable to the educational salvation of the country!

While one responsible for the administration of such a foundation may, therefore, not be an unprejudiced witness to its value, he may be in a position to lay bare the situation in respect to the nature of the criticism and as to the purpose and methods of his institution. No one knows quite so well the direction from which the stones come as he at whom they are thrown, nor does any one know quite so well the intention of the administration as he who has been responsible for it. It is upon this basis that I venture to set forth some of these criticisms in comparison with the purposes of the Foundation.

A large proportion of the criticism directed against the Foundation must be left out of discussion on account of the personal element which enters. Many brethren in denominational colleges discovered the Foundation's supposedly harmful effect only after it had pointed out that their medical schools were stock companies. A committee of the Department of Normal Schools of the National Education Association viewed with alarm the "effort of the Foundation to control American education." The offense lay in the fact that the Foundation had raised the question, "What is the function of the normal school; is it primarily a place for the training of teachers, or is it a college of general education?" Just now, some of the local papers of Vermont paint the Foundation in very dark colors. This is due to the study of education in Vermont, made at the request of the State, the conclusions of which ran counter to a number of local interests. It is perhaps asking too much of human nature to expect the approval of a college president or a local paper for a report which suggests the discontinuance of a subsidy.

This sort of criticism can be laid aside. However honest, it is in effect the inevitable reaction against measures which contravene local self-interest. It would be impossible to make a truthful report concerning the conditions in any State, in any municipality, in any institution, which would not call forth somewhat of this outcry. Omitting attacks of this nature, it

may, I think, be fairly said that thoughtful, intelligent men who do not read the somewhat voluminous reports of the Foundation, but who get their information from the comments of the press, are inclined to ask questions something like these:

The Carnegie Foundation is an endowed agency, conducted by a self-perpetuating board of twenty-five trustees, composed in the main of university and college presidents. Undoubtedly, these are high-minded and well-meaning men, but they intrust their administration in large measure to executive officers. Furthermore, they conduct their Foundation under a charter which excludes from participation in its pensions institutions that are controlled by religious bodies. Under such conditions is it not likely that colleges founded in good faith by religious organizations may be tempted into an insincere position in order to secure the benefit of pensions? Is it not possible that by the use of pensions the college professor himself may be made less independent and free in his opinions? Will not an agency separated from teaching bodies and unfamiliar with local needs exercise an undue influence upon colleges and universities? In fact, has not the Carnegie Foundation already undertaken a somewhat arbitrary enforcement of college and university standards? Finally, these questioners ask, if there is to be an educational agency which scrutinizes and studies conditions throughout the country and prints reports concerning them, ought this not to be a governmental agency, not one conducted by a board of trustees which is self-perpetuating and which is the holder of an endowment from a single individual?

At the inauguration of the Foundation and in every report since, it has been clearly explained that the endowment in the hands of the trustees can provide pensions for only a small proportion of the colleges of the country, and that by the terms of the gift only such colleges could be asked to share in these pensions as placed no test of a religious character upon the choice of officers or trustees. Since three-fourths of all the colleges of the country are related in one way or another to religious bodies, it has been perfectly clear to them from the beginning that they could not expect to share in the pensions provided by this endowment. The church colleges of the country, both Protestant and Catholic, accepted this situation in an admirable spirit. The various denominational bodies have co-operated with the officers of the Foundation constantly in all educational questions, and the Foundation has been glad to render them constant service. At the beginning, a number of

inquiries were addressed to it by denominational colleges chiefly to obtain information as to the form and nature of the conditions imposed by its charter; but with the exception of a very small number the attitude of the denominational colleges has been dignified and broad-minded. A very few have changed from denominational to undenominational charters; and, in nearly all cases, these changes were in progress when the Foundation came into existence. Doubtless, the form of the Foundation's charter has prevented at least an equal number of colleges from making such changes through fear of being considered insincere. The rumors of wholesale changes have been simply rumors. The attitude of the great body of church colleges toward the Foundation has been both dignified and sound. They have expected nothing in the way of pensions and have shown, on the other hand, the greatest readiness to co-operate in the study of educational problems and in the improvement of educational conditions. The entire experience, with the smallest number of exceptions, has been one wholly to the credit of the denominational colleges. They freely conceded Mr. Carnegie's right to give his money where he pleased.

The Foundation, on its side, has made every effort to show that this restriction in its charter has nothing to do with its attitude toward religion; that it related merely to a form of college government. The board of trustees has tried to translate the terms of this charter in the most liberal spirit. Recognizing that the number of institutions it could possibly admit was limited, it has welcomed many colleges whose denominational relations, although unofficial, are most active and rest upon long tradition.

In welcoming institutions to the limited list of those to which it can supply pensions, the Foundation has sought to distribute these not only geographically, but among colleges of different types. Of the seventy-three institutions which today share in the pension fund, some twenty are small colleges of the type of Middlebury College in Vermont, and Franklin College in Indiana. Some twenty-five are strong colleges like Williams College in Massachusetts, and Colorado College in Colorado. The remaining twenty-eight are about equally distributed between universities like Lehigh University in Pennsylvania, and Tulane University in Louisiana, and a similar group of the strongest universities in the country, whether privately endowed like Harvard in the East, or State-supported like the University of California in the West.

The apprehension that the professor in these colleges could be influenced in his attitude by the pension he is to receive rests upon two misconceptions; the first, as to the methods of administration. The teacher in these associated colleges does not deal with the Foundation at all. He deals entirely with his college, and receives his pension from the college exactly as he receives his salary. The other misapprehension rests upon a misconception of the character of the American college professor. As a rule, the university teacher in America has a fairly stiff back-bone. Nothing would so arouse his opposition as any effort, however indirect, to control his opinions about education, college administration, or any other subject. The sole opportunity the Foundation has to influence the educational judgment of professors is through its publications, and these have weight only as they are sound and prove in the end to be wise.

The specter of a baneful educational influence exercised by a remote agency upon the policy of struggling colleges and universities is one that has been successfully invoked in some quarters. It is not easy to show the public how far this conception is from what actually takes place, or how much more human is the process of the studies the Foundation makes. The vision of a foreign corporation sitting in New York, issuing educational edicts manufactured from questionnaires, is well calculated to arouse all our latent patriotism for what Professor Royce calls "provincial independence in education." What actually goes on is something like this:

When the Foundation accepts an invitation to undertake a particular educational inquiry, it associates with it for the purpose of that study such men as can be found, usually in the universities, whose experience and knowledge are believed to be of the greatest value in the field. In this matter, the universities have co-operated by allowing their professors leave of absence for one or two years. The group thus formed, together with the two or three men in the Foundation who compose its permanent staff, sit down in the most friendly conference with college faculties, trustees, superintendents of education, with State boards, with denominational boards, with Jesuit fathers, with all men who have to do with the solution of our complex problem of education. Out of this common contact of mind with mind, over studies made on the ground, there come, in the course of weeks or months, conclusions which may not be final, but which probably represent the best result that can be reached at the time. The local participant in this conference

gets some aid from the judgment of the man who is free from local traditions and local interests. The man from a distance, on the other hand, has his conceptions modified and made practical by his intercourse with the man on the ground. No man and no set of men can sit down in New York and report *a priori* upon education in Texas, or Nebraska, or Missouri. The man on the ground does not always look beyond his own yard. In patient, sympathetic, and intelligent co-operation lies the largest possibility of good.

In addition, there is an advantage to be had both for the country at large and for the local institution in the work of an agency which, while it seeks to be sympathetic and fair, is not afraid. Some of the conditions in education in our country have been wretched. Some of them are still so. In some States the real facts concerning education will never be made known until they are brought to light by an intelligent, sympathetic, but courageous outside agency which has the money to make the study, takes the time and care to do it, and is not afraid to print the results. The thorough organization of the alumni, the rivalry between State and endowed colleges, the fear of offending local interests, close the mouths of many of those who could speak the truth about educational conditions.

The experience of the Foundation in the publication of its study of Medical Education illustrates a situation of which the public knows little. When the reports upon the various medical schools were finally ready, copies of the proof were sent to the presidents of every college and university whose medical school had been described. There followed two months of busy consultations. Many of these presidents had no conception of the sort of medical school their institution harbored. Some of them were indignant. Some of them demanded that the report be suppressed. In every case their requests were met patiently and courteously with the statement that if there was an error in *fact* another examination would be made; and, indeed, in some cases two and sometimes three examinations were made before the facts could be agreed upon. But when agreed upon, they went into print. A few institutions preferred to wipe out their medical schools rather than see a truthful description of them printed.

It would scarcely seem necessary to speak of the Carnegie Foundation in connection with political influence, yet some of the criticisms passed upon its activities and some of the questions addressed to it by the Commission on Industrial Relations

seem to call for a word. To one actually in touch with the political activities of colleges and universities there is something humorous in the picture of one going down to a Legislature in advocacy of the ideas of a corporation bearing the name Carnegie or Rockefeller! The good college president who knows his State politics, who spends days and nights with the legislative committees, would enjoy that situation. It would be simply too easy.

An interesting demonstration of the usual process is now going on in the Legislature of Vermont, which has under consideration a bill proposed by a commission of Vermont citizens, which (although of great length and complexity) contains the more important recommendations put forward in the report of the Carnegie Foundation on Education in Vermont. The chief and convincing argument against the bill is the much-used slogan "Made in New York." So thoroughly has this spirit been aroused by active organization and by newspaper attacks that the Governor of the State and the members of the Legislature would probably feel themselves politically compromised if they conferred with one of the men who participated in this study. Yet some of these men spent months in the State and probably know more about the conditions than any one else. There is much dust in the air at Montpelier. One small college with an organized band of alumni can stir up more dust before the Legislature than two thousand public schools. And yet Vermont's problem of education is to be settled in the rural schools. For a generation they have been so conducted as to train men and women away from Vermont rather than to fit them for life on its farms and in its villages. The situation to-day is more difficult than ever because the country girl who has been the mainstay of the rural schools is no longer attracted by the small "wages" paid to teachers. She can do better elsewhere. These hundreds of country schools make the great problem. In comparison with this the question whether subsidies shall or shall not be paid to colleges or medical schools is relatively unimportant. But what claim have these isolated country and village schools to be considered? They have no organization. No alumni bring pressure on the Legislature in their behalf. No newspaper champions their needs. What chance have they in comparison with the movement conducted by the colleges, the normal schools, and the medical schools, with their graduates in every town? And all of these would be quite pleased to see the public-school question dealt with—after their wants are satisfied.

And yet the cold fact remains that somehow, some day, Vermont must reconstruct its rural schools, free them from politics, and turn their faces in the opposite direction if it is to live and prosper. Some day this work will be seriously undertaken. When that day comes perhaps the Foundation's Report will be of some use. The studies made by these foundations must achieve their result by a slow process. They can never hope to withstand the first sharp appeal to local interest. But if they are fair and educationally sound they will in the long run receive the support of thoughtful men in every State and help to shape a public opinion which will rise above considerations of personal or local interest. A patriotism will in time spring up which is wider than a college campus or a town or a county or a State. It is to this larger spirit that an educational foundation which has no widespread organization, no alumni, no constituency, must appeal. It must expect to wait on time.

The charge that the Carnegie Foundation has imposed upon the colleges and universities arbitrary standards is perhaps the one concerning which the most widespread misapprehension exists. College standards used in this sense refer not to those ideals of life and conduct which colleges seek to inspire, but to those objective tests which all colleges must maintain in order to carry on their work, such, for example, as the standards for admission and standards of examinations for promotion. With the fixing of such standards the Carnegie Foundation has little to do. These are set up and administered by the college faculties or by the various boards conducted by college faculties. The most that the Foundation can do is to bring such matters into the light. Above all, it has urged that such entrance standards be reasonable, that they be made with due regard to the high schools, and that they be honest. The Foundation has never attempted to dictate to any college what its standards of admission ought to be. It has not, however, hesitated to call attention to the wide discrepancy which has often existed between the standards laid down in the catalogue and those used in practice. The only standards that the Foundation has urged upon institutions of learning have been those of common honesty and sincerity.

Notwithstanding this, the Foundation is commonly referred to, even by its friends, as a "standardizing agency"—an expression which always causes a cold chill to run down the backs of the Foundation's trustees; for, as a matter of fact, the Foundation has steadfastly stood against mechanical standardizing,

and has insisted that there should be a connection between the objective standards which a college sets up for other people and the ideals of right and conduct which it maintains for itself.

Perhaps part of this misunderstanding has come from the use of the term "Carnegie units." In its first report, the Foundation approved and adopted the suggestion of the college entrance examination boards, that inasmuch as each year of the four-year high-school course is made up of three or four studies taken simultaneously, twelve to sixteen such studies would constitute natural units for the measurement of the work of these four years. The suggestion was immediately taken up as a means of comparing high schools and of estimating credits for college entrance in different parts of the country, and the phrase "Carnegie units" has become a very familiar one to college and secondary-school teachers. They have not infrequently been imputed to Mr. Andrew Carnegie himself—a sin of which he should be absolved. In the main they serve a useful purpose, but they have undoubtedly given to many an impression that the Foundation was in the first place establishing artificial standards for colleges, and, in the second place, was carrying out a mechanical system of such standardization. Both of these impressions are misleading. The work of the Carnegie Foundation lies not in the fixing of standards, but in bringing into public discussion the question as to whether the standards fixed and maintained by teaching bodies are reasonable and fair and wisely administered.

The fear lest a central agency dealing with education might interfere with the independent life of institutions has been voiced by more than one university president. As the argument has been generally stated, it runs like this: The universities have hitherto led their lives independently. There is here introduced an agency which through its various activities is likely to interfere with this independent life.

Such an argument rests, to my thinking, upon a failure to distinguish between independence and freedom. The university, whether it be endowed or tax-supported, needs not independence, but freedom; and this does not mean freedom from the State, but freedom in the State. Only by placing itself upon an isolated island can a human institution like a university have absolute independence; but it may have freedom in any American commonwealth; a freedom, however, limited by regard for the rights and the interests of other institutions.

The high school could, if the argument for independence

were sound, criticize the university as interfering with the independent development of the secondary school. In truth, the college and university have interfered in very arbitrary fashion with the secondary schools; and it is only within recent years and through the pressure of public opinion that they have come to consider seriously their duties toward secondary schools. The true solution lies in a freedom which takes into account the rights and needs of all of these social and educational agencies with which the university must deal. In the long run, the universities and the high schools and the educational foundations will learn their true relations, and each will attain the full measure of freedom to which it is entitled. It is in such freedom, not in complete independence, that the problems of a democracy are to be wrought out; for one must admit that the educational foundations are also agencies of democracy which finds in each country agents for its work adapted to the environment and growing out of its own civilization. The educational foundations are the fruitage of large private fortunes. In any other country but America these fortunes would have gone more probably to found a family, to perpetuate a personal estate, or to hand on from generation to generation family pride and power. Their use so extensively for philanthropic purposes is distinctly American and distinctly democratic. They, like the endowed universities, are governed by boards of representative American citizens. They represent a distinctive effort of our time and of our people to deal with the problems of our civilization. Just as completely as the endowed universities, they are responsible to public opinion. They will affect the universities and the universities will affect them. They will influence secondary schools and be influenced by them. And this process makes for better understanding, for broader views, for a truer judgment of educational interests.

There is one other doubt which will remain in the minds of some who will admit the truth of all that has been said. It is this: The officers of the Carnegie Foundation administer at the same time a Pension Fund and a Division of Educational Inquiry. Will they not use the Pension Fund to help out an educational propaganda? Will they not approach the needy college with a pension in one hand and an educational prescription in the other?

The question is perfectly fair and it deserves a sincere answer.

There is no question but that at its beginning the reports of the Foundation upon educational matters received more

attention by reason of the fact that it was also a pension agency. It is also true that a very brief lease of power might be gained by using the pensions as a bolster for an educational programme. How small a rôle such a programme could play can be realized when one remembers that there are nearly a thousand colleges and universities, hundreds of normal schools, and over fifty State and provincial systems of education in the United States and Canada. With all of these the Carnegie Foundation seeks to establish an educational relation. At the most, it can pay pensions in a small minority of the colleges. Its contribution to the great mass of colleges, so far as pensions go, comes in the establishment of the college pension idea. Colleges are rapidly establishing their own pension systems. For the great number of colleges and for all normal schools and State and provincial systems no question of pensions arises. If at the beginning the pension idea influenced the action of a few colleges, that time has long gone by. Those who conduct the Foundation have ever before their minds this situation. They have leaned backward in the endeavor to avoid such a development. Today the situation is perfectly understood by the colleges themselves; and the educational relation which the Foundation has with the colleges which never expect to share in its pensions is as active and as cordial as it is with any other college. All this those who are in education know. They also know that any possible influence to be derived from a pension fund is far outweighed by the power of educational publicity.

There is a second reason why the Foundation has not coupled its pensions with educational propaganda. It has no educational propaganda; no educational system to propose, no specific to recommend.

Finally, it is asked if there is to exist such an agency, viewing education from the standpoint of the whole nation, dealing with education as one thing and not as divided and unrelated things, publishing reports which have to do with the standards of school systems of the various States—ought not such an agency to be governmental? Should not such a function be exercised, if it is to be exercised at all, by the office of the United States Commissioner of Education?

The answer to this is clear. No privately endowed institution can ever take the place of a National Bureau of Education. Any privately endowed foundation which conceived of its functions in such terms would be doomed to failure. The most it can do is to study, to scrutinize, and to report.

There is just one reason why a governmental agency cannot at this time report critically on colleges and State systems of education. That reason everybody knows. It is politics. Every governmental Bureau, including that of Education, is politically governed. No Commissioner of Education could hold office permanently who undertook to tell the facts about education in the various States—in such a report, for example, as that of the Foundation's studies on medical education recently published, or that on legal education about to appear. It was tried a few years ago. A report was prepared in the Bureau of Education, making straightforward comparisons between educational institutions of certain classes in the various States. The moment the nature of its contents became known, the local institutions in many States appealed to their Congressmen and Senators, and they in turn to the President. The report was suppressed. It reposes peacefully upon the shelves of the Bureau. There it will continue to repose. And this situation will last just as long as the office of Commissioner of Education is subject to political pressure. Furthermore, the brethren who have recently been loudest in advocating a scrutiny by the Commissioner of Education, rather than that of the Educational Foundations, are the very ones who will appeal to their Senators and Representatives first if that scrutiny is made effective. This is the reason why an agency privately endowed, whose trustees represent the whole country, while it cannot take the place of a National Bureau of Education, can do certain work which at this time a Government bureau cannot do.

HENRY S. PRITCHETT.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY:—MADAME DU DEFFAND

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

We know her intimately through her multitude of letters, but we know her only as a blind, infirm old woman, dependent on the kindness of others for amusement, if not for support, and ready to depart at any time from the well-worn and tedious spectacle of flavorless existence, if it had not been for her utter uncertainty as to the world that lay beyond.

She had been very young, however, very young and very gay, as traditions tell us. Born into the most dissipated period of French social life, the regency of the first half of the eighteenth century, she was conspicuous for her charm and wit as well as for the irregularity of her conduct. She is said to have been loved by the Regent himself. In any case, she was most intimate with him and with his favorites, and turned that intimacy to advantage by securing a pension which was of solid value to her in later life. She fascinated others besides the wicked. The great preacher Massillon was summoned by her friends to convert her in early youth. He talked with her very freely, but would make no comment except that she was charming, and when asked to prescribe for her case would suggest nothing but a five-cent catechism.

She was married for convenience, but most inconveniently to her and her husband both. Either he was too fast for her, or too slow; at any rate, he was too dull. She left him, and returned to him, and left him again, and was adrift in the wide world.

It is important to note that with Madame du Deffand, as with some other French women, extreme freedom of living is quite compatible not only with great refinement of taste, but with a singular delicacy and sensitiveness of moral perception. She has an occasional coarseness of speech belonging to her age, but few people have been more alive to fine shades of affection, of devotion, of spiritual tact.

Nevertheless, her early life must be remembered, if we would understand her later. She herself says, "Oh, I should not want to be young again on condition of being brought up as I was, living with the people I lived with, and having the sort of mind and character I have." Dissipation, even less innocent than hers, disorders life, strips it of illusion, takes away utterly and for ever the charm of simple things.

With Madame du Deffand, at any rate, there was no illusion left, and in her gray old age the charm of simple things was gone, and of complex also. If she could have detailed her chill philosophy to Rosalind, that child of dawn would have cried out even more than to the curious Jacques. "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad." To this disillusioned lady the men and women of the age she lived in were either cynics or pedants, they were bold without force and licentious without merriment, they had little talent and a vast deal of presumption. But so far as her thought and her reading and her knowledge went, the men and women of other times were little better. Most were either fools or knaves, and the few who were not were so painfully conscious of it that living with them was more of a burden than with the others. She had words more bitterly acrid than even La Rochefoucauld's to designate the folly and emptiness and wickedness of life. "I do not know why Diogenes went looking for a man: nothing could happen to him worse than finding one." And she sums it up in one terrible sentence. "For my part, I confess that I have but one fixed thought, one feeling, one misfortune, one regret, that ever I was born."

As a general thing, however, her complaint is less violent than this, and what impresses her in life is not so much its actual evil and misery as its intolerable *ennui*. I must ask the reader's pardon for using the French word, which is, perhaps, by this time almost English. No equivalent exactly fits it. *Melancholy* suggests somewhat more of abstract reflection, and *boredom* more of irritation with external circumstances. Both these are sometimes applicable, but one cannot get along without *ennui* in discussing Madame du Deffand.

This, then, is the deadly burden that life inflicts upon her. The great hours run by, immense, interminable, with nothing to fill them, nothing that inspires her, nothing that amuses her, nothing that distracts her, even. The weary waste of time to come can be judged only by the barren memory of time past, and that holds out neither encouragement nor hope. To be

sure, she readily recognizes that the root of the trouble may be within. A certain lady fails to please her, "but she shared this misfortune with many others, for everything seems insupportable to me. This may very well be because I am insupportable myself." Whatever the cause, the malady is ever present and without cure. "I end because I am sad with no reason for sadness except that I exist."

It might be supposed that, drifting always in such a dead fog of *ennui*, she might bore her correspondents, much more her readers among posterity. She does often. She would very much oftener, if she were not, after all, a Frenchwoman of the wittiest age of French social life, with the sparkle of French vivacity at the end of her pen. Feeble as she was, world-weary as she was, perhaps even in close connection with these conditions, she had an indomitable nervous energy, which responded in the most surprising way to social or spiritual stimulus. Horace Walpole speaks with admirable justice of her "Herculean weakness." She found life dull. Yet out of the dullness she could weave the tissue of a correspondence with Voltaire in which the balance of brilliancy is not always on one side. Could we say more? She goes right to the fact in her letters, speaks vigorously, without tautology or circumlocution. "I care nothing for perfection of style or even for finished politeness. I detest phrases, and energy delights me." With what verve and petulance does she express the emotion of the moment, grave or gay. "Quick, quick, quick, let me tell you about the supper of yesterday, which worried me so for fear I should be dull or crabbed or embarrassed. Nothing of the sort. I never remember in all my life being younger or gayer or merrier."

She had the sheer salt of French wit, too, could tell a story inimitably, or strike off a stinging epigram. It was she who created the well-known phrase in regard to St. Denis's long perambulation with his head off—"It is the first step that costs"; she who said—untranslatably—of the verses that showered on Voltaire's grave, that the great author had become "*la pâture des vers*"; she who remarked of one of her own friends that her wit was like a fine instrument always a-tuning and never played on. Above all, she could make inexhaustible mockery of her own besetting evil. "Write disagreeably, if you like," she urges. "As the man said of the rack, it will make me pass an hour or two, at any rate." And, again: "I hear nothings, I speak nothings, I take interest in nothing, and

from nothing to nothing I travel gently down the dull way which leads to becoming nothing."

Thus the roses strewn over the abyss make it only deeper and blacker and more horrible. Others may take pleasure in her vivacity, may laugh at her stories, and applaud her wit. She takes no pleasure and finds the applause and laughter utterly hollow. Man delights her not, nor woman either. And still those interminable hours drag along, unfilled and unfillable as the sieves of the daughters of Danaus.

To be sure, when all these glittering analyses of nothing were written she was old and blind and sleepless, three things that are apt to dull the quickest spirits. Before she was far past middle life her eyesight failed her and she became the frail, exquisite, touching figure that we see in her best-known portrait, sitting in a great straw-canopied chair—her *tonneau*, she called it—with fine, earnest, sensitive features, stretching out her hands in the groping gesture pathetically characteristic of her affliction. And loss of sight to eyes so keen must leave an appalling emptiness.

Also she was tormented by insomnia, to long, blind, empty days were added solitary nights, when the tossing of weary limbs doubles the tossing of weary spirits. "One goes over and over in one's mind everything that worries and distresses one; I have a gnawing worm which sleeps no more than I do; I reproach myself alone with all my troubles, and it seems clear that I have brought them all upon myself." At 2 A. M. such things do have a most intolerable clarity.

With misfortunes like these, at seventy years old, it is perhaps not wonderful that a lone woman should feel that she had had enough of life. Unfortunately Madame du Deffand's weariness began when she was young and could see—too well. According to Mademoiselle Aissé, after she and her husband had parted, she asked him to come back to her, desiring to reestablish her position in the world. For six weeks things hobbled along. Then she became bored till she could endure it no further, and she made her state of mind so evident, not by ill-temper, but by all signs of depression, that the husband departed, this time for good and all. But who can depict her states of mind better than herself? "I remember thinking in my youth that no one was happy but madmen, drunkards, and lovers." And elsewhere she flings the facts at us like a glass of cold water in the face. "I was born melancholy. My gayety comes only by fits, and they are growing rare enough."

Those things which distract and divert most men and women, those great passions and little pleasures which to some of us seem to fill every cranny of life with business and delight, to her meant simply nothing. If we review them in their larger categories, we shall see her lay her cold, light fingers on them and shrivel them up. It is not deliberate on her part. She would be glad to enjoy as others do. But she has not the power. "It is not my purpose to refuse happiness from anything. I leave open every door that seems to lead to pleasure; and, if I could, I would bar those that let in sorrow and regret. But destiny or fortune has bereft me of the keys that open and close the mansion of my soul."

Nature, the calmest, the most soothing of spiritual consolations? She has no place for it. As a scientific, intellectual pursuit, she blasts it with her savage, untranslatable epigram on Buffon: "*Il ne s'occupe que des bêtes; il faut l'être un peu soi-même pour se dévouer à une telle occupation.*" As for the emotional, imaginative aspects of the natural world, she grudgingly confesses that she might enjoy them if circumstances were favorable: "I am not insensible to natural and rural beauties, but one's soul must be in a very gentle and peaceful mood to get much pleasure from them." Her friend Horace Walpole can hardly be regarded as an ardent nature-lover, he who wrote of general bird-song, "It is very disagreeable that the nightingales should sing but half a dozen songs, and the other beasts squall for two months together." Yet to Madame du Deffand it seemed that even Walpole's delight in country life was quite incomprehensible. "I cannot form any idea of the pleasures you taste in solitude and of the charm you find in inanimate objects."

But the more human interests did not please her any better. Thought, learning, the long effort to understand the secret of life and the springs of human action? Will this dissipate *ennui?* Not hers. It only deadens it.

Politics? The movement of the world, wars, battles, and sieges, deaths of illustrious princes and of unknown thousands? They move not her. High and mighty potencies seem to her perfectly trivial. "Let me whisper in your ear that I make precious little account of kings; their protestations, their retractations, their recriminations, their contradictions, I find them of no more moment than the mixing of a breakfast for my cat." But if you think that at the other extreme she had any more sympathy with the people, just then on the point of

striving so mightily, you are altogether mistaken. "From the Agrarian Law down to your monument, your lanterns, and your black flag, the people, with its joy, its anger, its applause, and its curses, is thoroughly odious to me."

Then there is art, beauty of human creation, to some a resource so great that it overcomes not only tedium but even misery and acute suffering. To this lady with the dead heart beauty makes no appeal whatever. Her blindness, of course, cuts her off from beauty of the eye to which she seldom if ever refers. But the ears of the blind are supposed to be doubly keen, and indeed hers were so. Yet to the nerves behind the ears music was mainly a vexation. In one instance she does, indeed, find the harp delightful. This was her idea of delight: "The thought that one gets hold of nothing, that everything slips away and fails us, that one is alone in the universe and fears to go out of it: this is what occupied me during the music." Do you wonder that she elsewhere writes, "To me music is a noise more importunate than agreeable"?

With literature the case is not much better. Madame du Deffand knew well most of the French writers of her day, and had little esteem for them or their works. Of earlier authors she thought more, but not much. La Fontaine occasionally made her smile. Corneille's heroics enraptured her—for a moment. A minor comedy gives her extreme pleasure; in fact, she weeps during the whole third act, and "they were not tears of bitter anguish, but tears of tender emotion." Her usual state of mind is, however, better expressed in another passage: "Everything I read bores me; history, because I am totally incurious; essays, because they are half platitude and half affected originality; novels, because the love-making seems sentimental and the study of passion makes me unhappy."

For a soul thus blasted by a dry wind from the barren places of this world it would seem as if the thought of another might offer irresistible attraction. It did, and Madame du Deffand is fascinating on the subject. She would like, oh, she would like to practise religion with fervor. She invites a confessor to dine, talks with him, and is quite encouraged. Why should not grace work a miracle for her as well as for others? She reads Saint François de Sales and finds a tender and winning spirit under his "mystical nonsense." She regrets that he is dead. "He would have bored me considerably, but I should have loved him." And in her long hours of insomnia she re-

flects upon the delightful possibility of believing, and builds castles in Spain, or in heaven. "I should read sermons instead of novels, the Bible instead of fables, the *Lives of the Saints* instead of history, and I should be less bored, or no more, than with what I read now, . . . at least I should have an object to which I could offer all my sorrows and make the sacrifice of all my desires."

But it is utterly futile, babble of children, dreams of white nuns bereft of all converse with the heart of man. She was the pupil of Voltaire, the mistress of the Regent, the friend of D'Alembert and Helvétius. To be the friend of these celebrities and of God also would have been too much. Therefore she believed in nothing whatever. Faith, she says, is a devout belief in what one does not understand. We must leave it to those who have it. I have it not. And what belief could overcome the colossal wretchedness of having been born? "Everything that exists is wretched—an angel, an oyster, perhaps even a grain of sand; nothingness, nothingness, what better can we have to pray for?" She did not originate, but she would gladly have accepted, the bitter definition of life as "a nightmare between two nothings."

Thus, you see, she missed, as so many do, the one great privilege of universal skepticism; that is, universal hope. There are thousands who, like her, proclaim that they have no belief in anything, yet, like her, appear to have a most fervent belief in the devil and all his works.

It was natural that one isolated by blindness and unable to get pleasure from the resources of her own soul should turn to society, should try to draw life from constant contact with others who had more of it than she. In none was this restless desire ever more intense than in Madame du Deffand. She seeks people always, goes among them when she can, uses every effort to make them come to her. Her chief dread of poverty is that she may lose the means of attracting company. Even dull company seems to her more tolerable than her own thoughts. And as I have already pointed out, when she got among people they enjoyed and admired her. She was quick, vivacious, brilliant, gave no sign of being bored, if she was so. Some of her words even make one suspect that she exaggerated her troubles and found more in life to please her than she would willingly confess. Hear what she says of a long-projected and finally realized visit: "I have been here five weeks, and I can say, with entire truth, that I have not been bored one single minute,

have not had the smallest mishap or annoyance." Surely the most contented of us can seldom say so much.

But the general tone of her social experience is much better manifested in one long passage, as remarkable for style as for self-revelation: "Men and women alike seemed to me machines on springs, which went, came, spoke, laughed, without thinking, without reflecting, without feeling. Everybody played a part from habit merely. One woman shook with laughter, another sneered at everything, another gabbled about everything. The men's performance was no better. And I myself was swallowed up in the blackest of black thoughts. I reflected that I had passed my life in illusions; that I had dug for myself all the pits I had fallen into; that all my judgments had been false and rash, always too hasty; that I had never known any one perfectly; that I had never been known by any one either, and perhaps I did not know myself. One seeks everywhere for something to lean on. One is charmed with the hope of having found it: it turns out to be a dream which harsh facts scatter with a rude awakening."

By this time it must be very clear that the lady's worst tormentor was herself. If she could have followed the wholesome advice of her exquisite friend, Madame de Choiseul, she would have seen life differently. "Eat little at night, open your windows, drive out often, and look for the good in things and people. . . . You will no longer be sad or bored or ill." It was quite in vain. In such maladies the patient must minister to himself, and this poor patient not only submitted to the black *ennui* of to-day, but doubled it, in fact gave it its chief significance, by dreading the longer, blacker hours of many to-morrows.

So you set her down as a cold, barren, dead old woman, and think you have heard enough of her. But there is more and of singular interest. She had noble and beautiful and winning qualities. For one thing, she was frank, straightforward, and sincere. Indeed, it was the excess of these fine traits that caused her troubles. She would have no illusion, no deception, no sham, nothing but the truth. It was the exaggerated fear of accepting pleasant falsehood which led her to believe that necessarily everything pleasant must be a falsehood. But her honesty draws you to her, even while her misery repels.

Then, curiously enough, though the case is not unprecedented, her very pessimism and failure to find any good in the world resulted from an inherent idealism, from too high expecta-

tions of men and things. Her imagination was so keen that it discounted every pleasure before it came, with resultant disappointment. Her natural instinct was to trust, often unwisely. Then, when she was deceived, she mistrusted and suspected—unwisely also. Primarily she was a dreamer, a hoper, as she herself phrases it in her vivid language, "a listen-if-it-rains, a visionary, who watches the clouds and sees lovely things there that fade even as one beholds them." And vast dreams dispelled left a darker and a sadder emptiness.

So with people. She demanded perfection, and would take nothing less. Men and women thus tempered go starved and discontented in this far from perfect world. "I pass in review everybody I know and everybody I have known; I do not see one of them without a fault, and I find myself worse than any of them." But, good heavens, what son or daughter of Adam can endure such a test as that? Yet some are extremely good company, nevertheless.

In other words, her bitter judgments were founded on an over-exacting standard and did not exclude pity or tenderness. Though too impatient to be of great help to others and too critical to be tolerant toward them, she was capable of keen and passionate sympathy, and she held kindness to be a great and most estimable virtue. With the candor which is one of her chief charms she confesses, "I renew every day the resolution to be kind and loving myself. How much progress I make I do not know."

And following this clue, if we probe still deeper we come across a curious fact in Madame du Deffand's temperament, which seems to explain many things. Under all her misery, all her discontent, all her boredom, she was aching for love. Perhaps she was incapable of it. Perhaps her keen vision, and her deep mistrust, and her lofty demands on human nature made it impossible for her to give or to receive the passionate affection which might have filled her life. But after careful study it is impossible to resist the conclusion that she more than most women felt the deep need of all women, that the right home and the right husband and the right children might have given her the satisfaction she could not get from books or thought or art or nature.

She herself recognizes this, with lucidity as well as pathos. She repeats often that she loves nothing, less often that some inborn flaw, some unconquerable twist or imperfection, makes her incapable of loving anything. But far more often still does

she cry out for love and tenderness. "Friendship is almost a mania with me; I was born for nothing else." "I love nothing, and that is the true cause of my *ennui*." When she was dying, she saw her secretary, Wiart, who had long served her, in tears. "You love me, then?" she murmured, and so her last words expressed at once the doubt and the longing of her life.

Of her earlier attempts to satisfy this natural instinct three at least are well known to us, and none was perfectly successful. For years she lived in the most intimate relations with Hénault, a man of the highest position and character; but he was not of a nature to feel ardor or inspire it. Their mutual attitude was one of respectful esteem, largely tempered with keen-sighted criticism. Again, Madame du Deffand took into her protection a young orphan relative, Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, hoping to find a comfort for her age. But the older lady was exacting, the younger restless, and they quarreled and parted by the fault of both—or of neither. Finally, there was Madame de Choiseul, with whom it was not easy to quarrel. Madame du Deffand adored her, called her "grand-mamma," though she was many years the younger, declared over and over again that her love was all she wanted, all her hope and comfort in life. Yet in one of her moments of desperate petulance she could write of even Madame de Choiseul: "She shows a good deal of friendship; and as she has none for me and I have none for her, it is perfectly natural that we should exchange the tenderest expressions in the world." Truly a strange, subtle, and difficult temper, and one ill fitted to separate the evil from the good in the tangled skein of human life.

Then, after all these attempts at love and failures, came a most singular adventure. Madame du Deffand, at seventy, fell in love with a man of fifty. This world-worn, life-wearied, pale, frail, dusty heart was suddenly set beating by another as cold, as disillusioned, if not as bored as hers, that of Horace Walpole, a bachelor, a dilettante, and an Englishman. And this old woman's love was no mere fancy, no indifferent whim, lightly caught and blown off like a feather. It was a real, intense, absorbing, overwhelming passion, like that of a girl of twenty or a woman of forty. "Everybody loves after his own manner; I have only one way of loving, infinitely or not at all." "The thought of you enters into everything I think and everything I do." This is the tone, not for an hour or a day, but over and over and over, for eleven years. Let us note some of the special phases of such an unusual experience.

To begin with, how about Walpole himself? He was not infatuated. He never could have been, and certainly not at fifty, for an aged Frenchwoman. He kept a cool head and saw with perfect clearness the foibles of his ardent correspondent. At the same time his bearing in a rather difficult situation is on the whole loyal and manly. He defended his aged friend against criticism and mockery, and it is from him that we get the finest appreciation of her good qualities, her noble sincerity, her unconquerable vivacity, her social charm.

But if he sees her as we see her, assuredly she does not see him as we see him, or never, never admits that she does. Without accepting all of Macaulay's severe judgment, it is difficult to place Walpole on a very heroic plane. He was kindly, he was gentle, he was generous where it cost him little, he was mildly loyal to his friends. But he was vain, superficial, snobbish while pretending to democracy, incapable of great devotion and of self-forgetfulness. The Walpole that Madame du Deffand loved was, however, far different from this. He had the virtues of French and English combined and the vices of no race. As an author, he is in the same class with Voltaire; his letters are like Voltaire's for style and far above for matter. "For style they have had no model and cannot be imitated. They are the sublime of abundance and of naturalness." If you know Walpole, what do you think of that? And his character is as sublime as his letters. He is perhaps a little godlike for perfect friendship, or is she wrong about this? But in the early stages of her passion she proclaims the lover's idea from which she never swerves. "If others saw as clearly as I do, you would be placed first, not only in England, but in the universe; this is not flattery; wit, talent, and the perfection of kindness have never been united as they are in you." What a marvelous light is thrown on the woman's character, as we have studied it, by such a sentence as that!

So she plays, in letter after letter, on the whole compass of the tenderest, most self-abandoning affection. With him in London and herself in Paris, and several days of delaying post between them, she writes incessantly, begging for good news, bad news, any news. His plans—she must know every detail of his plans, what he does, where he goes, whom he sees. His health? Let but the gout touch him and she is in misery. She showers remedies like a quack doctor or an aged nurse. Her distress is everywhere made plain to us by the vivid touches of her quick imagination. "I am like a child hanging

out of a window by a cord and every instant on the brink of falling."

The best remedy for the anxiety of absence would certainly be presence, and she seems to live only in the passionate hope of those rare and hurried visits which brought her beloved to her. Yet, even so, she is most characteristically afraid that when he does come he will be bored. He shall see only whom he wishes when he wishes, provided he gives long hours to seeing her. He comes. She is in Paradise, sits talking with him till two in the morning, and he gets a long letter from her before he rises the next day.

Then he is gone again, and she is in pain again. The memory of past pleasure only makes the pang of separation keener. She is old, old, hardly a particle of life left in her, and she cannot hope to see him ever any more.

A passion like this, full as it is of tragedy and pathos, will at times tempt ridicule. The sincerity and fine intelligence of Madame du Deffand make it impossible for a sympathetic reader even to smile at her. But Walpole was by nature abnormally sensitive to ridicule, as he himself confesses. To be praised as if he were a god and loved as if he were an opera tenor by an old lady of seventy, whom he knew to be living in closest intimacy with the most critical and mocking wits of the world, placed a man of his temper in an exceedingly difficult position. Beware of romance, he cautioned mildly. But she laughed at him. Romance!—at her age! She had never been romantic, had all her life stripped the veil of sentimental illusion from the cold bones of reality. Romance! Her feelings were nothing but common, daylight friendship. In which she was quite wrong, for nothing about her was or could be common or of every day.

So felt Walpole. And he still shuddered at the thought of the vast guffaw of future generations. Destroy my letters, he insisted, and do, do moderate the tone of yours. And he cautioned, and he lectured, as a tutor might lecture a moon-sick girl.

She did not like it; she resented it. The notes she writes so thickly are of painful interest in their sore, hurt, pleading, protesting energy. "If I were as unreasonable as you, you would never hear another word from me. The letter I have just received is so offensive, so extravagant, that I should throw it into the fire unanswered." "Should throw," you notice, not "have thrown." "It is impossible to judge more falsely

than you judge me. . . . You see yourself in everything I say about others, and think I am finding fault with you when I find fault with anyone." "God is not more incomprehensible than you; but if He is not more just, it is hardly worth while believing in Him."

Yet she kissed the hand that chastened her, she turned like a child to its tutor for advice and comfort, with blind trust, blind confidence, blind hope. He is a true physician for the soul, she says, and one who needs no physician for his own. She only wishes that he might have had control of her from childhood. How different she would have been! "You would have formed my taste, my judgment, my discernment, you would have taught me to know the world, to mistrust it, to despise it, to enjoy it; you would not have bridled my imagination, or blighted my passions, or chilled my soul; but you would have been like a skilful dancing-master, who keeps the natural poise of health and vigor and adds to it finished grace."

So she loved for eleven years, and died with this final illusion like the cross in her hands and the sacred wafer at her lips. You think she was pitiably infatuated. Perhaps she was. But it was an infatuation that not only furnished the clue to her whole life, but in a manner sanctified it.

It is a curious thing that the two greatest women letter-writers of France, perhaps of the world, Madame de Sévigné and Madame du Deffand, should each have built the main fabric of their correspondence on an exaggerated, not to say abnormal, affection. It is far more curious that this affection should be with Madame de Sévigné the one flaw in a singularly well-balanced character, and with Madame du Deffand the most marked symptom of health in a character otherwise erratic, distorted, and unsound.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE DRAMA UPSIDE DOWN

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WITHIN the past three or four years the American playgoer has been privileged to see half a dozen or half a score of plays characterized by an overt effort to find new methods of expression and to broaden the scope of theatrical presentation. In "A Poor Little Rich Girl" we were made spectators of the scenes and the characters that existed only in the ignorant imaginings of a child in the grip of fever. In "Seven Keys to Baldpate" the clever author played a characteristically clever trick upon the audience itself, most unexpectedly taking them into his workshop. In "On Trial" we are made to behold in three successive acts, events which took place long before the beginning of the play itself; and the event thus shown in the second act is earlier than that shown in the first act, and the event shown in the third act is earlier than that shown in the second, thus taking us farther and farther backward toward the beginning of the story. In the "Phantom Rival" we have presented before us the fond day-dreams of a fanciful woman, day-dreams made visible to us, forced to take on a concrete existence, and peopled by four contradictory possibilities of a single character, creatures called into life only by the brooding imagination of the heroine. And in the "Big Idea" we were invited to witness the several stages of the invention, the construction, and the writing of a play which is to be built on the dangerous predicament in which the chief character finds himself in the play which is actually being performed; and this big idea is carried so far that at last we discover that the piece which is being performed before our eyes is the piece we have seen composed.

In all these dramas, serious, comic and serio-comic, four of them American in authorship and one of them freely Americanized from a Hungarian original, there is a deliberate intention to achieve novelty of form. They are all characterized by ingenuity of invention; and at least two of them can be credited,

more or less, with the loftier quality of imagination. They are all of them new departures in the drama, due to the desire of their several authors to desert the beaten path and to explore fresh fields. They have all of them been more or less successful on the stage—that is to say, the authors have been able to carry the public with them along these hitherto untrodden trails. Indeed, it may as well be admitted that a considerable share of the popularity of these pieces is directly due to the attraction exerted upon the spectator by the freshness of treatment which is their most salient quality. These plays seem to many to prove that the wisest of men was less wise than was his wont when he insisted that there was nothing new under the sun. And the favorable reception of this series of daring experiments in stagecraft is the more surprising since the theater itself has always been considered ultra conservative, clinging desperately to ancient landmarks, and struggling blindly against all efforts to overturn its traditions and to overthrow its customs.

There is no occasion for surprise, therefore, that we should now be told vehemently and vociferously that all the traditions of the theater are to be abandoned, that all the customs of the stage are to be renounced, that all the rules of the drama are hereafter to be broken, that all the laws hitherto held binding upon the playwright are to be repealed, and that all the principles of the art are suddenly reduced to chaotic confusion. To many ardent aspirants for dramaturgic victory it seems just now almost as if a bomb had been suddenly exploded in the temple of the drama, shattering the tables of the law, and bringing down the walls in ruin. A skilful and successful American playwright has been quoted as asserting that "the day is not far distant when there will be no stage conventions, so far as the audience is concerned." A newspaper reviewer of current plays felt emboldened to declare that the professor of dramatic literature in one of our leading universities must be greatly grieved by the success of one of the five plays already cited—a play written by one of the professor's former students—because it violated "all the doctrines about the drama which the professor had been discussing year after year."

Now, if this happened to be true, and if the public should accept a play which violated the principles to which this professor of dramatic literature had drawn the attention of his classes, then this would go far toward disestablishing the validity of these principles, and it would put the professor in a situation so awkward as to demand explanation, if not apology, to all his

former pupils. But fortunately for this professor these assertions as to the complete upsetting of the doctrines hitherto expounded by those who have sought to penetrate into the secrets of stagecraft are not well founded. They are the result of a very natural misunderstanding of the wide distinction between any so-called "rules of the drama" or "laws of the drama," which may have won acceptance for the moment, and the eternal "principles" of the art, which are unchanging because they are essential to the existence of the art.

But when we hear an outcry to the effect that the doctrines of the drama are disestablished, that the accepted principles of the art are proved to be false, and the conventions of the theater are certain to disappear, we are entitled to ask what those who make these loud assertions really mean by the words they employ. And after we have considered the meanings of these terms carelessly misused, it will be interesting to take up one or another of the plays which have seemed to be so novel in their structure and so upsetting to dramatic doctrine, and to inquire whether they are really quite so novel and so upsetting as they appear at first sight. It might be profitable also to push the investigation a little further and to find out whether these dramatic novelties actually violate the generally accepted "rules" and "laws" of the drama—the eternal principles of the art they cannot violate and live. For it must always be remembered that our so-called "rules" are only the result of our groping effort to grasp the undying principles which we can perceive only dimly and which are never completely disclosed to any one—not even if he is possessed of the piercing insight of Aristotle. The principle of nature which causes an apple to fall from a tree is eternal; it existed and it did its work long before Newton was able to formulate the Law of Gravitation, and it would continue to exist and to do its work even if some later and greater Newton should some day be able to prove the Law of Gravitation is not just what Newton declared it to be. What is true of Newton's Law in mechanics is true also of Gresham's Law in finance and of Grimm's Law in philology. It is no less true of Brunetière's Law in the drama. The stalwart French critic asserted that it was the essential law of the drama that a play should present strong-willed creatures contending; and the principles of the dramatic art, whatever they are, remain just what they were before Brunetière made this instructive and suggestive attempt to codify one of these principles into a law. The so-called "laws" that men declare may

be repealed; the "rules" they insist upon may be broken, as the Romanticists of France in 1830 smashed the rules held sacred by the Classicists for two centuries; but the principles of the dramatic art, these abide, inherent in the practise of that art and unchanging through the ages, even if no man at any time made sure that he has come to a complete understanding of them.

Even the so-called "rules of the theater," those precepts which are handed down from generation to generation—"Never keep a secret from the audience," "Never try to fool the audience," "Begin in the thick of the action and quit when you are through!" "Show things, don't tell about them; let everything important to the plot happen before the eyes of the spectators"—these are all of them useful monitions, and the 'prentice playwright will do well to get them by heart and to take them to heart. He may even find profit in remembering the advice of the wily old stage-manager to J. R. Planché: "If you want to make the British public understand what you are doing, you must tell them you are *going* to do it, then you must tell them you *are* doing it, and finally you must tell them you *have* done it; and then, confound them! perhaps they will understand you!" This is a brutal overstatement of the undying principle that the playgoers want to know what has happened so that they can follow what is going to happen; and it is this principle which urges the playwright always to be so clear that he cannot be misunderstood even by the inattentive spectator.

The principles of the dramatic art are what they are and what they always have been, even if the most expert theorist has never been able to put them into words with any approach to certainty or to completeness; and the so-called "laws" and the so-called "rules" are only more or less successful attempts to declare one or another of these essential principles. The five plays in which there are novelties of construction have succeeded in pleasing the playgoers, and therefore it is safe to say that no one of them violated any of the eternal principles of the drama. But did any one of them really contradict any of the generally accepted precepts of contemporary play-making?

It is difficult to see any reason why anybody should suppose that either the "Poor Little Rich Girl" or the "Phantom Rival" breaks any of these "rules," unexpected as may be their calling upon the spectator to behold things that exist only in the imagination of one of the characters—things that did not

happen actually, but which that character merely believed to be happening. The authors of these two plays are skilful and careful; they make elaborate preparation; they lead us forward step by step; they tell us what they are going to do, what they are doing, and what they have done. They are so clear and so straightforward that they compel us to follow them. What they ask us to accept may be very unusual and it may not be easy in itself to accept, but they have so presented it that it is not difficult for us to accept. In the "Phantom Rival" and the "Poor Little Rich Girl" the actual novelty is not as new as it may appear to the younger generation of playgoers, and the authors have not needed to break any of the traditional precepts of play-writing.

The authors of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and of the "Big Idea" have been equally mindful of the principles of the art, and they have not tried to "fool the audience." In the "Big Idea," which is the more daring of the two amusing dramas, the authors take the spectator into their confidence from the beginning. We are made to see the hero and the heroine start to write the very play in which they are characters. The device is dangerous and difficult of acceptance, but the successive scenes are so clear and they are so logically related, each growing out of the predecessor, naturally and inevitably and irresistibly, that we cannot help surrendering ourselves to the delight of watching the authors win their wager. Here again we are told what they are going to do, what they are doing, and what they have done. Even the appeal of the heroine in the final act directly and personally to the assembled audience, asking it to like the play which is being put together before its eyes and in which she is a character—even this is not the overt novelty that it may seem to some. Its most immediate predecessor is to be found in "Peter Pan," but it is a device for evoking laughter, which Molière employed in the "Miser" and Aristophanes in the "Frogs."

There still remains to be considered "On Trial," which has been hailed as the most subversive of all these plays, since "it tells its story backward." If "On Trial" did tell its story backward it would break the rules which prescribe that a playwright must devise an action with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and that he must present these several parts in strict sequence. But, as a matter of fact, the author of "On Trial" does not tell its story backward; he tells it straightforward, although he takes the liberty of showing us in successive acts fragments of

his story which took place before the moment when he has chosen to begin it. His play sets before us a man on trial for his life. The scene of every act is laid in the court-room, with the judge on the bench, the prisoner at the bar, the jury in the box, and the opposing counsel. In the first act the widow of the murdered man is called to the witness-stand and she begins to give her testimony, when suddenly there is a dark change and we are made to see in action the episode as to which she was about to testify; and when we have seen this, then there is another dark change, after which we find her on the stand finishing her testimony. In the second act the little daughter of the prisoner is called as a witness; and again we are made spectators of the events as to which she is supposed to be testifying. In the third act, when the wife of the prisoner is summoned to the stand, we are once more invited to behold the thing itself instead of being merely listeners to her testimony. If these three witnesses had been allowed to give their evidence in their own words no one would have suggested that the story was being told backward, because every playgoer knows that in every play there are events which happened long before the play began and which can be made known to the audience only by a telling after the event has happened. The author of "On Trial" does not break any of the "rules of the drama"; he has merely been inventive enough and ingenious enough to devise a new method of making visible to us in the present what took place in the past. The novelty is in the method of presentation, and not in any departure from the precepts of play-making.

It may be that some of these precepts valid to-day may prove invalid in the future; and that the theorists of a later generation will be forced to another effort to formulate the underlying and unchanging principles. And it is well always to remember that the precept, the rule, the law is only a rough-and-ready attempt to get at a principle, and that a precept must always give way when it comes in conflict with a principle. It is a sound rule which bids the playwright not to keep a secret from the audience. Bronson Howard once told me that one of the dullest evenings he ever spent in the theater was due to the playwright having kept a secret. The play was a dramatization of Miss Braddon's novel, *Henry Dunbar*, made by Tom Taylor. A daughter knows that her father has been wronged by Henry Dunbar and has been led thereby into a life of crime. She receives a letter from her father announcing his intention of seeking Henry Dunbar, who has just

returned to England after a long stay in India, and of having it out with his old enemy. And after that she hears nothing more from her father, who has vanished from the face of the earth. She has no doubt that Henry Dunbar has made away with him, and she sets out in pursuit. But Henry Dunbar evades her again and again just when they are on the point of meeting. At last she corners him; and in the Henry Dunbar who stands before her at bay she recognizes her father—who has killed his enemy and assumed that enemy's name and that enemy's large fortune. The disclosure is effective in its way—it procures a shock of surprise—but the total effect is far less than it would have been if the spectator had known the facts from the first. In that case there would have been no shock of surprise, but there would have been a steadily increasing intensity of suspense as the daughter came nearer to the father whom she loved and whom she was to find an assassin.

In "Henry Dunbar" the rule not to keep a secret from the spectators was violated to the disadvantage of the play. But in Bronson Howard's own piece, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," it was violated to the advantage of the play—and it was deliberately violated, so its author told me, because it conflicted with one of the eternal principles of the drama. Young Mrs. Winthrop is jealous because her husband is frequently visiting a woman whose antecedents are doubtful. This brings about a dispute so violent that Mrs. Winthrop leaves her husband's house. In the final act she learns that her suspicions were unfounded, since her husband's visits to her supposed rival were due to a highly honorable motive. But the author had kept this motive a secret from the spectators and had allowed them to believe that the jealousy of the wife was probably justified. When I asked him why he had done this he explained that he needed to have his audience sympathize with his heroine when she left her husband, and that the spectators must see things through her eyes and believe the worst. Having only the information that the wife had, they would feel that her departure from her husband's home was fully warranted. If they had known that the husband was innocent of any wrongdoing they would have credited their own knowledge to the wife and they would have held her to be unreasonable if she broke with him for a suspicion which they had seen to be unfounded. And in this case the spectators do not resent having been kept in the dark, for they were not formally told that Winthrop was guilty—they were merely left in doubt, and therefore they were

ready enough to be pleased when he is relieved from suspicion and reunited to his wife.

The assertion that the five plays earlier considered in this article have turned the drama upside down is due to a failure to understand and to apply accurately the precepts of play-making. In like manner, the assertion that there will soon be no stage conventions is due to a similar misunderstanding of the real meaning of the word "convention." In no art can conventions be dispensed with, since the art exists solely by reason of its conventions. Etymologically, "convention" means a "coming together"—that is to say, an agreement; and in every art there are implied contracts between the artist and the public, permitting the artist to depart from the facts of life in order that he may present the truth of life as he shall see it. The painter depicts for our delight the breaking of a wave on the shore—and he can do this only by depriving it of actual motion and fixing it for ever at a single moment of its fall forward. The sculptor sets before us a soldier riding his steed into battle—and he can do this only by depriving man and horse of actual motion and by reducing both to the single color of his material —white marble or brown bronze.

In the theater the public permits the playwright to deny certain facts because it is only by the deliberate denial of these facts that the drama is possible. In real life rooms have four walls, but in the theater one of these walls must be removed so that the spectators can see and hear what is said and done in the room. In real life a whisper may be inaudible ten feet away, but on the stage it has to be loud enough to reach the back of the gallery. In real life our speech is uncertain and ragged and repetitious—we start sentences that we do not finish, and we fail often to make ourselves understood, but in a play every character says simply and compactly what he has to say, and every other character understands what he has said exactly as he meant it to be understood. These are all departures from fact, and we permit them gladly in the play-house because they are for our pleasure. Without these departures from the fact, authorized by convention, by an unconscious contract between the author and the audience, the drama could not exist. In the theater we are willing to "make believe," as we did while we were playing the games of our childhood, and if we refuse to make believe we find ourselves forced to forego the pleasure which the theater can provide only by the aid of these necessary conventions. The time can never

come when the stage will surrender the conventions necessary to its existence, fundamental and inevitable. Other conventions there are not eternally necessary, suited to the conditions of the theater of a certain time and a certain country, and revealing themselves as incongruous when the conditions are different. On the Elizabethan platform-stage a character might soliloquize at will, talking directly at the spectators and telling them, as Iago does and Richard III. also, how bad a man he is. On the modern picture-frame stage the characters must take care not to get "out of the picture," and therefore the soliloquy has been discovered to be incongruous. Temporary and local conventions disappear as the theater is modified through the ages; but there are certain fundamental conventions which endure and which will never disappear, because without them the art of the playwright is impossible, just as the arts of the painter and of the sculptor are impossible unless they also are permitted to depart from the facts in accord with the essential conventions of their several arts.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A BOOK ON NATIONAL DEFENSE[1]

BY FREDERIC R. COUDERT

It has recently become apparent that the American people are interested in the question of national defense. A few months ago a book devoted to this subject would have been read by a few experts and eschewed by the mass of our people as dealing with an uninteresting and academic question. The propaganda for general arbitration and the usual insouciance of the public regarding this question had combined to make it almost impossible to arouse any interest in the national defense.

If, at present, there has been manifested both in Congress and the general public some awakening of our need of military preparedness, it is due to the fact that the inefficacy of treaties, the futility of Hague Conventions, and the uselessness of elaborate military codes were effectively demonstrated by the destruction of neutralized Belgium and the methods of warfare on land and sea since indulged in on the ground of alleged "necessity."

Gen. Francis Vinton Greene, therefore, presents at a peculiarly opportune time, an able, suggestive, and most interesting little book on *The Present Military Situation in the United States*. General Greene's experience as a soldier from the days when he was an *attaché* to the Secretary of War in Grant's administration, ranging through his experience in the Russo-Turkish war and in the Spanish and Philippine wars, have qualified him to write knowingly and scientifically on the subject. He deals frankly with the main difficulty, namely, the widespread belief in this country that the United States will never be engaged in any serious military operations, and that our geographic position and our pacific intentions absolve us from the need of maintaining any impor-

[1] *The Present Military Situation in the United States.* By General F. V. Greene. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

tant military establishment; small words, the general belief that there is no military question.

General Greene meets this situation squarely by showing that there is an inherent probability, in the light of our history and because of the present conditions in Europe, of our being compelled to confront international complexities which may well result in war. National interest will, he shows, always be a dominant consideration, and mere sentimental clamor for peace will not keep us out of war as long as our policies are based upon the maintenance of our interests, of our commerce, and of our rights under the law of nations. He cites the little-known episode of Washington having refused to take part in a joint expedition with the French for the taking of Canada in 1778 because he feared, in the event of its success, the French would desire to remain in Canada; and he quotes as profoundly true the saying of Washington in this connection:

> It is a maxim founded on the universal experience of mankind, that no nation is to be trusted farther than it is bound by its interests; and no prudent statesman or politician will venture to depart from it.

He considers the possibility of difficulties with England; and he is too close a student of history and too wise a military man to assent to the assumption that the nations of Europe will come out of the present war too exhausted and too weakened to be dangerous to us. He knows that the victorious nations at least will be militarily stronger than ever, just as the United States was at the acme of its military strength when, after four years of Civil War, it bade Louis Napoleon depart from Mexico.

> If England comes triumphant out of this war, she will not allow her subjects to be killed, and their property to be wrecked, in Mexico. . . . She will more probably say to us: "You restore order in Mexico, or we will." . . . So that we will either have to eat our Monroe Doctrine or intervene in Mexico for an indefinite period.

Then, again, there is the possibility of commercial clashes throughout the world. On the hypothesis that Germany may come out of the war victorious, is it not probable that she will desire a base in the West Indies? Since Grant's administration, have we not refused to purchase St. Thomas ourselves and yet been unwilling that another nation should buy it? Is it reasonable to suppose that Germany will acquiesce for ever in the Monroe Doctrine; and, even if defeated, she will recover with amazing rapidity.

General Greene cites the extraordinary little book of Freiherr von Edelsheim as demonstrating that at least the military authorities in Germany have contemplated, as a probability, military operations against the United States, whose alleged truculent attitude they affect to resent.

Very careful consideration is given to the Japanese situation and to the attitude adopted, especially by the legislators and people of California as to the Japanese race—an attitude so incompatible with their dignity and so insulting to their civilization that, if continued in, it may well result in an attack upon us. He says:

> If, as a result of our supreme folly in dealing with Japan as we do not deal with other nations, the Japanese shall be goaded into war with us regardless of its ultimate consequences to them, the first blow would probably be struck by Japan before any declaration of war; it would be dealt with a swiftness and a certainty of which our people have no conception, and according to a definite plan carefully prepared in advance.

He explains what their plan of campaign might well be, and thinks that our people should understand these facts so that "we may think that it becomes us to treat the Japanese with the same politeness that they treat us and that we show to other nations."

The question of arbitration as a solvent for all international controversies is discussed and its inadequacy to meet certain situations dwelt upon. The beneficent results of the Mexican War and the Spanish War are shown.

He explains the ease with which, were our fleet overcome, a great naval power—and it is pointed out that since the Revolutionary War we have had no struggle with any great power, the War of 1812 being only an incident for England, engaged as she was at the time in her death struggle with Napoleon—could land 250,000 men within the vicinity of New York, and the absurdly helpless condition in which we should then find ourselves. This he demonstrates by the last report of the Secretary of War, from which he cites some extracts in closing his book. These extracts show that in continental United States we had in the mobile army on June 30, 1914, 4,701 officers and 87,781 men, and that a great part of our militia would be unavailable for immediate war purpose; that no provision has been made for a reserve and that it would require some six months to prepare to resist invasion. General Greene, therefore, recommends that, for the present, the only

thing to do "is to get squarely behind the modest programme of the Secretary of War."

This book is couched in admirable style, is free from all rhetoric, and is the most sober and significant publication that I have as yet seen on this subject. It is so readable and so brief that it should have a wide publication and should certainly prove of great educational value—one which no citizen can, at the present moment, afford to ignore.

General Greene rightly concludes:

> Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just. Aye, true indeed! But quarrels there yet will be. And no nation unarmed can enforce its quarrel, however just.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Shakespeare in the New Manner.—The Amazing Marriage of Mr. Leo Ornstein and the Muse.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

To Mr. Granville Barker's much-discussed production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Wallack's, one could not pay a finer compliment than to say that it seldom bores you. This is, we perceive, a merely negative compliment—like that paid by the cheerful stockbroker who asserted triumphantly that he had remained awake through the whole of "Götterdämmerung." To sit through Mr. Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" requires no special fortitude or endurance; on the contrary, it is a delightful and meritorious way to spend an evening or an afternoon. And that this is so is a tribute to Mr. Barker himself rather than to Shakespeare.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," as it is usually put upon the stage, is a good deal of a trial. The frequent changes of scene, the slowness of pace, the interminable intermissions, the cumbersome and over-elaborate adornment of the play, the appalling length of the performances—how many of us can place our hands on our hearts and say that we have not suffered from these things? At the best, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is less tolerable upon the stage than any of Shakespeare's comedies. Much of it is for the inner vision, the spiritual ear. Who would exchange the woodland scenes, as Shakespeare conjures them up before the inward eye and ear, for the crude approximations of the scene-painter, the costumer, and the incurably substantial mummers—even when so imaginative and necromantic a producer as Mr. Barker is concerned? Indeed, Mr. Barker himself has hinted at his realization of this fact. He is speaking (in his acute and delightful "preface" to the play) of the fairies. "How should they look?" he asks. "I

realize that when there is perhaps no really right thing to do one is always tempted to do too much. . . . They must be not too startling. . . . I won't have them dowdy. They mustn't warp your imagination—stepping too boldly between Shakespeare's spirit and yours. It is a difficult problem; we (Norman Wilkinson and I—he to do and I to carp) have done our best." So we get the famous gilded fairies, whose pictorial and decorative effect we are willing to grant, but whose poetic and dramatic effectiveness we altogether refuse to concede.

Now it is beyond question that Mr. Barker's and Mr. Wilkinson's notion of how fairies look is as fully entitled to respect as is that of any one else—excepting, perhaps, the author of "Peter Pan," who, of course, knows as much about fairies as he does about human beings. Mr. Barker says that they "mustn't warp your imagination—stepping too boldly between Shakespeare's spirit and yours." But that is just what they do. They fail to persuade the fancy—they merely startle and dazzle it. They are not Shakespearean; and they are not fairy-like. "Enter a fairy on one side," says Shakespeare's stage direction. And what does the fairy say in his very first lines?—

> I do wander everywhere
> Swifter than the moon's sphere.

But it is as hard to imagine Mr. Barker's fairies doing anything swiftly as it is to imagine the gilded statue of General Sherman on Fifth Avenue dismounting from his horse and chasing butterflies in Central Park. The imagination simply refuses to think of a fairy as an animated gilt monument—a metallic fairy is as inconceivable, as repugnant to the fancy, as a mermaid without a tail or an angel without wings.

"The fairies," says Mr. Barker, "are the producer's test." They are, indeed, a test no producer could pass. But most of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is that sort of a test. It is no discredit to Mr. Barker that he has failed in pulling off an impossible feat. The "Dream" is not for the stage—and in saying this we remember fearfully Mr. Barker's sarcastic allusion to the "pious commentators" who have said that of Shakespeare. But in this case we suspect that the "pious commentators" are right. As two-thirds of "Tristan und Isolde" should be conceived as a symphonic poem and confined to the concert-room, so the "Dream" should be ruled from the stage and confined to the printed page, where it should be read, not in the library, but out-of-doors,—"by paved fountain, or

by rushy brook, or in the beached margent of the sea." As a play, it is in the first place impossible, and in the second place infantile and somniferous. As a poem it is incomparable and of immortal loveliness.

We began these notes by saying that Mr. Barker's production makes the "Dream" tolerable. He has done this partly by making it comparatively rapid in performance (he has reduced the intermissions to two, and has whipped up the pace with a result that is surprising and delightful), and partly by an address to the eye that is so novel and fresh that, for the sake of it, you are quite cheerfully willing to swallow the fatuities of Shakespeare's "comic relief." In mounting this production Mr. Barker and his designer, Mr. Wilkinson, have achieved the triumph of maintaining your interest from the first curtain to the last. You will probably not like all of their effects. The rich and quiet loveliness of the vine-covered background to the opening scene, the gorgeous effect of the foreground groups of spectators in the "Pyramus and Thisbe" scene, may seem happier in effect than the sylvan pictures wherein the fairies and Titania and her lover disport themselves beneath a huge and anomalous wreath surmounting a less anomalous canopy.

So, for the eye, there is beauty, freshness, vitality, unceasing interest. As for the acting, it is as good as the play requires —with, however, a delightful Quince in Mr. Heggie, who is seemingly as happy in Shakespeare as in Shaw. But why, after "prefacing" so lovingly about the extraordinary importance of Shakespeare's lines in this particular drama, does Mr. Barker allow his players to deliver the exquisite poetry of the text in such a way that it goes for almost nothing?

And so, on the whole, we should say that this vivid and vital and constantly engrossing production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" lacks illusion and glamour and poetic magic. It stimulates more than it charms. Throughout most of the play one should be aware of the horns of Elfland faintly blowing. In Mr. Barker's production, the horns of Elfland are trumpets. They make a rich and thrilling music; but it is not the music of Elfland. Yet perhaps, if we are to have the "Dream" upon the stage at all, this is the best way in which to present it there.

When young Mr. Leo Ornstein (he is only twenty) gives one of his "piano recitals of modern and futuristic music"—as he calls them—he draws an audience that fills not only the auditorium, but the stage, and those who come late seeking tickets

are turned away. Mr. Ornstein plays—sometimes with great beauty, sometimes very badly—pieces by Korngold, Ravel, Schönberg, Debussy, Cyril Scott, Cæsar Frank, Scriabine, Vincent d'Indy. Invariably he ends by playing a group of his own compositions—which he plays, so far as one can tell, superbly; and these compositions arouse his audiences to extraordinary enthusiasm. Certain pieces are redemanded; there are calls for others not on the programme. And Mr. Ornstein's audiences are apparently not "paper" audiences; evidently they are not composed of friends and adherents, for one sees confirmed concert-goers, distinguished musicians—and some of them are sitting on the stage, crowded about Mr. Ornstein and his piano. Mr. Ornstein himself is preternaturally grave in manner, completely absorbed in his task, indifferent—almost hostile—to his audience. He walks slowly, as one in a trance. You would say that he is a dreamer, or a fanatic, or a madman, or a genius—perhaps he is all of these.

And his music? He plays his "Dwarf Suite." The different movements are called "At Dawn," "Dance of the Dwarfs," "Funeral March," "Serenade of the Dwarfs," "At Work," "March Grotesque." To the hasty and intolerant listener the effect in all of these pieces is as if Mr. Ornstein were merely endeavoring to sound as many different notes at the same time as his hands could strike. Sometimes, in *fortissimo* passages, it seems as if a maniacal rage possessed him, and you think he must surely be beating the keyboard furiously with both fists, heedless of the resultant effects. The ear (the casual, the innocent ear, let us say in qualification) recognizes nothing that suggests any music hitherto known to the civilized world. Beside it, the most impious audacities of Schönberg sound formal, dryly conservative. Yet they are not mere vaporings, these amazing pieces, mere splotches of tone-color: they have extraordinary rhythmic energy, a demoniacal intensity of movement. They give you a sense of power, but it seems power uncontrolled, uncommunicative. It excites the nerves like a drum-beat; it seems to say nothing to the emotions or the imagination.

In structure Mr. Ornstein is wildly anarchical. Wagner was censured for modulating in every measure, Debussy for modulating upon every beat. This progressive tendency of the musical instinct to bring the different keys closer and closer together, to abolish the traditional barriers between them, finds its logical development in Schönberg, Busoni, and others; for they bring

the keys into conjunction and superimpose one upon the other, so that you hear the key of C in the lower register and the key of D-flat in the upper (a device used by Richard Strauss a decade ago in that now prim and orthodox score, "Salome"). In Ornstein not only the sense of key-relationship, but of key-identity, is absent. A single chord will contain all the chromatic intervals of the octave. It is difficult indeed to see what room there is left for further progress (if you choose to call it that), until Mr. Busoni succeeds in persuading some one to manufacture his piano keyboard with its tripartite tone, or until we learn all the secrets of the musical art of the Orient.

We have endeavored in this brief attempt at a description of Mr. Ornstein's music to be strictly clinical, strictly impersonal—momentarily ignoring the fact that an impersonal judgment in esthetic matters is a metaphysical impossibility. At least we have tried to be as impersonal and objective as may be; and what more can a merely mortal commentator do? To say that we like or dislike Mr. Ornstein's compositions would be beside the point; and it would be the height of rashness to pass judgment upon them. Mr. Ornstein is regarded with seriousness by responsible persons in Europe and America; two great publishing houses, one there, one here, issue his music; he has been exhibited at the Sorbonne. We doubt if he is a charlatan. It is easy to say that he is mad—as easy as it is to say that he is a path-breaker, or a voice crying in the wilderness, or the prophet of a new dispensation—one who (as his champions tell us) is "ushering in a new epoch." We do not know. We wish we did.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

THERE is good measure of exciting elements in this long, unsmiling novel, and you feel on each page that the author has arranged everything for the good of your soul. Never a moment's relaxation of his orthodox religious and moral purposes. Never a moment's doubt on the reader's part that sins are impending and that retribution is not far behind. You learn in the first chapter that the hero is going to be tempted, and you can guess from the ominous language that he is going to fall. The hero is Louis Savignan, author of *The History of the Clergy of France in the Eighteenth Century*, and of *The Church and Education*, a brilliant and learned defender of the Church, who down to the age of forty-three, when the story begins, has been a tower of strength both morally and mentally. But at the first mention of his name we are warned that forty-three is the midday of life and confronted with the Latin version of the sixth verse of the nineteenth psalm — *a sagitta volante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris, ab incursu et dæmonio meridiano* — in which the *dæmonium meridianum* is not the "sickness that destroyeth in the noonday," but the dangerous middle stage of life. Dom Bayle, a Benedictine monk, thus explains it to us: It is the temptation that assails a man in middle life—

> Hitherto he has followed his destiny from virtues to virtues, from success to success. Then it is that the spirit of destruction seizes upon him—of self-destruction, mind you. A hostile power draws him from his course into the way where he must perish. This strange vertigo runs from spiritual into temporal affairs. There was, to observe it in history, Bonaparte in 1809, undertaking the war in Spain; his nephew, fifty years later, that of Italy. To mark it elsewhere, the Victor Hugo of *Feuilles d'automne* and the Lamartine of *Harmonies*, tempted by politics. . . .

Never was novelist more explicit in his forewarnings. A few pages further, and we are told precisely what form the demon

[1] *Le Démon de Midi*. By Paul Bourget. Paris, 1914. 2 vols.

of Louis Savignan is going to take. Dom Bayle, an indefatigable worker in the Clerical interest, has been discussing with the Abbé Lartigue Savignan's candidacy for the Chamber of Deputies from Clermont. They agree that no better deputy could be found, and believe he will have the support of the wealthy sugar-refiner Calvières, who is all-powerful in the district, and who has quarreled with the present representatives. They look forward with confidence to the approaching interview between Calvières and Savignan, for, as one of them remarks, in politics one can always be sure of the enemy of one's adversary, and Calvières will love Savignan by all the hate he bears his opponent (Laverdy), with whom his quarrel is personal as well as political; for Madame Calvières, being of the old and noble family of Soléac, had refused to receive the wife of Laverdy, who revenged himself by preventing Calvières from obtaining a certain decoration which he coveted. But, says the author, the complexities of life escape, and disconcert all analysis. There were these two priests congratulating themselves on this interview between Calvières and Savignan, as sure to lead to triumph. What if they had known that the young girl who had betrayed Savignan twenty years before, who had nearly broken his heart, was this same Geneviève de Soléac, now the wife of Fernand Calvières!

Thus the efforts of the two priests to assure to the Third district of Clermont a Catholic deputy were to have this unlooked-for result: The celebrated religious historian brought face to face with her whom he has so passionately loved when she was free—now that she was free no longer. Was not this an occasion for that dissolution in middle life which the old monk had mystically called the demon of noonday —*a meridiano dæmonio?*

Then that the last doubt of impending moral catastrophe may be removed—

Louis knew that Calvières was coming to see him at his hotel at five o'clock, and this encounter with the husband of the woman he had so passionately regretted did not so much as stir in him a feeling of curiosity. Who has compared the heart of man to one of those palimpsests whereon the first characters have been effaced and then covered with another text? But the signs effaced are always there. In a real parchment they are brought out by a chemical reaction, in the human heart by a psychological reaction. This return to Clermont, after an absence of twenty years, was to be for Savignan the occasion of one of these renewals. His seasoned spirit of three-and-forty years was, by a retrospective mirage, to give place, for some moments, to the

mad and violent spirit of his twenty-first year, and the demon of noonday was to take this way of directing his destiny along the most perilous of courses.

This strange proleptic weakness, betrayed at frequent intervals, makes one nervous, not so much on the hero's account as for fear lest the author may at any minute let the cat out of the bag and thenceforth tell his story backward. Indeed, at times, he almost does. The moral doom of Savignan is so completely sealed from the beginning that what follows seems hardly more than a sort of ethical autopsy. It is impossible to feel any personal interest in Savignan. He has no more personal identity than any other of the human symbols in the fiction of religious controversy. Like Robert Elsmere, or a firecracker, he was put together simply that he might for purposes of demonstration be exploded. The sole interest is in the disease of which the soul of Savignan shall surely perish. "We must live as we think; otherwise we shall end by thinking as we have lived"—that, says one of the characters in conclusion, is the great lesson of this story. "Can high religious certitudes exist side by side in a public man with the worst disorders of passion?" asks M. Bourget in his preface, and these two volumes of moral geometry prove that they cannot. Savignan is put together so systematically and comes apart so neatly that it seems as if it might be expressed in almost technical terms. Given an equilateral paragon, let a line of passion be drawn through the center of him, and it will divide him into superior and inferior moral natures with homologous sides.

Savignan to the age of forty-three had led a blameless life and by his talents and hard work had earned distinction and success. Strictly orthodox, but not fervent in his faith, a man of thought rather than of feeling, he had devoted himself to the defense of the Church both as a historian and as a controversialist, and was recognized as its foremost intellectual champion. He was Catholic not merely from faith, but by reasoned conviction, by his sense of the necessity of order and discipline. "I might become an atheist," he said, "but as a Frenchman I should continue to declare myself a Catholic." What he esteemed most in the Church was the hierarchy, the submission of the individual will. Of all modernizing tendencies he had an inveterate hatred and fear, and his chief anxiety was for the spiritual welfare of his only son, a young man of twenty with scholarly tastes like his own, who had fallen under the influence of an eloquent Modernist teacher named Fauchon. In his

debates with his son on the pernicious doctrines of Fauchon, a good deal of recent religious controversies is condensed or diluted or sentimentalized. These, then, are Savignan's main ingredients; in fact, with the smoldering passion above mentioned, they are the only elements we are able to discern. Probably our sense of extreme simplicity is not the author's desired effect, but he must be pushing on to his demonstration. In passing I will simply say that it is incredible that Savignan should ever have smiled, laughed, behaved irrelevantly, said a foolish thing, or partaken of earthly food in his life. Now into this thinly populated soul there enters passion. In a larger or more complicated spiritual organism like that, let us say, of the average policeman, the disaster would not have been so mathematically inevitable. But in the meager soul of the theological hero of current fiction a passion is like an alligator in a hall-room.

The passion for Geneviève burst out with the more force for the many years of repression. He had been chaste, ascetic; he seemed to have cheated himself out of life. Geneviève, too, had been cheated, for she had been forced by her family into a marriage with the coarse parvenu Calvières, and had loved Savignan all along. Geneviève's bitter experience had robbed her of her faith, and in her intercourse with Savignan she unconsciously tempted him to unbelief. But the logic of his criminal alliance with her drove him inevitably in that direction also.

How had his Catholicism served him? He did not take account of the fact that his adventure could be explained quite simply by the ancient adage, *Optimi pessima corruptio*, whether because the invisible spirit of evil employs more force against the most beautiful souls in time of trial, or because our repeated renouncements accumulate in us reserves of desire. . . . Savignan himself did not see this brutal fact: His doctrine had not held against his temptation.

Later he asked himself the further question. If a creed cannot sustain the individual, how can it sustain society?

He, the sagacious historian who for France had recognized through the centuries the striking concordance of certain beliefs with the national health, he of a sudden doubted that also. Troubled by his own case, he asked if this tie of cause and effect was not after all imaginary, if there had not been, instead of a concordance, a simple coincidence. Had not the vital energy of the nation functioned by itself, for ethnic and physiological reasons, coincidentally with ideas that were in themselves ineffective, so that the France of the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries was strong, for instance, simply

because it was France, and was Catholic in addition. Nothing could be more opposed than this fatalistic theory of race to the system which had hitherto served as the armor of his thought and work: A civilization thought out and willed by man. That such a hypothesis was beginning to haunt him was proof that the skepticism born of sin was mounting, mounting in his soul.

There is no need of following here the doomed soul to its undoing—or its possible awakening to a better life. An account of the finale of pistol-shots and renunciation, melodrama and theological vindication, would seem like the scenario of a moving-picture show; and such boiling down would do the book injustice. After all, it is a very good symbolical presentation of the duel between Modernism and Orthodoxy by one of the best of the uninspired novelists of the present day. If the characters do not live—and very few characters do live when you come to think of it—they at least expound and represent admirably. As a religious novelist M. Bourget is simply a religious journalist once removed. He is of the stuff that Hall-Caines and Humphry-Wards are made of—those excellent sponges of current thought. Ideas issue from his mind just as they enter it, untransformed. Characters do not exist, they merely enunciate, and if by chance they are blown up or strangled it is not in any sense a tragedy; it is merely a refutation. In the "novel of ideas" the ideas are almost always incorporated in persons about whom it is impossible to care a rap, and the present work is no exception to the rule. But at least we have the ideas and M. Bourget expresses them with greater eloquence than his English-speaking competitors in this field.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND OTHER ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS. By HENRY CABOT LODGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Approximately one-half of Mr. Lodge's book is taken up with a series of addresses on broadly political subjects—addresses which sum up and define with scholarly precision what are at once the most fundamental and the most familiar objections to such devices as the compulsory initiative and referendum, the recall of judges, and the system of nomination by direct primaries. All these, Mr. Lodge argues, tend to undermine the fundamental principle of representative government; and their tendency is not truly progressive, but regressive, for most of these alleged novelties are in principle very old. Representative government, he points out, and our own system of careful checks and balances, are the results of a slow and painful evolution, and he would have us at least hesitate before returning, in whole or in part, to methods that are time-worn and relatively crude. "Representative government . . . stood for a great advance over the democratic systems of Greece and Rome and of the medieval Italian cities. . . . There can be no question whatever that to abandon representative government and take up in its place legislation by direct vote is to return from a high stage of evolution to a lower and more primitive one. The life of the amœba may be a better life and a more enviable one than that of the elephant, for example, but there can be no question that the amœba is a lower stage in the scale of evolution than is the elephant." Repeatedly, and with characteristic force and clearness, Mr. Lodge emphasizes the thought that it is of the very essence of the representative system to preserve the rights of the minority and to guard the people as a whole from the tyranny of majorities whose right to rule is temporary and by no means divine. Having laid down fundamental principles of undoubted soundness, the author reasons upon them with rigor. To some readers, indeed, it may appear that his method of proof is a bit too dogmatic; that his conclusions are perhaps unjustifiably absolute. The possibility of anything like successful compromise between the representative principle and the devices of which he disapproves he seems completely to disallow. That new conditions have arisen, requiring radical changes of

method, he somewhat summarily denies. Even to those who are disposed to agree with the essential line of reasoning employed by Mr. Lodge, the contention that the changed conditions of modern life, because they are almost entirely the results of mechanical invention and of industrial development, can have little effect upon political principles which are based upon unchanging human nature, may not seem wholly conclusive. In short, in these earlier chapters of Mr. Lodge's book, the reader will find no complete and two-sided discussion of the far-reaching problems there dealt with. What he will find is an eloquent exposition of the theory of American government as understood by Washington and by Lincoln—an inspiring delineation of the fundamental concept implied in the phrase "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." Whatever one may think as to the binding force and universal validity of the conclusions arrived at, one can hardly fail to gain from Mr. Lodge's discussions of current political ideas an enhanced sense of the importance of that principle which the author outlines with so much theoretic clearness and historical insight. No one, too, has hit off in sharper or more convincing language than has Mr. Lodge that vital weakness of direct legislation, its tendency to bring about government by "the majority of a minority"—a tendency which an abundance of election statistics proves to be operative.

Although these purely political chapters of Mr. Lodge's book contain many crisp and clarifying sayings, memorable for their brief and energetic summing up of views in which many readers will unreservedly concur, they are not altogether free from the defects that appear in most occasional addresses when reduced to print. They impress the reader in his closet as being somewhat too restricted in viewpoint, a little too diffusely expressed in the interests of plainness, and, taken as a whole, a trifle repetitious. The same cannot be said, however, of the essays and sketches which fill the latter half of Mr. Lodge's volume. These are thoroughly charming, and their charm is of an enduring sort. In the address upon John C. Calhoun Mr. Lodge overcomes the difficulties incident to formal speech-making and produces something really vital, a sketch that bears witness to his unusual gift for drawing character with impressiveness, with sympathy, and with unexaggerated truth. Still more rewarding is the author's intimate sketch of Thomas B. Reed, in which the very flavor of the great man's thought and speech and the refreshing effect of his personality are subtly conveyed. A few of those witticisms of Reed's which Mr. Lodge has quoted are familiar, though they bear repetition well; but many either have lapsed into forgetfulness or are told now for the first time in print. Reed's definition of a statesman as a "successful politician who is dead" has become, of course, a well-worn proverb, but there are few who know the complete story of the humorous interchange of which it formed merely a part. The author, too, has recorded at least one serious remark of Reed's which is more

noteworthy even than his sallies of wit or his slashing retorts—the remark that "half-truths are simple, but the whole truth is the most complicated thing on earth." Other essays follow, less important in theme, but not less entertaining in manner. Mr. Lodge writes of the origin of certain Americanisms with more spirit and point than writers usually bring to such a theme, quoting from classic English authors sentences almost unbelievably redolent of the so-called American idiom. It is on the whole a pleasant surprise, if something of a shock even to our own preconceived notions, to learn that Carlyle once wrote: "He has brought you a Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, which I *calculate* will go in the parcel to-day; you will get *right good* reading out of it, *I guess*." In another essay, the author amusingly traces the subtle process by which an utterly baseless legend, relating a dramatic action said to have been performed by Aaron Burr (or in one version by Alexander Hamilton) in the course of a noted murder trial, came to be accepted as sober historic truth. The concluding piece, entitled "The Diversions of a Convalescent," is full of that serene and deep delight in good literature which is seldom felt at its highest and is still more rarely communicated in all its freshness of rediscovery.

GERMANY EMBATTLED—AN AMERICAN INTERPRETATION. By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The opening chapters of Mr. Villard's book not only state the German point of view with fairness, but convey a strong and convincing impression of the feeling and spirit of the mass of the German people. This impression lasts through the book, and remains dominant in the reader's mind after the book has been laid aside. One is made to appreciate "the thrill and the uplift born of whole-souled devotion" which "wrenched the populace loose from the purely personal considerations of life and stirred them with all the enthusiasm of readiness to die in a common cause." "Even the foreign spectators," writes the author, "caught up in the sudden swirl of vast, loosened reservoirs of national feeling, found it impossible to observe save with awe, and conviction, and deep emotion, this profoundly impressive transformation of a people." One is made to understand, too, how thoroughly the German people believe that they are in the right, and how entirely natural, how inevitable it is that they should believe this. In fact, among the writings about the war that have appeared in the periodical press or in book form there has been hardly anything that gives such a realization of the moral grandeur of Germany's great struggle, seen through German eyes, as does this comparatively simple and concise discourse of Mr. Villard's. The effect upon the reader is both thrilling and disheartening—disheartening because it makes the moral tragedy of the great war seem all the darker.

There are, indeed, two Germanys. Repeatedly in recent years able writers have urged us to distinguish between what is German and

what is Prussian; between the traditional spirit of the nation, somewhat obscured, perhaps, yet by no means extinct, and the modern spirit of force-worship. Mr. Villard draws the distinction afresh. There is on the one hand the Germany of the *Junker* and their allies, of the reactionaries and militarists, and on the other there is "the Germany of great souls, with its thinkers, its teachers, its civic administrators, its poets, its glorious musicians, its philosophers, and its idealists." Out of the two has been wrought the present conception of German *Kultur*. That the two elements of this conception bear to each other no necessary relation, that they are actually in the last analysis incompatible, would seem plain enough from an American point of view. Mr. Villard suggests that the welding of the two may be merely temporary, and perhaps he is right; yet it is difficult even for the American born to derive much encouragement from the thought. It is still harder to follow the author, with a faith in the abstract ethical appeal equal to his own, in his exhortations to German-Americans. "However difficult it may be," he writes, "the German-American must think out for himself what is going to be best for Germany in the long run, and ask whether victory by force of arms would not injure the ideal he holds for the Fatherland far more than would a chastening defeat." This is doubtless good ethics and sound philosophy, yet it is in passages such as this that the appeal of Mr. Villard's book appears least effective. Loyalty to their adopted country it seems reasonable to expect from German-Americans, but that they should look forward with complacence to a chastening defeat for the Fatherland—that is much to require of weak human nature. Indeed, such utterances may even be a little depressing, inevitably reminding us as they do of the tragic difference that may lie between the ethics of patriotism and the ethics of a broader humanity.

Mr. Villard does, however, clearly define the prevailing American attitude—and that is much. Stripping away all misunderstandings and exaggerations, he makes plain the real, the fundamental, objections of Americans to Germany's course, as well as the reasons for the failure in this country of the assiduously circulated German self-justifications. The book is high-minded; it is truthful; it is worthy of America. So justly, and in the main so tactfully, has the author expressed his message, that his treatise may well stand before the world as perhaps the clearest and most succinct expression of the American attitude. And yet through its very candor, its very optimism, this able little work brings home to us the difficulty of saying anything helpful or reassuring about the great conflict of nations.

A Russian Comedy of Errors. By George Kennan. New York: The Century Company, 1915.

Some of the tales which George Kennan has told in *A Russian Comedy of Errors* are evidently faithful records of true occurrences;

in others it is hard to tell how large a part has been played by the artistic imagination, though there would seem to be a basis of fact in every one. But the truest have plots that it would tax the mind of a Kipling to improve upon, and all are told with a refreshing unartificiality. The unfailing appeal of convincing strangeness is in these tales. "In originality of conception," writes the author, "the escape of Prince Krapotkin from the prison of the Nikolaievsk Military Hospital in St. Petersburg in 1876 is probably unparalleled in prison annals"; and the story justifies this frank introduction. Here is the tale of an exploit almost too wild for melodrama, yet so told as to hold the interest by a legitimate appeal. Indeed, it would seem that in dealing with such materials as those which Mr. Kennan has richly at his disposal, the artist's problem is rather to hold in check a naturally melodramatic tendency in the truth itself than to make truth interesting by imagined excitements. In this task Mr. Kennan succeeds admirably; the false note that may mar the effect of the truest tale as well as that of the most imaginative, destroying the illusion of reality which is as necessary to the former as to the latter, he never strikes.

The story of how Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich entered the Russian Empire on a single passport, after unintentionally deceiving the frontier police by a mode of procedure which probably would not have succeeded if their lives had been at stake, and of Mr. Aldrich's subsequent bout with the authorities, is told for just what it is worth as unusual and entertaining anecdote. But there are in Mr. Kennan's book true stories of a sterner and deeper interest. The life-story of the exiled poet, Felix Vadimovitch Volkhovsky, is at once a narrative of strange vicissitudes and an impressive study of that type of character which sustains heart-shaking calamities and soul-destroying discouragements with an almost incredible fortitude and cheerfulness. The tale is a lesson for pessimists. More purely fictional in form is "The World of a Single Cell," though there is reality enough in the account it gives of a prisoner's life in the fortress of Petropavlovsk and of the methods by which those who are placed in solitary confinement manage to communicate with one another. The note of comedy which justifies the title of the volume is found in the tale of an American traveling-man named Gordon, who went to Russia to sell something that looked like a bomb, but wasn't, and was rounded up by the police along with a large number of Jews all named Gordón, who were suspected of nobody knew exactly what. It is found, too, in many incidents having to do with the workings of that pleasant artifice of the Russian police which is called "the mouse-trap." And in the story called "A Sacrilegious Fox-Hunt"—a story of one of those incredible things that seem really to happen in Russia and nowhere else—there is a quality, not of comedy, but of grim amusement, that it would be hard to match in a tale from any other land. "Napoleonder" is a Russian folk-lore version of the career of Napoleon,

almost shockingly crude in conception, characterized by a naïve gruesomeness, and at the same time curiously affecting. In "The Zheltuga Republic" the author relates in detail the story of how adventurers predominatingly Russian, drawn to a remote part of Manchuria by the discovery of gold, banded together to secure law and order and proved their capacity for self-government.

Few writers of short stories have at their command material of so much intrinsic interest as has Mr. Kennan, and few have used more discreetly and effectively than he those exceptional facts which tax the story-teller's power no less because they happen to be true.

How to See a Play. By Richard Burton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

"This book," writes Dr. Burton in his preface, "is aimed squarely at the theater-goer"; and the clear, common-sense treatment of the subject which this declaration promises is found in the treatise that follows. The book, one feels, is written in a spirit that is happily more common among men of talent and learning than it used to be—the spirit which recognizes that there is more than one kind of culture; that culture may add in a multitude of ways to the every-day enjoyment of life; that a little culture, far from being a dangerous thing, is, if it be sound, a highly profitable thing. Thus, in treating of plays from the point of view of the ordinary spectator, Dr. Burton writes with evident zest, feeling, no doubt, that his task is not only interesting as the expression of a personal taste, but in a high degree useful. Constantly, without undue insistence, he impresses upon his readers the immediate value of what he tells them, and the ease and naturalness with which such knowledge as he gives may be made to fit into life. Moreover, he appeals to the intellectual conscience by pointing out that without appreciative, even fastidious audiences, we can never have good plays. A good book, it is true, even though it be not a popular book, may find its proper readers here, there, and everywhere, and so survive; but a play, if not immediately successful with casually assembled audiences, commonly perishes. It has little opportunity to find the auditors that are fit though few. There is all the more reason, therefore, that the many should be moderately fit.

To begin with, the author discusses the play as a form of story-telling, its peculiar limitations and opportunities. Sensitive as is the average auditor to dramatic effect, quickly as he perceives the lack of it when that lack is not concealed from him by some meretricious device, nothing is more common than ignorance of the laws and characteristics of dramatic art. This is seen most clearly perhaps in the crude attempts of amateur playwrights, who show a temerity even greater than that of amateur novelists. It is, in fact, as difficult a feat, in the structural point of view, to put a play together as to put a watch together. Happily, however, an understanding of the process

is easier for the inexpert in the latter case than in the former. And it is for the untechnical spectator that Dr. Burton consistently writes. The would-be dramatist, however gifted, must train himself in a difficult technic. And the spectator, who is "the necessary coadjutor with player and playwright in theater success," must learn the far less difficult but scarcely less important technic of appreciation. By showing, in clear, informal talk, just what is implied in the statements that a play must appeal to eye and ear, just what is meant by its concentration, its foreshortening of time, its epitomizing of character, Dr. Burton suggests the fundamental ideas necessary to intelligent appreciation of what the playwright tries to do.

Wisely, then, without further discussion of structure, the author passes to a historical review of the playwrighting from the pre-Shakespearian period to our own time. His shaping of this historic material is particularly commendable. Only that information which is strictly appropriate to the theme is conveyed; superficiality and excessive detail are alike avoided, and an adequate historical background is built up. Briefly Dr. Burton sketches the origin of the English play in the "mysteries" and "moralities" of the Church, its subsequent development "up to Shakespeare" and through the Elizabethan period, the effects of the Puritan reaction, the sad falling away in moral tone during the Restoration period, the refreshing return to truth, true wit, and decency in such plays of the eighteenth century as "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "She Stoops to Conquer." He speaks of the lamentable divorce between the stage and literature which completed itself in the period between 1775 and 1860. Passing on to the modern school, he dwells upon the dominant influence of Ibsen, and points out the characteristics of the modern play at its best as determined by its past and by the men of genius who have worked upon it in our own time. On each point of importance Dr. Burton pauses just long enough to define clearly, to stir curiosity, to suggest tone and atmosphere. This historic *résumé* of his possesses in a conspicuous degree the peculiar merit of informative writing done by a man deeply versed in his theme who tells but a little of what he knows.

There follow chapters upon "Method and Structure," "Development," "Climax," "The Ending of the Play"—chapters which clearly outline those essentials of the art which ought to be common to playwright and spectator, impressing the reader, too, with the artistic difficulties that the playwright often has to solve, and qualifying him in a measure to appreciate a piece of competent workmanship apart from its general appeal. But the duty of the "critic in the seat" does not end with insistence upon good dramatic structure; it extends to the demand for real thoughtfulness, for close relation to life, for a normal point of view as distinguished from the mere perversity of originality. Just what this implies the author makes plain by a rapid but acute discussion of the social significance of modern plays.

Dr. Burton is as sane as he is enthusiastic. One feels like cheering him when he writes: "In all considerations of the theater, it would be a good thing to allow the unfortunate word 'elevate' to drop from the vocabulary. It misleads and antagonizes. It is better to say that the view presented in this book is one that wishes to make the playhouse innocently pleasant, rational, and sound as art."

NATURE IN MUSIC. By LAWRENCE GILMAN. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

The difficult art of conveying in words the distinctive effects of music, of giving reality to meanings that, though musically clear, are verbally vague, is practised by Mr. Gilman with unusual success. He possesses, truly, in a marked degree and in unusual balance, the two qualities which are essential to successful criticism of any art—a delicate susceptibility to artistic effect and a thoroughly logical mind. To these may be added a third, a quality more especially required in musical criticism because of the elusiveness of its subject-matter. This is the power of suggesting through poetic imagery and subtle analogies thoughts which defy exact definition. Mr. Gilman's criticism is imaginative enough to convey even to the relatively unmusical reader, to the reader whose perceptions are predominantly literary, a vivid and true impression of what various kinds of modern music really are and mean. By repeated intimations, by frequent deft changes of viewpoint, by apt literary allusions, he achieves an expression really clear and enlightening, but not easy to sum up or to reproduce in other words than his own.

Of the value of so-called "programme music," Mr. Gilman has no manner of doubt, and he finds no essential conflict between it and the "pure music" in which he also takes delight. The objection that music descriptive of nature is not self-contained—that it requires a commentary—he considers irrelevant. That a form of art is complex is no reason for rejecting it, especially when the form is one which offers the utmost scope to the imagination. Neither the opera, nor, indeed, the ordinary song is wholly self-contained, since "each is dependent upon an element external to itself—the song upon words in the mouth of the singer; the opera upon words sung, action represented, or, very often, upon so flagrantly external a thing as the display and movement of scenery." As Mr. Gilman proceeds, he wholly persuades us of the rightness of his point of view by showing us the spaciousness and the richness of the realm which would be closed to genius were the art of tonal landscape-painting to be abandoned.

Of the musical composers whom he calls the chief contemporary nature-painters—namely, Debussy, d'Indy, Loeffler, and MacDowell—Mr. Gilman writes with an enthusiasm that is obviously born of inti-

mate communion, and with a discrimination that renders their chief characteristics humanly and artistically intelligible. Debussy he calls "before all else a visionary and mystic, a dweller in the spiritual borderlands. . . . His usual emotional life is passed on the farther side of the boundaries of that field of consciousness which most men would call 'normal,' and he is for ever bringing back across the border rumors of the aspects and occupations of an unexplored country. . . . His nearest kin among the landscapists of the brush are such different spirits as Böcklin, Corot, and Whistler. . . . His nature-painting has no smack of the soil of the solid earth. . . ." And yet in exceptional cases Debussy is true, tangible, and familiar, as in his "Rondes de Printemps" (No. III. of his "Images" for orchestra)—a piece of music which Mr. Gilman believes has been grossly undervalued. The author's concretely vivid appreciation of this particular composition is enough to show that in his praise of the four famous modern composers he is not merely holding a brief for the mystics. In d'Indy, Mr. Gilman finds a spirit deeply devout. This composer's mysticism is like that of Wordsworth, "large and austere, rather than intimate and impassioned." Loeffler, on the other hand, feels "instinctive sympathy with the tragical in nature. His spiritual brethren are Poe, Maeterlinck, Baudelaire, Verlaine, in their darker and more disconsolate hours." MacDowell is chiefly distinguished by his Celtic quality—"the Celts' peculiar and instinctive sensibility toward the appeal of that which is remote, solitary, of strange beauty and import." Such, roughly indicated, are the distinctions which the author draws between the chief nature-poets of music; but it is impossible in abridged quotation not to spoil the effect of Mr. Gilman's complete and unified portrayals of emotions, moods, and temperaments.

The author discourses in this book upon a variety of topics not suggested by the title. In one of his essays he discusses the musical treatment of death, pointing out the curious and insufficiently noticed fact that composers have somehow always fallen short in dealing with this great theme. Mr. Gilman writes about "opera in English" with common sense and with sensitive earnestness. He points out the good and evil of Strauss with impartiality and acumen. Grieg he assigns to his true and distinctive place—a high one, though not the highest—with a logic that seems unanswerable. The final essay of the volume is an intimate appreciation of Loeffler—a keen but guarded exposition of the quality of a genius singularly "complex, various, and restless."

In practising a kind of criticism that tempts to rhapsody because without the rhapsodic mood appreciation of its subject-matter is hardly possible, Mr. Gilman keeps his head. It may be said of him, as Dowden said of Swinburne, that his admirations are penetrating, but it can never be said that his criticism is chaotic or lacking in propriety of emphasis.

SONNETS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER. By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1914.

In this sequence of fifty-seven sonnets the decorative element predominates, and it gives real artistic pleasure. Mr. Ficke uses with deftness and a subtle sense of combined rhythmic and emotional effects the difficult form he has chosen. His sonnets are Shakespearian in structure, and have at times something of an Elizabethan ring, as in the concluding lines of Sonnet II, in which the fabric of thought and music is knit up with a homely phrase:

> And yet, being mad, I am not mad alone.
> Alight you come! . . . That folly dwarfs my own.

There is, perhaps, an unnecessary effect of mystery in the sonnets—what seems like a deliberate effort to fascinate by intimations and half-lights. Then, too, there is little in these verses that can deeply touch the general heart, though there is, as in much of the minor poetry of to-day, an impassioned and ingenious expression of personal feeling or mood. This personal feeling seldom expands into real power. We read such verses tentatively, by way of experimenting with our own powers of imaginative feeling, but seldom can we give ourselves up to them; seldom do we wish to remember or quote them.

In general there is little fault to find with Mr. Ficke's artistic method. In one or two cases, however, he introduces into his songs a note of what seems rather blatant actuality, as in the lines:

> See—the low, lustful, thinly maskèd faces!
> They crowd about you drinking in your bloom.
> In fancy each a taxi calls and races
> With you to his own sybaritic room . . .

Such lines hardly deepen, and certainly do not refine, the prose of commonplace jealousy.

THE SUN THIEF. By RHYS CARPENTER. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 1914.

To little of the verse published nowadays can the name poetry, in its full traditional sense, be applied so unreservedly as to Mr. Carpenter's rendering of the story of Prometheus, which he calls *The Sun Thief*. Mr. Carpenter's imagination works at ease with a great theme and in large spaces. It creates a world massive, tangible, full of the sense of real light and real shadow. Gazing into this imaginary world, the reader feels a sort of magical enlargement of his faculties—the same effect that is sometimes produced by great pictorial art. And this world is the real world of nature and of truth: it is not a world of strained metaphors and romantic emotions; one can breathe in it, and deeply. Never is the reader oppressed with the stifling sense of artificiality: the symbolism of the poem blends so perfectly with its reality that the two enhance each other.

Mr. Carpenter's English has a freshness, a buoyancy, an elemental quality, that allies it with Greek. The manner of his expression, however, in no case calls undue attention to itself; his language seems simply adequate. The verses of the poem, unobtrusively melodious, the word-pictures untouched by the vanity of exceptional phrasing and simply obedient to the inward vision, convey their meaning so directly into the mind that one takes no separate thought for style or cadence. The effect is indefinably exhilarating—an effect of clear beauty woven out of the several elements of thought, mental imagery, and musical cadence, yet single in its effect. Remarkable, too, is the unity of impression produced by the poetic drama as a whole. That its dual time-scheme never seems incongruous—that the drama enacts itself easily in the space of a single day, and yet seems adequately to symbolize the age-long struggle of humanity as seen through the eyes of Prometheus—is proof of real power on the part of the poet. To foreshorten thus, an artist must have large conceptions and a convincing vigor of expression.

The lyrics, too, which are included in the same volume with *The Sun Thief*, are, like it, classical in feeling, full of light rather than color, expressive of a rare, keen sense of beauty, free from the oppressively personal note and from the cloying superfluity of prettiness. A little spectral they seem in their imagery, airy rather than earthy; but though they are wrought with a perfection of form that borders on the too perfect, they are never cold. Always one feels in them the force of virile feeling, and of an imaginative quality that is vigorous and peculiarly masculine. These verses have an originality, and clearness of conception, that is very different from mere novelty of material, striking sensuousness of imagery, or intensity of superinduced mood.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

SIR,—I have just read your letter to the *Times* in the last NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and I am moved to sit down at once to write you this line of appreciation and thanks. You have said extremely well what emphatically needed to be said, in view of the specific utterances which you quote and the more or less general state of mind in England which lies back of them. I have been laboring by correspondence both with a father-in-law and a brother-in-law in London to present the point of view and the reasoning which is now so well set forth in your editorial, and now I have only to send this on to them with an adjuration to read and heed—for which again thanks!

BOSTON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

SIR,—Your letter to the *Times* should, I think, be answered, but it needs a more facile pen than mine, and a greater experience in debate than mine, to answer it effectively.

My personal views are of no interest whatever, either to you or your readers, so I wish only to point out a possible thesis for an answer, possible for some one to develop, appointed perhaps by your good self.

In the first place, is it quite correct to deny so emphatically as you deny the existence of a strong undercurrent of frictional feeling between England and our country? It should be remembered that this is a large country, and it is therefore risky to undertake to speak for it, and in my opinion magazines and newspapers cannot be relied upon to express the country's views with anything like the certainty of freedom from error that you seem to assume. Nor are the views interchanged between scholars—as between Messrs. Eliot and Hadley—safely representative.

My profession takes me into every nook and corner of America, and to many in Europe, and whereas in great cities the newspapers seem to lend an air of compactness to public opinion—an atmosphere of there being two thoroughly unified camps—yet in country districts—in the mountains of the West and the cotton centers of the South—individual opinion appears to me to be much freer—quite free from manifest guidance—as in urban districts. It may often be true that newspapers and magazines and scholastic minds finally prevail in accomplishments; but my thought is that your letter to Lord Northcliffe takes it a little too much for granted that American friendship for England, *even in the present struggle*, flows in such a placidly unanimous stream.

Many are the homely expressions of cynicism that can be heard among true-blue Americans as to England's motives in this war. My own impression is that were England a little less clever in playing the soft pedal on her claims to be "fighting for humanity, for democracy"—if she were to relapse for one

moment into the idiotic, blatant torrent of "propaganda" that Germans have been guilty of—then I think *her* case would be even more effectually prejudiced than Germany's case is now.

I have found many, many Americans take the position that they will wait and make sure of a few things before taking sides. "Interesting, if true," is their comment on "atrocities," cathedral destruction, wreck and ruin in the path of the Germans. Occasionally the papers will print some little paragraph in an obscure place giving some fairly official denial of some of the charges so liberally and ruthlessly flung at the Germans, as, for instance, an American Consul's report that "1,200 German mines, reported to have drifted ashore on various parts of the Holland coast, prove upon inspection to be 112 mines—100 of which are English, 11 French, and 1 Danish"—or thereabouts. Exaggeration and misrepresentation surely created an "atmosphere" of censure of Germany for a while; but little by little a waiting attitude is being assumed.

Then, too, I think you will find fully half the people whom you credit with being pro-Ally or pro-British quite sure that England would have "raped" Belgium, even as Germany did, given the motive. In fact, the "pot mustn't call the kettle black" is quite typical of much American opinion.

One further point that I have frequently heard advanced—we never heard anything about the threatening advance of German militarism on this country until now—until England assumes it, in order to gain sympathy in her fight to preserve her own enormous world domination. We have never had cause to fear Germany, but we have often been riled by British arrogance. Can a complete reversal of form come so instantaneously? We'll wait a bit and see.

In short, I think this country is a little more neutral at least than you seem to think—than the newspapers picture it—and many, many an American is wondering and wondering what neutrality really is—why, for instance, it is neutral to carry arms and war material from America to a belligerent *army*, but *un*neutral, criminal, to carry arms and war material to a belligerent *navy*.

NEW YORK. HOWARD F. WIERUM.

SIR,—I regret I did not get my REVIEW prior to the adjournment of Congress, or I should have sought your permission to have your letter to the *Times* printed as a Senate document. It ought to be read by thousands who will not be able to read it in your REVIEW. It is a splendid presentation of that most important phase of the situation along most wholesome lines. It is thoroughly patriotic, thoroughly American, yet wholly free from jingoism. It takes good care of our citizens of German descent, and treats them as they are entitled to be treated, as a most respectable, worthy, and loyal class of citizens. Sincerely this is altogether the best thing that has been done or said along these lines. I think one of the best features of the letter is the admirable restraint which you disclose in what must have been a strong temptation to recall more at length England's attitude toward us in every crisis through which we have passed. I like particularly, too, your reminder to them that our interest in the situation grows out of the fact of what we conceive to be involved in the way of governmental institutions rather than in unrestrained love for England herself. It was, all in all, masterly.

WASHINGTON, D. C. W. E. BORAH.

SIR,—Your open letter to the co-conspirator with Edward Grey is not worthy of a citizen of the United States, for you are perfectly aware of the

agreements between them to destroy the peace of the world—beginning in 1902 and conducted throughout the world by means of American money and un-American persons and enemies of Democracy adherent to the Crown and Aristocracy of England.

As you are a part of this conspiracy, this Anglo-Judasic agreement to kill civilization for money, you, a trained and informed man, are well aware of the results that must follow in this country after the murder of Germany is done. These results include the destruction of all that the Constitution provides, and the enthronement of Aristocracy, Tyranny, Mammon, Siberia, Congo—the sword, the knout, the chains of slavery.

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA. M. K. NELSON.

SIR,—Permit me to express my hearty appreciation of "A Letter to the *Times*" in your March number. In a small way I tried to convey the same general idea to a valued Canadian friend, who is on the firing-line, a couple of weeks ago, and it is most pleasant to read such highly authoritative corroboration as yours.

A reader of some thirty-odd years, I have never found THE REVIEW so interesting as in its one-hundredth-anniversary year. I only hope I may be permitted to enjoy it in the spirit when its second centennial rolls around —even if it has to be printed on asbestos! W. H. LAWTON.

WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA.

SIR,—I want to express my appreciation of your open letter to the London *Times*, or rather to Lord Northcliffe, as printed in the current number of THE REVIEW. I have had an uncomfortable feeling for the last two months, from my own correspondents in England, and from the English press, that our English friends were getting in a frame of mind that might prove unfortunate. I hope sincerely that your letter will be widely read.

NEW YORK. HENRY S. PRITCHETT.

SIR,—Please do not make any further improvement in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; if you do I fear me the tenth of each month will find my ordinary vocation neglected.

One word as to the letter to the *Times*. Volumes have been written anent the causes of the war, but not until your letter appeared has there been a satisfying explanation. (The superficial causes every one understood were such;) we talked quite glibly of "Imperialism and Militarism," but had only a vague conception of what they meant. You have cleared that up.

Permit me to say, further, that you are one of the first who is either big enough or honorable enough, or both, to give to the public the real cause of the industrial depression in America to-day.

Every reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ought to make it his duty to draw the attention of his friends to that letter. I thank you for it.

WAUPACA, WISCONSIN. C. P. STANLEY.

SIR,—Last night, between the hours of two and three, I spent a happy and useful time in reading your letter to the *Times*. I do not see how the matter of it could have been better handled. It is clear, strong, outright, and yet most considerate, and the English, if they are what they ought to be, will be grateful for it. W. D. HOWELLS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

SIR,—Your letter to *The Times* is admirable. Nowhere, until now, have I found America's real spirit in the war so faithfully expressed: Regard and admiration for the achievements of the German people; recognition of the basic conflict between English and American ideas of government "by the people," and Prussian ideas of government imposed upon the people; and America's real desire so to keep aloof from the conflict that she may be of service to both belligerents when the time for peace arrives.

As one American citizen, I am grateful for your service in sending to England a glimpse of our real attitude. HAROLD W. SANFORD.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

THE INNER LIGHT

SIR,—In the November number of THE REVIEW, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch uses as one of his interesting illustrations to establish his point of Shakespeare's use of a darkened stage to aid the effect of his tragedies upon the spectator, the following passage from "Hamlet":

> *King:* Give me some light—away!
> *All:* Lights, lights, lights!

Further on, he says: "It may well be that Shakespeare, as a stage-manager, had means of employing darkness at will, say by a curtain pulled overhead across the auditorium, or part of it. If he had not (and the first account of the play by a spectator is by one Dr. Forman, an astrologist, who paid for his seat in the Globe on Saturday, April 20, 1610—that is, at a time of year when the sky over the theater would be day-lit), I frankly confess my ignorance of how it was managed."

If our distinguished authority means that the court-play in "Hamlet" was presented on a darkened stage (and of course, while it was afternoon with the audience, it was night upon the stage), or that the stage was darkened when the obtuse, precise court chamberlain ordered the play to cease, we would not say nay.

But may we suggest that perhaps the most intense darkness here is spiritual, so far as the King is concerned. He is blinded by the light of his own crime, so blinded he cannot see Hamlet, but *feels* him, feels the presence of the others, calls for light.

And when the assembled court calls for lights, they but echo their king's cry. Their call is not out of a need for lights, obvious as that need may have been, but out of a concern for their monarch in which his thoughts and fears are their very own. This concern, it seems to me, must be difficult for any one to appreciate who, like myself, has never known anything of court life or owed allegiance to a king. But in its ideal it can be imagined, perhaps, better by an outsider than an insider.

However, is it not possible that there is in this passage an intellectual quality further reaching than suggested? Is it not possible that we have here something that explains why the death of Claudius is delayed better than the theory of indecision cited by our distinguished critic in the October contribution to his most interesting Macbeth study? (Is it not possible that after all, at the critical times when the inner light shone so full and strong in Claudius, the question of a physical revenge ceased to exist?) When this light

appears in the King's soul so strong he is blinded by it, should not Hamlet as an intellectual being who has just written and acted the vital part of the play for the inspiration of the players, be riveted to his seat by the sight of a phenomenon in soul-suffering that death would defeat, a suffering that makes a physical revenge a barbarism as unthinkable by him as it is by you and me?

But Shakespeare's audience were barbarians, most of them. Drake was more popular in that day than was our immortal poet. Hamlet, with self-accusations, apologizes to *this* audience for his procrastination and his indecision. And our poet certainly had a time to keep this bloodthirsty audience interested while keeping Hamlet as an intellectual being tormented with a light that grows stronger in its hold upon the King and in its fascination for Hamlet, until in the final scene the revenge of the Ghost is lost in a confusion of killings that is a tribute paid to the Elizabethan audience.

St. Joseph, Missouri. C. M. S.

GUIDING INTELLIGENCE IN EVOLUTION

Sir,—In Mr. Burroughs's article in The North American Review for February, entitled "The Arrival of the Fit," he cites seeming evidences of a guiding principle or "reasonableness" in evolution, while he also points out that there are many things in evolution which seem to contradict the idea of a guiding intelligence.

If, in searching for a companion in the desert, I find tracks that resemble his, I am entirely justified in believing that he has been in that particular place, and that, although I do not see him, he is somewhere in that vicinity. There may be mysteries about the tracks that I do not understand. They may be distinct for a distance and then mysteriously disappear; but, nevertheless, I am positively convinced that my companion has been on the spot, and no power on earth can shake my faith in the belief.

The "tendencies," the "reasonableness," and the "primordial push" mentioned by Mr. Burroughs are the tracks of a guiding intelligence in the desert of "failures and monstrosities," of "waste and suffering and delay" in evolution. If we are ever to have a religious faith that accords with the principles of evolution, we should carefully treasure every footprint or sign of a guiding intelligence in evolution. We should not be dismayed by the occasional disappearance of the traces of intelligence, or by the limitless waste about us. The particular shape which each organ assumes, and the particular tissue which it absorbs, under all circumstances and conditions in its formation and development, also appear to be results of a guiding intelligence. Permit me to say that I believe one may become as positively convinced of the existence and operation of a guiding intelligence in the development of living forms as of the existence and nearness of a companion on viewing his footprints in the sand. Charles L. Clayton.

Wellington, Kansas.

A COUNCIL OF NEUTRAL NATIONS

Sir,—The Supreme Court of the United States within its recognized jurisdiction has avoided decision in cases where no means existed for their enforcement upon that ground. International Law, so called, has no independent means by which its authority can be exerted. It formerly rested upon

the customs and usages of civilized nations, as expounded by jurists and commentators who had studied their separate or joint declarations and acts, and the proceedings of local courts and legislatures. More and more, however, treaties have become the chief source of the law of nations, and the abstract of their provisions concerning international agreements is one of the valuable undertakings proposed by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Of course, however, any superstructure built upon such foundations and made into a system of rules—even were it to be generally accepted—would be liable to go to pieces during a great war under the plea of a national "necessity" by a belligerent or by a neutral. If there were any authority to which appeal might be made in case of their infraction, how could it act effectively? Public opinion is the strength of treaties, and there is now no international public opinion which can be invoked even for moral support of a disputed question. For any single neutral nation to assert at this time *ex cathedra* its views or its interpretations of usage because of its own commercial or financial needs, or because of its sympathy with one of the belligerents, is simply to submit to the machinations of those who would force the United States into partizanship or active participation in the war.

This is the obvious design of many residents in the country who are urging upon the Government to insist upon all the principles of international comity upon which there is any question with defiant urgency and with *ex parte* claim to authority.

Since the rape of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary, the international-law basis of treaty has been subjected to repeated shocks. The condition is chaotic, and precedents are perhaps being formed rather than being obeyed. During the necessary suspense of anything like international sanction for general agreement, no single neutral nation, however strong, can afford to take an absolute attitude in regard to questions not only doubtful, but which are in their nature fluent. A *modus vivendi* must be sought with all the patience, restraint, and unselfishness possible.

There is one course open, in which the United States may well take the lead and which would avoid the individual national responsibility which our vehement unneutrals are trying to force upon us. Let the President call a council of neutral nations, only for that which is their proper business—the joint assertion of some principles which should govern the acts of war—and control with neutrals the movements of vehicles of transportation, persons, and goods; these views to be promulgated, with the force which they would thus receive, to mankind at large. Whether one side or the other were crippled by the acceptance of these principles, such a united action could hardly be resented by any belligerent; and were the decrees not fully obeyed, recommendations for the present crisis and protests against the outrages already committed against the rules which ought to have been obeyed would furnish material for the future establishment of a policed Court of International Law.

It would not require many weeks to assemble in Washington representatives of the South American nations, of Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Spain.

It must be emphasized that such a conference should be strictly limited to the purpose indicated in order for its accomplishment with proper influence and authority, and absolutely restricted from any discussion of armistice, arbitration, or peace propositions of any kind.

Boston, Massachusetts. Erving Winslow.

TERMS OF PEACE

SIR,—The article by M. Yves Guyot, in your February number, might easily create a wrong impression. It would be unfortunate indeed if Americans should believe that France is at all committed to the wild and unreasonable terms of peace suggested by M. Guyot. I think I can assure you that there is no thought, among responsible people, of interfering in any way with the internal affairs of Germany. The Allies will treat with the national authorities of Germany—that is to say, with the Kaiser. They will not attempt to destroy the supremacy of Prussia within the Empire: that is none of their business. And they have no desire to turn over the purely German city of Danzig to the Poles or the Russians. Premier Viviani has stated authoritatively the terms that France would be satisfied with: namely, full compensation for Belgium, and Alsace-Lorraine. Everything beyond that represents purely personal opinions. Very sincerely yours,

HOUSTON, TEXAS. A. L. GUÉRARD.

A VIVID ACCOUNT

SIR,—I have within a few days read with much interest an article in your March number by "A British Officer," and it gives me pleasure to say that it has put me in closer touch with one side of the war than anything I have heretofore read. It was most interesting in all its particulars and vividly brings before one the experiences of those who are sent to the rear.

PHILADELPHIA. WM. B. KING.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT

(*From the Portland Oregonian*)

Republican confidence of victory in 1916 is admitted by Col. George Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to be no mere "triumph of hope over experience"; it is conceded to be "a firm conviction." Colonel Harvey sums up in his coldly judicial way the bases for this confidence, and his known friendship for President Wilson adds value to his conclusions.

He disagrees with the statements of both the President and Mr. Hilles, chairman of the Republican National Committee, as to how many electoral votes each party would have scored if the election last November had been for President. Taking the votes for Senators and Representatives as an index, he holds that the Democrats would have had 256 electoral votes, not 288, as claimed by Mr. Wilson; the Republicans 275, a Republican majority of nineteen. The Colonel says the shrewdest Republicans honestly believe they can hold these 275 votes and are confident of adding the votes of Colorado, Maine, Oregon, South Dakota, and Wisconsin, "making a grand total of 310 and affording a clear majority of nearly 100 votes." The *Oregonian* has already shown how good is the ground for this confidence as to not only these States, but as to others where the Democratic plurality was due only to the continuance of the Progressive split. Colonel Harvey says this calculation would be upset if Mr. Wilson "should succeed in winning over the remaining Progressives who still hold the balance of power in Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Idaho, and Washington," a statement which goes far to explain the President's bid for the Progressive vote at Indianapolis. The Colonel's own conclusion is that "whichever party loses New York is likely to lose the election" in 1916, and that the election of 1914 "was a drawn battle, leaving the Democrats slightly ahead in the popular vote and slightly behind in prospects relating to the choice of electors."

Colonel Harvey proceeds to consider the prospects of the two parties, taking as their spokesmen the President and Senator Borah. He quotes Mr. Wilson's statements that "the Republican party has not had a new idea for thirty years," and that "most of the advice taken by the Republican party is taken from gentlemen old enough to be grandfathers." Against this he sets Mr. Borah's catalogue of Republican achievements, beginning with the interstate commerce law and the anti-trust law, continuing with many other constructive and progressive laws, and closing with the Constitutional amendments authorizing income tax and direct election of Senators. Mr. Borah dwelt particularly on the Administration's resort to the Vreeland act to help the country over the war crisis, while its own Federal reserve law lay on the shelf.

Colonel Harvey recalls that, "while the new banking law was finally enacted by the Democrats, its genesis was Republican, and the idea from which it was developed was hatched in the brain of Grandfather Nelson W. Aldrich."

The most telling passage quoted from Mr. Borah's speech is the reply to Mr. Wilson's exultation over having left Mexico alone to settle her own affairs. Referring to this part of the Indianapolis speech, Colonel Harvey confesses his "inability to comprehend this extraordinary blending of emotion and cynicism." He then quotes Mr. Borah as saying that, if Mr. Wilson "had said in the beginning that we were to let Mexico alone, he would have been in an almost impregnable position" if he had added "that Mexico should respect the rights of American citizens and of foreigners living in that country." The Colonel quotes Mr. Borah's statement that we did go to Mexico, that we killed two hundred Mexicans and lost nineteen of our own men, that the only reason why there was not war was that Mexico was "unable to respond," and that we destroyed "the only semblance of government which they had in Mexico." Mr. Borah's vivid picturing of the present horrible conditions in Mexico and of the Administration's indifference to the murder and ravishment of Americans is then quoted and placed beside the President's declaration, for comparison, but without comment. No comment was necessary, for the comparison can lead to but one conclusion in the average mind.

The "points of presumed weakness in the Democratic line-up" are then summarized. First is depression of business, then prospective bankruptcy of the Treasury, both of which are undeniable. Next in order comes Government ownership of ships, which, the Colonel says, "has found little public favor" and against which he cites the incontrovertible arguments already advanced by *The Oregonian*. Colonel Harvey then predicts that the bill will succumb in this session, and he suggests as the alternative then before the Administration "acknowledging defeat or calling an extra session." As to Mexico, he says that if the warring factions "unite to establish a just government, the triumph of the Administration's policy will be so overwhelming as to confound its critics"; but he continues:

> If not, the issue inevitably will be whether the United States owes it to her citizens to protect their lives and properties abroad as well as at home.

As to national defense, the Republicans, "as a unit for preparedness," have an advantage over their antagonists. The mere proposal to give Colombia an apology and $25,000,000 is held to have completely alienated Colonel Roosevelt and his considerable personal following. The efficiency of Democratic representatives in Europe is held to be mortifying to Republicans, but "the most notable success was achieved by the Republican Ambassador" to France. Nor will independent voters be attracted by the appointments to South America, and they "may view the proceedings in San Domingo with aversion as a breach of trust." Relegation of woman suffrage to the States, Colonel Harvey believes, "will deprive the Democrats of an issue which Mr. Bryan surely would have espoused as an appeal for the ninety-one electoral votes easily controlled by women if they should act as a unit." Presence of three Texans in the Cabinet and of another as "the intimate adviser of the President" opens the way for a charge of sectionalism against the Administration. Segregation at Washington "will hold every negro in the Republican ranks."

This is a goodly array of issues on which Republicans can go into battle

with the Democrats, aside from divisions in the Democratic ranks, to which Colonel Harvey refers. He then adds:

> Most satisfying of all to the Republicans is the reflection that they have a team, while the Democrats have only a captain.

He says the President has confidence in the people, but he intimates that the question is whether the people have confidence in the President. All the evidence tends to show that the popular confidence, which was given in generous measure two years ago, is fast waning.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat)

Col. George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is unquestionably the original Wilson man. While Mr. Wilson was merely president of Princeton, Colonel Harvey announced him for President of the United States. He took the lead in boosting him for Governor of New Jersey. Mr. Wilson frankly stated, after his election to that office, that Colonel Harvey was responsible for that consummation. The Colonel continued to boom him for the Presidency. It was only when a question arose as to the effect the Colonel's advocacy might have on William Jennings Bryan that it was abated. At the request of Mr. Wilson the Colonel dropped the matter until the Baltimore convention. Subsequent to that, he again supported him. He announced, much to the surprise of many sagacious politicians, that Mr. Wilson would run first, Colonel Roosevelt second, and Mr. Taft third. The election returns vindicated the prediction.

It was some time after the election before the President sought a reconciliation with his old friend. He found Barkis willing, and cordial relations were restored before the 1914 campaign. The Colonel did much special pleading for his old friend. He showed great glee when a favorable House and a more favorable Senate were returned. But much as he rejoices, he cannot forget his reputation as an election prophet. Since he has received the official returns of the vote, he has studied the same. The more he has studied them the less sanguine he has been about his friend's prospects in 1916. He does not agree with his estimate, given in the more or less famous Indianapolis speech, that the country would have given a Democratic candidate for President eighty majority. Nor does he agree with the Republican National Committee that the Republicans would have captured the Presidency by a large majority. His own opinion is that the Republicans would have won by a majority of nineteen in the electoral college. He also admits that the Republicans have excellent prospects of adding to their vote the following: Colorado, 6; Maine, 6; Oregon, 5; South Dakota, 5, and Wisconsin 13, making a grand total of 310. This would make a clear majority of nearly a hundred votes.

The Colonel admits that if the President should win over all the Progressives of Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Idaho, and Washington, he would have a chance. But there is little indication that he will accomplish this. Colonel Roosevelt, whose influence is still strong with the Progressives, has little respect for the President and the Secretary of State. If the Republicans nominate a candidate who is even moderately acceptable to him, his influence will be against the re-election of Mr. Wilson. Biased as Colonel Harvey is,

he cannot, with proper regard for his reputation, predict Mr. Wilson's re-election. He closes his article with a neat turn on one of the President's remarks at Indianapolis, an observation that it is not so much a question of the President's confidence in the American people as one of the American people's confidence in the President.

THE WAR'S DIVINE PURPOSE

(From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press)

It is eminently fitting that the first of twelve centennial numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW should be adorned by some of George Harvey's (its editor's) loftiest writing. He is in happy vein while comparing James Madison, who was President when THE NORTH AMERICAN was founded, and Woodrow Wilson, who occupies the White House as THE REVIEW attains the venerable age of one hundred.

But Mr. Harvey rises to noblest heights in descanting on the war, its true causes, and its underlying purpose. He rejects the ordinary assumption which lays the blame for the internecine struggle on this or that combatant, but aims to show that the true causes are to be found in the internal conditions of the various countries, such as the domestic chaos which threatened Austria's disruption, the general strike in Russia, and in the prevalent belief in England, Germany, and France that the war had to come some time and the dreadful ordeal might as well be gone through with first as last.

But what interests Mr. Harvey principally is not the causes, but what he conceives to be the fundamental purpose underlying this world tragedy. In his view the Almighty would never have permitted such a calamity to fall upon mankind unless He were working through it to some beneficent end. What is this? Colonel Harvey believes the divine purpose of the war is the liberation of the Old World from the shackles of an awful slavery, the shackles of militarism, just as the Civil War was waged to free the American negro from a degrading bondage. Says Mr. Harvey:

> The terrible (Civil) war was waged under pretexts of human making, but for a purpose now realized to have been divine. May it not be so with this greatest of wars? Our struggle liberated the blacks of America. May not this be designed to free the whites of Europe? What are the millions of German, French, Austrian, and Russian boys in the trenches to-day but slaves? What have they ever been but slaves? Taken almost from the cradle and gripped by a system which held them as in a vise, to become—what? Cogs in a machine, a fighting machine, constructed with ruthless energy and superlative skill to beat down another fighting machine; nothing less, nothing more. Patriotism? Faugh! Their words are but prattle drilled into minds forbidden to think and taught only to obey. Our blacks were at least inferior by nature, but these whites—the splendid youth of the most virile of peoples now being killed by thousands—are inferior only by enforcement, by decree, by an irresistible and unbreakable bond from the cradle to the unmarked grave. Slavery? Compared with theirs, ours which we abolished by war was beneficent and kindly; compared with ours, theirs is ghastly.

In conclusion, Mr. Harvey declares that he cares not for what may be the causes of the war, if its purpose "shall prove in the end to have been the extinguishment of slavery from the face of the earth, the freeing of mankind, the making in Europe of a democracy, however limping and stumbling." Who shall say that Colonel Harvey has not hit upon the fundamental *raison d'être* of the war, and that it may mean, what he and all of us hope and pray for, the deliverance of the Old World from a desolating slavery?

EASY TO PROPHESY

(*From the Concord Monitor*)

The accomplished editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Col. George Harvey, surveys the national political line-up from the point of view of a coach of the Republican team, and sees these chief points of weakness in the Democratic position: Depression of business and prospective bankruptcy of the treasury; government ownership of ships; the situation as to Mexico and Colombia in particular and our diplomatic service in general; the unpreparedness of our national defense; the issues of sectionalism, especially in regard to the colored vote; and the definite placing of woman's suffrage as a State rather than a national issue.

Such, in brief, he says are some of the bases of Republican confidence. There are others of a more definitely political nature, embracing the universal disgust with Mr. Daniels, the quite common doubt of Mr. Bryan's efficiency as an executive, the propriety of Mr. McAdoo remaining in the Treasury as a son-in-law, the alienation of three at least of the ablest Democratic Senators, the disaffection of the so-called Clark Democrats who have not been accorded recognition, the seeming dissatisfaction of the chairman and other members of the National Committee, and so on.

In contrast with this weakened, divided, and disaffected Democracy, Colonel Harvey places the re-united, well-organized, and hopeful Republicans; and while he does not prophesy, he makes it easy for others to do so from his data.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS YOUNG

(*From the Los Angeles Graphic*)

This month brings the one-hundredth birthday of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and Col. George Harvey draws attention to it in this sprightly manner:

> We are no lady, either inconceivably perfect or more agreeably human; so we frankly confess our age; we are one hundred years old and still single. Not that we have not been the recipient of proposals; far from it; we have received many offers of periodical matrimony from other like Institutions whose intentions were manifestly honorable; but, alas! none seemed to be fitting or advantageous; invariably, the proponent was too young or too frivolous. Our solitary parent, the *Monthly Anthology*, too, was unwed, but that is a point in the family record upon which, naturally, in common with Abel, we care not to dwell, especially since, although by no means as young as we used to be, we cannot feel certain that we have yet reached the age of indiscretion.

Could there be a better epitome of the spirit of this great magazine than this merry paragraph at the beginning of an article, quizzically signed "By the North American Review." To analyze profoundly the manifestations of life from month to month, political, literary, social, philosophical, and yet never to sink to the deadly dullness of the purely objective and academic viewpoint, never to lose the sense of humor, the comic spirit—this is no easy task. In fact, when it becomes a task it is impossible. It is a gift, and upon few men has it been bestowed to such a degree as upon George Harvey. One hundred years young is this REVIEW, not a youth of second childhood, but a youth that is superior to time and mortal years. The "then and now" of the life of the publication is epitomized in this article by the magazine itself,

from which the paragraph was quoted, entitled "From Madison to Wilson," and it is filled with the keenest observation and deduction.

NOT THE GREATEST

(*From the Cincinnati Times-Star*)

As time goes in this world, one hundred years is not an impressive period. But it is rather a venerable and a distinguished age to have been reached by an American magazine devoted exclusively to criticism and the higher literary discussion. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, founded by a Cambridge (Mass.) club of scholars in 1815, having now rounded out a full century of usefulness and influence in American letters, is entitled to receive the congratulations of the contemporary literati.

THE REVIEW began its career at a time when the trend toward a higher culture was developing. With such early contributors as Bryant, Ticknor, Webster, Adams, and Bancroft, the magazine commanded serious attention. While not the first publication of its kind in this country, it at least is one of the oldest. Its age, however, is not the greatest of its honors.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

An open letter from George Harvey to Lord Northcliffe, owner of *The London Times*, is the leading article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. If *The Times* has not printed it entire, it should, and *The London Spectator* and *London Outlook* should reprint it. They owe it to that British sense of justice to print it. Colonel Harvey is wholly in sympathy with Great Britain in this conflict, and with the neutral course of the administration. The resentment of the British at our protests, the sneers at our "commercialism," the silly appeals to a nation which is kin to all Europe to play the "daughter" to a "noble mother," he responds to with crushing effect. He has the great advantage that a tolerant man has always in argument with an intolerant, and he knows the English people better than any English publicist (save one) knows Americans. After they have digested James Bryce's remarks, the English should read carefully and thoughtfully Colonel Harvey's.

AMUSEMENT

(*From the Journal of Education*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is having the greatest fun ever, and giving its readers corresponding amusement in celebrating, in the twelve issues of 1915, its centennial year. We cannot imagine anything in 1915 magazines more spicy than this treatment of a hundred years.

A WAR FOR FREEDOM

(*From the Marinette Eagle-Star*)

Editor George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW advances the theory that this great European conflict is a divinely appointed struggle for the freedom of Europe from the bondage of militarism, just as much as our

Civil War was waged to free the American negro from a degrading slavery. There seem many reasons to believe that Colonel Harvey's theory is the correct one. Let all Christendom hope most earnestly that the freedom from the shackles of militarism may be obtained without much more loss of life.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

(*From the Sioux City Journal*)

The Lincoln *Journal* says of Senator Borah that "his origin among the crags of Idaho probably puts him out of the question as a Presidential possibility." The fact remains that Senator Borah is the man whom Col. George Harvey has picked as the logical nominee of the next Republican national convention. And the fact remains also that Senator Borah, of Idaho, is not now so much of a Presidential impossibility as was Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, when the same Col. George Harvey proposed him as the logical nominee of the 1912 Democratic national convention.

CHANGEABLE

(*From the Chicago News*)

Col. George Harvey is not very optimistic about the chances of the Democratic party in 1916, but then the American public has been known to change its mind.

OUR COAST DEFENSES

(*From Arms and the Man*)

An admirable article entitled "The Problem of Our Coast Defenses" appears in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February.

The author employs a conservative tone; at the same time there is no escape from the overwhelming array of facts which he marshals. Our coast artillery defenses so far as they go are good, but they stop short of being satisfactory because there are not enough officers and men. Lieutenant Thompson discusses with a broad and capable grasp the question of the relative range of our large coast-defense guns and those a battle-ship fleet might be expected to carry. He says well that a consideration of all the elements involved could be expected to result in a selection of armament that would give the maximum range consistent with a reasonable life of the guns. He is of the opinion that there should be a few 16-inch guns in each important coast-defense fort. This is in accord with the best-informed judgment. In concluding, Lieutenant Thompson says: "To summarize: The regular coast-artillery corps is now short 612 officers and 10,988 enlisted men necessary to furnish one relief for one-half the home gun defenses. These officers and men should be authorized by Congress at once. The coast States should take immediate steps to furnish enough coast-artillery militia to man the other half of the home gun defenses. One high-power 16-inch gun battery should be constructed for every important harbor as soon as possible and a policy should be adopted for the future which would involve for each era or period of marked advancement in gun defense at least one battery of the latest developed type for each harbor, eliminating from time to time such portion of the old armament as is entirely obsolete."

THE ENGLISH VIEW

(From the Hartford Courant)

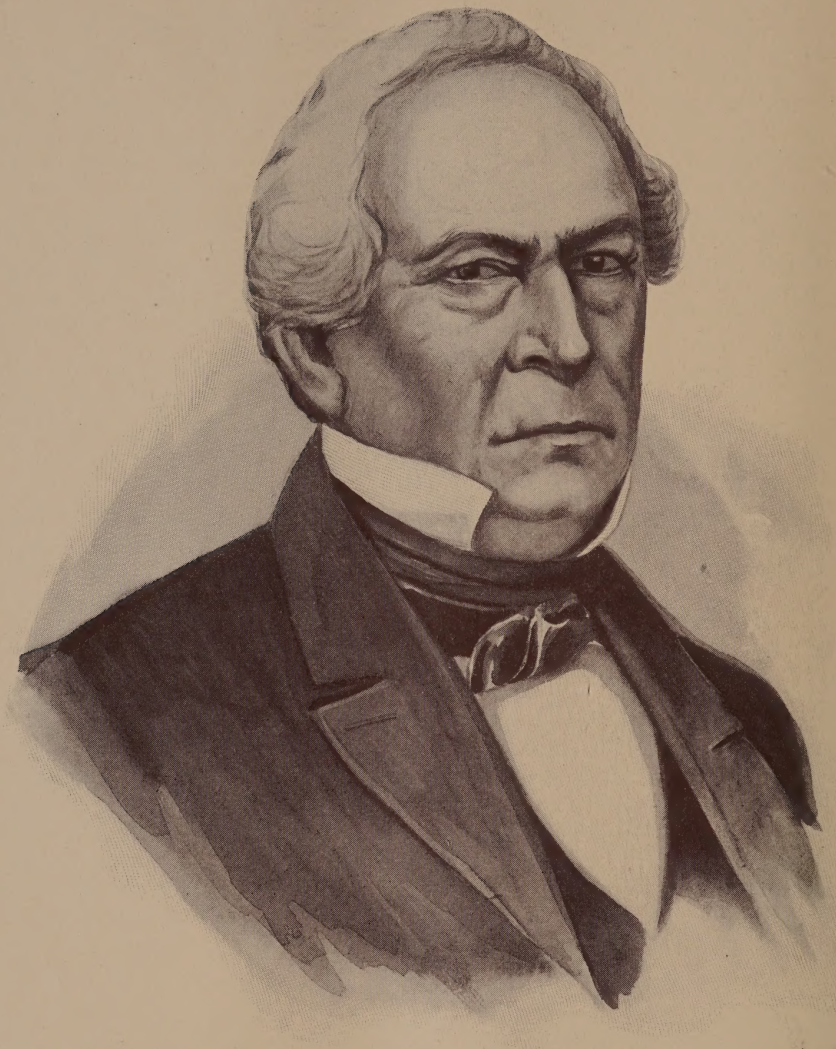
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW opens with a long letter from the editor, George Harvey, to Lord Northcliffe, editor of the London *Times*, inquiring whether there is, at the present time, a "drawing asunder" on the part of the people of England and those of our own country. Mr. Harvey sees a danger in the growing soreness and disappointment felt by the British people in regard to the attitude of the American Government, for which he rightly says there is no good reason whatever. He is also quite right in his criticisms of many things published in the *Spectator*, *Outlook*, and other English papers. This letter ought to silence the complaints of certain English journals, but probably will not do so. They seem to think that the United States should throw neutrality to the winds and openly and actively espouse their cause.

OUR ANNIVERSARY YEAR

(From the Washington Herald)

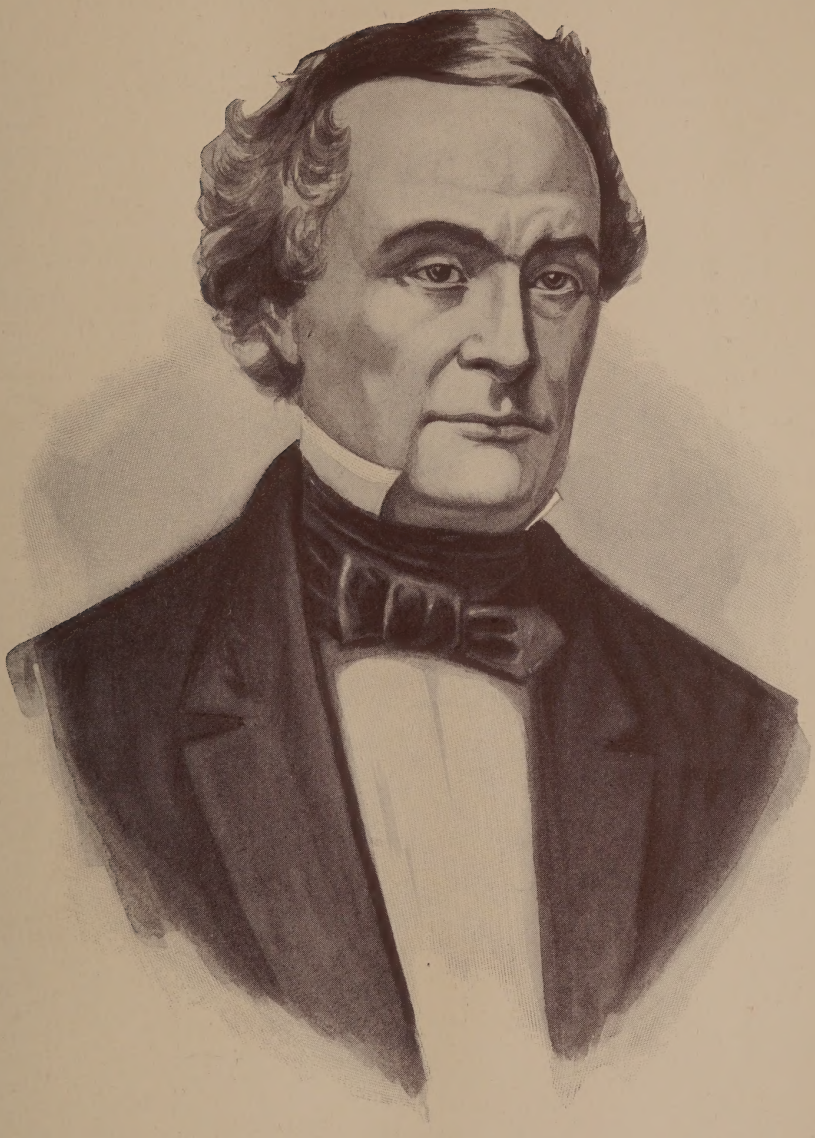
Celebrating its 100th anniversary year THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is making 1915 notable in American periodical literature. Its issue for March is described as the third centennial number, and it is quite the equal in wealth and abundance of material of the two numbers which preceded it. We are not permitted to know how many more of these centennial numbers are contemplated, but THE NORTH AMERICAN'S readers are convinced that a lavish host is making the centenary memorable.

To Col. George Harvey, the renowned editor of this solitary centurion among American magazines, must be given credit for spreading upon its pages the fertile thoughts of the soundest thinkers, the deepest students, and the men of widest experience in the subjects of which they write. With a galaxy of contributors including James Bryce, Joseph H. Choate, William Dean Howells, Alfred T. Hadley, John Burroughs, Yves Guyot, Thomas Hardy, George von L. Meyer, and Francis G. Peabody THE NORTH AMERICAN has no need to sing its own praises at the entrance upon its second century. Its whole enduring history, its high ideals, its present-day progress and prosperity should tend to relieve the apprehensions of those inclined to a pessimistic contemplation of American frivolity and indifference to the things that count in civilization and the world's progress.



EDWARD EVERETT

THE FIFTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1820–1823.



JARED SPARKS

THE SIXTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1824–1830.

The North American Review

"The best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, 1878.

EDWARD EVERETT

This patriot scholar was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794, and died in Boston, January 15, 1865. He said of himself that "he owed to our common institutions all that he was or ever hoped to be," but this scarcely reveals the ripe scholarship and statesman-like qualities he manifested in the high offices he filled throughout his life. A pupil of Daniel Webster's while the master of the school, Ezekiel Webster, was absent, he entered Harvard College at the age of eleven, and graduated at the head of his class four years later. He assumed charge of the Brattle Street Church in 1813, but resigned when barely twenty-one to accept the Eliot professorship of Greek at Harvard. The first number of The Review gives an account of the foundation of this professorship and thus describes Mr. Everett's qualifications: "Mr. Everett was twenty-one years of age the day of inauguration. This is a very youthful period for a professor; but he had already been for a year the pastor of one of the largest and most respectable congregations in Boston; he had composed in the course of this year seventy or eighty sermons, many of which were discourses of the highest character. He had also written a volume in answer to an attack on Christianity, which abounds in argument and the most learned research. To this power of application and theological science he adds a brilliant and playful fancy, and an extensive knowledge of ancient and modern literature." After his appointment he was given leave of absence for four years to extend his studies in travel and at foreign universities, and he returned in 1819 to take up his duties.

In 1820 he became the fifth editor of The Review, and he writes to a friend some years after he had ceased to hold the editorship, of his editorial experience: "Shortly after my arrival in Boston in the autumn of 1819, I was requested by the proprietors of The North American Review, a company of gentlemen five in number, to assume the editorship of that journal. The work had for some time been conducted with great ability, but was nevertheless in a languid state. The subscription list was under six

hundred, and it was not increasing. It was published six times a year. I changed it to a quarterly journal, and commenced a new series. I received very efficient aid from the former contributors and from many new ones. The circulation rapidly increased; and the subscription list swelled so fast, that it became necessary to print the second and third editions of several of the numbers. I edited this journal till the end of 1823, when it passed into the hands of Mr. Sparks. I have, however, continued ever since to contribute to its pages."[1] His services to his country were many and covered almost the gamut of political and diplomatic posts of distinction. For ten years he was Member of Congress, serving throughout that time on the Committee of Foreign Relations. He was Governor of his State, and later Minister to the Court of St. James's. He was United States Senator, and before that, Secretary of State in President Fillmore's Cabinet. His presidency of Harvard covered a period of three years, a position from which he resigned with willingness and which had been accepted with reluctance.

Four volumes of orations indicate how many demands were made upon this gift of his, and his lecture on Washington brought to the fund to secure the purchase of Mount Vernon, sixty thousand dollars. Mr. Everett was called the First Citizen of the Republic, and at the time of his death President Lincoln directed Mr. Seward to announce it to the whole country, and requested that all honors both at home and abroad should be paid to him.

JARED SPARKS

The sixth editor of The Review, Jared Sparks, was born at Willington, Connecticut, in 1789, and died in Boston, March 15, 1866. He, as were many of the editors, was educated at Harvard, and served his alma mater in numerous capacities—first as tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy, and later, like his editorial associate, Edward Everett, as president.

During the year 1817–18 he acted as editor of The Review, and only relinquished this task to become pastor of a Unitarian church in Baltimore. In 1823 he was recalled from this service to resume the editorship of The Review as well as to become its chief proprietor in co-partnership with a group of his friends. Before his time The Review had never paid for its articles, but in a letter to a friend in 1826 he tells of his change of plan: "During the first years of The North American Review it was customary to give a copy to such gentlemen as wrote for the work. About three years ago the proprietors began to pay the writers and after that no one received the book on those terms. . . . Every writer pays for his book like any other subscriber, and receives a dollar a page for writing."

At this time the circulation in England was about one hundred copies, but a literary agent wrote to Mr. Sparks that he felt sure he could dispose of some five hundred copies. Shortly after taking over the editorship he received a letter from a friend in Paris which indicates that the power of the periodical had reached the Continent even at that time. "You know, perhaps, that The North American Review is prohibited in France. It is on the Index Expurgatorius, . . . but I assure you in company which does not disgrace it." This was during the reign of Louis XVIII., when France had intervened for the suppression of the Spanish Revolution. The Review had encouraged the revolutionary spirit in Greece, Italy, and South America, and had promoted the development of the Spanish republics. The periodical

[1] Proceedings Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. XVIII.

progressed under Mr. Sparks's editorial direction and in 1826 had a paid circulation of 2,932.[1]

Jared Sparks's scholarly work as a biographer is well known, and his *Library of American Biography* is the recognized authority of the period. His early interest in exploration was evident by the many articles on the subject which he admitted to the pages of THE REVIEW, especially those which had to do with the Dark Continent. This doubtless accounted for the sale of twelve copies in Calcutta.

Much of the documentary material which he collected for his diplomatic history of the American Revolution, together with other papers of historical value, now forms a part of the treasure of Harvard College Library.

It was during Mr. Sparks's editorship that Mr. Alexander Everett, who succeeded him as editor, wrote to him from Madrid in this wise of THE REVIEW: "It is a work of national importance, and a most effective instrument for all good purposes. I doubt whether the President of the United States has a higher trust to be accountable for than the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY EDWARD EVERETT

Fifth Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1821*

On the complaints in America against the British Press. An Essay in the New London Monthly Magazine for February, 1821.

THE laws of reviewing, like the laws of war, seem to have provided some small alleviations for the inherent cruelty of the pursuit. In war, it is considered honorable and lawful, to storm a town and put man, woman, and child to the sword; and to turn armies into a defenceless district and subsist them on the plunder of a ruined peasantry is a practice, if not formally authorized by the international code, far too common to be thought strange. But to poison wells and massacre unarmed prisoners are held highly inhuman and barbarous; and it takes a good deal of patient reasoning on the one hand to reconcile a person of timid nerves to an unrestrained use of Congreve rockets, charged 'with tartarean sulphur and strange fire,' or to bring him wholly to feel delight, on the other hand, in the torpedo that floats unsuspiciously down beneath the surface of the waters, and blows up a frigate in the dark. So in reviewing, and we may say periodical and anonymous writing in general, to judge from the most respectable precedents on both sides of the water, a pretty wide range is authorized by the common law of the literary republic; and it is permitted under the names of remark, stricture, observation, and reply, to mix up a good share of heterogeneous materials, and to make tolerably free use of that particular figure of speech, which the gods call misrepresentation, but for which the plain spoken men have invented a shorter name. All this, however, is thought to fall within the limits of author-

[1] Life and Writings of Jared Sparks. By H. B. Adams.

ized literary warfare; while a kind of sullen courtesy dictates an abstinence from gross personalities, and has especially made it a part of etiquette, in the various critical journals of a respectable class, to abstain from direct controversy with each other. We have no disposition to break through this usage, as regards our brethren beyond the sea; if indeed we be not too humble to have a right to avail ourselves of it. . . .

The best written part of the essay before us is upon the state of the English language in America. We explained our views on this subject in our review of Mr. Walsh's work, and the writer in question suggests nothing, which calls on us to correct them. We stated then, and we repeat now, that, on the whole, the English language is better spoken here than in England. We do not wish to be misunderstood; though we shall doubtless be misrepresented. We did not affect to say, that the English language was better spoken by well educated individuals in America than by well educated individuals in England; but we sufficiently explained ourselves as maintaining that the corruption of the language has gone so far in no part of America, as in the heart of the English counties. As to the specimens of the pretended American dialect found in such writers as Mr. Fearon, we doubt not the populace of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia may speak basely enough, and we cheerfully concede to Mr. Fearon a degree of intimacy in the porter-houses and oyster-boats of those cities, which enables him to speak to this point, with far more confidence than ourselves. We pity, however, any fair minded Englishman, who can suppose for a moment that there is any truth in all his dialogues and conversations; and whose knowledge of human nature, if nothing else, does not teach him, that they are wretched fabrications, compiled from a few local observations among such associates, as an ordinary foreigner falls in with. Whence should we learn our bad English? We are derided and taunted with our dependence on the English press. We are scorned for the poverty of our own literature. It is well known that our children's books are English; that many of our text books at the colleges are English; that our standard professional works are English; that we reprint every English work of merit before it is dry from the English press; that our stage is supplied—miserably supplied too, in all the modern drama—from England; that the English version of the Scriptures, from which the majority of our community imbibes by far the greater part of its English, is venerated as much here as in England; that Byron, and Campbell, and Southey, and Scott, are as familiar to us as to their countrymen; that we receive the first sheets of 'the new novel,' before the last are thrown off in Edinburgh; and how is it possible then that we should not speak good English? . . .

We do not wish to say that we look upon the English nation, as in a state of decline. There are certainly considerable evils in the state of the country. A high authority pronounces the poor rates an

evil, which can neither be remedied nor borne, and another authority on the other side equally high, says the corruption of Parliament has reached a ruinous point; while the national debt exceeds, by nearly ten times, the amount which Hume declared must produce a bankruptcy. With all this, we believe, we certainly hope, that England will long survive, and exert her present preponderance in the world. Not certainly that we think her influence is always brought into action as it ought to be, but because we see not the spot on the map of Europe, to which it could safely be transferred; and because we look upon ourselves to be quite too immature, to engage with prudence, in European politics. England, moreover, has a tower of strength, a great depository of moral and physical power, in her numerous orderly, intelligent, middling class, which the corruptions, that exist in the two extremes of society, have as yet scarcely touched. And ages we trust will pass by, before the happy abodes of this virtuous community, will feel the overwhelming power of political and moral degeneracy and corruption. We wish this for the sake of humanity, order, and peace abroad, of which the English character is certainly the great assurance. Still, however, and it is a topic which for its gravity ought scarcely to find its place in a connexion with our foregoing remarks, we suppose that nothing exempts England from the fate of kingdoms and empires, and that the thousand years which she has stood on the list of the great nations of the earth, must bear some assignable proportion to the period allotted her in the book of providence. We on the contrary are, if this writer pleases, in our infancy; at any rate quite unprepared to hold the scales of European politics. The influence we are to exert upon them hereafter, is a matter of momentous interest, and we think the happiness of the civilized world essentially involved in the turn, which our institutions and character take. It is for these therefore, that our politicians and statesmen ought to labor. Blest with a form of government and a state of society, which do not task to the uttermost all the energies of the State to keep the fabric together, it becomes our enlightened men to look to the future, to build for other times, to fit well together the parts of this great machine, so that the hour shall be long deferred when an ominous crashing shall be heard deep within the enginery, where none can venture in to repair it.

THE CONGRESS AT PANAMA

BY JARED SPARKS
Sixth Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of January, 1826*

Ensayo sobre la Necesidad de una Federacion Jeneral entre los Estados Hispano-Americanos, y Plan de su Organizacion. Obra Póstuma del H. Coronel D. Bernardo Monteagudo. Lima, 1825.

THE alliance about to be established between the new American republics, by the delegates assembled at the Isthmus of Panama,

may with justice be considered among the most remarkable events of political history. Confederacies between independent States, for the purpose of consulting and supporting the common interest, have existed from early times. The governments of ancient Greece had their mutual compacts, their long sustained council of Amphictyons, and their renowned Achæan league; some of the minor States of modern Europe have from time to time followed their example; and we behold at this day, the colossal Powers of the old world linked together to maintain their dominion, nay, to secure their safety. The influence of these confederacies has been important, in proportion to their extent and their objects, but none of them has existed under circumstances so imposing, or been instituted on principles so broad and just in their political bearings, or been calculated to affect so deeply and widely the destiny of future generations, as that about to be formed by the Congress of Panama. . . .

The spectacle of such a body, assembled for such a purpose, is not more novel than imposing; its members are literally the legislators of a continent; and it was a just remark of Bolivar, that this event 'will form a memorable era in diplomatic history of America, and a hundred ages hence, when posterity seeks the origin of the international law of the Southern Republics, she will consult the records of the proceedings in the Isthmus.' Viewed in this light, and it is certainly the true light, the Congress of Panama is an object of deep interest to all parts of the American continent, and although our own Government is at present widely separated from the sphere of its action, yet it must necessarily, at a future day, participate largely of the influence of its measures. . . .

The thing of primary and vital importance to the South American Republics is their *independence*, and in this each one of them has an equal concern. Without independence, in short, they could not exist, and no sacrifices can be too great, no precaution superfluous, which shall have a tendency to establish this on an unshaken foundation. Where a common enemy is to be feared, whose designs are equally hostile to each republic, common prudence would dictate, that the best pledge of security would be in the united wisdom, resources, and strength of the whole. The only possible mode of affecting this union, of applying these resources, is by a Congress of delegates from the respective Governments, authorized to concert proper measures, and to become responsible for supplying such a portion of the means for carrying them into operation, as may fall to the lot of each, or as exigencies may require. All the reasons might here be adduced in favor of a general Congress, which were so powerfully urged by Jay and Hamilton in the *Federalist*, when they insisted on a union of our States, as the best security against foreign invasion. If you would preserve peace, let it be seen, that you are prepared to meet, and have power to resist, an enemy. . . .

But we aimed only at a few hints on this subject, and have already

transgressed our intended limits. As far as we can collect the views of the South American writers, from such of their remarks as we have seen, it may be expected, that the immediate attention of the Congress will be drawn to some or all of the following topics, as enumerated in the *Gaceta de Colombia* of the 27th of February, 1825.

1. To form a solemn compact, or league, by which the states, whose representatives are present, will be bound to unite in prosecuting the war against their common enemy, Old Spain, or against any other power, which shall assist Spain in her hostile designs, or any otherwise assume the attitude of an enemy.

2. To draw up and publish a manifesto, setting forth to the world the justice of their cause, and the relations they desire to hold with other Christian Powers.

3. To form a convention of navigation and commerce, applicable both to the confederated states, and to their allies.

4. To consider the expediency of combining the forces of the republics, to free the islands of Puerto Rico and Cuba from the yoke of Spain, and, in such case, what contingent each ought to contribute for this end.

5. To take measures for joining in a prosecution of the war at sea, and on the coasts of Spain.

6. To determine whether these measures shall also be extended to the Canary and Philippine islands.

7. To take into consideration the means of making effectual the declaration of the President of the United States, respecting any ulterior design of a foreign power to colonize any portion of this continent, and also the means of resisting all interference from abroad with the domestic concerns of the American governments.

8. To settle by common consent the principles of those rights of nations, which are in their nature controvertible.

9. To determine on what footing shall be placed the political and commercial relations of those portions of our hemisphere, which have obtained, or shall obtain their independence, but whose independence has not been recognized by any American or European power, as was for many years the case with Hayti.

As to the question, whether the United States ought to join in the confederacy, it can hardly be doubted, that such a step would at present be highly inexpedient. Nearly all the topics for primary consideration, are such as pertain exclusively to the local interests of the South American republics; any close alliance, or active interference of the United States, would embarrass, rather than facilitate some of the most important deliberations of the Congress. Besides, our friendly relations with Old Spain render it impossible for us to participate in any measures of war, or hostility, either by counsel or action, which her enemies may think themselves com-

pelled to adopt. The pledge of the President of the United States may be considered as sacred and permanent, so far as the warm and universal approbation of the country, when it was given, may be regarded as clothing it with such a character. In his message to Congress two years ago, speaking of the European Powers, President Monroe used the following dignified and decided language. 'We owe it to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare, that we should consider any attempt on their part, to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments, who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light, than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.' The South Americans cannot want a more hearty and decided expression of interest in their concerns, and of friendly feeling towards them, than is contained in this paragraph.

JOHN ADAMS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

From The North American Review *of January, 1816*

The life of Dr. Richard Price, by William Morgan, F.R.S., has been published very recently in London. As a piece of Biography it is not remarkably well written. It contains some extracts from letters from Dr. Franklin, Dr. Rush, and Arthur Lee, and mentions that he had a constant correspondence with Mr. Jefferson, while the latter was ambassador in France. A selection from the correspondence between Dr. Price, and so many eminent men in different countries, would form an interesting volume. Mr. Morgan alludes in a dissatisfied tone, to an answer Dr. Price received from President Adams, to a letter which he had written him, accompanying a copy of his century discourse commemorating the English revolution, in which he indulged in sanguine expectations of the French revolution then commencing. The book having been shewn to Mr. Adams, he consented that the letter should be copied, to prevent any misconception, and we are indebted to a friend for the honour of publishing this copy. Our readers, on observing the date particularly, will be more struck with its contents. The venerable writer was one of the very few persons, who, either in Europe or America, foresaw the consequences of the revolution in its very outset, of which this letter is a most remarkable proof. We are extremely pleased at being able to gratify our readers with such a document of this great Statesman. (Ed.)

Extract from Morgan's Life of Dr. Price, p. 157.

"The hopes and expectations of the friends of freedom at this time, appear to have been raised to an extraordinary height, and particularly those of Dr. Price. Nay, so well assured was he of the establishment of a free constitution in France, and of the subsequent overthrow of despotism throughout Europe as the consequence of it, that he never failed to express his gratitude to Heaven for having extended his life to the present happy period, in which 'after sharing the benefits of one revolution, he had been spared to be a witness to two other revolutions, both glorious.' But some of his correspondents were not quite so sanguine in their expectations from the last of these revolutions; and among these the late American ambassador, Mr. John Adams. In a long letter which he wrote to Dr. Price at this time, so far from congratulating him on the occasion, he expresses himself in terms of contempt in regard to the French revolution; and after asking, rather too severely, what good was to be expected from a nation of Atheists, he concludes with foretelling the destruction of a million of human beings as the probable consequence of it. These harsh censures and gloomy predictions were particularly ungrateful to Dr. Price; nor can it be denied, that they must then have appeared as the effusions of a splenetic mind, rather than as the sober reflections of an unbiassed understanding. From the numerous letters which he was continually receiving, from some of the most enlightened and respectable persons in France, as well as from the general tenor of their proceedings in the National Assembly, Dr. Price had every reason to entertain a very different opinion from that of Mr. Adams."

Copy of a letter from Mr. Adams to Dr. Price.

New York, *April 19, 1790.*

My Dear Friend,

Accept of my best thanks for your favour of Feb. 1st. and the excellent Discourse that came with it. I love the zeal and the spirit which dictated this Discourse, and admire the general sentiments of it. From the year 1760 to this hour, the whole scope of my life has been to support such principles and propagate such sentiments. No sacrifices of myself or my family, no dangers, no labours have been too much for me in this great cause. The Revolution in France could not therefore be indifferent to me. But I have learned by awful experience, to rejoice with trembling. I know that Encyclopedists and Economists, Diderot and D'Alembert, Voltaire and Rousseau, have contributed to this great event more than Locke, Sidney, or Hoadley, and perhaps more than the American Revolution. And I own to you I know not what to make of a Republic, of thirty millions of Atheists.

The Constitution is but an experiment, and must and will be altered. I know it to be impossible that France should be long governed

by it. If the Sovereignty is to reside in one; the King, the Princes of the blood, and principal Quality, will govern it at their pleasure, as long as they can agree. When they differ, they will go to war, and act over again all the Tragedies of the Valois, Bourbons, Lorrains, Guises and Colign's two hundred years ago.

The Greeks sung the praises of Harmodius and Aristogiton for restoring equal laws. Too many Frenchmen, after the example of too many Americans, pant for equality of Persons and Property. The impracticability of this, God Almighty has decreed, and the advocates for liberty who attempt it will surely suffer for it.

I thank you, Sir, for your kind compliment.—As it has been the great aim of my life to be useful; if I had any reason to think I was so, as you seem to suppose, it would make me happy. "For eminence" I care nothing.—For though I pretend not to be exempt from ambition, or any other human passion, I have been convinced from my infancy, and have been confirmed every year and day of my life, that the mechanic and peasant are happier than any nobleman or magistrate or king; and that the higher a man rises, if he has any sense of duty, the more anxious he must be.

Our new Government is a new attempt to divide a Sovereignty. A fresh essay at *Imperium in Imperio.* It cannot therefore be expected to be very stable or very firm. It will prevent us for a time from drawing our swords upon each other; and when it will do that no longer, we must call a Convention to reform it.

The difficulty of bringing millions to agree in any measures, to act by any rule, can never be conceived by him who has not tried it. It is incredible how small is the number in any nation of those, who comprehend any system of Constitution, or Administration; and those few it is wholly impossible to unite.

I am a sincere inquirer after truth.—But I find very few who discover the same truths. The King of Prussia has found one, which has also fallen in my way; "That it is the peculiar quality of the human understanding, that example should correct no man; the blunders of the Fathers are lost to their Children, and every generation must commit its own."

I have never sacrificed my judgment to Kings, Ministers, nor People, and I never will. When either shall see as I do, I shall rejoice in their protection, aid, and honour; but I see no prospect that either will ever think as I do, and therefore I shall never be a favourite with either. I do not desire to be.

But I sincerely wish and devoutly pray, that a hundred years of civil wars, may not be the portion of all Europe, for the want of a little attention to the true elements of the science of government.

With sentiments, moral sentiments, which are and must be eternal, I am your friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

DR. PRICE, *Hackney*

ANGLO-SAXON PROSE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1838*

DOUBTLESS the most important remains of Anglo-Saxon Prose are the writings of King Alfred the Great.

What a sublime old character was King Alfred! Alfred, the Truth-teller! Thus the ancient historian surnamed him, as others were surnamed the Unready, Ironside, Harefoot. The principle events of his life are known to all men;—the nine battles fought in the first year of his reign; his flight to the marshes and forests of Somersetshire; his poverty and suffering, wherein was fulfilled the prophecy of St. Noet, that he should "be bruised like the ears of wheat"; his life with the swineherd, whose wife bade him turn the cakes, that they might not be burnt, for she saw daily that he was a great eater; his successful rally; his victories, and his future glorious reign; these things are known to all men. And not only these, which are events in his life, but also many more, which are traits in his character, and controlled events; as, for example, that he was a wise and virtuous man; a religious man; a learned man for that age. Perhaps they know, even, how he measured time with his six horn lanterns; and, moreover, was an author and wrote many books. But of these books how few persons have read even a single line! And yet it is well worth one's while, if he wish to see all the calm dignity of that great man's character, and how in him the scholar and the man outshone the king. For example, do we not know him better, and honor him more, when we hear from his own lips, as it were, such sentiments as these? "God has made all men equally noble in their original nature. True nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh. I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and after my life, to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works!"

The chief writings of this Royal Author are his translations of Gregory's *Pastoralis*, or *Herdsmans's Book;* Boëthius's *Consolations of Philosophy*, Bede's *Ecclesiastical History;* and the *History of Orosius;* known in manuscripts by the mysterious title of *Hormesta.* Of these works the most remarkable is the Boëthius; so much of his own mind has Alfred infused into it. . . .

Hardly less curious and infinitely more valuable, is a *Colloquy* of Ælfric, composed for the purpose of teaching boys to speak Latin. The Saxon is an interlinear translation of the Latin, on the *Hamiltonian system!* In this *Colloquy* various laborers and handicraftsmen are introduced,—ploughmen, herdsmen, huntsmen, shoemakers, and others; and each has his say, even to the blacksmith, who dwells in his smithy amid iron fire-sparks and the sound of beating sledge-hammers and blowing bellows, (ísenne fyrspearcan, and swegincga beatendra slecgea, and blawendra byliga.) We translate the close of this *Colloquy*, to show our readers what a poor schoolboy had to

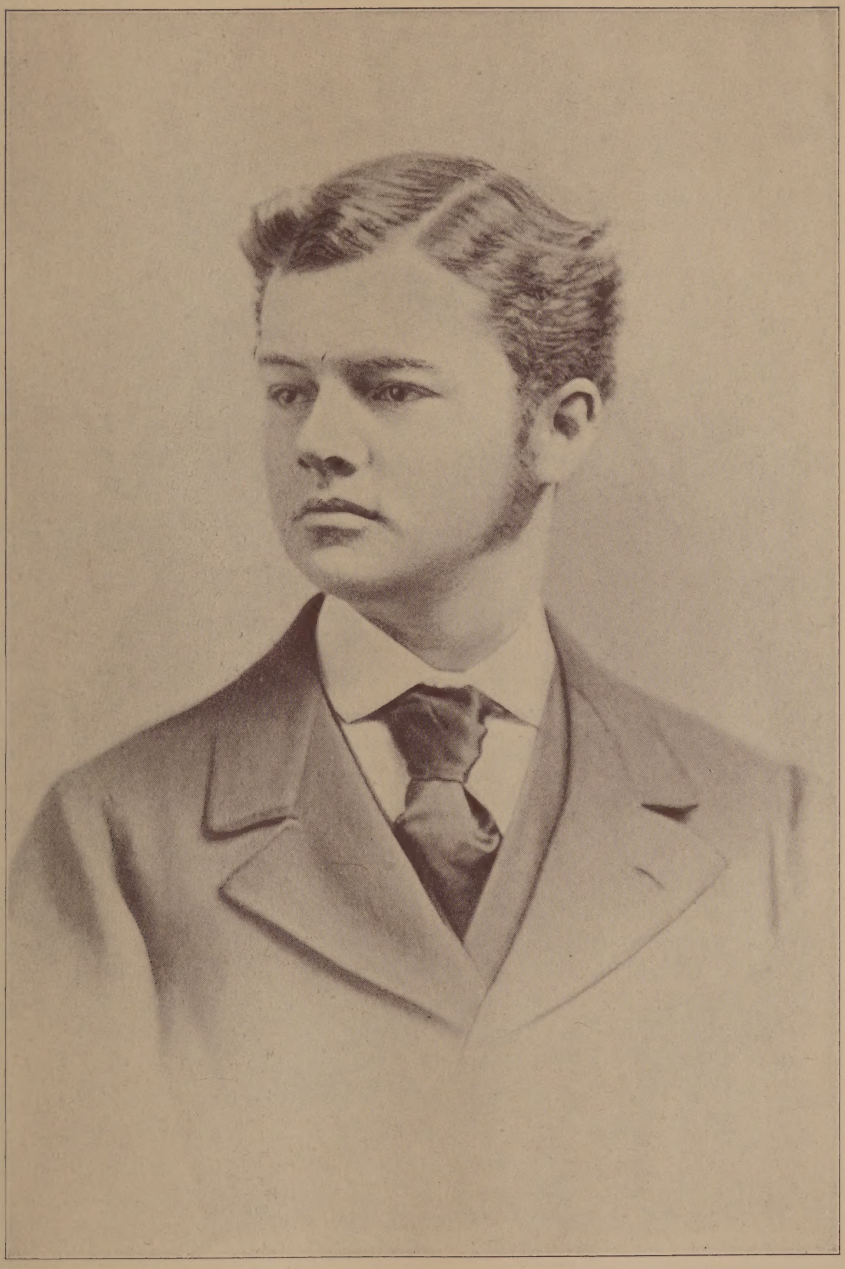
suffer in the Middle Ages. They will hardly wonder, that Eregina Scot should have been put to death with penknives by his scholars.

"Magister. Well, boy, what hast thou been doing to-day?
"Disciplus. A great many things have I been doing. Last night, when I heard the knell, I got out of my bed and went into the church, and sang the matin-song with the friars; after that we sang the hymn of All Saints, and the morning songs of praise; after these Prime, and the seven psalms, with the Litanies and the first mass; then the nine o'clock service, and the mass for the day, and after this we sang the service of mid-day, and ate, and drank, and slept, and got up again, and sang Nones, and now we are here before thee, ready to hear what thou hast to say to us.
"M. When will you sing Vespers or the Compline?
"D. When it is time.
"M. Hast thou had a whipping to day?
"D. I have not, because I have behaved very warily.
"M. And thy playmates?
"D. Why dost thou ask me about them? I dare not tell thee our secrets. Each one of them knows whether he has been whipped or not.
"M. What dost thou eat every day?
"D. I still eat flesh-meat, because I am a child, living under the rod.
"M. What else dost thou eat?
"D. Greens and eggs, fish and cheese, butter and beans, and all clean things, with much thankfulness.
"M. Exceedingly voracious art thou; for thou devourest every thing, that is set before thee.
"D. Not so *very* voracious either, for I dont eat all kinds of food at one meal.
"M. How then?
"D. Sometimes I eat one kind and sometimes another, with soberness, as becomes a monk, and not with voracity; for I am not a glutton.
"M. And what dost thou drink?
"D. Beer, when I can get it, and water when I cannot get beer.
"M. Dost thou not drink wine?
"D. I am not rich enough to buy wine; and wine is not a drink for boys and ignorant people, but for old men and wise.
"M. Where dost thou sleep?
"D. In the dormitory, with the friars.
"M. Who wakes thee for matins?
"D. Sometimes I hear the knell and get up; sometimes my master wakes me sternly with a rod.
"M. O, ye good children, and winsome learners! (*ge gode cildra, and wynsume leorneras.*) Your teacher admonishes you to follow godly lore, and to behave yourselves decently everywhere. Go obediently, when you hear the chapel bell, enter into the chapel, and bow suppliantly at the holy altars, and stand submissive, and sing with one accord, and pray for your sins, and then depart to the cloister or the school-room without levity."

We commend this picture to Cruikshank.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW IN 1872



HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FROM 1873–1876

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1915

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR

A REPLY TO MR. ROOSEVELT

BY THE EDITOR

CONSPICUOUS among the attributes of our present Chief Magistrate, as we have remarked upon occasion, is a rare foresight distinguished by considerations of prudence with respect to his own personal prerogatives in coming years. It is without surprise, therefore, that we hear "from the White House" that Mr. Wilson does not accord with those of his partisans who resent, as unbecoming, criticism of the Administration by his living predecessors. Even if all shall go well, not so very many years will elapse before he, too, will sit upon the judgment-seat; and if by chance all should go ill, that unhappy day is distressingly close at hand; for, be it noted, from the moment a President is renominated he becomes a slave of political expediency, at least for a time. Then if the verdict be favorable he reaps the reward of the good and faithful servant, but if it be unfavorable he resumes his position, in the consoling words of Benjamin Franklin, "among the masters."

It matters little, therefore, whether the President's interpretation of the single-term declaration made at Baltimore conforms with that of its author; the contingency still remains. Clearly, Mr. Wilson could not have applied the restriction of "etiquette" to the utterances of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft

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without causing misgiving with respect to himself as the leading forward-looking man of the country.

And he did well. We shall never have too many ex-Presidents ready and willing to speak from their abundance of knowledge acquired through experience. In point of fact, it happens less seldom than might be supposed that the country awaits with ill-concealed impatience the passing of a "ruler" into the ranks of the critical unemployed, upon the theory, of course, that his talents are better adapted to service in the latter capacity. A quite recent instance is in mind. Deeply, too, as all of us who are not engaged in business of one kind or another might regret the voluntary or involuntary withdrawal of our present Chief Magistrate from official occupation, none can deny the advantages which would accrue to an inexperienced President from the militant Americanism, the inspiriting philosophy, and the sophisticated righteousness of his immediate predecessors. The tendency, then, of our ex-Presidents to speak their minds freely is one to be encouraged, and we welcome the recent outgivings of Mr. Roosevelt, regardless of their characteristic fanfaronade.

Not that we agree with him—except as to certain phases of our Government's attitude toward bleeding Mexico, which is not now under consideration—far from it! But we yield to none in respect for and admiration of Mr. Roosevelt's distinctively American spirit and we readily acquit him of any suspicion of partisanship in dealing with matters involving patriotism. That he is, in fact, as he declares, "straight United States" nobody would think of questioning; but so are we; and so, as can be easily demonstrated in this instance, Mr. Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding, is President Wilson.

Mr. Roosevelt says in the *Metropolitan:*

> The United States, thanks to Messrs. Wilson and Bryan, has signally failed in its duty toward Belgium. We had pledged our support to the international agreements of The Hague, which explicitly guaranteed Belgium against the very type of disaster which first befell it, and against the hideous wrongdoing which followed upon this initial disaster; but with a timid shirking of duty which has brought dishonor upon this nation, the Administration failed to utter one word in behalf of these violated agreements to which the nation had been a party.
>
> Thanks to the Administration, the United States has been faithless to its duty and has lost the chance to gain a moral ascendency that would have been a powerful influence for the best interests of humanity. When this, the most powerful of the neutral nations which had signed the conventions of The Hague, failed to protest against their violation,

it lost its great opportunity to take an effective stand for peace and against lawless international violence.

To judge by their actions, President Wilson and Mr. Bryan have believed that their conduct in preserving a tame and spiritless neutrality would somehow put them in a lofty position.

They have vociferated high-sounding platitudes about peace and morality in the abstract, while not venturing to say one word about the violations of The Hague Conventions by Germany at the expense of Belgium.

This is a severe—almost a savage—indictment; but is it warranted? What are the facts? In common, we assume, with his friend, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, and other English publicists whose utterances we have quoted, Mr. Roosevelt bases his animadversions upon the ground that it was and perhaps still is the duty of our Government to protest against the action of the German military forces (1) in invading Belgium, (2) in dropping bombs from air-craft, (3) in destroying historic monuments, (4) in bombarding seacoast towns, (5) in using dum-dum bullets, and (6) in planting contact mines in the high seas. Now let us consider these performances, as bearing upon our own national obligations under international law and usage, in turn:

1. *Invading Belgium:*

In considering the invasion of Belgium it should be pointed out that there is a distinction between *neutralized* States and *neutral* States, or that the neutrality of the two classes is essentially different in purpose and founded upon different principles.

The neutrality of *neutralized* States is a matter of conventional agreement between Powers who are more or less interested in preventing the State from being absorbed politically by any Power, or from becoming a base of military operations, or from otherwise assisting neighboring rival States. The agreement *imposes* a condition of permanent neutrality. It is, in fact, a guarantee not only by the neutralized State that it will not engage in aggressive warfare, but also by the other parties to the treaty that it shall not be attacked by any of them. These restraining conditions are purely contractual and are imposed and perpetuated from without. They do not exist by virtue of the rules of international law or the customs of nations, but solely by the treaties creating them.

The neutrality of a *neutral* State, on the other hand, is a condition which a nation other than the belligerents may assume voluntarily and regardless of treaty provisions upon the

outbreak of an international war. It is optional with such a nation to join in the war or to remain neutral. If it determines to choose an attitude of neutrality, then international law imposes certain rights and duties upon it as a neutral State. But this attitude may be changed at will and the neutral may enter the war on either side. It is this optional nature of the neutrality of a neutral State that distinguishes it from the permanent neutrality of a neutralized State.

It is solely with the rights and duties of a neutral State that The Hague Conventions on neutrality deal. They do not deal with the neutralization of a State or with the guarantees of the interested Powers to preserve its neutralized status. Only those Powers which are by agreement mutual guarantors of the neutralization of the State have a legal right under the agreement to complain of its violation. To the agreement of that sort in reference to Belgium the United States is not and has not been a party. It was a matter of European politics, pure and simple, with which we had no concern—an arrangement between the signatory Powers to safeguard a condition resulting from conflicting interests. It would manifestly be improper and presumptuous for this Government to complain of the violation of such a treaty of neutralization to which it was not a party in any sense.

So far, therefore, as the invasion of Belgium may be considered a breach by Germany of a guarantee to preserve the character of Belgium as a *neutralized* State, this Government has neither the legal right nor duty to protest.

In respect to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium as a *neutral* State during an international war, The Hague Conventions contain certain stipulations in Article 1 of Convention V of 1907, entitled "Convention respecting the Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers and Persons in case of War on Land," and in Article 1 of Convention XIII of 1907, entitled "Convention concerning the Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers in Naval Warfare."

These articles read as follows:

> The territory of neutral powers is inviolable.
>
> (Convention V, Article 1.)

> Belligerents are bound to respect the sovereign rights of neutral powers and to abstain, in neutral territory or neutral waters, from any act which would, if knowingly permitted by any power, constitute a violation of neutrality.
>
> (Convention XIII, Article 1.)

Article 20 of Convention V further provides:

> The provisions of the present convention do not apply except between contracting powers, and then only if all the belligerents are parties to the convention.

It is not necessary to examine into the question as to whether these treaties were in force by virtue of all the belligerents being parties as required by Article 2 of Convention V and Article 28 of Convention XIII, for the reason that, quite contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's definite assertion, *no Hague Conventions were violated by the German invasion of Belgium.*

It is admitted that if Germany, before invading the territory of Belgium, had declared war against that country, the latter would have been impressed with the character of a belligerent, to whom the provisions of Article 1 of Convention V and Article 1 of Convention XIII relative to the inviolability of neutral territory would not be applicable, and that, having exercised this sovereign right, Germany could not be charged with violating neutral territory in contravention of the terms of The Hague Conventions, but the fact that this is what happened is commonly ignored. Nevertheless, the published diplomatic correspondence shows that Germany did declare war by ultimatum and that a state of war actually existed between Germany and Belgium before German forces penetrated into the territory of the latter country.

Following the provisions of Article 1 of Hague Convention III of 1907, that hostilities must not commence "without previous and explicit warning in the form either of a reasoned declaration of war or *of an ultimatum with conditional declaration of war,*" the German Government presented to the Belgian Government a note proposing, among other things, that German troops be given free passage through Belgian territory, and threatening, in case of refusal, to treat Belgium as an enemy. Belgium declined to accede to the proposal, with full knowledge that the consequence would be war with Germany. Upon her refusal Belgium lost her neutral character, and by operation of the ultimatum became a belligerent. After this status in the relations of the two countries was reached a state of war existed and German forces began the invasion of Belgium. This may have been a violation of an agreement neutralizing Belgium, but that is a question for the parties to that agreement, not for the United States, to determine.

That it was a declaration of war against a State previously

neutral is evident, but a belligerent is not restrained by The Hague Conventions from declaring war against a neutral State for any cause which seems to it sufficient. The Conventions do not restrict such action to any stated *casus belli*. A belligerent under the present international system is at liberty to seek his own *casus belli*, and to maintain it before the world. For another neutral to protest and denounce it as unjustifiable would be to exceed the bounds of international duty and custom.

A procedure for a third party in a case of this sort is, however, laid down in The Hague Conventions. Convention I of 1907 provides in Article 3 that it is expedient and desirable that "strangers" to the dispute should on their own initiative and as far as circumstances may allow offer their good offices or mediation to the states at variance," and that "the exercise of this right can never be regarded . . . as an unfriendly act." Although Great Britain and Servia had not ratified this Convention I, yet in conformity with its provisions our Department of State on August 4th sent to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and on August 5th to London, the President's offer to act in the interest of European peace, either then or at any other suitable time.

It is difficult to see what further action the United States was called upon to take or could have properly taken in the situation presented at the outbreak of the war. The President might have done less. To have done more would have been uncalled for and presumptuous in the extreme.

2. *Dropping Bombs.*

The dropping of bombs from air-craft was prohibited by a Declaration adopted by the Second Hague Conference in 1907, but, as it was neither signed nor ratified by France, Germany, Russia, and Servia, and was signed but not ratified by Austria-Hungary, it is not in force in the present war, since the Declaration provides that:

> The present Declaration is only binding on the contracting powers in case of war between two or more of them.
>
> It shall cease to be binding from the time when, in a war between the contracting powers, one of the belligerents is joined by a non-contracting power.

The question may be raised, however, whether the dropping of bombs from air-craft falls under the provisions of Articles 25 and 26 of Hague Convention IV of 1907, which reads as follows:

> The attack or bombardment, by whatever means, of towns, villages, dwellings or buildings which are undefended is prohibited. (Article 25.)

The officer in command of an attacking force must, before commencing a bombardment, except in cases of assault, do all in his power to warn the authorities. (Article 26.)

Without discussing whether or not this Convention is in force, in view of the fact that, Servia never having ratified it, all belligerents are not parties to it, as required by Article 2, the question as to whether a town, village, dwelling, or building is "not defended" within the meaning of Article 25 is one of fact, which requires conclusive evidence to establish. Some have assumed that the words "not defended" are synonymous with "unfortified," but, in the ordinary use of language, "not defended" is a much broader term than "unfortified."

As to Article 26, it must be determined whether the dropping of bombs from air-craft should be classed as a "bombardment" or as an "assault." If that method of attack can be properly termed a bombardment, it must be shown affirmatively that a commander of an attacking force did not do all in his power to warn the authorities prior to a bombardment, before he can be charged with a violation of the provision. In the case of attacks by air-craft, evidence of the power to warn and of failure to do so has not been furnished.

But, even if this evidence were furnished, it may not unreasonably be asserted that in the case of aerial offense the conditions are quite different from those attending a bombardment by land batteries; that in the former case the element of surprise is essential to success; that preliminary notice would give the enemy opportunity to send his air-craft aloft to intercept the attacking force; and that a warning under these conditions would be an unreasonable requirement. If these assertions are correct, then Article 26 was never intended to apply to an aerial attack.

There appears, then, to be no substantial reason to affirm that the United States, as a party to The Hague Conventions, should enter a protest against the practice of dropping aerial bombs upon places occupied by the enemy.

It may be added that, while this discussion relates to aerial operations by the German forces, the belligerents of both sides have employed this method of attack upon the enemy.

3. *Destroying historic monuments.*

The question of the violation of the rules of land warfare relative to the immunity from attack of certain classes of buildings is raised under the following provisions in Article 27 of Convention II of The Hague Conventions of 1899:

In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps should be taken to spare as far as possible edifices devoted to religion, art, science, and charity, hospitals, and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not used at the same time for military purposes.

The besieged should indicate these buildings or places by some particular and visible signs, which should previously be notified to the assailants.

Similar provisions were incorporated in Convention IV of 1907, with the addition between the words "charity" and "hospitals" of the words "historic monuments."

Convention II of 1899 was ratified by all of the belligerents in the present war and by the United States, but Convention IV of 1907 was not ratified by Servia.

To establish a violation of the provisions quoted from Convention II of 1899, or the similar ones of Convention IV of 1907, whichever may be considered to be in force, it is requisite to show (1) that certain of the class of buildings mentioned have been injured by bombardment; (2) that "all necessary steps" were not taken to spare them "as far as possible," (3) that they were "not being used at the same time for military purposes," and (4) that they were indicated "by distinctive and visible signs" which were notified to the assailants beforehand.

These four propositions, each of which is essential to substantiate a claim of violation of the treaty, have not been established, nor does it appear that they have even been asserted by those who charge violation of the treaty stipulations. Furthermore, the meaning of "all necessary steps" and "as far as possible" is open to a latitude of interpretation by the commander of an attacking force which involves his conception of the operations necessary to military success. Deplorable as may be the destruction of a cathedral or hospital by a bombardment, the fact alone is not sufficient to constitute a breach of The Hague Convention. The other elements establishing a wanton and needless act must be conclusively shown.

It should also be added in this connection that the treaty itself determines the remedy to be applied in case of an unjustifiable destruction of buildings of the immune class, for Article 3 of Convention IV of 1907 provides:

A belligerent party which violates the provisions of the said regulations shall, if the case demands, be liable to pay compensation. It shall be responsible for all acts committed by persons forming part of its armed forces.

Obviously this article contemplates an investigation of a

more or less judicial nature as to the facts determining liability and the amount of damages sustained. A protest by a third party would be to impute guilt and to charge liability without a full investigation of the facts.

4. *Bombarding seacoast towns.*

The bombardment of seacoast towns by the naval forces of a belligerent is dealt with in the following articles of Convention IX of 1907:

Article 1. The bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings is forbidden.

A place cannot be bombarded solely because automatic submarine contact mines are anchored off the harbor.

Article 2. Military works, military or naval establishments, depots of arms or war *matériel*, workshops or plant which could be utilized for the needs of the hostile fleet or army, and the ships of war in the harbor, are not, however, included in this prohibition. The commander of a naval force may destroy them with artillery, after a summons followed by a reasonable time in waiting, if all other means are impossible, and when the local authorities have not themselves destroyed them within the time fixed.

He incurs no responsibility for any unavoidable damage which may be caused by a bombardment under such circumstances.

If for military reasons immediate action is necessary, and no delay can be allowed the enemy, it is understood that the prohibition to bombard the undefended town holds good, as in the case given in paragraph 1, and that the commander shall take all due measures in order that the town may suffer as little as possible.

Article 6. If the military situation permits, the commander of the attacking naval force before commencing the bombardment, must do his utmost to warn the authorities.

This Convention was ratified by the United States and by the belligerents except Servia, Turkey, and Montenegro.

Without raising the question of the nullifying effect upon the Convention of its non-ratification by these three belligerents, it may be pointed out that the word "undefended" is not an exact term, but may be variously interpreted. If a camp or barracks for troops is maintained, or if there is a depot for military or naval supplies, it is debatable whether or not the town can be classed as "undefended" in the sense in which the word is used in the treaty.

At all events, it must be shown that the port or town was undefended when bombarded or that the commander of the attacking force failed to perform his full duty in accordance with the provisions of the Convention. Thus far evidence

establishing either of these facts, which appear necessary to make out a violation of the treaty, has not been produced.

5. *Using dum-dum bullets.*

The use of expanding bullets was first treated at The Hague Conference in 1899, and a provision relative thereto was inserted in a declaration of the Conference in the following language:

> The contracting parties agree to abstain from the use of bullets which expand or flatten easily in the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope which does not entirely cover the core, or is pierced with incisions.

This declaration was ratified or adhered to by all of the present belligerents, but it was never signed or ratified by the United States. The United States, therefore, not being a party to the Declaration, would have no duty or right to interfere in case of violation of its provisions by any of the ratifying or adhering Powers.

It may be thought that Hague Convention IV of 1907, relative to the Laws and Customs of War on Land, Article 23*e*, is broad enough to prohibit the use of expanding bullets. This article reads as follows:

> In addition to the prohibitions provided by special conventions, it is especially forbidden . . . .
>
> *e.* To employ arms, projectiles, or material calculated to cause unnecessary suffering.

This article is identical with Article 23*e* of Convention II of 1899, which was concluded at the same time as the Declaration of 1899 just quoted. It appears to be conclusive, therefore, that the two provisions relate to different matters, for otherwise it would have been unnecessary to execute two separate agreements. That the agreements were regarded by the Conference as distinct is shown by the use in Article 23*e* of the words "In addition to the prohibitions provided by special conventions." Corroborative of this is the fact that Great Britain did not adhere to the Declaration of 1899 until August 30, 1907, while The Hague Conference was in session and was considering Convention IV, of which Article 23*e* is a part. The conclusion is inevitable that the prohibition of the use of expanding bullets depends upon the provisions of the Declaration of 1899, to which, as already pointed out, the United States is not a party.

6. *Laying submarine contact mines.*

Reference to the laying of submarine contact mines on the

high seas seems unnecessary, in view of the fact that the belligerents on both sides have apparently employed this method of naval warfare. It should, however, be pointed out that Russia neither signed nor ratified Convention VIII of 1907 (it was signed, but not ratified by Turkey or Montenegro) which restricts the use of such mines, so that the provisions of the Convention do not apply in the present war.

It is important to note, in connection with this general subject of the violation of the rules of war on land and sea, which are laid down in The Hague Conventions, that the belligerents on both sides of the great European conflict have repeatedly called to the attention of the world the disregard of their opponents for the rules of humane warfare recognized by international usage and treaty stipulations.

The frequency of these charges and the denials of the Governments charged indicate the influence which the public opinion of the world exerts upon the conduct of the belligerents, and shows their earnest desire to avoid the condemnation of civilization on the charge of inhumanity and wanton brutality.

While the conflict of evidence and the impossibility of impartial investigation at the present time prevent neutral nations from determining the truth or falsity of the charges and counter-charges, the denials and defenses, which have been made by the belligerents, and, therefore, furnish no basis for protest, the time will undoubtedly come when the truth as to these charges can be conclusively shown and the responsibility can be measured by the standard of international law and justice. The guilty will then inevitably incur the odium of the civilized world, and those falsely charged will be vindicated. It is this future judgment of enlightened nations, as clearly set forth by President Wilson, which to-day must restrain the warring Powers from inhuman practices, rather than condemnation by neutral Powers for charges made in the heat of conflict and based upon incomplete knowledge of all the circumstances.

In view of the simple facts set forth above, the abstract question as to whether it is the right and duty of the United States, in any case, to protest against a violation of a Hague Convention need hardly be considered. Since, however, Mr. Roosevelt bases his condemnation of the Government entirely upon his assumption that this obligation does exist, it is well to note that no such right or duty is set forth affirmatively in any document signed at The Hague. President Roosevelt's own

delegates, moreover, took particular care to absolve the United States from the obligation which he now takes for granted when they appended to the agreement the following explicit reservation:

> Nothing contained in this Convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign State.

The purpose of this proviso was, of course, to safeguard the Monroe Doctrine, which guarantees our non-interference in European politics in return for the non-interference of foreign nations on this hemisphere. Surely Mr. Roosevelt must have been aware of this when he "ordered the signature of the United States to these Conventions," and no less surely now, if he will stop and think, he must realize that the assumption by this Government of an obligation as guarantor of the neutrality or independence of any foreign State would involve complete abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine—a consummation which he, of all men, would be the last to desire or to concede.

There remains the broader and less tangible ground of "duty to humanity" so naturally and readily seized upon as a basis of criticism by one who invariably places "social justice" high above the written law.

"There is something essentially ignoble," Mr. Roosevelt writes, "in having failed to stand up in generous and manly fashion for the rights of others who were grievously wronged, in having failed to do our duty, which we were pledged to perform, on behalf of humanity." And he adds:

> The failure of Messrs. Wilson and Bryan to do their duty to humanity and to carry out the obligations of this nation in the case of Belgium has put us at a dreadful disadvantage as regards every protest made on behalf of our own interests.

This is Our Colonel at his best; none other would have the audacity to marry altruism and self-interest at the altar of misstatement. We have already shown beyond the possibility of question that by President Roosevelt's own direction the United States not only did not assume, but explicitly disavowed, any obligation whatever "in the case of Belgium." We now might fittingly inquire whether the safeguarding of "our own interests" under the pretense of serving "humanity" might

not be justly pronounced something far more "essentially ignoble" than anything "Messrs. Wilson and Bryan" have done. It might also be well to remind Mr. Roosevelt that even he once swore solemnly, even though somewhat tentatively if we may judge from his subsequent acts, to "preserve, protect, and defend"—what? "The rights of others grievously wronged"? Or the paradox of "humane" warfare? No. "The Constitution of the United States," and inferentially in hardly less degree the Great Tradition defined by George Washington in a letter to Patrick Henry in these words:

> My ardent desire and my aim has been to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic, and to keep the United States free from political connection with every other country, to see them independent of all and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an American character that the Powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for ourselves and not for others. This, in my judgment, is the only way to be respected abroad and happy at home, and not, by becoming partisans of Great Britain or France, create dissension, disturb the public tranquillity, and destroy, perhaps forever, the cement which binds the Union.

It is not too much to say in truth, and not less than should be said in fairness and grateful appreciation, that the guidance of our Ship of State by Woodrow Wilson and Robert Lansing through the whirling pools of this European conflict has never, in essential sagacity, resolution, and patience, been surpassed in the history of the Republic.

RESPONSES FROM ENGLAND

THE editorials and letters which we reprint elsewhere in this number afford gratifying evidence that our recent "Letter to *The Times*" not only struck a popular chord at home, but served well its primary purpose to clear the atmosphere abroad. It is but natural, perhaps, that *The Outlook* should hold the defeat of the Ship Purchase Bill as "justification" of its own opposition rather than of that of the American Congress, but upon the whole its response is commendably frank and friendly. We can take no exception, moreover, to its conclusion to this effect:

> The war can be ended in two ways: by the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of vigorous lives, or by an economic pressure which will deny the enemy sufficient of the essential sinews of war. To help to bring about the more merciful consummation is Great Britain's present object. And we hold that it is the duty of the United States as

a civilizing Power to assist us, even if the obligation entails material losses and bars the way to great profits. We are sacrificing everything in the cause of international peace and the right of small nations to work out their own destinies. Is it too much to ask the other great representative of the English-speaking race to share that burden to the extent of submitting to commercial restrictions, the principle of which is not contested?

To this it suffices to say that we are submitting to such restrictions without a murmur; it is only those the principle of which *is* contested upon established international practice that our Government objects to. And in doing this we are rendering England the greatest conceivable service as of the present as well as of the future. If we should once admit the right of the Allies to forbid our sending foodstuffs to Germany, how could we deny the justice of Germany's insistence that we should apply the same principle to England? And what would happen to the English people then? Surely, too, our British friends must realize that only the strictest adherence to international law makes it possible for us to furnish to the Allies the vast quantities of war munitions without which they could not hope to win. If our sole purpose was to "end the war," we could achieve it most effectually by establishing the complete embargo so strenuously urged by our hyphenated citizens, but the practically certain outcome would hardly be pleasing to England.

It is well, moreover, for Britons to consider that, despite the unprecedented magnitude of this conflict, the world is not likely to come to an end. With the future—especially of isolated England—in mind, then, it behooves somebody to stand for established order and observance of usage. That is what the United States is doing and all it is doing, to the immeasurable incidental advantage to Great Britain both in time present and in times to come. If this fact cannot be made clear to the English mind, nothing that we could do, short of direct participation in their behalf, would satisfy the friends whose hope of an early success is no stronger than our own.

Evidences that broad-minded and far-seeing public journals like *The Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, the Glasgow *Herald*, and *The Outlook* appreciate the situation have been made manifest. That the like cannot be said of *The Spectator*, in view of its previous friendliness to this country, is a cause of regret. If Mr. Hutton were still living, we are convinced that hasty commission of an unconscionable blunder such as appeared in

"The Great Danger" would be atoned for promptly by frank acknowledgment of the error. But Mr. Strachey seems far more concerned by the need of justifying Mr. Strachey than by softening asperities which he pretends to deplore. Commenting upon the sharp criticisms evoked from both England and America, he declares determinedly that he has "no intention of apologizing in any way for that article or of withdrawing in any degree from the position which we there took up." Graciously conceding, however, that "it does appear that in some instances we failed to make our meaning clear," he proceeds forthwith to cultivate the fraternal feeling which he so ardently desires by beginning a lecture to President Wilson with the sneering allusion—"*if ears so mighty can catch the feeble whispers of the Press.*"

The temptation to play with overweening conceit is seldom resistible, but in this instance sincerity clearly calls for restraint. Nor, in consideration of protests from its contemporaries that *The Spectator* no longer voices the real sentiment of the English people and of its abrupt forfeiture of prestige in this country and Canada, would we deprive it of the comfort which it derives from "a quiet Boston gentleman" whom it quotes as saying, "Ever since the war broke out I have been sorry that we are no longer a British colony." That Mr. Strachey should admit that "we should be ingrates indeed" if this observation "did not touch us profoundly" is most consoling; so there let us leave him, with thanks to the quiet Boston gentleman whose ancestors apparently withheld their gracious presence from a certain tea-party in Boston harbor which we recall with great reluctance and due apologies.

THE SENATOR AND THE KAISER

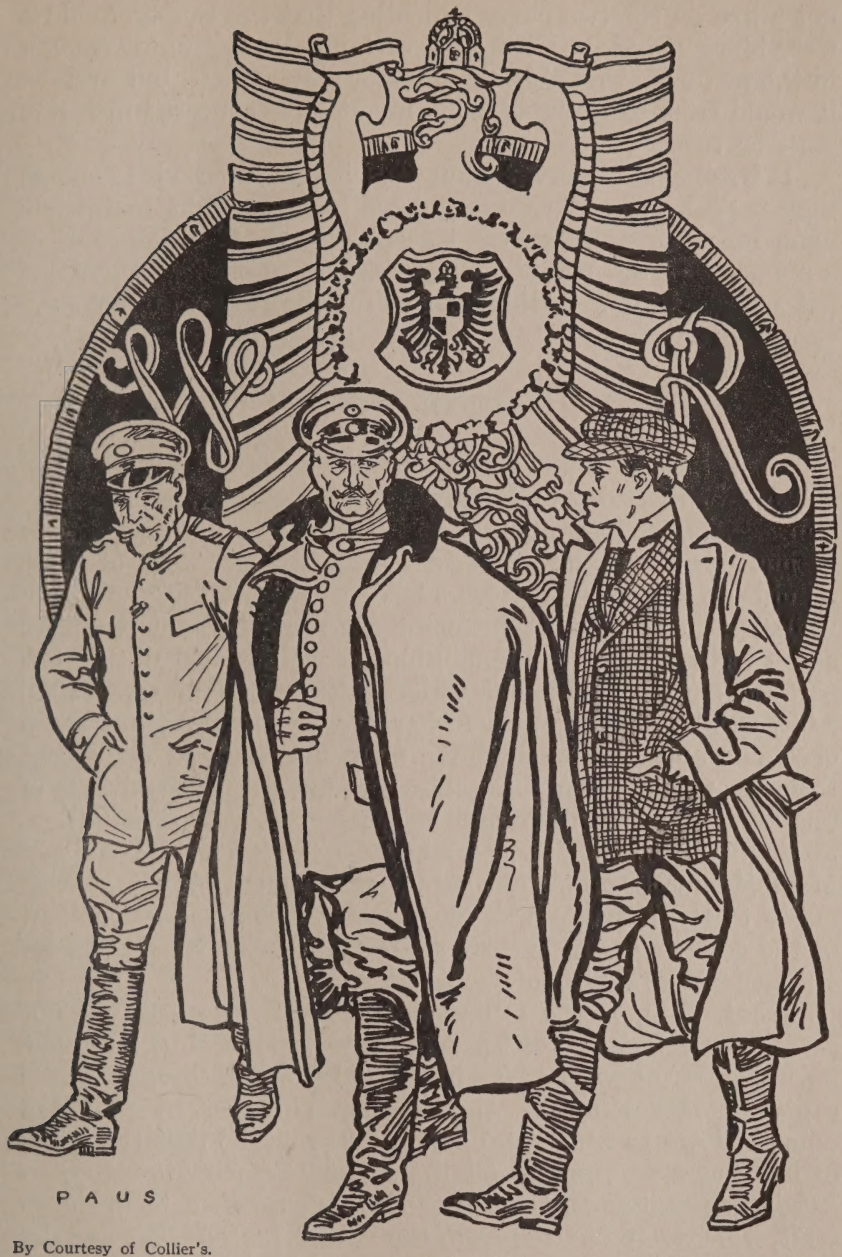
We report with ill-concealed satisfaction that Former-Senator Albert J. Beveridge has returned from the front unharmed. He went abroad, it will be recalled, to apply X-rays to the situation for subsequent illumination of the pages of our esteemed *Collier's*. We commend the results to our readers. Although more shrewdly skilled in painting with tongue than with pen, Mr. Beveridge adopted a method of procedure which many of our professionals might emulate to advantage. He first acquired his facts—always a desirable thing to do—then thought about them and finally recorded them far from the madding

crowd, where freedom from entangling alliances was guaranteed. In a word, he passed from Germany to Switzerland in order, as he wrote to the editor, "to be out of an atmosphere which might subconsciously influence the mind" and "in neutral surroundings far enough away to permit the getting of a proper perspective."

With this announcement before our eyes we turned with zest to the article alluringly entitled "A Visit to the Kaiser." We were well aware that the War Lord had not been at home to correspondents for some time, but it remained for the Senator, writing retrospectively, oddly enough, to inform us that "the Emperor had not then, *nor has he yet*, received any foreigner since the war began." Be that as it may, we do not question the assertion that Mr. Beveridge was summoned from a depot restaurant by a booted and spurred officer to meet His Majesty in His German Garden. Accompanied by an aide, he passed through the gateway and, perceiving the Kaiser walking with Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, he approached on foot. At the moment of introduction he excused himself for an instant and drew from his vest pocket a faithful timepiece, thus enabling him to record with painstaking accuracy, "At exactly fifteen minutes before three o'clock I was presented to His Majesty."

There was no ceremony, neither kneeling. The Emperor wore "the simple uniform of the field," the Chancellor was in khaki and boots and cap, and the Senator, having "just come from the trenches," meaning the depot restaurant, was "still dressed in riding-clothes"—the usual costume of the cavalry in ditches. After looking one another over, they started for a stroll through the garden, closely followed by sturdy attendants bearing a suitable background, as per the picture herewith reproduced from *Collier's* itself. When the time came for separation the Senator, again excusing himself, looked at his watch and was "particularly struck" by the fact that it was "exactly fifteen minutes before five o'clock." That means that the distinguished trio walked two solid hours—a circumstance which the Senator mentions "only because of the perfect opportunity to observe the German Emperor and because so long a walk and conversation after a hard forenoon's work was a test of his physical endurance."

Apparently, therefore, there was talking as well as walking, but whose conversation it was that constituted a test of His Majesty's physical endurance can only be imagined. There is



By Courtesy of Collier's.

THE CHANCELLOR THE KAISER THE SENATOR

not a line on the two pages indicating that the Emperor said a word himself, and the Chancellor certainly looks grumpy enough in the picture. Probably the Senator started first, but even so it would seem as if one of them might have squeezed in a *Wie gehts* or two.

It was not an interview, anyway; it was just a visit such as they make out in Indiana; and we have no right to intrude upon royal confidences, even though they do take the form of a monologue; but we miss our guess if each of those three has not something now to think about for the rest of his days.

THE FAILURE OF THE RAIDERS

Commerce-raiding is the conspicuous failure of the war. The last of the German destroyers has sought asylum in American waters, and presumably has thus ended her career. It is thus possible to sum up and to appraise the work of those formidable cruisers, which have held the seas for months with a vigilance, an alertness, an intrepidity, a versatile resourcefulness, and a technical skill in seamanship for which we shall find few parallels and probably no superiors in the annals of naval war; a fact which has been handsomely recognized by the countrymen of Drake and Dundonald. We must also bear in mind that their operations have been directed against a commerce of unapproached magnitude and, because of its vast distribution, of singular vulnerability. "What a city to loot!" exclaimed Marshal Blücher at his first sight of London. "What a commerce to raid!" might well have been the enraptured thought of the commander of each of these German cruisers as he set out against the vessels of the Allies.

What, then, is the roll of destruction? Accounts do not exactly agree. The British Admiralty reports that from the beginning of the war to March 10th only 88 British vessels were captured or destroyed. The German Government puts the number down to March 1st at 111. It may be that the latter figures include vessels of all the Allies—French, Russian, and Belgian as well as British, or that the Germans count fishing-craft, which were omitted from the British tables. Let us take the larger numbers. Beyond doubt, 111 vessels in seven months are a good many. But what are they in comparison with the whole commerce against which the raids were directed? There were at the beginning of the war more than 12,000 merchant

vessels under the British flag, besides 1,500 under the French, 1,300 under the Russian, and nearly 200 under the Belgian flag. To lose 111 seems a heavy loss. To lose less than one per cent. of the whole seems trifling and negligible. Moreover, despite these losses, there are doubtless more British ships afloat to-day than there were at the outbreak of the war; for while that country has been losing them to German raiders at the rate of 16 a month, she has been building new ones at the rate of 50 a month. In place of the 111 lost she has put 420 new and better vessels into commission.

Note, too, that the effect upon British commerce has been practically *nil*. British liners have been running almost upon schedule time. There has been no suspension of trade with any part of the world save with the belligerents and with some coasts within the war zone. British intercourse with the colonies in all parts of the world, and with nearly all neutral nations, has remained unimpaired and undisturbed. The dream of "driving British commerce from the seas" has proved vain, if ever it was cherished. Mines and submarines have undoubtedly done much harm, but their operations have been confined to coast waters. In the world at large British commerce has been scarcely affected by the raiders.

It will be interesting to contrast these results with the achievements of Confederate commerce-destroyers in our own Civil War. Besides a few minor vessels, there were four notable cruisers, built new for the purpose in British dockyards. These were the *No. 290*, the *Oreto*, the *Sea King*, and the *Atalanta*, which, after they had been turned over to the Confederate navy, for which they had from the first been designed, were renamed respectively the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, the *Shenandoah*, and the *Tallahassee*. They had—two of them, at least—longer careers than the German cruisers have enjoyed. The *Alabama* was at work from August 24, 1862, to June 19, 1864, when she was sunk by the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg. The *Florida* lasted from August 7, 1862, to October 7, 1864, when she was seized at Bahia in flagrant violation of Brazilian neutrality. The *Shenandoah* lasted from October 8, 1864, and the *Tallahassee* from August 6, 1864, to the end of the war, when the one was surrendered to the British Government and the other was sold to Japan. In those periods, what were the losses inflicted upon Federal commerce? Here are the numbers of vessels taken and their values, as adjudicated by the Geneva tribunal:

Alabama	58	vessels	$6,547,609.86
Florida	38	"	3,698,609.34
Shenandoah	40	"	6,488,320.31
Tallahassee	17	"	579,955.55

Thus these four Confederate cruisers disposed of 153 vessels, of a value of $17,314,495.06. That may seem little larger than the work of the Germans; perhaps actually smaller in view of the much greater time during which the *Alabama* and *Florida* were at large. But it was vastly larger than the German achievement in proportion to the whole volume of American commerce, for, considerable as was our ante-bellum marine, it was not comparable with that of the British Empire to-day. It was also immeasurably greater than the German achievement in its effect upon commerce, for there is no exaggeration in saying that it drove the American mercantile marine out of existence. Practically all vessels which were not seized or destroyed by the raiders were sold or transferred to other flags. Save on ships of war, the American flag disappeared from the high seas.

Now all this is said not at all in disparagement of the skill and daring of the commanders of the German cruisers, but rather as an indication that the times have changed and naval conditions have changed with them, so that commerce-destroying has become chiefly a thing of the past save to the nation which has control of the sea. Given command of the sea, and it is easy to fetter or to destroy the enemy's commerce, as Germany's has been dealt with in this war by the Allies. For a nation which has no control of the sea to harass to any great extent the commerce of the nation which has that control is no longer possible. The change is due principally to two causes: one is the development of the cruiser into a highly organized piece of machinery, continually in need of fuel and other supplies of the best quality and occasionally in need of being overhauled for repairs. The *Alabama* could cruise for weeks at a time under sail, reserving her coal for use in emergencies of pursuit or flight, and all needed repairs could be made by her own men as she cruised. In no such fashion can a *Karlsruhe* or an *Eitel Friedrich* be managed. The other cause is, of course, the invention of wireless telegraphy, which prevents those operations of secrecy and surprise which of old were so formidable and to which the Confederate cruisers owed much of their success in evading capture and in themselves making captures of prizes. Marconi's device does away with most of that, and compels the cruiser to pursue her ways chiefly in the sight of the whole world.

The pursued merchantman can send out her etheric cry for help, and if it does not summon succor it may at least give knowledge of where the raider is at work, as a warning to other merchantmen and as a "view halloo" to the avenging cruisers which are on the raider's track.

The story of these German cruisers is, then, a demonstration of the futility of striving to continue in these days the practices which were successful in other days and other conditions. As feats of seamanship and romantic daring the German exploits have been superb. As military achievements, affecting the progress and destinies of the war, they have been the veriest ciphers. The fact is emphasized that security depends upon command of the sea. That maintained, commerce is safe. That lost, commerce is lost, and lost, too, is the ability to do serious harm to the commerce of the foe. Those are the considerations which this ending of the German commerce-destroying raids should bring sharply home to the mind of every nation which has or hopes to have an important mercantile marine and which is planning to develop a naval efficiency adequate to its needs. This latest object-lesson in sea-power should not be lost to the nation which gave to the world its best history of that same factor.

THE PASSING OF MAY-DAY

MAY-DAY as a fearsome rubric of the politico-social calendar is now a thing of the past, but still profitable for remembrance. It was only a few years ago that its advent was regarded with apprehension and actual trepidation by most of the Governments of Continental Europe. In Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and other great industrial capitals, special laws or orders were promulgated for its regulation. Full forces of police were held in instant readiness, often supplemented with strong detachments of the military; and these more than once were, or seemed to be, needed to hold in check the turbulent passions of the populace. Yet never once was there any considerable realization of governmental fears, and it may be doubted whether there was ever really a tithe of the danger which men in their anxious minds imagined. And in late years May-day has been a negligible date.

Its history has been, in fact, a congruous part of the history of that much-exaggerated organization to which the world owed the observance of May-day, namely, the "International

Working-men's Association," commonly called the "*Internationale.*" This was once regarded as a "red peril" which was looming over not only the whole of Europe, but also America as well, from the Black Sea to the Golden Gate. Men spoke its dreaded name in whispers, with mingled awe and abhorrence, as that of a mysterious, elusive, irresistible force presaging the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds. Yet the thing was never really one-hundredth part as bad as it was supposed to be, if, indeed, it was bad at all; it lasted only a dozen years; and the fright which it gave to all Europe was nothing but the result of one of the most colossal bits of "bluffing" on record.

Strangely enough, Louis Napoleon was primarily responsible for the formation of the "*Internationale,*" when he sent, at his own expense, a lot of French working-men over to the World's Fair in London in 1862. He sent them partly to study industrial object-lessons at the Fair, and partly to cultivate closer relations between the two nations. They did both, and they also suggested to the British working-men the formation of an international society for the promotion of their general welfare. Some affected to have derived the idea from Zeno the Stoic, centuries before; others, more plausibly, from the "League of the Just" which German exiles had founded in Paris in 1836, and which Karl Marx had transformed into his "Communist League" in 1847. At any rate, the thing was organized at a great meeting in London in September, 1864, over which Professor Beesly presided and of which Marx and Mazzini were prominent members. It was such a gathering as would then have been permitted in few other European countries; yet most of its utterances were such as would now be regarded as somewhat reactionary and savoring of "stand-pat" conservatism.

Mazzini was first intrusted with the task of formulating a constitution for the association. But, being a political rather than an industrial reformer, he filled it so full of political theories and so neglected economics that his work was rejected, and Marx was commissioned to do it over again. He was successful, and he remained the directing spirit of the organization during its whole career. Under such auspices the association began well. Its first general congress was at Geneva in 1866, and in the next year it made its influence felt in aiding the bronze-workers of Paris to win a strike; and also in aiding British working-men in their efforts to exclude the cheaper Continental labor from that country—the latter an inconsistent performance, some

thought, for an "international" body which professed to disregard all national distinctions. By this time it had attracted world-wide attention, and when its second congress met at Lausanne in 1867 serious statesmen spoke of it as Romans might have spoken of the coming of the Goths or the Huns, and gravely questioned whether there ought not to be concerted action by the Powers for its suppression. It was supposed to comprise the whole proletariat of Europe, to be concerned in every revolutionary movement, and to be aiming at the utter and universal subversion of society and government. When in 1868 Belgium permitted the holding of its third congress at Brussels, the first outside of Switzerland, she was reproved for turning traitor to Europe.

The "*Internationale*" owed its prestige, however, to its supposed possibilities and to the fears of its opponents, rather than to any actual deeds or power. It probably never had more than 50,000 members; certainly never so many as 100,000. Its organization was loose and its funds scanty. Moreover, its programmes were at first moderate. At Geneva in 1866 it called for an eight-hour day, co-operation, and intellectual and technical education for working-people, and the next year it added the ownership of railroads and other transportation lines by the State—a system which has now prevailed in Europe for many years. In 1868 it called for the nationalization of mines, forests, and indeed of land generally; called for a universal strike against war; and argued that labor should have all the profits of industry, and capital none. All of these demands have now long been commonplace, and though they are not granted, the advocacy of them no longer horrifies the world. Finally, at its fourth congress at Basel, in 1869, it reaffirmed all that had gone before, and added that the right of inheriting property should be abolished. This last extreme demand was adopted by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-three, with seventeen delegates not voting.

The disagreement over this question marked the beginning of the end. Other divergencies arose. Prince Kropotkin and Bakunin led the extreme wing, and Marx the moderate. British workmen preferred their own trade-unions. In Germany a law forbade corporate action. America was too remote for successful co-operation with Europe. At The Hague in 1872 there was an open rupture. Headquarters were removed to New York, and at the World's Fair at Philadelphia in 1876 the organization was formally dissolved. Like Swedish Charles, it

. . . left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

The present moral is, of course, quite obvious. It is twofold. One part is, that political and social bogies are generally not nearly as formidable as they seem. Neither the "*Internationale*" nor May-day which grew out of it ever really menaced government or social order. The other part is the familiar fact that the radicals of to-day are the conservatives of to-morrow. That which is wise and good in the radicalism is accepted, while that which is foolish or vicious fails and perishes. The "*Internationale*" demanded Government ownership of railroads, and the Governments cried "Revolution! Anarchy!" But pretty soon those very Governments adopted that very principle, and they now regard it as one of the great bulwarks of their conservative strength against radicalism and anarchy. It demanded the abolition of inheritance of property, and the demand was and is vain. Perhaps it will be profitable to give a few minutes of thought to these things on May-day, and to consider whether some of the movements and demands which to-day seem so formidable and disquieting are not likely to complete their history on lines parallel with those of the "*Internationale.*"

UNEMPLOYMENT AND UNPERFORMANCE

The problem of the unemployed is big. Of that there is no doubt. So, too, is the problem of the unperformed; and of the two it may be that the latter is the larger. If a thousand men in a community are unemployed, they and their dependents suffer, but not necessarily anybody else. But if the work of a thousand men remains unperformed, the whole community may suffer. That a vast volume of urgently desirable work remains undone, to the great loss of the public, is not to be denied. Complaints of the fact are widely heard. Indeed, it seems not injudicious to estimate that the complaints of unperformed work are comparable in number and earnestness with those of unemployed labor. The great trades and industries may have all the workers they need, but they are by no means the only potential or actual employers.

In every city, and in every rural region, there are public works which for the public welfare need to be performed. Take as a single example the matter of roads. There are all over this country uncounted thousands of miles of poor and positively

bad roads, not only in purely rural, but also in suburban regions. It would be for the public good to have them improved; not merely for convenience and comfort, but also for pecuniary profit. Yet the roads lie unimproved, and the innumerable public is subjected to inconvenience, discomfort, and loss; and at the same time able-bodied men, capable of doing the work of improving them, remain idle.

There are extensive areas of land, both rural and suburban, lying unoccupied, unimproved, and unproductive, which might be made sources of profit to workers and of benefit to the whole public. The Eastern States, particularly, contain great numbers of abandoned or more or less neglected farms which some years ago were prosperous and profitable and which might easily be restored to that former condition. Nearly every considerable city, too, is surrounded by a zone of territory which once was profitably used for agriculture and horticulture, but which now is in process of "development" for building purposes and therefore is abandoned for its former uses. There are thousands of acres which have thus been laid out in blocks and staked out in lots, but which have lain for years without any building operations upon them and will doubtless remain thus unimproved for years to come. The cultivation of these farms and lots would pay the cultivators a profit, and would add to our city market supplies in a way which would materially lessen the cost of living to the general public. Yet they lie idle, while able-bodied men capable of cultivating them are also idle.

There is also the domestic-service problem. This has long been regarded with a measure of hopelessness, and through counsels of despair it has been so abandoned that as a result our mode of life and social organization have largely been transformed. There are thousands of families which reluctantly and regretfully gave up individual houses and went into "apartments," or who still more reluctantly abandoned housekeeping altogether and went into hotels to live, because of the impossibility of securing satisfactory domestic help, and who would gladly return to their former and decidedly preferable form of life if such help could be assured. They have sacrificed some of the best features of domesticity, and they have greatly increased their cost of living, because they can get nobody to do the necessary work; while at the same time there are multitudes of women complaining of and actually suffering because of unemployment.

The situation thus presented is grossly illogical, as well as

economically wasteful and unsound. The problem involved may be stated in something like mathematical terms. There is a certain amount of work to be done. There is also a certain number of workers. The work should be so apportioned that each worker shall have a due share of employment, and the remuneration for that share should be sufficient at least to pay a living wage. We cannot concede that there are more workers to be employed than there is work to be done. Nature abhors a vacuum. She also abhors idleness. That "the world owes every man a living" is in one sense, the sense of the idler and parasite, untrue. The world owes no man anything that he does not earn. But unless we are to count men no better than the plants and animals which in their repletion overcrowd and suffocate or devour one another, we must concede that nature means that every man shall have an opportunity to earn a living. There is work enough to be done to provide all with employment, and there is profit enough in the work to provide all the workers with adequate sustenance. To argue otherwise would be to impeach the humane economy of creation.

The key to the solution of this dual problem of unemployment and unperformance lies, then, in two words: Distribution and Adaptation. It is notorious that there is congestion of workers in certain places, while there is lack of them in other places. When the Mountain would not go to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the Mountain. The work cannot come to the workers, but the workers must go to the work. The unemployed multitudes must in some way be transferred to the scene of unperformance. Again, it is equally notorious and equally true that some occupations are overcrowded while in others there is a scarcity of labor. Here, similarly, the work cannot adapt itself to the workers, but the workers must adapt themselves to the work. If the unemployed cannot find work at something which they like, they must learn to like that at which they can find it.

We are well aware that these processes of distribution and adaptation are not easily to be effected; though perhaps the difficulty will prove to be less than some have imagined. They may not be altogether agreeable to their subjects. There are many who prefer city life and who dislike the idea of going into the country. But if they are confronted with the alternative of unemployment in the city or profitable employment in the country, their decision should not be doubtful nor delayed.

So, too, there are young men who would rather be in trades or "business" than on farms, and there are young women who would rather be employed in offices or shops or factories than engage in domestic service. But if the alternative is idleness and poverty, on the one hand, or employment and competence on the other, what should the choice be?

If philanthropists and publicists and sociologists will make these rational views of the case clear and will encourage the army of the unemployed to choose promptly and aright, and if they will also facilitate the agreeable and successful pursuit of the chosen courses, they will find the way opening for a solution of the problem. We speak of encouragement and facilitation because we believe that some of the most important occupations which now suffer from unperformance are subject to undeserved prejudice, and also are invested with certain undesirable conditions which might and should be removed. Women object to entering domestic service because they dislike to be called "servants," and young men similarly eschew agriculture for fear of being considered louts and "hayseeds." Let these unmerited slurs upon worthy and necessary vocations be removed, and the vocations themselves be freed, as they readily may, from their unnecessarily distasteful features, and we shall no longer see them boycotted by those who would rather starve in idleness than live in comfort in kitchens and on farms.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON IMMIGRATION

The effects of the war upon European immigration to this country, which we have hitherto discussed prospectively in these pages, are now sufficiently revealed to provide a basis for confident estimate; for the forecast already made appears to be substantially justified. There are now at hand statistics of migration to and from the United States for the first half of the present fiscal year, which corresponds with the second half of the last calendar year, from July 1 to December 31, 1915. The war started at the beginning of August, so that the half-year covers the first five months of it.

As was to be expected, migration from the belligerent countries has practically ceased. That from Scandinavia at the north and from Italy—especially Southern Italy—and Greece at the south has continued, though with some most suggestive modifications, much more marked in the latter than in the former. Indeed, the change caused by the war in the

volume of immigration from the northern countries has thus far been almost negligible; scarcely greater than the fluctuations from year to year before the war began. The total immigration to this country from those sources in the six months was 80,068. If we multiply that number by two we get 160,136 for a whole year at the same rate. Now the figures for the fiscal year 1911-1912, from the same countries, were 193,702, so that the decline due to the war, if it be entirely due to it, is about 17 per cent. That is a considerable decline, but it is by no means extraordinary, and might readily be attributable to other causes in a time of profound peace.

The immigration from Southern Italy and Greece during the same period was only 37,206, or at the rate of 74,412 for a full year. In the year 1911-1912 it was 167,396; so that the war has apparently caused a decline of more than 55 per cent., or more than three times as great as that in the case of the northern countries. That is not surprising; since we may safely estimate the expectation of Italy and Greece being dragged into the war to be more than three times as great as the similar expectation or fear concerning Scandinavia, and the moral, legal, and other restraint upon emigration to be correspondingly greater.

Perhaps still more suggestive are the statistics for the same period and the same regions of migration in the opposite direction—the refluent tide of emigration from America back to Europe. In the case of the northern countries this was 19,590, or 24.3 per cent. of the immigration, showing a net settlement in this country of 60,478 in six months. That was at the rate of 39,180 emigration in a full year, against 38,717 in 1911-12, or about 20 per cent. The increase of proportionate return migration from 20 per cent. to 24.3 per cent. may be regarded as negligible. But in the case of the southern countries what do we find. While only 37,206 persons came hither, no fewer than 84,300 returned to Europe; or 226.6 per cent.—more than two and a quarter times as many as those who came hither. There was thus a net loss in that element of our population of 47,094. That emigration was, moreover, at the rate of 168,600 a year. It is true that the return tide of this element has always been much larger than that of the northerners. Thus in 1911-12, while 167,396 came hither, 110,204, or 65.8 per cent., returned. But the figures of a year at war-rates show the percentage increased from 65.8 to 226.6. If the figures for the last half-year are repeated in the present half-year there

will have returned to Europe in 1914-15 more than a thousand more than the entire number that came hither in 1911-12.

This contrast between the two parts of Europe becomes the more significant when we remember that while in 1883 fully 95 per cent. of our entire European immigration came from the northern and western countries, in 1912 fully 70 per cent. came from the southern and eastern. As a result of, or at least during, the war there has been so marked a reaction that, in the six months which we are considering, instead of 70 per cent. from the south and east, we received of our gross immigration 68 per cent. from the north and west. Far more striking still are the figures of net immigration. Less than one-fourth of the number of northerners returned, while more than two and a quarter times the number of southerners did so. The result was a net immigration all told of only 12,844, to which the net immigration from north and west bore the proportion of 488 per cent.

We shall not be convicted of invidious prejudice if we say frankly that in these facts is cause for sincere satisfaction. It is indisputable that immigrants from the northwestern countries are decidedly preferable to those from the southeastern. Their morals are better. Their average of literacy and of general intelligence is far higher. Their physical condition is much better. Their pecuniary and other material resources are greater, and their industrial potency is also greater. To this we may add that their civic usefulness is superior, since they far more generally become citizens and remain here as permanent residents. One unpleasant characteristic of many of the immigrants from the south and east of Europe has been the fact that they would not become citizens, that they sent the chief part of their savings back to the old country, and that after a stay sometimes measured by months and at most by a few years, they would return home to live upon what they had earned and saved here. Such sojourners are of little value and of much loss to this country. Better a single one who becomes naturalized, spends the rest of his life here, and reinvests here the capital which he accumulates here, than a dozen who regard America as a mere Tom Tiddler's Ground upon which to pick up money to carry away with them to their old home. If the marked tendencies in immigration which have been developed in the last nine months shall continue, not only during the remainder of the war, but also after the return of peace, this country may be the loser in mere numbers, but it will assuredly be

greatly the gainer in the substantial stuff of which good citizenry is composed.

COMMENT

It seems that there was no occasion for Secretary Tumulty to wave aside the Chicago election as "purely local," after all. Keen analysis shows that the intrenched Democracy held its own. The *World's* statistician, in fact, figures out a substantial gain in this way:

> Comparing the straight Democratic vote of Tuesday, 162,155 (not counting women), with Wilson's vote of 120,000 in 1912 and Bryan's vote of 143,000 in 1908, it will be seen that nothing has collapsed in Chicago except Harrisonism.

That seems conclusive. Moreover, as the *World* points out, in 1912 Roosevelt and Taft combined "had 212,000 against Wilson's 120,000," a majority of 92,000; and yet Wilson carried the State. Excellent! But wait a minute. The vote in Illinois for Roosevelt and Taft combined was 640,000 against 405,000 for Wilson, and the Republican majority in Chicago this year was 149,000 against the "combined" plurality of 92,000 in 1912, an increase of 60 per cent. Upon this ratio the united opposition would carry Illinois by the comfortable majority of 394,000 and the country by a most uncomfortable plurality of 2,097,000. And why should not the women, who cast 136,000 votes for the Republicans against 86,000 for the Democrats in Chicago, "be counted"? They are going to vote next year, aren't they? Upon the whole, we prefer to adhere to Mr. Tumulty's interpretation as the more judicious and consoling.

Writing to the *World* regarding that faithful journal's assertion that Mr. Paul M. Warburg "had more to do with the actual drafting of the Federal Reserve law than any other man either in Congress or out of Congress," Representative Carter Glass says:

> This utterly erroneous statement in your editorial of Saturday is only comparable to an assertion made some time ago by Mr. Harvey in The North American Review, to the effect that the House Currency bill was "so radically changed by the Senate as to bear little resemblance to the law as enacted." Such a declaration betrays indefensible ignorance. It is based upon the fact that the Senate made various changes of phraseology in the House bill and some very

radical alterations of its essentials; but had Mr. Harvey troubled himself to pursue the course of legislation he would have seen that the House conferees restored every single important feature of the House bill and discarded every fundamental change made by the Senate.

What we really really said—in October—was that "the new law bears little resemblance to the original so-called Administration Bill"—*i.e.*, to the bill as first introduced in the House, not as passed by it—and—in February—that "while the law was fully enacted by the Democrats, its genesis was Republican and the 'idea' was hatched in the brain of Grandfather Nelson W. Aldrich." While desirous of according to Mr. Glass full credit for the quite essential part which he performed in achieving this excellent legislation, we are convinced that each of these statements, so far from evidencing "indefensible ignorance," is susceptible of proof. The *World*, whose terseness is occasionally more pronounced than its accuracy, must take care of itself.

It was only a question of time when the ceaselessly active Collector Dudley Field Malone would take a hand in the great war. For eight long, weary months ominous silence was disturbed only by champing at the bit, but indomitable energy finally found a way. Somebody told the vigilant official that an empty tomato-can had been found floating upon the turgid waters of the Lower Bay. This was more than suspicious; it was tangible evidence of a plot to supply British warships with things to eat, quite contrary to our highly prized neutrality. But there should be no question as to the facts. So the Collector requisitioned an ocean-going tug, donned a cap fashioned after Our First Lord's, put all the lights on the blink, and sallied forth in the dead of several nights. True, he found no more tomato-cans, but he saw where they had been and so informed an eager press, which responded promptly with the customary head-lines. But, alas, other officials betrayed a lamentable lack of understanding of Democratic team-work. Counselor Robert Lansing, of the State Department, calmly remarked that there had been no violation of neutrality since September, and District-Attorney Marshall indicated that he "would rather not say anything about the case," as the facts in his possession were "not numerous." Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Peters also intimated that it might have been as well for the Collector to report to the Department before hurling his discoveries into print, and took

a train for New York, looking very weary. But Mr. Field Malone, recalling the President's flattering observation that he "generally knows what he is talking about," manfully declared:

I know that Mr. Peters is coming, but I also know that his visit has no connection with the neutrality situation. Mr. Lansing is hardly in a position to know as accurately as I what violations are going on at this port. While Mr. Lansing is entitled to his opinion, I am interested in facts. My duties as Collector are clear and distinct, and I shall continue to protect this port's neutrality, whether it is being violated in the interests of the British, the French, or the Germans. The neutrality we are protecting is American.

That is the last heard of it, and we suppose the incident may be considered closed. Nevertheless, we venture the opinion that people hereabouts rest more confidingly with knowledge that a Young Sleuth is watching over them, and even Our Colonel should rejoice at hearing from this supine Administration the firm and patriotic declaration that "the neutrality we are protecting is American." Oh dear! oh dear!

Treaties are worse than worthless unless fulfilled; for a treaty is only a promise, and it is far better never to make a promise than lightly to make it and lightly to break it.—COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

So they say in Colombia.

Secretary Daniels considers it beneath his dignity to reply to such criticisms.—*Washington Dispatch.*

Beneath *what?*

Why not Penrose for President?

THE LORD OF MISRULE

BY ALFRED NOYES

"On Whitsun ales and May mornings the wild heads of the parish would choose a Lord of Misrule whom they would follow with their pipers to the church (though the minister were at prayer and preaching) dancing and swinging their may-boughs over their heads in the church like devils incarnate."

—From an old Puritan Writer.

All on a fresh May morning, I took my love to church
To see if Parson Primrose were safely on his perch.
He scarce had won to *Thirdly*, or squire begun to snore,
When, like a sunlit earthquake,
A green and crimson earthquake,
A frolic of madcap May-folk came whooping thro' the door:

Come up, come in with streamers;
Come in, with boughs of may;
Come up, and thump the sexton,
And carry the clerk away!
Now skip like rams, ye mountains,
Ye little hills like sheep!
Come up, and wake the people
That parson puts to sleep.

They tickled their nut-brown tabors. Their garlands flew in showers;
And lasses and lads came after them, with feet like dancing flowers.
Their queen had torn her green gown, and bared a shoulder as white—
O, white as the may that crowned her;
While all the minstrels round her
Tilted back their crimson hats and sang for sheer delight:

Come up, come in with streamers;
Come in, with boughs of may!
Now, by the gold upon your toe,
You walked the primrose way!
Come up, with white and crimson;
O, shake your bells and sing!
Let the porch bend, the pillars bow
Before our Lord, the Spring!

The dusty velvet hassocks were dabbled with fragrant dew.
The font was white with hawthorn; it frothed in every pew.
Three petals clung to the sexton's beard as he mopped and mowed
at the clerk;
And "Take that sexton away!" they cried.
"Did Nebuchadnezzar eat may?" they cried;
"Nay, that was a prize from Betty!" they cried, "for kissing her
in the dark!"

Come up, come in with streamers;
Come in, with boughs of may.
Who knows but old Methuselah
May hobble the greenwood way?
If Betty could kiss the sexton;
If Kitty could kiss the clerk,
Who knows how Parson Primrose
Might blossom in the dark?

The congregation spluttered. The squire grew purple and all;
And every little chorister bestrode his carven stall.
The parson flapped like a magpie, but none could hear his prayers;
For Tom Tool flourished his tabor,
Flourished his nut-brown tabor,
Bashed the head of the sexton, and stormed the pulpit stairs.

High in the old oak pulpit,
This Captain of Misrule
(I think it was Will Sumner
That once was Shakespeare's fool)
Held up his hand for silence,
And all the church grew still.
"And are you snoring yet," he said,
"Or have you slept your fill?

"Your God still walks in Eden between the ancient trees,
Where naked feet go wading thro' pools of primroses.
And this is the sign we bring you, before the darkness fall,
That Spring is risen, is risen again;
That Life is risen, is risen again;
That Love is risen, is risen again; and Love is Lord of all.

"At Paske began our morrice,
And ere Pentecost our may;
Because, albeit your words be true,
You know not what you say.

You chatter in church like jackdaws
  Words that would shake the dead,
Were there one breath of life in you,
  One drop of blood," he said.

"*He died and He went down to hell.* You know not what you mean.
Our rafters were of green fir. Also our roofs were green.
But out of the mouth of a fool, a fool, before the darkness fall,
We say He has burst His prison again!
  The Lord of Life is risen again!
The boughs put forth their tender buds, and Love is Lord of all."

He bowed his head. He stood so still
  They bowed their heads as well.
And softly from the organ-loft
  The song began to swell:
Come up, with blood-red streamers,
  The reeds began the strain.
The VOX HUMANA pealed on high,
  The Spring is risen again!

The VOX ANGELICA replied: *The shadows flee away!*
Our house-beams were of cedar! Come in, with boughs of may!
The diapason deepened it—*Before the darkness fall:*
We tell you He is risen again;
  Our God hath burst His prison again!
Christ is risen, is risen again! And Love is Lord of all!

ALFRED NOYES.

WHY?

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

After these nine months of the manifold murder in Europe begun by Germany, we who hold her guilty of all the harm that can flow from the largest evil ever let loose upon the world may fitly take stock of our reasons and convictions, not so much as against Germany as in favor of England and France, and especially England. Why do we still believe as powerfully in her cause as at the first? It is easy to say because it is the cause of liberty, of humanity, of Christianity; that it is something like a last hope of mankind; that if it fails civilization will no longer be free in Europe or America, but will become the dismal condition of soldier-slaves enthralling and enthralled. But to say this does not seem enough. One wishes to count and recount one's convictions, to repeat again that the party of the Allies is the party, above everything, of peace, the party of hope, of the equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, of everything endeared by the Declaration and guarded by the Constitution. That was what we felt at the first, but as the bright days of the early resistance to the German ravage of Belgium and plunge into France dulled into days of dogged endeavor to hold the water-soaked trenches of the fighting-line, and the blind artillery duel continued by telescope and telephone between the adversaries; when victory and defeat were doled out by inches to one side or the other in the West, and in the East the sudden triumph of the Russian millions turned into rout which not even the change of name from St. Petersburg to Petrograd could stay, we Americans who were with the Allies heart and soul began involuntarily to ask ourselves why.

We did not ask why so much, if at all, with regard to France. That remained the perfectly clear case it was at the beginning. Her home had been invaded and her very life threatened by Germany as the sole escape from the pretended menace or

danger of Russia. The same atrocious contempt of neutral rights which animated her in her invasion of Belgium was the savage impulse that carried her over the French border almost to the forts of Paris. There was everything in the French situation to move us in behalf of France, and we who are not a very generous nation could individually give our moral support to the most generous of the nations without qualification. Usually we forget that we owe our national existence to France, but in that moment of her insult and outrage we did remember that we were alive because of that foster-mother of ours. We had remembered more constantly the unnatural severity of our own natural mother, and if we had not felt so strongly that she was fighting the same battle which her oppression had forced us to fight against her, we might have hesitated to give her our whole hearts.

I do not think we did hesitate in that hour of her appeal to the instincts of all free peoples. The English, though not nearly so much as the Germans, have since felt the need of instructing our preference; but they have not waited our asking to tell us that they were fighting our battle against militarism, and that if they fell under its iron hoofs it would be our turn next, and it would be an easy walk-over for those hoofs. I do not believe that we took counsel of our fears in the matter, though we had great reason to do so in our defenselessness. We who were for the Allies gave England our sympathy as unstintedly as we gave it to France, and with no fear of the German success shaken in our faces. We did not expect that success, and we do not expect it now; we have steadfastly trusted in the righteousness of England's cause, and in the power which has enabled her to compass the lands and seas of the whole world, and hold them fast in the fear or affection of the mightiest empire in history. Let Germany rage her little hour with her millions of conscripts, her submarines shattering peaceful ships, and her aeroplanes dropping bombs on the roofs of undefended towns and murdering women and children at their doors and in their beds. The hour will be little indeed beside that spacious day which must come as surely as the dawn follows the dark, when the English spirit of freedom shall lastingly prevail against her convulsive force and hold her homicidal epilepsy in sanative control.

I do not forget, in this prophesying, all the guilt and all the greed of England in the past. I do not forgive her the destruction of the South-African republics in the recent past

which is almost the present. That indeed was the effect of the greed, the insatiate lust of dominion, of the imperial appetite which had come with eating. Still less do I forget the injuries which we suffered from her in our nonage, the manifold oppressions and repressions which welded our colonial disunity into the unity of these sovereign States. Still harder to forget are the slights and snubs which she put upon us in our national infancy, the insolent disregard of our international equality, and finally and most unforgetable of all, her laugh of exultation when our fear came, and she could hope that slavery might be the death of that freedom which we had learned from her to love, and which was the life-breath of the Republic devoted by her ill-will to destruction. No American who has read American history can be ignorant of the treacheries and atrocities she practised against us in both her wars with us; the loosing of cruel savages upon our frontiers, the hiring of German mercenaries to meet our armies in battle; the imprisonment of our seamen by thousands, and the horrors of the prison-ships; the contempt of our appeal to arms till the prowess of our Yankee privateers on every sea and the aim of our Kentucky riflemen at New Orleans taught her to respect us a little; and then in the Civil War the eager rush of English sympathy with the slaveholders, and the destruction of our commerce by the Confederate cruisers fitted and manned in English ports. The tale is long and need not be told in full, but if we were to vent our sense of injury from England in a hate-song, such as the Germans have used to keep their anger warm, our reasoned grievances would make that detestable outburst appear the explosion of senseless passion in Bedlam.

We need not run back for quantity in our memories of injury from the England of that class which has hitherto been her ruling class. In our keenest sense of that injury we have always, unless we were very stupid and ignorant, been aware of two Englands, of another and a better England than that ruling England, the England which has been our friend, and the friend of every righteous cause. In our struggle for Independence the wisest and truest and kindest of Englishmen were our friends; in our struggle for Union these again were of our side. There are indeed two Englands: one that never forgets a friend once accepted, and one that never makes a friend whom injustice and insult could alienate. Hitherto it is the spirit of that evil England which has ruled England; but in these latest years

we who have loved English liberty and hoped that somehow "in the far-off divine event" it would become American equality, have learned to believe that the better England had come into her own. We have seen a more equal tax wrung, however grudgingly, from the great nobles who had left the commons to pay an unjust share; we have seen, with shame for ourselves, national pensions voted to outworn labor, and the growth of good will between the classes and the masses. We have seen such things as these, and through the storm of obloquy poured out on the sturdy Celt who has forced this justice from the hand of Norman and Saxon we have made bold to hope for a day when the eyes of England should be purged of the dazzle of kings and nobles which has kept her blind to the glory of common manhood. We knew that our vision must be vain for yet a time indefinitely long, but we kept saying to ourselves, "Why not, at the end of this volcanic uprush of hell over the lands so long peaceful, should not there be a federation of the world which should at least prophesy, if not establish, the universal republic and make 'the game of kings' forever impossible?"

That was the secret at the bottom of true American hearts in their prayer for England's success in the war, and it is still the hope that animates us, though we deny it or avow it with shrinking and something like shame. From militarized Germany, from that dead corpse of medieval oppression, galvanized into an ecstasy of murder and rapine, humanity can hope nothing; but from England it can hope something, not everything, perhaps not much, but something.

It is because we hope for this something, much or little, that we wish England godspeed on the hard, perhaps long, road before her. It is because we love humanity, and hope from English liberty American equality that we earnestly desire her success in yonder hideous carnage. It is not because we hate the Germans or love the English; many of us love the Germans, and feel them *gemüthlich*, though they dine at one o'clock and eat with their knives. Most of us love England and love her dearly; we know home-and-mother when we breathe her air and feel her stinted sunshine; but do many of us love the English, say, in the lump, or do we any of us? We love certain Englishmen when we get to know them, as much as they will let us, but for the English in general, or even in particular, not all of us have much use. We have no use at all for their patriotism; for England as the head of

the British Empire we do not care, but we care everything for her as the hope of the human race; everything, everything. The Englishman, especially the English journalist or poet, or other vocal person, seems not to understand this, and addresses us lively reproaches because we do not share his insular or imperial patriotism, not realizing in his own case that the patriotism of another is something almost offensive, like the warmth of another's person. It astonishes him, therefore, that we should say we are with him heart and soul, and yet look it so little. He cannot understand why we should not be ashamed to bother him with protest and question when we see him so busy fighting for his life and our own lives. Well, I, for one, wish we could have forborne those protests and questions, though I do not see how we could; or how without a word we could let England sweep our commerce from the seas as thoroughly as her Confederate cruisers did in our Civil War that she should not be hampered by it in her struggle for mankind against the enemy of mankind. I, for one, am ashamed that we seem already to have forgotten the abominable violence to all law by the Germans in their raids by sea and sky against defenseless towns, Belgian, French, and English, or that we must address Berlin in the same diplomatic terms of question as London. Of course, I know that I speak for no larger portion of the Republic than resides in any one citizen of it, but I know other citizens who think like me, many others. At the same time I know this will not satisfy the English. They want a great deal more good will from us than this; more than, for instance, they showed for us when they framed a treaty with Japan to support her in a certain event if she was at war with us. Nothing, in fact, would really satisfy the English short of our going to war with Germany, and that I hope we shall not do till the German submarines attack our home-keeping navy and their Zeppelins infest our atmosphere and begin dropping bombs on Boston.

But in spite of the unreasonableness of such Englishmen, every American who loves the liberty which his own country represents must heartily, prayerfully wish England well in this Titanic struggle with the Satanic powers of Germany. Apparently it is the affair of Belgium, who has fought on to her political extinction in it, though we know she shall rise again in a glorious resurrection. Still more apparently it is the affair of France, which is pushing the invader with dogged (one might say bull-dogged) self-devotion from her soil. Apparently it is

the affair of Russia in the incessant vicissitudes of progress and regress through that Eastern war scene which shine as triumphs at Petrograd and darkle as routs at Berlin. It seems even the affair of Portugal, but just how we cannot say. But above all and through all it is England's job to beat down, if not to bind, those forces of evil which the Allies are fighting. That is distinctly her job, as one hundred years ago it was her job to beat down and bind the forces which a far less formidable enemy of mankind had loosed upon the world. Success will come to her now as surely as it came to her then, and with success will come the question of what to do with her success. There is no St. Helena which can jail the malignant spirit of militarism, but somehow it can and must be destroyed. England, by and with the advice and consent of France and Belgium, will know how to deal with the question, and, leaving Japan and Portugal out of the matter, she will doubtless know how to deal with her fellow-victor Russia; for somehow that strange mass of apparent inability must finally be dealt with. We have just seen how France and England have tried to undo their united work of sixty years ago and open to Russia the sea which they then closed against her, and doubtless they will find some way of utilizing in the great dénouement their unwieldy partner in the tremendous drama now enacting. Russia may represent to dramatic criticism the humorous element which Shakespeare finds the relief and contrast of his tragedy, but almost anything is predicable of that vast despotism which ought logically to be as bad as Prussian militarism, or worse. A people converted to Christianity by sovereign mandate, and baptized at one plunge in the river whither they were herded for salvation, have now been devoted to Prohibition by the same power and saved a second time, while other nations are still striving toward that ideal by a course of moderate drinking. Who knows, then, but in the day of reckoning for Germany the Czar may not issue a ukase declaring his subjects the citizens of a free and independent Republic, and endowing them with the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall and Woman Suffrage, with himself for their first President ineligible for re-election?

In the forecast which I am here indulging anything appears possible, and it is not morally impossible but England may submit the inevitable Russian question to the arbitration of these States. She may remember the cherished fable of friendship between that Empire and this Republic, tacitly attested by sealed instructions to the Russian fleet which visited our shores

during the Civil War to defend us against an attack of the French and English, and she may conceive it graceful to leave the Russian case to us. England has more of the virtues that convince the reason than the charms that win the affection of other nations; but a graceful thing is not beyond her, as we have lately seen in her letting our contraband ship *Dacia* fall a prey to our ancient ally France instead of capturing and confiscating the vessel herself. That was a delicate forbearance worthy of our ideal of ourselves; and throughout our exchange of civilities with her concerning neutral rights it seems to me that England has behaved with signal patience and polite forbearance when we could not have helped ourselves if she had done otherwise. To have done otherwise we should have tended to cast our lot where our will could never be, with Germany. We cannot, indeed, cast our lot with the Allies, but our will must be with them always because, as I began by saying, they are in the right, if there is any such thing as right or wrong. If it is wrong to build up a ruthless power by a system of world-wide espionage, to fortify a bad cause by every art of treachery and deceit, and then to use that power with arrogant disregard of all the international traditions, and all the laws of religion, and all the impulses of humanity, Germany is wrong and England is right, and that is why we must wish England well, whatever becomes of our questions and protests.

My own neutrality is of such measure and make that I would have our nation bear everything from the belligerents short of invading our shores after sinking all our ships. But I would have our Government continue registering its protests as a sort of charges to be paid off at some day of reckoning in the future. Something like this was managed in the case of England and her *Alabama*, which she settled without breach of the peace, from a conscience quickened by our insistence. Meanwhile the great Because which answers my Why is that England is—

> the land that freemen till,
> That sober-suited Freedom chose,
> The land where, girt with friends or foes,
> A man may speak the things he will.—

and that in Germany he may not without danger of going to jail for it.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

DIAGNOSIS OF THE ENGLISHMAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

After nine months of war, search for the cause thereof borders on the academic. Comment on the physical facts of the situation does not come within the scope of one who by disposition and training is concerned with states of mind. Speculation on what the future may bring forth may be left to those with an aptitude for prophecy.

But there is one thought which rises supreme at this particular moment of these tremendous times: the period of surprise is over; the forces known; the issue fully joined. It is now a case of "Pull devil, pull baker!" and a question of the fiber of the combatants. For this reason I think it not amiss to try and present to any whom it may concern as detached a picture as I can of the real nature of that combatant who is called the Englishman, especially since ignorance in central Europe of his character was the chief cause of this war, and speculation as to the future is useless without right comprehension of this curious creature.

For this task I claim the credentials of one who, having no drop of any but English blood, has for many years observed, criticized, and satirized himself and his compatriots. I take the Englishman advisedly, because he represents four-fifths of the population of the British Isles, and eight-ninths of the character and sentiment therein.

And first let me say that there is no more deceptive, unconsciously deceptive person, on the face of the globe. The Englishman certainly does not know himself; and outside England he is but guessed at. Only a pure Englishman—and he must be an odd one—really knows the Englishman; just as, for inspired judgment of art, one must go to the inspired artist.

Racially the Englishman is so complex and so old a blend that no one can say what he is. In character he is just as com-

plex. Physically there are two main types: one inclining to length of limb, narrowness of face and head (you will see nowhere such long and narrow heads as in our islands), and bony jaws; the other approximating more to the ordinary "John Bull." The first type is gaining on the second. There is little or no difference in the main character behind them.

In attempting to understand the real nature of the Englishman certain salient facts must be borne in mind.

To be surrounded generation after generation by the sea has developed in him a suppressed idealism, a peculiar impermeability, a turn for adventure, a faculty for wandering, and for being sufficient unto himself in far surroundings.

Whoso weathers for centuries a climate that, though healthy and never extreme, is perhaps the least reliable and one of the wettest in the world, must needs grow in himself a counterbalance of dry philosophy, a defiant humor, an enforced medium temperature of soul. The Englishman is no more given to extremes than is his climate; against its damp and perpetual changes he has become coated with a sort of bluntness.

This is by far the oldest settled Western Power, politically speaking. For eight hundred and fifty years England has known no serious military disturbance from without; for over two hundred she has known no military disturbance and no serious political turmoil within. This is partly the outcome of her isolation, partly the happy accident of her political constitution, partly the result of the Englishman's habit of looking before he leaps, which comes, no doubt, from the mixture in his blood and the mixture in his climate.

Taken in conjunction with centuries of political stability, the great preponderance for several generations of town over country life is the main cause of a certain deeply ingrained humaneness, of which, speaking generally, the Englishman appears to be rather ashamed than otherwise.

That the public schools are a potent element in the formation of the modern Englishman, not only of the upper, but of all classes, is something that one rather despairs of making understood—in countries that have no similar institution. But: imagine one hundred thousand youths of the wealthiest, healthiest, and most influential classes passed, during each generation, at the most impressionable age, into a sort of ethical mold; emerging therefrom stamped to the core with the impress of a uniform morality, uniform manners, uniform way of looking at life; remembering always that these youths fill seven-eighths of

the important positions in the professional administration of their country and the conduct of its commercial enterprise; remembering, too, that through perpetual contact with every other class their standard of morality and way of looking at life filter down into the very toes of the land. This great character-forming machine is remarkable for an unself-consciousness which gives it enormous strength and elasticity. Not inspired by the State, it inspires the State. The characteristics of the philosophy it enjoins are mainly negative and, for that, the stronger. "Never show your feelings—to do so is not manly and bores your fellows. Don't cry out when you're hurt, making yourself a nuisance to other people. Tell no tales about your companions, and no lies about yourself. Avoid all 'swank,' 'side,' 'swagger,' braggadocio of speech or manner, on pain of being laughed at." (This maxim is carried to such a pitch that the Englishman, except in his press, habitually understates everything.) "Think little of money, and speak less of it. Play games hard, and keep the rules of them even when your blood is hot and you are tempted to disregard them." In three words: "*play the game*"—a little phrase which may be taken as the characteristic understatement of the modern Englishman's creed of honor in all classes. This great unconscious machine has considerable defects. It tends to the formation of "caste"; it is a poor teacher of sheer learning, and, æsthetically, with its universal suppression of all interesting and queer individual traits of personality—it is almost horrid. But it imparts a remarkable incorruptibility to English life; it conserves vitality by suppressing all extremes; and it implants everywhere a kind of unassuming stoicism and respect for the rules of the great game—Life. Through its unconscious example, and through its cult of games, it has vastly influenced even the classes not directly under its control.

Three more main facts must be borne in mind:

The essential democracy of the Government.

Freedom of speech and the press.

Absence of compulsory military service.

These, the outcome of the quiet and stable home life of an island people, have done more than anything to make the Englishman a deceptive personality to the outside eye. He has for centuries been permitted to grumble. There is no such confirmed grumbler—until he really has something to grumble at, and then no one who grumbles less. There is no such confirmed carper at the condition of his country, yet no one really so

profoundly convinced of its perfection. A stranger might well think, from his utterances, that he was spoiled by the freedom of his life, unprepared to sacrifice anything for a land in such a condition. Threaten that country, and with it his liberty, and you will find that his grumbles have meant less than nothing. You will find, too, that behind the apparent slackness of every arrangement and every individual are powers of adaptability to facts, elasticity, practical genius, a latent spirit of competition, and a determination that are staggering. Before this war began it was the fashion among a number of English to lament the decadence of the race. These very grumblers are now foremost in praising, and quite rightly, the spirit shown in every part of their country. Their lamentations, which plentifully deceived the outside ear, were just English grumbles, for if in truth England had been decadent, there could have been no such universal display for them to be praising now. But all this democratic grumbling and habit of "going as you please" serve a deep purpose. Autocracy, censorship, compulsion, destroy humor in a nation's blood and elasticity in its fiber; they cut at the very mainsprings of national vitality. Only free from these baneful controls can each man arrive in his own way at realization of what is or is not national necessity; only free from them will each man truly identify himself with a national ideal—not through deliberate instruction or by command of others, but by simple, natural conviction from within.

I enter here two cautions to the stranger trying to form an estimate of the Englishman: the creature must not be judged from his press, which, manned (with certain exceptions) by those who are not typically English, is too highly colored altogether to illustrate the true English spirit; nor can he be judged by such of his literature as is best known on the Continent. The Englishman proper is inexpressive, unexpressed. Further, he must not be judged by the evidences of his wealth. England may be the richest country in the world per head of population, but not five per cent. of that population have any wealth to speak of, certainly not enough to have affected their hardihood; and, with inconsiderable exceptions, those who have enough are brought up to worship hardihood. For the vast proportion of young Englishmen active military service is merely a change from work as hard and more monotonous.

From these main premises, then, we come to what the Englishman really is.

When, after months of travel, one returns to England, one

can taste, smell, feel the difference in the atmosphere, physical and moral—the curious, damp, blunt, good-humored, happy-go-lucky, old-established, slow-seeming formlessness of everything. You hail a porter, you tell him you have plenty of time—he muddles your things amiably with an air of, "It 'll be all right," till you have only just time. But suppose you tell him you have no time—he will set himself to catch that train for you, and he will catch it faster than a porter of any other country. Let no stranger, however, experiment to prove the truth of this, for that porter—and a porter is very like any other Englishman—is incapable of taking the foreigner seriously; and, quite friendly, but a little pitying, will lose him the train, assuring the unfortunate gentleman that he really doesn't know what train he wants to catch—how should he? Forgive us, gentle strangers, we are islanders and know no better.

The Englishman must have a thing brought under his nose before he will act; bring it there and he will go on acting after everybody else has stopped. He lives very much in the moment because he is essentially a man of facts and not a man of imagination. Want of imagination makes him, philosophically speaking, rather ludicrous; in practical affairs it handicaps him at the start; but once he has "got going," as we say, it is of incalculable assistance to his stamina. The Englishman, partly through this lack of imagination and nervous sensibility, partly through his inbred dislike of extremes, and habit of minimizing the expression of everything, is a perfect example of the conservation of energy. It is very difficult to come to the end of him. Add to this unimaginative, practical, tenacious moderation, an inherent spirit of competition—not to say pugnacity—so strong that it will often show through the coating of his "live-and-let-live," half-surly, half-good-humored manner; add a peculiar, ironic, "don't-care" sort of humor, an underground but inveterate humaneness and an ashamed idealism, and you get some notion of the pudding of English character. Its main feature is a kind of terrible coolness, a rather awful level-headedness. The Englishman makes constant small blunders, but few, almost no, deep mistakes. He is a slow starter, but there is no stronger finisher, because he has by temperament and training the faculty of getting through any job that he gives his mind to with a minimum expenditure of vital energy; nothing is wasted in expression, style, spread-eagleism; everything is instinctively kept as near to the practical heart of the matter as possible. He is—to the eye of an artist—distressingly matter-of-fact, a tempting mark

for satire. And yet he is in truth an idealist, though it is his nature to snub, disguise, and mock his own inherent optimism. To admit enthusiasms is "bad form" if he is a "gentleman"; and "swank" or mere waste of good heat if he is not a "gentleman." England produces more than its proper percentage of cranks and poets, and, I take it, this is nature's way of redressing the balance in a country where feelings are not shown, sentiments not expressed, and extremes laughed at. Not that the Englishman lacks heart; he is not cold, as is generally supposed; on the contrary, he is warm-hearted and feels very strongly; but just as peasants, for lack of words to express their feelings, become stolid, so it is with the Englishman, from sheer lack of the habit of self-expression. Nor is the Englishman deliberately hypocritical; but his tenacity, combined with his powerlessness to express his feelings, often gives him the appearance of a Pharisee. He is inarticulate; has not the clear and fluent cynicism of expansive natures wherewith to confess exactly how he stands. It is the habit of men of all nations to want to have things both ways; the Englishman is, unfortunately, so unable to express himself *even to himself* that he has never realized this, much less confessed it—hence his appearance of hypocrisy.

He is quite wrongly credited with being attached to money. His island position, his early discoveries of coal, iron, and processes of manufacture, have made him, of course, into a confirmed industrialist and trader, but he is always an adventurer in wealth rather than a heaper-up of it. He is far from sitting on his money-bags—has absolutely no vein of proper avarice; and for national ends will spill out his money like water when he is convinced of the necessity.

In everything, it comes to that with the Englishman: he must be convinced; and he takes a lot of convincing. He absorbs ideas slowly, reluctantly; he would rather not imagine anything unless he is obliged; but in proportion to the slowness with which he can be moved is the slowness with which he can be removed! Hence the symbol of the bulldog. When he does see and seize a thing he seizes it with the whole of his weight and wastes no breath in telling you that he has got hold. That is why his press is so untypical; it gives the impression that he does waste breath. And while he has hold he gets in more mischief in a shorter time than any other dog, because of his capacity for concentrating on the present, without speculating on the past or future.

For the particular situation which the Englishman has now to

face he is terribly well adapted. Because he has so little imagination, so little power of expression, he is saving nerve all the time. Because he never goes to extremes, he is saving energy of body and spirit. That the men of all nations are about equally endowed with courage and self-sacrifice has been proved in these last six months; it is to other qualities that one must look for final victory in a war of exhaustion. The Englishman does not look into himself; he does not brood; he sees no further forward than is necessary; and he must have his joke. These are fearful and wonderful advantages. Examine the letters and diaries of the various combatants and you will see how far less imaginative and reflecting (though shrewd, practical, and humorous) the English are than any others; you will gain, too, a profound, a deadly conviction that behind them is a fiber like rubber that may be frayed and bent a little this way and that, but can neither be permeated nor broken.

When this war began the Englishman rubbed his eyes steeped in peace; he is still rubbing them just a little, but less and less every day. A profound lover of peace by habit and tradition, he has actually realized by now that he is in for it up to the neck. To any one who really knows him—*c'est quelque chose!*

I freely confess that from an æsthetic point of view the Englishman, devoid of high lights and shadows, coated with drab, and superhumanly steady on his feet, is not too attractive. But for the wearing, tearing, slow, and dreadful business of this war, the Englishman—fighting of his own free will, unimaginative, humorous, competitive, practical, never in extremes, a dumb, inveterate optimist, and terribly tenacious—is equipped with Victory.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

In His one hand wrath:
Desolation and terror, the flame
Of an anguish that hath
Names upon names yet no name.
Graves, graves, graves—and they are the least where the hand
Of the Power whom we know not o'erfloweth with wrath.
And although they grow green somewhen and the air
Be calmed of its tumults of thunder and flare,
Still there shall spring from the poisoned land
Harvests of poison. Though anguish abate,
And the sun forget what his eye hath seen
As yellow once more stands the wheat
And the field-flowers grow on the graves grown green,
The peoples will feed on this harvest. The sweet
Of their cup and their plate
Shall be mixed with its bitter—the harvest of hate.

In His one hand wrath, but in one the fullness of bounty and grace:
The hearth-fires alight through the breadth of the land,
And the roof-trees spread upon pillars secure where the hand
Of the Power whom we know not dispenseth us peace.
At the door no dismay and no dearth in the field,
But hurrying ships laden deep with the yield
Of the free-handed acres, that they who lie low,
'Twixt the anvil of friend and the hammer of foe
In the depths of the smithy of ruin, may know
There is sunlight beyond, and may hear
A whisper, far off, as from brotherly lips.

Ay, the hurrying ships
Bear burdens of love. Toward the gates of the morn

Our gates are set wide to the trembling with fear,
The blinded with grief, the bruisèd and wearied and torn
Who may compass escape
Out of hell. We lie on our bed
Wide-eyed for the horror that wears such shape
As never was imaged; our bread
Has the flavor of theft for the wailing of babes unfed;
And the ache in our bosom pleadeth: How long
Shall the cowed earth shake in her orbit because of Thy wrath,
And the moon be glad that its one face hath
No sight of her terror, O Power that we know not? What song,
As they watch this thing,
New in a world very old in the lessons of torment, what song
Can the star-hosts sing?
They are dumb. They are dumb that Thine ear be aware of
the cry
Of the child-hosts that lie
In the roadside rain on the starvèd breast. How long,
O Power that directeth the star
And the child and the captains of war,
How long?

Our tears may avail not, our aid
Be a drop in the deserts of burning sand.
But, if we will it, our hand
Shall suffice for one task that is laid
Upon those who may stand
Aside, unafraid:
To keep watch and ward
On the heart in our breast,
Set a guard
For defense of the soul. . . . From east unto west,
From the mouths of the red
Ever-widening craters of woe,
'Tis a dread
Wild wind that is blowing, and though
The land may not wither beneath the wild fire
Of its pinions, the soul to their searing lies bare.
O brothers, beware
(If ye will to give help in a need more dire
Than all need for our bread).
It has traveled, this wind, o'er the poisoned fields,
And has caught up the seed-stuff that yields

The harvest of poison. If there
At the east they must eat of it, here
In the Fortunate Isles should we grasp for a share?
O brother, give heed to thy heart; watch thy lips; go in fear:
In fear for thyself and for those who shall pray—
Crownèd and prostrate, victor and vanquished—one day
For the succor of justice, the balsam of love.
Shall we give then to this one alone,
Or to that one? And unto the others a stone?

Shall we stoop, who are blessèd above
The nations our sisters, to glean in the path
Where they walk the hot plowshares, the grim aftermath
Of their torture, and garner it up
For the sons of our sons? Shall we reach for the cup
Of trembling whereunto are laid
The lips of the half of the world, that the rest may not lack
For its dregs? . . . Or humbly stand back
In our safety and wait
For the hour of our service?—stand back
In this one way afraid:
Lest the wells of the spirit be poisoned with hate.

Shall we of the bountiful ships
Sin with ungenerous lips?
The spared of the sword,
Shall we smite with the edge of the bitter word?
In the cool of our peacefulness grow
So hot with unreason, so frowardly eager of ear,
That the fool shall prevail,
With his witless "I know,"
To win faith for each damning tale
Who can tell how begotten of folly or fear?

Not blind, that the heart may be light,
To the damning fact; not heedless of where is the right,
Of who is its friend;
Not careless of what be the end
So an ending but come. . . . I must trust whom I trust
And condemn as I must,
With a leaping flame of desire
For an end that shall thrust
Force from its throne,

And under a widening sky
Build up the seats of new freedoms; stand by
In love, as needs must, and in ire—
Of hatred alone
Fearful at heart. . . . But, O Power whom we cannot behold
Through Thy veilings of wrath, how should we be bold
To feel sure of a sunrise of weal from the black
Desolation and terror? It may be the wild winds will blow
Strong to drive back
The banners of freedom, lay low
The half of the world at the foot of the throne
Of triumphing Force. Yet as waiting we stand,
O Power unto us who hast stretched forth the hand
Of bounty and peace, one power is our own,
Is my brothers' and mine: from the wormwood of hate
The cup and the plate
Thou hast filled with such sweet we shall guard till the day
When the hope of the world hears Thy yea or Thy nay.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

AMERICA AND THE NEUTRALIZATION OF THE SEA

BY NORMAN ANGELL

THIS is written by a man of English descent whose youth and early manhood were passed in America, who there acquired a deep sympathy and admiration for most that America represents, who believes, further, that America might, if she seized her opportunities, play a leading rôle in giving a new development to organized society by becoming the pivot of its world-wide organization on more civilized lines, and who sees all this placed in jeopardy by possibility of a very serious cleavage of policy as between herself and England. This cleavage is the more serious because in England its existence even is hardly realized and its real cause in no way discussed. Attempts at bridging it are, in consequence, the more liable to grave misunderstandings.

Let me outline the difference very briefly. A bitter feeling has grown up in England, owing to the impression that in the interest of a trade in copper or cotton, America, oblivious to all other considerations, is, or was, prepared to enforce her point of view even to the extent of ranging herself on the side of England's enemies. This monstrous assumption is for the moment put into the background by a half-hope that Germany's submarine blockade may now cause America to come over on the side of the Allies. Such, broadly, indicates English feeling and discussion. The *Spectator*—most pro-American of English journals—has been drawing disturbing parallels with the *Trent* affair, promising that in the forthcoming discussions "we shall think nothing of the risks we run" and that there shall be no Abraham Lincoln or Queen Victoria to act as restraining influences. And the public attitude of the *Spectator* is but a mild reflection of private opinion in many circles.

Here, of course, we have misunderstanding number one. There has never been any danger that America would, because of

such a dispute, range herself on the side of Germany. The thing is preposterous. Very nearly as unlikely is the contingency of her joining the Allies because of Germany's "blockade." Americans have recognized that on the whole Britain's action is in accordance with sea law as it stands and as America has accepted it, and if Germany's action now makes the position of neutrals impossible, the remedy for America will be not an alliance with the Allies to restore the law as Britain has been enforcing it, but at the conclusion of the war to see that it is changed altogether.

And that contingency—the point at which the whole dispute will inevitably crystallize—English opinion has absolutely failed to envisage. There is in England not the faintest realization —I have not seen a line of discussion concerning it in the press— that the inevitable outcome of the present contraband and blockade difficulties will be an irresistible movement in America for the neutralization of the high seas, or, failing that, their domination by the American navy.

Yet that movement, backed as it will be by a most formidable combination of patriotic sentiment and commercial and industrial interest, will raise the fundamental problem of English national policy; and England will be confronted by the demand for the limitation of a power round the preservation of which has centered her deepest national pride and upon which she has learned to believe her security as a nation and empire depends.

And this profound conflict of policy is not even being discussed in England: for most Englishmen the Anglo-American differences are concerned with quite other things. The English public are likely in consequence one day to be presented with demands which, because there has been no adequate discussion of the causes which underlie them, will seem unwarrantable and preposterous, and on no account to be granted. And yet America will not withdraw them. Such a situation is always dangerous.

Let us get the elements of the thing clear. As this war has developed, Americans have more and more awakened to the realization, which has never been vivid to them before, that maritime law, as it stands and as it is enforced, reduces to a fiction in war-time their freedom of movement throughout the world, the sovereignty of their flag over American ships, and their free intercourse with nations with which they and the rest of the world are at peace.

Those things, always regarded with pride by Americans, have assumed during the last generation, owing to the increase of their foreign trade and their relations with the outside world, a very much greater material importance than they have had in past wars; their whole financial and industrial system has been disorganized by a war in which they are not combatants. In vast and growing interests they find themselves the helpless victims of forces quite outside their own control. But apart from the material aspect, the restraint upon the freedom of their ships means the destruction of cherished delusions around which have gathered a mass of patriotic sentiment and pride so great that the awakening is bound to affect their whole outlook in the matter of their relations with the rest of the world.

It is only natural that Englishmen should fail to understand how this realization must affect the ordinary American, especially of the Middle West or the West. This ordinary American has had no knowledge of the details of sea law, of conditional and absolute contraband, and so forth, but has lived in the absolute conviction that the United States, by her past wars, by the respect which she is able to impose for her flag, by the power of her navy and army, had acquired the right to go about her lawful business on the high seas without let or hindrance from any earthly power; that an American ship, flying the American flag, carrying goods to a country with which America and all the rest of the world was at peace, could go secure and unmolested; that an American merchant had at least won the right, backed by the power of his country, to trade with the four corners of the world. And now he learns—to put it briefly and without legal refinements—that it is all a fiction. And that realization is bound to give impetus to a demand not for small concessions of detail in the administration of contraband law, but for fundamental and radical changes in the matter of the complete control of the sea as a whole.

It is probable that very many Americans themselves do not realize clearly how this dispute is developing and how the United States will be pushed to take a stand for a profound alteration of the entire maritime situation.

I have in another connection imagined the present situation being explained to the astonished American in about the terms of the following passage:

> The American merchant cannot sell a sack of wheat or a ton of iron to any country, although that country may be at peace with him and with the rest of the world, save by the permission of a foreign naval

bureaucrat; the American merchant carries on his trade not by virtue of any right that his Government has managed to enforce, but simply to the extent to which a foreign official will permit him. A Chicago or New York magnate, for instance, may enter into vast commercial arrangements with some foreign magnate of Amsterdam or Rome or Buenos Ayres, and the Governments of the United States and of Holland and Italy and Argentina may be agreed as to the legitimacy of the transaction—but it will not be completed unless British officials, making themselves judges of all its details, decide that it is to the interest and convenience of his British Majesty. The American merchant may make oath, which may be supported by the foreign merchant, that the cargo is of such and such a nature, destined for such and such a purpose; all that will go for nothing if in the decision of a court in which neither the American nor the Dutchman nor the Argentine is represented the circumstances are not what the parties profess them to be. An American ship can be searched, its cargo can be turned upside down, can be held up indefinitely by a British lieutenant, and the fiat of a British court will decide the fate of the American merchant's enterprise.

Now whether that is an over-statement of the situation can be judged from the admission of a famous English writer on sea law whose efforts were in large part responsible for the defeat of the ratification of the Declaration of London. Although he takes the ground that Britain's authority at sea is already too curtailed, he admits that the present law leaves the Prize Courts the right to administer not the law of England, but the law of nations, and to decide every material question affecting the rights of neutrals:

> Was this an effectual blockade? The Prize Court alone could decide. Was there an actual or attempted breach of blockade? The Court decided. Were these enemy goods? The Court alone decided. Was this a duly commissioned public vessel of war? The Court pronounced. Was that act a breach of neutrality? The Court declared. Was this enemy merchant ship duly transferred by a valid assignment to a neutral? Was this or that thing contraband of war? Again it was for the Court.[1]

Has even the American realized what the effect of the public discussion of this situation in the heated atmosphere of wartime is likely to be? And of course the American will discuss it more and more during the next few months, and that discussion will bring out with growing clearness the fact that he has not the slightest right of protest, since all this takes place as part of a condition of things to which he has agreed! He will realize

[1] Gibson Bowles, *Sea Law and Sea Power*, pp. 18-19.

increasingly that in the present condition of international law it is an inevitable concomitant of sea power; that as the sea, unlike the land, is "one," supremacy cannot be divided; that the dominant navy of the world dominates not merely the territory of the nation to which it belongs, but the approaches to and the highways between all territories and all nations; that it controls and dominates the traffic of mankind; that the executive power in the administration of this law which stretches over the whole planet and affects the commerce of every country in it is simply and purely a matter of might. For if we could imagine the German navy destroying the British, it is Germany that would exercise this power over the world's movements at sea; in other circumstances it might be Japan or Russia. The American —always sentimental in the mass—may find also that such things as contraband, absolute and conditional, can be interpreted by the nation which thus happens to be momentarily triumphant at sea in so wide a fashion as to touch the deeper human intentions of all international conventions and the attempt to humanize the waging of war. After all, blockade means treating a country like a beleaguered fortress. You might conceivably get a condition in which a whole nation was reduced to absolute starvation, including the women and children, by the direct action of some foreign Government preventing the despatch of American food thereto. Thus America, having subscribed to the general rule that war shall not be carried on by means of pressure on the non-combatant population, might find the law to which she had assented sanctioning that very thing.

And as the discussion of recent incidents proceeds it will be made plain that though to-day these great powers are exercised by a country to which America is bound by sympathy and by a Government which she keenly desires to see victorious, they may to-morrow be exercised by a Power with which she has very much less sympathy and which she might not desire to see victorious. A Japan at grips in some future Russo-Japanese war or Chino-Japanese war might, as part of the blockade of Russian or Chinese coasts, paralyze the whole of American trade in the Pacific and allege that the Philippines were being made the center for contraband smuggling, and demand the right of search, the indefinite holding up of cargoes, just as Great Britain is now doing. An American ship moving between two American ports might be searched, detained, and its cargo confiscated on the ground that its manifest was fraudu-

lent. And such judgment of a Japanese court could only be challenged by a defiance of international law!

Does any one who knows anything of the American temper suppose for a moment that, as the situation develops and as a few incidents of the present conflict bring home a more vivid realization of it, America will accept this as the last word concerning her place in the world and her relation to the rest of civilization? She will probably not raise this very profound question during the present war, but as soon as the Allies are definitely victorious and the whole problem of international relationship of the future is in the melting-pot—as to some extent at the new Congress of Vienna it is certain to be—America will have a good deal to say as to how this mysteriously pregnant force of sea power is to be exercised in the future. And to those who are fond of historical parallels it may be pointed out that the United States, with all her defects of diplomacy, has shown in her past history a quite remarkable capacity for biding her time, of not jeoparding one interest by prosecuting it at a time when it was necessary to attend to another. Thus one historian tells us that the United States took no effective action, nor indeed made anything but a most perfunctory protest at the landing of French troops in Mexico, because just at that juncture "the United States had other matters to attend to." But as soon as those other matters were settled America raised very effectively the question of French intentions in Mexico. So with questions like the sailing of the *Alabama*. More than ten years elapsed between the first protest on that matter and the final settlement of American claims. All the motives that are strongest in the political thought and feeling of the average American are centered in the questions that arise out of this conflict of sea power. There are not many things in international politics concerning which one can be certain and dogmatic, but there is one: and that is that America's situation under the existing condition of sea law will not be left by the Americans where the present incidents leave it.

To put it briefly, America will not continue to accept the extraordinarily autocratic powers—the powers of controlling the highways of the world—contained in sea supremacy unless she herself is in the last resort its holder, or unless it is subject to an international control which will assure the terms of its exercise to western Powers as a whole, among whom she will bulk largely.

The alternatives I have indicated are clear. Great Britain

at the close of the war must be prepared either to accept a more thorough and systematic internationalization of sea law both in its making and its administration and its amendment in the interest of neutrals, or must be prepared to find America instead of Germany her competitor for sea supremacy. The exercise of such of its powers as gravely affect the interests of neutrals must be contingent on international consent, and the courts which render decisions so profoundly affecting neutral interests must probably also be international in their composition.

Indeed, one may say that America has already taken the first step to raise the fundamental question of sea power. The demand for an enormously increased American fleet, a fleet which will be larger than the British, has already influential backing, and if the German fleet at the end of this war is reduced or destroyed and definitely put out of reckoning, Britain's real naval competitor will then become the United States.

The situation thus created was in large part forecast by no less a person than Admiral Mahan some twenty years ago. Asked on one occasion by the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to express his opinion upon Anglo-American reunion, which had just then been suggested should have its beginning in a naval union or alliance, he wrote a long article [1] which, while paying every tribute to the moral unity of Anglo-Saxondom and hands-across-the-sea sentiment, yet "turned down the proposition." He gives more than a hint that America, dominating a whole continent, standing in a maritime sense between the two great halves of the Old World—Europe and Asia—is destined to control very largely in the days to come the communications between them. "Whate'er betide," he writes of those times, "sea power will play in those days the leading part which it has in all history."

He goes on:

> The United States by her geographical position must be one frontier from which as from a base of operations the sea power of the civilized world will energize. . . . Control of the sea by maritime commerce and naval supremacy means predominant influence in the world. . . . It is improbable that that control ever again will be exercised as once it was by a single nation. Like the pettier interests of the land it must be competed for, perhaps fought for. The greatest of the prizes for which nations contend, it too will serve like other conflicting interests to keep alive that temper of stern purpose and strenuous emulation which is the salt of the society of civilized states.

[1] *The North American Review*, November, 1894.

. . . It is because Great Britain's sea power, though still superior, has declined relatively to that of other states and is no longer supreme, that she has been induced to concede to neutrals that the flag covers the goods. It is a concession wrung from relative weakness—or possibly from a mistaken humanitarianism; but to whatever due, it is all to the profit of the neutral and to the loss of the stronger belligerent. . . . I have on another occasion said that the principle that the flag covers the goods was for ever secured, meaning thereby that so far as present conditions go, no one power would be strong enough at sea to maintain the contrary by arms.

Admiral Mahan in this passage reveals clearly enough the alternatives with which England will be faced at the close of the war. She will be compelled either to internationalize her sea power so as to secure the interests of neutrals by their formal representation, or she will find herself confronted by a greater Power, like that of America, who may act either for herself, as Mahan would seem to wish, or on behalf of neutrals as well.

Now it is very much in the interest of civilization that the real nature of the conflict should be made plain by Americans to the British public as soon as possible. It is important to disabuse the English mind of the belief that the discussion is about small points of contraband or the purchase of ships. It will help to a better understanding of some of the issues which must be settled at the peace—and to know what it is fighting for is one of Europe's great needs just now—if America makes it plain that she must in the end stand for the neutralization of the sea and the more thorough internationalization of sea law; that that is one of the stones which she is to contribute to the foundations of a real society of nations. That will mean for England in some measure the recasting of her whole national policy, a relaying in some measure of the foundations of her national security. This only makes it the more important that she should not come to the task unprepared by any real understanding of America's position. America should make it very plain that in this effort she wants England's co-operation; that if such co-operation is freely and cordially given England may still perhaps be able to hold her sea power as a great international trust.

If this is not done, if America's position is not made clear, we may toward the end of the war be confronted by a conflict which certainly no one who wishes well to the two countries—and to post-bellum civilization generally—would care to contemplate.

NORMAN ANGELL.

THE HIGHER PATRIOTISM

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

When we in America speak of the love which we entertain for our country, it is well for us to recall the various phases of changing significance through which these words—"our country"—have passed during the last one hundred and fifty years of our history. When our fathers referred in loyal devotion to "our country" they had in mind not only the colonies on our Atlantic shore, but the mother country of England as well. Loyalty was naturally British, for America then belonged to Great Britain by right of conquest and possession. But it was not possible to hold our country within the limits of this original sovereignty. Through the successful struggle for independence a later generation of our fathers claimed the land bought and sealed by their blood as belonging exclusively to themselves and their children for all time. The former ideas of patriotism necessarily experienced a like revolution and were translated into terms appropriate to a new environment and a new interpretation of loyalty. The sons of the English, Scotch, and Dutch settlers and soldiers of the Revolution could proudly say, "This is *our* country." And yet even as they said this our nation was passing beyond their exclusive control. For suddenly men of alien races and alien tongues were sharing our birthright with us. This was not a revolution, but an evolution, natural, inevitable. It was not only the treasures hidden beneath the soil, and the wealth of the very soil itself, which lured these strangers to our shores, but far more the spirit of liberty and the chance of a new life in a new world.

And to-day not only we of the old British stock, but also the representatives of every race and nationality the world over, have the like privilege of taking the words "our country" upon their lips with the same enthusiasm of sincere and loyal patriotic devotion. We are a composite people. The ends of the earth meet in us. Consequently, the idea of patriotism

in our land cannot be racial or narrowly confined. And particularly it should not be without a sympathetic understanding of the needs of humanity. For while we are merely a part of the world, yet the whole world is in a certain sense a part of us. No corner of the earth, however remote, is without a representative somewhere among our people. The better we understand ourselves, the better shall we be able to understand the world at large. Consequently, our sympathies at least must be cosmopolitan. For us, particularly, it is natural that the love of country should find its complementary expression in the love of humanity.

Madame de Staël has said that "the patriotism of nations ought to be selfish." This must be interpreted, however, within certain limits. And it is the office of the higher patriotism to define and to transcend these limits. As no individual dare live unto himself, so also no nation dare live unto itself; it fails to fulfil its destiny if it is wholly self-centered and self-absorbed. But is it natural to love a stranger and an alien as we love our own kin and kind? Most assuredly it is, if we are discriminating as regards the sense in which we use the word "love." The word indeed has two quite distinct meanings. There is the love which is identified with affection—that affection which is bred of intimate intercourse and community of interests and desires. It is the love we cherish for the inner circle of family and friends. There is, however, another sense in which we use the term "love." It is in this sense that we are exhorted to love our neighbor as ourselves—nay, to love even our enemies. This type of love is quite another matter. It signifies a certain attitude toward all mankind, showing itself in a twofold manner in a disposition to respect every man's rights and a willingness to minister to his needs. "To do justice, to love mercy": these are the cardinal doctrines both of religion and morality, according to the old Hebrew prophet. It is easier to obey the first than the second of these commands. It is easier to respond to the appeal —especially when it comes to us at a time of calamity and wide-spread suffering—to love those in distress and to give them true sympathy and substantial aid, than it is to maintain both the spirit and the letter of justice in our dealings with those who are not in distress and who neither ask nor need help of us. Nevertheless, the love of our fellow-men is only a name, and therefore a mockery, unless it recognizes and respects the law of just and fair dealing not only between man and man, but between nation and nation as well. It is of little avail to show mercy to

those from whom we have withheld justice. Compensation for injury does not absolve us from the guilt of inflicting the injury. Love for the peoples of other lands beyond our borders with whom we may be brought into more or less intimate relations means, primarily and essentially, a disposition to deal fairly with the alien nation irrespective of the circumstance as to whether that nation is weaker or stronger than ours.

We need to-day particularly clear thinking and strong conviction upon this fundamental principle of conduct. This truth requires no explanation. It does not wait upon proof. It needs only to be emphasized and driven home so that it may become not only a matter of individual appropriation, but also a part of patriotic tradition. This is the time to reassert our political convictions as regards the relations of our country to all peoples of the earth. We should recognize the moral foundations upon which a nation must rest if its stability is to remain secure.

Where do we find the clearest expression of the moral worth and moral grandeur of this idea of justice both individual and national? Where do we find the most profound recognition of the sovereign nature of the law of justice? Without question, in Germany. It is not von Treitschke, nor Nietzsche, nor Bernhardi who speaks for Germany or who represents the German tradition. They may represent the spirit of their age, but it is an age that is passing. It is Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher and prophet, who expresses Germany's most profound thought in words which have an eternal significance. I call him a prophet because he speaks for his people, and indeed for other peoples also and for all times; his is a universal language. His philosophy is rigorous, uncompromising in its insistence upon a profound reverence for the law of justice and an obedient surrender to its commands. And this law finds expression with him in two fundamental moral maxims. First, always act as you would wish to if that action were to become a universal law. Second, always treat man as an end in himself, and never merely as a means to an end. That is, our individual conduct must be judged by a standard which admits of universal application. Our convenience, or necessity, or desire, or indeed any particular consideration whatsoever, cannot be weighed against the universal demands of the law of right. Moral law admits of no particular interpretation. What is right for one is right for all. What is duty for one is duty for all.

The second maxim insists upon the supreme consideration which is due the rights of human personality. Man as such is to be regarded as an end in himself. He is not a thing, but a person, and to treat him as a person is the first law of all human relationship. Kant, moreover, believed that these doctrines were applicable to nations as well as to individuals. He dreamed his dream of all the nations of the earth living together in a federation of mutual respect and friendly co-operation, a dream of universal peace. One day it may be realized. Whatever his dream may be, his teaching as to individual and national duty is clear, and with the voice of a prophet he spoke to the German people nearly a century and a half ago, and he is speaking to Germany again to-day, and, indeed, to all nations of the earth, for his message is not for any particular land or any particular time, but for every age and every people. And we do well to give heed to his message. There is always danger of injustice through a false idea of patriotism. It is a fundamental moral fallacy that any act whatsoever, done as a supposed service to one's country, is thereby self-justified. We dare not disregard the rights of others for the sake of a nation's glory. The strong nation dare not exploit the weaker for its own advantage either in war or in peace. A nation, as an individual, has a personality which must be respected. This marks the limit of national self-assertion and self-aggrandizement. Necessity is no excuse for injustice. The plea of necessity seeks to particularize the universal law of right. Kant's voice is raised in protest against such procedure. The German tradition of moral integrity and honor is against it. As Kant has insisted, there is only one necessity in the whole world, and that is the necessity of obeying the law of right. Germany of the past appeals to Germany of the present in words which have been so often heard in the philosophical discussions of the last century—"Back to Kant." They apply as well to the superficial political philosophy of the day. I profoundly believe that the most significant result of the present European conflict will be to establish one and the same ethical standard alike for nations as for individuals, so that national pledges will be jealously guarded from reproach and shame. The common sense and the common conscience of the people will demand this.

The world has been very slow in recognizing the moral responsibility of a nation. Indeed, in the evolution of our ethical concepts there are three distinct stages which mark the progress of humanity toward a more adequate realization of the funda-

mental principles of morality. The first is the stage of individual self-realization in which the chief concern of life seems to center in maintaining the existence of the individual and promoting his self-seeking desires. The second stage marks the awakening of the social conscience, where one comes to recognize his duties to his fellows and the obligation which he is under to preserve their lives and to promote their welfare as well as his own. In the third stage there is the recognition not merely of the obligation which the individual owes to others, but also the obligation which the social group itself, whether the clan or the tribe or the nation, owes to other social groups with which it comes in contact. This third stage is in the process of realization. It has not as yet been fully attained. We are developing, however, toward a clearer apprehension of our interracial and international obligations. Much still remains to be thought, to be felt, and to be done. We as a nation have established a tradition of fair dealing with other nations. It must not only be maintained in the same spirit as that which characterizes our relations with Cuba, or with China—as in the return to that country of our indemnity fund—but we must also endeavor to discern our responsibility and to interpret it in the light of the larger events and the greater needs of the world.

It is perhaps not necessary to urge the necessity of expressing an active sympathy and assistance as regards those who at present are overwhelmed by the disaster of the European war. To help at such a time as this is not merely a duty—it is an instinct. And our country has responded to the call which has come across the sea in a manner so prompt, so generous, so altogether admirable, as clearly to reveal the great heart of the western world. The need of suffering humanity is to-day bringing America and Europe nearer together. Not only has our heart been touched, but our imagination has been so stimulated that we do not find it difficult to recognize the foreigner as our brother. In a very vivid sense we are conscious that we too are carrying the burden of the world's misery. There is certainly no room for national complacency, no occasion for national congratulation, because we are free from the great war's toll of life and of possessions. We, too, feel constrained to go down into the valley of the shadow of death with our brother; for the shadow which has fallen upon the old world is upon the new also.

After this war is concluded and the day of peace begins to dawn there must immediately follow a period of reconstruction

—not only a reconstruction of material resources, but also a reorganization of the fundamental ideas and purposes of life. Our part must necessarily be a large one, for we must lend our strength to the nations weakened by the ravages of war. We can no longer claim that we are freed from the complications of Old World affairs, and from all responsibility concerning them, because of our isolation. The separation of the two continents is not wholly measured by space, but by time as well, and that time has been so enormously decreased, and communication has been made such an immediate affair, that we can no longer feel that we in America live in a world of our own. We are passing through times in which the spirit and temper of great peoples are being tried as by fire, and we must appreciate the fact that as a nation we must do our part in the great endeavor to save the soul of the world and establish the things which remain. In Europe the continuity of civilization for the time being has been interrupted. Industry, commerce, art, science, literature, education, international intercourse, have been checked or have ceased altogether. The flower of young manhood, the hope and the promise of the coming generation, have been sacrificed. Light has given place to darkness, life to death. Much that has been gained in centuries of progress has been irreparably lost. All the forces of civilization which make for peace and prosperity and the joy of life continue, however, here in America unbroken and undiminished.

We hold in our hands the threads of the past and of the future; not one of them is broken. There is therefore a peculiar obligation resting upon us to conserve these treasures of human creation which make for peace and the welfare of mankind. After these days of desolation have passed there is need of a new heaven and a new earth. The world must become better; and it is our privilege as well as our duty to put forth every effort to make it better. Therefore, in this period of anxiety and uncertainty it would be well for us consciously and seriously to consider how we may better prepare ourselves for the task which will surely devolve upon us: the labor of building anew the world.

There is certainly need at this time of transition that we should establish a new scale of values in our estimate of life. We have become, during the past generation particularly, too prone to estimate the reality of all values in terms of that which we can weigh or measure or count. But material standards are not sufficient to express those values which possess supreme worth.

Even in the handling of material things in the midst of a world of practical business affairs we must set for ourselves some standard which in itself is not material. In the throes of its new birth the world to-day needs a new industrial conscience, a new sense of social responsibility, a new standard of national integrity. We must realize that the strength of a nation lies ultimately not in its natural resources, or in its methods of efficiency, or in its numerical superiority, or in its army or navy, but in its moral and spiritual vigor. All of us are one in our desire to have peace, peace universal and permanent which will dominate the world, but it is impossible to command peace or to seek peace as such directly. We can secure peace only by striving to realize in our lives the things which make for peace. It is not a matter of resolution, but of consecration. If we seek righteousness and cause it to prevail in the world, peace will inevitably follow.

It is no light task; and that we may be prepared for the opportunity when it comes we must be willing to submit ourselves to the discipline of self-restraint. We must learn to endure hardness and to simplify our mode of living. It is not merely that we as a people have enjoyed too much ease and too great luxury, but we have sacrificed too much for this luxury and this ease. We need the strength that is born of self-denial. We should be ashamed to waste our time and energy in profitless pursuits while our brothers are agonizing in this death struggle of the nations; ashamed also to waste our money or indulge ourselves in unnecessary expenditure while our brothers are starving and destitute. In spite of the noise of battle, a sacred stillness has fallen upon the world which we even in our pleasures must both recognize and respect. It is necessary also to appreciate that the work before the coming generation is to be in a new day, a day of larger opportunity, of more exacting demands, of heavier burdens. Only the strong man will be adequate to the task. If he is to be ready when the call comes there must be a fine tempering of his soul. It is a matter not only of efficiency or of skill, but of the living sources of power.

It may be urged that the duty to which I am referring is exceedingly indefinite. That may be true, because the highest order of duty is always indefinite. The supreme responsibility which rests upon us all is that of discovering for ourselves the duty which marks the line of greatest possible service. I believe that the will to serve will always find the way.

The coming generation, which is to make new history for the new world, may well pledge "The Day" with all eagerness and enthusiasm—that day when they will be called upon to realize the sublime idea of patriotic devotion, the nation for the world's service. It is true of nations as of individuals that the greatest must become servant of all. A man will serve his country according to the degree and extent of the idea which he has conceived of his country's mission and destiny in ministering to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual needs of the world at large. The greatest achievements of the greatest nations have been their international contributions to the treasures of human thought and human feeling irrespective of race traditions or national frontiers. Greece, Rome, Italy, France, England, Germany, are great not by might nor by power, but by virtue of their philosophy, their art, their law, their religion, their science, and their literature; by all the discoveries and inventions of the mind of man which have increased the dimensions of human life in its length and breadth and depth. What they have done exclusively for themselves passes away; what they have done for the world remains. For a nation to place all peoples of all lands under a debt of conscious obligation because of her service to humanity, to send forth light from her high places to illumine the earth, to realize within herself that righteousness which exalteth a nation, to champion the cause of justice, and to sacrifice the glory of conquest for the reign of universal peace—this is indeed to conquer the world. And happy are they who have a part in it.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

THE CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS

(Revisited in Vacation)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Tread soft, intruding step, this empty haunt
Of swirling crowds has sanctity of grief;
Precincts of sadness are these marble halls—
The silent crypts of far and turbulent years.
These stairways have been treadmills of despair,
Runways of greed these narrow passages—
The skirmish-lines of battles fought within,
Where many a hope, sore-wounded, struggled on
To perish in the din of others' joy.

Let Fancy listen at these listening walls
And give us back the record that they bear,—
These phonographs of sorrow, where are writ,
In Time's attenuated echoes, sounds
Not louder than the falling of a tear
Or sigh of lovers hiding from pursuit.
Fancy, our finer ear, may here disclose
Whispers of corner-born conspiracies;
The embrasured window's furtive interview;
The guarded plot; the treacherous promise given;
The tragedy that here was masked as hope.
Here the dark powers conspired, using as bribes
Our dearest virtues—goodness, friendship, love.
Here many who came with dawn upon the brow,
A voice of confidence, a knightly port,
Noble expectancy in every step,
Their own ambition with their country's, one,
Forgot their holy dreams beneath the stars,
Sunk in a noonday stupor of prudent air,
Or, caught by tyrannous currents of routine,
Swept, first resisting, then resisting not,

Into that pleasant land of Compromise
That neighbors Hell.

Here is the dryasdust
Who thinks in dollars, scorning sentiment;
The township patriot, letting terrors rage
If only he be safe; the timid good
For whose slow suffrage all the bold contend;
The velvet orator whose magniloquence,
Prick it with wit, runs streams of Privilege;
The soft-shod schemer, voice behind his hand,
And flattering arm about his victim's neck;
The vulgar blusterer, to whom we trust
The jewel of the nation's dignity,
Who cannot guard his own; and, faithful clog
About the feet of Progress, he who spurns
All as exotic not in his dooryard found,
Holding the riches of the world as toys:
Books as expedients to divert the mind
From the dull scenery 'twixt town and town;
Art as an adult's picture-book, and Verse
But as a quarry for a funeral speech.

But one may read a cheerier record here:
The statesman rare, compact of bold and wise,
Loving his country like an ancient Greek,
Physician to the body politic,
And with physician-chivalry so imbued
The honest crave his voice, and every rogue
Reckons him enemy; the sturdy drudge
Who knows the elusive fact cannot be caught
In nets of intuition,—sentinel
Upon the nation's treasure-castle walls,
Alert to stealthy peril in the night
From Waste the Traitor as from Greed the Foe;
The civic soldier, fighting for his land
As truly as the veteran who defied
Ambush of fen or forest, standing firm
To conscience' needle, though from every point
The shifting winds be clamoring for the wrong.

Oh, there's a bravery greater than the assault
On ramparts flaming death when but the touch

Of comrade's shoulder gives the heart support,
When every leaping impulse to go on
Is multiplied to madness by the crowd,
And Life is but an alms by Duty flung.
Peace needs the stouter heart, the cooler mind;
The truceless warfare on the soul's frontiers
Calls for a lonelier fortitude; and oft
The man that will not yield an inch to blows
Can keep no barrier to tears. He that, alone,
Would feed his body to the hungry fire,
Let but a loved one plead, his will is wax.
Oh, in the unimpassioned scales of Time
More than the courage of momentum weighs
The courage of resistance, when to yield
Is easy as to breathe, and angels urge
"Only do naught and let the devil pass."

What Iliads of siege these walls could tell!
What shattered lines a hundred times retrieved
From lingering defeat—now by the swords,
Now by the shields, of some sworn group of knights—
To sweep at last to wreathèd victory!
What single combats while the hosts looked on!
What hopes forlorn that failed so gloriously
That History dropped her stylus to admire!

Of all the hands that held our fasces up,
I mind me of one servant of the State
Who walked these halls erect in body and mind.
Not to corroding ease he gave his days
But paid his country, coin for coin, in toil.
Her cut-purse enemies within her gates,
Her gentlemanly murderers of men's souls,—
Who with foul gold would poison every fount
Of Hope and Justice we have built for all,—
And their accomplices who smilingly
Betray a nation to oblige a friend,
Him came not nigh with their accursed arts,
To tempt, to beg, to threaten, to cajole.
Though richly gifted, he disprized his gifts—
Far vision, loyal reasoning, kindling speech,
And true intent that pilots in the dark.
Not faultless, he could frankly own his fault,

And salve with candor the impetuous wound.
While he was speaking nothing seemed of worth
But the high path he trod—not happiness,
Nor peace, nor love, nor leisured luxury,
Nor that acclaim of many called success,
But to be leader in the march of Man.
With more ambition, he had been of those
Who from its trance of comfort wake the world,
And leave a name to stir the pulse of youth.
Thoughtless of fame,—without the artist-sense
Of the deed's value, miscalled vanity—
He left to chance the record of those days.
His tribute is the passionate regret
Of comrades fighting still, the respect of foes,
Who miss his swift sword and his dented shield.
Remembering how at one great breach he stood
Pleading for honor when men sued for gain,
I hear not only echoes of his voice
But strains of patriot music from the Past:
The harp of David, laureate of the Lord,
Sounding the spirit's summons to his race;
The lyre of Sophocles, half looking back
To cheer his followers, now as brave as he;
The horn of Roland, clear from brim to brim
Of Pyrenean valleys, with its call,
"Come up and find your courage on the heights."

ENVOI

Not only with a brother's pride and love
Weave I for him this coronal of verse—
Affection's salvage from the wreck of Time—
But with the hope that for some wavering soul,
Tempted to point of tension, it may turn
A cup of trembling to a cup of strength,
And make us proud of all the brave who guard
The walls that guard the freedom of the land.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

THE NEW MENACE IN THE FAR EAST

BY FRANCIS ALDRIDGE

THE Far East has once more provided the portent of another storm, although the warning may not be larger than a man's hand. Japan's demands on China raise international issues of a very serious kind which may quite well involve the United States; for while they directly bring to the front the question of the integrity and independence of China, they also provide another complication in respect of the color question.

To understand the present position, which is likely to undergo rapid and unexpected modifications, a correct appreciation is necessary of the rôle played by Japan in the present war. There is no doubt that while Japan was specially invited to co-operate in the war by the reduction of Tsingtau, she would have managed, even if not invited, to play a part in the conflagration. It was entirely in her interests to do so. Only actual participants could hope to benefit, and Japan was in the happy position of being able to participate without much risk and at small cost, and to prescribe, very much according to her own ideas, the measure of remuneration she was to receive for her services. Accordingly, when invited to "come in," she not only undertook to reduce Tsingtau, but voluntarily offered to police the Pacific waters east of Singapore and to annex the few islands in the Pacific which were held by Germany. This part of the work she carried out, and although, apart from Tsingtau, she sustained no loss of life or damage to her navy, while her only outlay was in the consumption of coal, she speedily showed that she expected more than the mere reversionary interest in Germany's Far-Eastern possessions. Barely four months had passed since the outbreak of the war when she put forward the suggestion that she would abandon to Australia all the islands south of the Equator, on consideration of being allowed to retain those to the north. This would of course give her the possession of the Marshall Islands and of the

Carolines, but would not sanction the retention of Samoa. To this the United States is understood to have objected, so Japan retained and still retains control of all of them. For the present the matter stands over for final settlement.

The next move of Japan, and it is closely connected with the former, was to present to China a series of twenty-one demands divided into five sections. These involved practically the political and economic tutelage of China and a large variety of concessions of an industrial and commercial character. Faced with this attempt to extort concessions of a nature unparalleled even in her checkered history, China was stirred to action. She declined point-blank to discuss any of the demands in the fifth division, on the ground that they interfered with both her sovereign rights and her undertakings to other Powers, and she further applied this attitude to a variety of stipulations in the other divisions, thus practically reducing the number to eleven or twelve. For a moment the Japanese Government seemed to hesitate. They withdrew or appeared to withdraw ten of those most objected to, and they notified the three other Allied Powers, with the addition of the United States, of the exact text of the remaining demands. It is not known whether there was any subterfuge in the whole matter, but at least it is certain that soon after the despatch of the Circular Note the various demands which had apparently been withdrawn were replaced, and, despite all denials which have been issued by the Japanese authorities in various countries, they still hold the field.

To understand Japan's attitude at the present moment it is necessary to appreciate the exact position of the Tokio authorities toward the British Alliance. There is no doubt that Japan is not at the present moment supporting the Anglo-Japanese Alliance from love of England; she has pushed herself into a place in the Entente and intends to make the most of it during the fighting and thus secure a predominant voice in the final Conference. Great Britain will then have to acquiesce—or will be asked to acquiesce—in any concessions which are not at British expense in order to avoid ones which are. No doubt Great Britain is making naval use of Japan, and has gained something thereby, but what does Japan expect to be paid for it? The most interesting and the most serious question is the interpretation of the significance of Japan's entry into the Entente as an Ally of Great Britain, and presumably also of France and Russia. What will it lead to?

The war notwithstanding, incidents have occurred during

the past few months which afford ground for the belief that a Japanese-German alliance is possible in the near future. There is certainly to-day, despite the war, no animosity between the Japanese and the Germans. The latter have practical liberty in Japan and are well treated, while every one in China has been struck by the remarkable leniency shown to them at Tsingtau and to the fact that they gave up after so poor a fight. It is well known that hundreds of people who were engaged in the defense and might have been made prisoners were allowed to escape, and the courtesy shown to the German Governor, Meyer Waldeck, would have been more appropriate if he had been a guest and not a prisoner. Everything has propagated the idea in the Far East that Japanese policy was, so far as it could be, based on the principle of being agreeable to the German enemy; and of course, as the Japanese are credited with having a reason for everything, some reason is obviously to be sought. It may not be that the Japanese Government, despite the British Alliance, is flirting with the Germans, but there is a strong probability that at any rate some Japanese party is so doing. If the Japanese have a programme of *Welt-Politik*, and the Philippine question, the California question, the Pacific islands question, and the British Colonial Emigration question have any part in it, one can imagine Germany being a useful ally to Japan, and England being quite the reverse. On the other hand, if Germany, although guaranteeing peaceful possession of France's Indo-Chinese possessions after the war, thinks she can acquire them a few years later, Japan will be very useful. Above all, one can understand Germany being very anxious to have a naval Power as an Ally.

There is no doubt whatever in the minds of Far-Eastern experts that the ultimate object of Japan is to replace Great Britain in their own interests as the leading Power in Asia, and that they are now starting on their policy to reach this end. Particularly do Europeans living in the Far East disagree with the suggestion of General Barnadiston at Tokio to the effect that he hoped that British would fight alongside Japanese troops in Europe.

As it is, the entire rôle of Great Britain in the capture of Tsingtau is the subject of much mystery. What was the political meaning of the sending of British troops to participate? Most people would probably infer that it was a joint military and therefore a joint political enterprise. In any case there should have been a strict military convention before the British

troops were sent, or else they should not have gone at all. If there was such a convention, it must have been a very bad one. Subsequent events show this. The Japanese have occupied Tsingtau, and have practically established a military Government solely Japanese; they have even given Japanese names to all the streets; they have taken over the Chinese Customs buildings, I might almost say by force, and have appointed a full staff of officers from Japan, thus practically displacing the Chinese administration, although Mr. Aglen, the Inspector-General, was and is perfectly prepared to maintain the service on the same lines as in the German days, *mutatis mutandis*, with Japanese replacing the German personnel. It seems that the Chinese, believing the occupation was to be joint, proposed a joint Anglo-Japanese staff—perhaps a not very discreet move—in spite of a Japanese warning not to do so. In any case, the proposal was summarily rejected. Apparently Japan takes the view that she promised to return Tsingtau to China only if Germany handed it over peaceably, but she made no promise whatever, assuming that she had to fight for it. No one in the Far East believes she has the slightest idea of leaving it.

Of the demands put forward by Japan, criticism—at any rate, detailed criticism—is dangerous; for they have been given to the world in an incomplete and admittedly inaccurate form. But they request notable concessions for Japan, in respect of all industrial enterprise, in South Manchuria, East Mongolia, the Yangtse Valley, and Fukien, in addition to Shangtung. Moreover, the demands for railway concessions, if granted, will place under her control the entire trade of China's littoral, for they will tap all southeastern China, the Yangtse Valley, and the whole of the inland provinces. The control of the provinces north of the Yangtse is already assured. Now, while China will offer a strenuous opposition to all attempts to exploit her in what is, after all, a barefaced fashion, she can hope to do nothing without foreign aid. Foreign nations, too, have to face the fact that in their crude form the Japanese demands not only represent an extraordinary measure of privileged industrialism, but also of potential internal control. Indeed, there is reason to believe, whether it appears in the published text or not, that, at first, "political" control was demanded, in addition to financial, police, and military supervision.

Opinion in Great Britain is largely uncertain what to do and what to think. There is a natural good-will toward Japan

as an Ally, but there is a feeling that not only is this attempt at exploitation unfair and ill-advised, but that it is contrary to the international understanding which, as Sir Edward Grey stated in the House of Commons, reserves all war questions for settlement by the four Allies until after the war and not during it. Accordingly, there is a growing disposition to judge these demands on a strict business basis.

The record of Japan, however, holds out but little hope that she will adopt a very tolerant policy toward China, though much depends on the attitude of the United States. British Foreign Office policy is "feeling its way" doubtfully. Not a few people anticipate that at the end of the war Japan will offer to give up all the Pacific islands she has captured for a free hand in China. Such a free hand would be fatal to the trade both of the United States and of Great Britain. It would hit Germany less hard, and the Berlin authorities would never be above the suggestion of co-operation with Japan, under which the latter might take in hand China while the former would secure a reversionary interest to be exercised when the moment arrived in French Indo-China and in the Dutch colonies in the East Indies. This possibility, which has not escaped the attention of the Allies, will tend to harden them in their view that the war must be fought to a finish; for if it is not, it will soon be the Far East, and not, as in the past, the Near East, which will provide further and dangerous complications.

FRANCIS ALDRIDGE.

A POTENTIAL SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR

BY PERCY MacKAYE

On a battlefield of northern France the sun had just set. After hours of bloody fighting, the enemy had retreated. Except for the dead and dying, the field was almost deserted.

Seated on a round, stumplike object, one lonely figure, huge and forlorn, loomed in the crimson glow.

He was dressed in gorgeous regalia, almost unscotched by the grime of battle. His big shoulders drooped. In one hand he held a little rod of dark wood. He stared at it dumbly.

Suddenly out of the dusk a detachment of French troopers approached and surrounded him.

"Surrender, or be shot!"

The figure stirred with slow dignity, but deigned no reply. Instead, he raised the little rod to his bearded face and kissed it.

Struck with curiosity, the Frenchmen—who were peasants—examined their prisoner more closely: Scarlet, blue, gold, orange—a superb uniform; the breast and shoulders gleaming with decorations, badges, and prismatic emblems!

Here was no common soldier in gray field-clothes. Not so; unmistakably he had the air of a commander—a dreamy pathos, a disdainful scorn of their presence.

Their Gallic imaginations took fire. They whispered together.

Whom could they have captured: a general?—a prince?

He carried no weapons, but—that little black rod: he had kissed it!

Might it be—? (They had heard of scepters.) Might this really be—a king?—or the war-lord of some imperial principality, scornful of flight, grandly stoical in defeat?

Their peasant hearts fluttered.

"Who are you?" their leader asked in German.

"Who *I* am!" retorted the huge figure with melancholy disdain. "My God! I am the Imperial Band-master."

This anecdote—cabled last autumn from the front to the

American press—whether it be truth or fiction, conveys an apt symbol for the theme of this article.

Those French peasants showed a subtle intuition in their awed estimate of their prize. They had caught—not King nor Kaiser, to be sure, but a far mightier personage.

Throned on a drum and sceptered with a baton, clothed in the gorgeous habiliments of pageantry, the Imperial Band-master—to-day as ever—is overlord of the battlefields of Europe, the master director of all belligerents. Whoever wins, his throne is not shaken; though Czar or Kaiser fall, his scepter remains unchallenged. Empires and democracies alike are his domain, where he has lorded it over millions of loyal subjects for ten thousands of years. "*Vivat Imperator!*" "*Hoch der Kaiser!*" "*Vive la République!*" "God save the King!"—to the vast encore of those world plaudits he responds with perennial baton, and bows his smiling acknowledgments. For his domain, as old and elemental as man, is the empire of Art—the realm of music, color, dance, symbolism, pageantry, where his imperial palace is the theater.

Throughout human history this monarch of art has never been dethroned. He can never be dethroned, for he alone reigns by divine right—the might of imagination. Master director of his theater (in the soul of man), he has ever sought his most vital expression in dramatic conflict, wherein his most grandly executed compositions have been *wars*.

Yet must this ever be so? May not the growth of his art develop forms of dramatic conflict which shall be more gloriously expressible in beauty and joy than in blood and suffering?

This question (which involves the uses of the art of the theater) is probably the most important question to-day for the world to answer:

Is there a substitute for war?

"When peace is made as handsome as war," said the President of the United States in a recent speech, "there will be hope of war's passing." This pregnant phrase was but a fleeting remark of the President, not elaborated nor urged further upon the thought of our people, yet it involves an idea of deepest public importance.

It is hardly conceivable, in short, that human beings should for ages have endured the organized waste and torture of war if the magician Art had not hypnotized their imaginations and led them by glorious visions to the charnels of battlefields.

For let us remember it is art—the colorful art of the theater,

its music, spectacle, and symbolism put to war's purposes—which has exerted this hypnotism toward destruction. In this time of world havoc, therefore, shall we not ask ourselves:

How may the glorious visions of dramatic art lure the imaginations of men away from war to peace?

How may peace be made "as handsome as war," and as compelling?

Let us consider some of the "handsomeness" of war, and some of the ugliness of peace, as these exist.

War is made splendid by noble human attributes: by self-sacrifice, courage, patience, enkindled will-power; it creates out of petty dissensions, as by magic, the majestic solidarity of a people; within national boundaries, it exalts social service.

For these valid attributes and incentives, the devisers of war create magnificent symbols. Under their expert control, the chaotic, drifting, meanly competitive life of every-day peace becomes transfigured by order, discipline, organization, imbued with a majestic unity of design: *the enacting of a national drama, in which the people themselves participate.*

Statesmen and military leaders—recognizing what the disciples of peace ignore—utilize the full potency of the imaginative arts born of the theater, and employ for their ends the ecstasy and pomp of music and pageantry with a perfection of "stage management" that would stagger a Reinhardt. Symbolism they call to their aid, to provide for Patriotism her radiant flags and uniforms. The art of the music-maker peals in brass to the multitude. Poetry and Dance stride forth, like strange colossi, in the public squares, exhorting the populace with rhythms of marching regiments, that leap forth like glorious stanzas on the breath of a rhapsodist. A choral shout—as old as the chanting of Homer—invokes and unifies the nation.

Yes, the designers of war are masters of imaginative appeal. Of the realism of war—of death, mutilation, hate, hunger, rape, stench, disease, bonded generations, and national debt—they are purposely uneloquent. Instead—and wisely, for their ends—they exalt war's self-sacrifice, heroism, solidarity; and for these they create impassioned symbols of color and grandeur.

In rivalry with these radiant appeals the artless disciples of peace present—what? Their meek symbol—a dove.

Now nothing may be more potent to the multitude than a symbol. The flaming colors of a flag have set cities on fire; the refrain of a song has wrought revolution. The cartoonist interprets the vast social forces of his time almost wholly

through symbols. In appealing to the popular imagination, therefore, it is of prime importance to a cause whether its symbols are dynamic or sedative.

Of all causes in history the cause of international peace is probably the noblest, yet—of all symbols appealing to the world's imagination—its symbol, the dove, is probably the most anemic. Some other, more compelling, must take its place before its cause can plead effectually against that of its rival. The Dove is no match for the Devil. If war is ever to be vanquished, it will be by St. George or Raphael, not by the bird of Noah. In brief, it is only Peace Militant, not Peace Dormant, that can supplant the heroic figure of War in the hearts of the nations.

But by Peace Militant I do not mean Peace panoplied upon dreadnoughts, glaring at her image in two oceans through Krupp-steel binoculars: for such is that false peace, no other than war disguised, which betrayed the world in August, 1914.

No; I mean by Peace Militant—not War disguised as a hypocritical time-server, but War self-purged and self-subdued to the functions of social service: not Peace armed with a sword, but Peace armed with *the symbol of a sword*—that "moral equivalent of war" of which William James has written with wise eloquence.

But the mere existence of a moral equivalent is not enough; it must be made effectual. Social service exists among all peoples, but it is not made to appeal sufficiently to popular imagination.

My object, then, in this article is to suggest that *the "moral equivalent of war" can be made fascinating and effectual by utilizing (and perhaps only by utilizing) the dynamic arts of the theater to give it symbolical expression.*

Thus a practical substitute for the dramatic conflict of war would be its moral equivalent expressed through the manifold forms of dramatic art.

James urged the doctrine of his "moral equivalent" as a philosopher, and his philosophy is sound. But the people are not persuaded by philosophers, however masterful in ideas; they are only persuaded by artists, masterful in art.

The people themselves hardly realize this, yet daily by millions they are conjured by their artists of the theater as by magicians. (For an example, in passing, let any one observe what popular conjuring is performed by a master of motion-picture art like Griffith with the perniciously unsound philosophy

of Dixon's "Birth of the Nation.") Therefore it greatly behooves our artists to build upon sound philosophy; but, above all, it behooves our people, if they believe in self-government, to recognize the overwhelming power of dramatic art and their own susceptibility to it.

In seeking, then, a moral equivalent for war, what moral equivalents do we find under the conditions of peace?

In business, the prevailing conditions of peace are drab and selfish; its dramatic conflicts are sordid, petty, when individualistic; and when they are corporate they are no less sordid on their vaster scale. Industrialism is so contaminated by suffering, disease, injustice, ugliness, ennui, death, hatred, and dulled despair that to millions of laborers the conditions of war seem hopeful and visionary in comparison.

These are fundamental facts which all workers for permanent peace must face in their problem. The conditions of industrialism, in short, *are* war, stripped of its dignity and national solidarity.

As superstructure upon this sordid base rises the dwelling of conventional calm we call "peace," wherein the minority thousands pass their lives in comparative satisfaction and leisure.

These drab, chaotic, suffering conditions of our "peace," however, are transfigured by the ever-growing numbers of those who are working to make them lovelier and more just.

Among these are dedicated groups—workers in settlements, workers for public health, for the conservation of nature, for scientific inventions, for popular education, for solidarity in labor, for emancipation of women and children, and for scores of other civilized objects. These, separately banded together, constitute separate armies of social service. In each we find at work the moral equivalents of war—self-sacrifice, energized will, solidarity, courageous fighting, devotion to a cause deemed holy.

Here, then, in our midst, the moral equivalents of war are actively at work for social regeneration. But are they effectual? What is wrong with the working of these equivalents that they are unable to supplant their monstrous pseudotype that now ravages all Europe?

They are armies of social service, yes; but they are not yet *the* army: they are not co-ordinated, harmonized: they lack mutual relationship—solidarity. But social service is *one* cause, not many. It has many banners, but only one valid flag—the flag of brotherhood.

But now we are speaking figuratively; for *actually* these armies of peace have, with few exceptions, no adequate symbols of their service—no banners, uniforms, fighting hymns, rhythmic marches, pageantry of spiritual meanings made sensuous. Instead, their officers meet in drab committees, their constituents read dry pamphlets in separate homes, or in offices to the clicking of typewriters; or at best they gather chaotically together in a rented hall, listening to drab-coated talkers from a platform, or waving drab hand-bills for rallying banners.

Drab—that is their disease.

Their dreams are more glorious than the dreams of war: their dreams are incarnadine, flushed with fighting angels; but they clothe them—and they *stifle* them—in drab. That is their dire heritage from the Puritan.

War's ministers are wiser. They acknowledge the eternal pagan in mankind, and utilize it.[1] Even Cromwell marched to rhythmic drums. So—to cope with war—the organizers of peace must acknowledge man's paganism, and exalt it.

Such is the basic appeal of the Salvation Army; and such, in a subtler sense, is the secret of the extraordinary growth of the Boy Scouts organization and of the Camp Fire Girls.

In the appeal of each, idealism adopts its special symbolism.

General Booth, Baden-Powell, Luther Gulick—each in his own way—seeks to popularize William James.

The moral equivalents of war, then, are ineffectual in our prevailing society from two chief causes:

First, the fighting armies of peace are not properly organized; and secondly, their functions are not properly symbolized.

To achieve these two great objects, mutually related, may well become the function of a new profession of the twentieth century—the profession of Civic Engineering. For the problems involved are so large and various that their solution takes on the dignity and efficiency of an expert science, essentially related to that which has solved so grandly problems like the building of the Panama Canal.

To achieve the first object, organization, will require the directive insight of one who may aptly be called the Political Engineer; to achieve the second object, symbolism, will require the Dramatic Engineer.

[1] The modern use of khaki for uniforms is a *concession* to drab, under compulsion of the practical expediencies of field fighting; but it is an exception which does not always hold in the martial dress-parades of peace, and in France not yet on the battlefield. Khaki, moreover, though drab, remains a symbol romantic to the popular imagination.

In his latest volume, *The Happiness of Nations*, James MacKaye has contributed the constructive outline of "a beginning in political engineering," based on the clear-reasoned philosophy of his larger work, *The Economy of Happiness*. In an organization of society such as he there suggests, the armies of peace might permanently establish the moral equivalents of war. To our present time, when the happiness of nations was never more crucially at stake, the reasonings of his volume are deeply pertinent. As related to this article, they apply directly to the realization of the first object above referred to, organization.

Concerning the second object, dramatic symbolism, I may perhaps appropriately close these suggestions by reference to recent practical observation and experience of my own.

In May, 1914, the "Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis" (the Pageant written by Thomas Wood Stevens, the Masque written by myself and produced in association with Joseph Lindon Smith, with music by Frederick S. Converse) was given out of doors at four performances by more than seven thousand citizens of Saint Louis before audiences aggregating half a million people.

The task of that production, successfully achieved by the co-operation and participation of a great modern community, was one which truly involved the art of the theater as an expert form of civic engineering. During its preparation, its vast-scale activities leavened the people with the moral equivalents of war: self-sacrifice, solidarity, energized will, militant devotion to a civic cause—these were truly attained, and have partially been retained during the months which have followed.

These objects, moreover, were truly and splendidly symbolized to the people by means of the color, music, pageantry, dramatic conflict, and architectural harmony created by the many-sided art of the theater there put to civic uses.

The theme itself of the Masque—the socialization of community life—was expressed not by a superimposed show, but by the dramatic revelation of a reality it had helped to create; an actual regeneration of community life, from which have directly resulted—as practical acquisitions to Saint Louis—a new progressive city charter, the completion of a municipal bridge, a city choral society, and the hopeful assurance of a great outdoor theater of the people in their public park.

The great experiment there consummated so successfully may well lead not only to its emulation elsewhere, but to the

national consideration of the art of the theater in a new light—the light of a practical science, akin to engineering.

The present time is peculiarly auspicious for this widened civic scope of the theater's art. On the one hand, that art itself—rekindled from within by the constructive discoveries of its creative artists in production, architecture, music, and the dance—stands at the threshold of a splendid renascence. On the other hand—stirred from within by the portentous menace of world war—civic ardor has never been more deeply roused than now to discover effectual means for combating the enemies of society—poverty, disease, unemployment, political corruption, and all the hosts of embattled ignorance. To this war against all social and economic causes of war dramatic art offers a popular symbolism of magnificent scope and variety: it offers a new method of social science.

Thus, developed as an expert profession, this potential science of dramatic engineering may yet become a powerful national factor in organizing militant social service as an effectual substitute for war.

If so—conversely—our "Imperial Band-master" may yet supplant the "Dove" by our troubled waters, and dedicate his baton to the councils and cabinets of peace.

PERCY MACKAYE.

AT THE BACK OF THE HILLS

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET

HERE at the back of the hills nothing happens. Day after day we look out at the unchanging face of our narrow world, little grassy fields where a few rough cattle graze on pasture that is mostly moss and rushes, and a sluggish stream bordered by willows winding in and out among them. Here and there in the hollows stand damp stained cottages from which men and women, gnarled like the apple-trees in their gardens, come out to labor on the poor farms. The children, wild as mountain goats, leave the hamlet early in the morning to cross the hill to the nearest school, three miles away. Once they have gone there is no sound of life. There are no young girls to be heard singing or laughing at their work: they have gone off to service or to business in the towns—that might be a thousand miles away for all we hear of their bustle and stir. The young men go, too, except a few who stay to plod as laborers on the farms and to lose their youth in monotonous days of dull, heavy work. News comes slowly over the hills, and when it does come our dull minds rarely grasp its meaning; anyway, it seldom touches us; for we have been left so long in ignorance that we have grown like the slow-moving beasts in the pastures. Yes, and we have grown coarse and brutal, too, stirred only to sluggish life by the juice of the little red apples that grow so plentifully on the old mossy trees.

Once a week a thin-voiced bell tinkles from the gray church half-way up the side of the hill, and a few of us obey its summons and join the parson at morning or evening prayer, in the cold, bare, vault-like sanctuary. The farmers' wives, an old woman or two, a pew full of giggling children: these make up the congregation—rarely any of the younger are to be seen there, for being poachers by nature the men of the parish go rabbitting on Sunday.

It is true Bill Jones used to "clean up of a Sunday evening"

and come to church. He always sat at the back, a dull, stupid-looking young man, fingering his book with rough, awkward hands. All the week he plowed, carted manure, or hauled timber over the hill with his team of horses—rising early and working late, out in all weathers, going on day after day in his dull, clodhopper way. But most Sunday evenings he came to church—tried to decipher the Psalms and sang the hymns if he knew the tune. What he took in of the rector's discourses on Rehoboam, Abijah, and Sennacherib no one knows. It is certain he heard of no more gracious personalities from the rector's teaching, for the Kingdom of God and His Christ are as little heard of in our backward parish as in Central Africa. At least no emphasis is ever placed on such eternal truths. Even the glories of the Empire pass us by, for they touch our life as little and no more than they touch the life of an Indian peasant on the steep slopes of the Himalayas.

We heard talk of war back in the summer—a terrible war we were told—when we sat down to read the county paper on Sunday afternoons, but we saw no signs of it and felt its reality only when bread went up and sugar became too dear to buy. The damsons rotted on the grass, and the women said it was a pity, they would have made good jam for the children against the winter if sugar had not been the price it was. Whatever the awful conflict away beyond the hills and across the sea might be, our dull life went on its same dull way. Bill Jones enlisted —he was almost the only physically fit man in the parish. We wondered when we heard he had gone how that slow, heavy mind would ever grasp the art of war.

Autumn came, then winter, shutting us out still more completely from the world beyond. The roads were clogged with mud; the sun set early behind the hills and long, dark nights fell.

Nothing happens here at the back of the hills. Life is all dulness and monotony, but this morning the great world outside broke in upon us—something happened at last.

Early—before the sun was up—the church bell began its melancholy music. Some one was dead. The grave-digger climbed the hill and began to dig a grave.

From every cottage in the hamlet the inhabitants came out in their bits of rusty black. Some of the women had made wreaths of Traveller's Joy and the remains of the rain-washed chrysanthemums in their gardens. And then over the hill came a baggage-wagon with a green tarpaulin top, and a company of men in khaki. As the wagon creaked down the hill we saw

inside the vivid color of the Union Jack and beneath it a coffin. Bill Jones had come back to us.

There was a pause outside the churchyard—the firing-party lined up. The soldier bearers took the coffin on their shoulders and, headed by the rector, they entered the little church.

Outside the sun burst through the clouds and shone on the vivid green of the little hummocky fields, lighting to silver the pale gray of the willows. We could hear the wheeze of the harmonium inside the church and then the voices of the strange soldiers singing "Brief life is here our portion." The church was full, so full that some of us had to stand out in the graveyard.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The Army Chaplain's voice was clear and distinct. Bill's little sister began to cry.

Then suddenly we realized what had happened. The stupid clodhopper as we thought him had given his dull life for us and had lifted us out of our dulness to the great and tremendous issues beyond. He had linked our poverty-stricken hamlet to the Empire—but, far more, he had lifted our narrow lives into the wide spaces of the Kingdom of God.

The sun still shone. As the soldiers filed out of the church what a patch of color the flag made on the green grass as the coffin was laid on the ropes beside the grave! The rector stumbled through the committal prayers; Old John threw in the handful of earth—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The church's words were spoken—and then the army spoke. The firing-party waited. The word was given—clear and sharp the three volleys rang out. Then, clear and sharp, the word of command; the men faced toward the gate, their rifles dropped with a clang on the path. Silence a moment—and then the bugles sounded the last post across the green graves in the churchyard, across the rough fields, right to the foot of the hills that echoed back the long, clear notes.

Five minutes later the men in khaki had marched away—and the baggage-wagon climbed the hill. Yes, we have seen the war, we have shared in the fight—and now behind the hills here we are not so outcast or so desolate as we were before.

ISABEL SOMERSET.

THE BATTLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

"To see Neuve Chapelle by daylight is to see the most fearful example of the power of modern artillery fire yet witnessed. . . . Yet two objects stood practically unharmed amidst that low sky-line of ruins—effigies of Christ on the cross, of the type familiar to travelers in France. Eight-inch shells had excavated enormous holes on either side of the base of one; and, while other trees in the town had been cut in two and splintered and gashed, four small evergreen shrubs around the other effigy had been undisturbed. Many soldiers remarked the curious phenomenon. Indeed, the soldiers talked much of it."—From the Daily Journals.

The arrows of the Lord are drunk with blood,
As sung of old; the glittering sword He
Whets for vengeance on a recreant
World which tramples down commands divine,
To crowd at altars of the envious
Gods in worship,—the brutal tribal gods
Who, long ago dethroned, would teach
Men base renouncement of the vital faith,
That radiant ensign lifted up
As guide for anxious feet of all that
Mount the higher way with firm resolve;
Those gods who would have men be consecrate
To naught but thoughts which eat away the soul's
Desire; who would that the advancing hosts
Of peace should halted stand while merciless
Legions onward rush—Death's messengers
To satiate the greed and glorify
The lust of power in kings.

But, as said the Christ, the end is not yet;
Nor dead nor even sleeping is that faith
Still trusting in the darkness for the day;
A faith whose finer promptings with a new
God-given vision will ever look beyond

The strife and rancor of embitter'd foes
For downfall sure of vaunted blasphemy,
The healing of the wounds and hurts of men
And rearing of those lofty castles fair
As domicile for all the ardent hopes
And dreams of those who live undaunted lives;
A faith supreme, sublime in reverence,
Which has for sustenance not creeds
Nor doctrines arid, but living waters
From purest founts exhaustless.

'Tis not by days or years but by the flight
Of ages only we may know aright
The measure of the mighty progress gained
Along the road where men must go through places
Waste up to the shining heights, with harvests white
And glowing, welcoming sun.
We need despond not therefore if at times,
As loiterers, men seek pleasure's haunts and
Folly's labyrinths for sumptuous idling;
Or wander to the brink of deadly peril,
Or drink the bitter dregs from out life's cup.
The gracious day of tribulation comes
With certain threshing of the false from true,
When all the glorious promises of
God to man shall be redeemed at last.
Of this, e'en dullard skeptic cannot doubt
If through the blackness he but seek the light.

At Neuve Chapelle that day Death's murderous
Guns belched everywhere consuming fires; nor
Man nor thing could hope survival from those
Cruel hours which Time blushed deep with shame
At record of on the lamenting page.
But even here against the background dread,
With naught to greet the eye but ruin vast,
There stood alone the pleading symbol of
That other Anguish infinite, and yet
More certain covenant of saving grace
Than rainbow span for earth's assurance
From after menace of destroying floods;
The crucifix with sculptured Christ to
Testify that all the odious curse

Of passion's tyranny is to end,
And vicious commerce with the grov'ling aim;
Whilst peoples ruling in the stead of lords
Shall herald the decree of sov'reign peace,
And reason of its travail shall give birth
To justice quickened, truth chivalric,
Mercy gentler always; which, nurtured ever
By the strivings and the prayers of men
And growing with the years, shall come at last
Through God's own providence full-statured
To the might of Righteousness.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

THE INNER FREEDOM OF AMERICAN INTELLECTUAL LIFE

BY PAUL S. REINSCH
United States Minister to China

THE proper relation of science to utility is a question upon the solution of which the freedom of intellectual life and development in our country depends. While that freedom is primarily the result of inner strength, yet it is also influenced by external conditions, either through direct and conscious intervention or through that indefinite yet all-pervading influence which is exerted by the social and political atmosphere. In our new country, where the practical mastery over the forces of nature and the control of resources constitute the most important business of mankind, and where the human spirit has not yet become primarily reflective and philosophical, intellectual and scientific impulses are affected by the activities of material development and construction.

It is, of course, unthinkable that scientific and educational activities should in any country remain uninfluenced and uncolored by the fundamental character of the social and political constitution of the State. While the starting-points, postulates, and premises of detailed investigation ought, indeed, to be dominated solely and entirely by a determination to discover the truth and to construct a system of knowledge resting upon the broadest possible basis of induction, yet, in the critical valuation of results and in the adaptation of scientific knowledge to life, it is inevitable that the fundamental convictions of ethics, political thought, and social aims should have their influence so long as reason cannot be entirely dissociated from will nor human nature lead an abstract existence in some scientific Utopia. This does not affect the discovery and statement of facts, but their interpretation; and it is also not without its influence in determining the

relative grouping of different sciences in the sum total of national intellectual life.

It may probably be said that American learning is freer from subconscious postulates than is that of Europe; in our national life there are represented so many different traditions, feelings, and aspirations that the specific substratum of psychology has not yet so definitely taken shape. The American ideal of instruction and investigation demands that there shall be an accurate perception and concrete presentation of positive facts, with clear-sightedness and thoroughgoing truthfulness of expression. Moreover, it is expected that it should be made clear what is the truly fundamental, generally accepted body of any science, and that when interpretative valuations of facts and theories are offered it should be with the express reservation that the ascertained data might possibly also lead to other conclusions.

It is partly for this reason that American universities have thus far perhaps not been productive of commanding personalities among the teachers in the same measure as the great academies of Europe. Moreover, the constitution of our universities emphasizes co-operation rather than rivalry and competition. In the expression of opinions a rather impersonal tone is cultivated, to the extent frequently of being coldly neutral. Yet, with the escape from the older learning by rote and from the more recent domination of the isolated fact, American universities are beginning to offer opportunities to men who have the power to interpret great bodies of data and the insight to supply the general hypothesis by means of which still further fields may be opened to science. Thus, also, there will be a place for the man who, from the high and secure ground of scientific knowledge, will address himself directly to the intellectual and spiritual needs of his hearers and help them to form their ideals, as well as their intellectual methods, upon the realities of life.

But is the *milieu* of American politics and society favorable to the cultivation of intellect and science? No American institution can be independent of public opinion and public support. If it were, it would cease to be American. Even the great universities of the Eastern States, which are so liberally endowed, cannot avoid this influence; should they desire to make themselves in any sense monastic enclaves, their own force and vitality would soon disappear. But the influence of the social environment bears most directly upon the Western

State universities. They may indeed be said to be most truly American as representing a thorough identification of the public spirit with the most far-reaching purposes of science and education. To Europeans it seems almost startling that these institutions should be subject to the good-will of a popular majority; and at first sight it would seem to be but an insecure foundation for a long-sighted development of scientific work that every year or two the entire university work becomes dependent upon what the two hundred or three hundred merchants, farmers, mechanics, educators, and lawyers in the legislature may conclude to grant. At such times when the attacks of many private interests converge upon it, the university may indeed appear to be going straight to destruction. But then, almost invariably, the underlying common sense of the average citizens and their trust in intellectual ideals asserts itself, with the result that the support of higher education never fails.

It would, of course, be futile to deny that notwithstanding such liberality there is always a danger that the power of public opinion may at times not favor, but restrict, the free development of science. As one authority has put it:

> The supreme test is whether the people of the State will on the one hand tax themselves to support it, and on the other impose upon themselves a self-denying ordinance to leave it severely alone, so that it may select its own intellectual standards and the members thus chosen may be absolutely free to set forth whatever they believe to be the truth.

Possible conflicts are most likely to come about in connection with the social sciences, as there are always interests which prefer the twilight of prejudice to the light of reason. But it is doubtful whether any attack upon fearless teachers of social and economic science could have more than a passing effect, so long as the respective scientists and teachers are conscious of their duty to ascertain by adequate induction a sure foundation for their scientific theories, and so long as they will frankly deal with personal opinions as provisional. Should, however, any such attack assume a serious character, the economists would be assured of the integral support of representatives of natural science. The latter are for the time being fairly exempt from such dangers. The acceptance of their results is a matter of mathematical and experimental method; and questions of hypothesis and general interpretation are dealt with in so esoteric a manner as to be understood only by specialists.

But in the social sciences every one feels competent and desires to have his say; for this reason there is a special need for developing the exact part of these sciences according to strictly positive methods. When we consider how far subjective impulses have formerly been dominant in these branches, it is undoubtedly a good and desirable thing from every point of view that the positive side should be more strongly emphasized.

Closely connected with this matter is the relation of university teaching to the general morality of society. In Europe and the Orient there is a conflict between what has been called class moral and mass moral. Shall society apply a uniform moral code to all its members, or are there exceptional positions which are free from the general moral duties? From the character of our American social constitution it is plain that we as a nation must decisively adopt the first alternative—in a country where the door of progress is open to every one, where personal independence is developed, where the entire people participate in the ideas and sentiments of the day, any other position would be impossible. Abroad this is not generally understood, and American morality is often considered hypocritical. But the fact is that whatever with us receives any sort of public sanction is thereby impliedly commended to the entire people for acceptance and emulation. It is, therefore, impossible in matters of conduct to bestow privileges and exemptions upon certain classes. This explains the condemnation of performances which may in other countries be permitted for the purpose of select artistic circles; it explains the cold reception accorded Maxim Gorky when he visited America with his reputed mistress, and it even explains, though it does not justify, such an extreme case as the police interdict of the performance of "Salome" in Chicago. The question is not whether a certain work of art or a certain individual act or relation could be looked upon as an interesting and unique expression of artistic temperament, but whether in a country where life is so much in the open as in the United States, public morals will not suffer more than artistic development will gain through special dispensations and liberties. I sincerely hope that this will not be understood as favoring a narrow-minded control and censorship of really fine dramatic art, which usually grants full license to the most insincere and sensual productions as long as they conform to certain superficial conventional standards. What has been said concerning public morality in general imports certain limitations

with respect to American universities. They are not favorable to the development of exclusive cults. Nor would it be desirable that in the name of artistic refinement or recondite research currency should be given to things that are destructive to the foundations of public morality.

The activities of American universities are influenced especially through the manner in which science has allied itself with social and industrial purposes. Our universities have other aims than their European models. Their purpose is not only to develop science and to furnish thorough preparation for the learned professions, but to make science directly useful in every human activity and interest. This is to be achieved not only through intensive study of the conditions and methods of any activity, thereby clarifying its underlying theory and raising its practice to a higher plane; but also through direct instruction of the people employed in the different industries, so that they may be able to utilize the results of scientific methods and discoveries. This procedure was first used with great effect in agriculture, but it is now extended practically to all fields of human enterprise. The impulse to carry the advantages of scientific method into all parts of human activity is the outstanding characteristic of modern American university work.

By many this alliance with utility is looked upon as a danger to pure science, and especially to culture, in as far as it is represented by the studies known as the humanities. But if technical and professional education is inspired with the enthusiasm of pure science, it will do far more than to teach a trade; it will awaken broad interest in the solution of scientific problems and in the methods for gaining greater efficiency. Students are made to see how plants, animals, and economic processes may be improved. In their activities they are led to have before them an ideal which is constantly influencing their work and is realizing itself through their efforts. It follows that men thus educated are open also to other ideals relating to conduct, art, and literature, to good and wholesome arrangements in social institutions. Thus it comes about that the creative impulses of art and philosophy often find more encouragement among men whose education has been along so-called practical lines than among those who have been surfeited with the humanities.

The main question is, however, whether the development of pure science is helped or hindered by this alliance with

practical work. It is certain that the men whose work lies in applied science and who thus in a way mediate between scientific investigators and the general public will be first to recognize and maintain the necessity of pure science. Far from claiming for themselves alone the abundant means and opportunities, such men are always anxious to assist the representatives of pure science in the fulfilment of their purposes. This co-operation of pure and applied science, through interesting the public at large in scientific work, brings about an abundance of support, so that adequate means are put at the disposal of scientists. It is not, however, these material means that constitute the real gain, but the fact that thousands upon thousands who have felt the influence of science in their life-work may be counted upon as willing co-operators in the development of our national scientific life.

We must here also touch upon the relations which have been established between scientific work and the government of the State; the more deeply the latter affects the activities of a people, the more it is bound to utilize scientific knowledge. Governments may either employ scientific coadjutors directly, giving them positions as public officers, or they may call upon experts to give their counsel and assistance as it may be required. The Federal Government of the United States has mainly followed the former, the State governments the latter, alternative. The scientific work carried on by the central Government has assumed a notable scope. In all the departments scientific men are employed; especially large numbers, however, serve in the Departments of Agriculture, of Commerce, and of the Interior. So many experts in botany, zoology, chemistry, engineering, economics, and political science are engaged in Government work that Washington has become one of the first seats of scientific activity, and the Cosmos Club a learned society. The Department of Agriculture alone expends annually in scientific research a sum of money which nearly equals the budget of all the German universities taken together. Whether the direct employment of scientific assistants is the best method by which the State can foster scientific investigation has sometimes been questioned. The regimentation which is inevitable in governmental work limits the freedom of movement of the expert, so that the conditions are not perhaps most favorable for individual and intensive work leading to great discoveries. Yet from the point of view of the Government itself, it is undoubtedly of the highest importance that it

should in this manner provide a thoroughly reliable foundation for its action.

As the different commonwealths develop their activities the demand for scientific counsel makes itself felt there too, and it is natural that the State universities should be called upon to assist the governments. As they are making themselves useful to the general public by affording scientific assistance in the development of economic enterprises, so they are now assisting the State itself, putting at its disposal whatever expert ability may have been attained by the members of their faculties. The elaboration of methods of taxation, the dealings with labor, sanitary reforms, municipal utilities, the protection of agriculture against animal and plant diseases—in all these matters the State seeks to profit through the scientific knowledge accumulated at the university. In this way the State university becomes both in the private and the public affairs of the commonwealth an instrumentality for bringing human experience and knowledge scientifically digested to bear on all the problems of life. Though strongly combated by certain private interests which, to put it in their own form of thought, believe that the experience of men of business is a safer guide than the expert ability of men of science, and which oppose co-operation, the system has nevertheless established itself on account of its utility; and few people continue to dispute the right and duty of the university to assist in the work of building up the industrial, commercial, agricultural, social, and artistic life of the commonwealth. In turn, the necessity of having concrete reality always before their eyes and of remaining conscious of the relation of scientific work to the welfare of the commonwealth, has a vitalizing effect upon investigation and instruction in the universities.

But how is the productive power of American science affected through all these relationships and conditions? When American learning began to depart from modest imitation, when it began to take up the direct investigation of materials at hand, it was at first powerfully influenced by German scientific methods, taking as its model the German institutes of research. Various currents met at this point, with the result that American scientific work became peculiarly positive and matter of fact. The tendency lay towards the useful, the visible, the concrete; men worked with atoms, with masses of facts, and there was a certain dispersion of mental energy as individual investigators busied themselves preferably with very

minor problems. The students liked to arrange a number of well-authenticated facts like pearls on a string, without organic connection.

The experience of one of the first group of Rhodes scholars in Oxford will serve to illustrate some distinctions. When asked to write a paper on an historic subject, this ambitious young man assiduously gathered the facts from numerous treatises and source books and presented them in a conscientious résumé. When the finished product was read, the tutor listened patiently and commended the industry of the student; but he admitted that the result was not what was wanted, and asked that the paper be entirely rewritten in such a manner that, without adducing all the facts, their presence in the writer's mind could be inferred. After a considerable amount of thought the student changed his methods, reading less and using chiefly secondary authorities, but concentrating his efforts on the presentation of his thought. English education has in the past been designed to produce masterly men, who would be able at any time to shine in Parliament or on the tribune, without having deeply delved in original materials. In America, on the other hand, the purpose has been to produce workmen whose results would be reliable. As far as this went, it was surely a good beginning.

The application of the positive method, which was transposed from the physical to the social sciences, often tended to secure trustworthiness at the expense of originality and illuminating insight. Also, it seemed frequently to be not so much the purpose to discover something not known before as to dig up scraps which had in the course of time happily been forgotten; or energy was spent in proving beyond all possibility of doubt something which it had never before occurred to anybody to question. In this desire for research and for specialized studies it was often forgotten that college and university study is, after all, preparatory—an introduction to life and science. Young students who had not yet mastered the essentials of human history and science were set to carry on advanced research; and as they had not yet achieved a sufficient command of their science or of its methods, as well as of associated disciplines, it is not remarkable that their work left very much to be desired. Even now we have not entirely left this stage of development; we still have to fight for the time necessary for a solid scientific preparation. Young men are too impatient to begin what they imagine to be their real

life-work. They yearn for results properly their own, produced by their own labor, so that they are not often willing to spend the time and energy necessary to master thoroughly the traditional capital of their science.

On the other hand, however, this desire for action and this love of positive research carry with them many good things; in fact, they are the foundation upon which American science will be built up to its full height. The hammering energy of these primal motives is now being modified by other ideals. We have passed from an analytical, atomistic age into one given to synthesis and constructive thought. Thus, in the science of history there is an insistent demand for artistic presentation and illuminating interpretation, based upon carefully controlled preliminary research. The artistic temperament which inspires also the best work of the men of science is beginning to manifest itself in all branches of intellectual work. We have the right to expect that much good will come from the qualities which American science has developed during its first stage. Even as the influence of realism in European art has made for ever impossible the superficiality and insincerity of the preceding epoch, so we may be assured that the synthesis of American science will be received by the world with confidence based upon a knowledge of its thorough methods. American science has a point of contact in the positivism of European science, as represented by the great realists from Aristotle to Helmholtz, but it is a positivism that is generated from native energies.

The constructive, creative stage upon which American science has now entered is but a resultant of the new forces which have manifested themselves throughout America in the appreciation of national culture as the fullest expression of national life. Science and literature too have at length become national. No longer satisfied with the faithful gathering of detail or adaptation to new conditions of an older learning, they realize their mission as national, and set their aim to work toward a synthesis of data, factors, and thoughts which will constitute an American scientific consciousness. They also discern, as this is being achieved, the full implications of membership in the international community of human scientific endeavor, no longer occupying the position of the student or learner, but in association with compeers, ready for a mutual interchange of achievements.

All this is favorable to freedom, yet it cannot be denied

that in the very opportunities of American science, with their vast perspective of things to come, certain dangers exist. A huge mechanism has been created; standardization is the word, and the careful measuring of efficiency. With all this complexity, scientific achievement is indeed favored through the abundance of means at hand, but true mastery is, after all, dependent upon personal qualities, which can be preserved and developed only by constantly putting personality above mechanism. In the earlier ages great personalities achieved remarkable results with the scantiest means. In our own present, the enthusiasm of the American people, the readiness of all classes to make sacrifices for education, have placed unrivaled means at the disposal of men of science. Whether these are to be used with approximately the same success as was the modest apparatus of earlier science and investigation, will be determined by the intensity of purpose with which the ideal of pure science, of living truth, of the primacy of thought, can be kept active in all intellectual work.

PAUL S. REINSCH.

PAUL VERLAINE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

It was on the 29th of April, 1890, that I first met Verlaine. I remember the hot night, the café on the Boulevard Saint-Michel where Havelock Ellis and I had been dining with Charles Morice and a young painter, a friend of his, whose name I forget. Morice was then the titular apostle of Verlaine; he had written a book about him which still remains better than anything which has been written since; and in his other, not less admirable book, *La Littérature de Tout à l'Heure*, he had planned out, almost prophetically, the course that literature was to take just then in France. Morice had promised to introduce me to Verlaine, and when dinner was over he turned to me in his gentle and urbane way, bending his great blond head a little, and proposed that we should go on to the Café François, where Verlaine was generally to be found. Morice went on talking, as we strolled in the slow French way up the boulevard, through all the noisy, hasty gaiety of the hour; he talked as he always did, in his fluent, ecstatic, rather mad way, full of charm and surprise. I remember nothing that he said; I don't think I knew at the time. I was awaiting, with delight and almost terror, my first sight of the extraordinary creature whom I vaguely expected to find somewhat in the likeness of his caricature in the *Hommes d'Aujourd'hui*—cloven-footed and ending in a green tail. We passed café after café, every *terrasse* and the whole pavement filled with students and women. Higher up the crowd dwindled, and at last we came to the corner of the Rue Gay-Lussac. I saw the name, Morice pushed open the door, we followed.

And there, in the midst of a noisy, laughing company of young men, all drinking, I saw Verlaine, like Pan, I thought, among reveling worshipers. He was smiling benevolently; a large gray hat pushed back on his head, a white scarf around his neck, no collar, the shabbiest of clothes. And my first thought, after a moment's disgust at the company in which he sat, was,

What a gentleman! I never saw simpler or more beautiful manners. He got up as Morice introduced us, and sat at our table, and began to talk. The face, with its spiritual forehead, animal jaw, and shifting faun's eye, was unlike that of any portrait I had seen: no wise criminal, but genial, manly, with dignity under a really startling movement of the features. The eyes, eyelids, and eyebrows were in constant oblique gesture: there is no other word for it. But the whole body was gesture, and of a sudden, violent, overwhelming kind, not French gesture at all. The whole body, genial and ferocious, seemed to translate every thought or sensation, with that animal-prompt sincerity which is one of the qualities of his work. There was no pose, no deliberate extravagance; the extravagance, when it came, was momentary and on the spur of the moment—the type of every action of his life.

I saw in that first sight of Verlaine, when he sat there in the café and talked to me about himself, about England, and about English poetry, only a part, no doubt, of what I came to distinguish or interpret afterward. If I think now, I see the great sleepy and gray head as he lies back in his corner at that café, with his eyes half shut; he drags on my arm as we go up the boulevard together; he shows me his Bible in the little room up the back stairs; he climbs the many steps painfully in Fourtain Court; he nods his nightcap over a greasy picture-book as he sits up in bed at the hospital. But almost everything that I ever saw in that face has been concentrated into the portrait which Carrière did at Morice's instigation, some years after I first met him. A rough rendering of it is within every one's reach in the *Choix de Poésies*. Morice has told the story of one of the most marvelous portraits of our time, in which, as he justly says, Carrière

a vu et fixé pour toujours la douleur de ce grand sacrifié, de ce crucifié. Le poète, malade, était à l'hôpital, à l'autre extremité de la ville. Tout avait été preparé, Carrière l'attendait. Mais la traversée ne s'accomplit point sans peine, malgré plusieurs voitures et à cause de l'exaltation du congé d'un jour.—Pas un instant Verlaine ne posa. Durant toute cette unique séance de quelques heures il ne cessa d'arpenter l'atelier, en parlant haut, avec cette effervescente verve, la sienne, folle et belle, qui roulait les pensées, les anecdotes, les images, les poèmes, se reposait en riant et rebondissait dans un sanglot: le capricieux monologue, insoucieux des écoutants, les supposait informés du thème—la vie du poète—et tout au plus les initiait, par des suggestions rapides, aux points essentiels, pour aussitôt s'échapper en divagations d'ironie douloureuse. Je lui donnais parfois la réplique afin de l'arrêter dans un geste en lumière ou d'attirer

son regard et son visage vers le chevalet. Pas un instant Carrière ne cessa de travailler. Verlaine partit, je crois bien, sans l'avoir aperçu.

And as I read over this narrative, by the man who first took me to see Verlaine, the scenes come back to me, in Paris and London, and I see Verlaine again. That is just how he talked, "regardless of listeners," or accepting a listener as necessarily a friend and a diviner. I remember how he would sit on my sofa in Fountain Court, and for hours together never cease talking, in a kind of feverish and broken monologue, with pauses, interruptions, outbursts of gaiety, and clamors of rage at something remembered and lived over again; sometimes with half-shut eyes and in an indistinct murmur; sometimes in shouts and with eager gestures; sometimes dropping into English, with some point of humorous emphasis. His face was a tragic mask, grotesque and flexible, through which he seemed to speak as if always in action; something never at rest peered out of the wild crannies of the eyes and out of the weak, exorbitant mouth and out of the bare and rock-like head. I have seen all the deadly sins march in order over his face, and leave it washed and empty for the virtues. When he talked he lived with the same subtle and uneasy vitality with which he lived when he wrote, but without concentration, for it was only in his verse that he could command himself. It was all a confession, and it remembered and repeated everything, with infinite self-pity, yet not without a consciousness of the justice of things. He forgot none of his own sins, nor of the sins of others against him; and he told them over as if only these intimate things mattered. A gross gaiety would come in at times and set him chuckling ignobly; and then an old enthusiasm would possess him, or an old pity lull him into gravity. He would talk of Rimbaud, of his wife, of his son; of the women, neither young nor comely, for whom he wrote the *Odes en son Honneur* and the *Chansons pour Elle*, in which we seem to hear Villon. He lamented with fierce lamentations his poverty and his bodily sickness; he could never forget them nor accustom himself to them: "*Doucement farouche, émergeant de l'ombre d'un invisible et réel Calvaire.*" Morice sees his head in Carrière's great picture; and so I saw it in my little room in the Temple, and in cafés and garrets and hospitals in Paris, and can see it now whenever I think of it.

Daily I come to think him greater: a greater poet, a more wonderful man. I see now how what seemed trivial in him, or uncouth, or ignoble, was a part of that simple and sincere nature to which choice among moods, or conviction after

experience, were equally impossible. All that was gentle and brutal in him had its place in the one poet of our day who has given equally exact expression to flesh and spirit, to what we gratuitously call the worse and better side of ourselves. He had vices, because he included everything that sensation can become, vice as well as virtue. He was abnormal, but that was because he included what was abnormal as well as what was normal. He was human "without prejudice," and set no bounds to any passion, not even to love. And out of disorder, disturbance, a life that seemed to be jangled hopelessly out of tune, it was not only in his poetry that he made a final harmony, but even in his sleepy and savage face, in which none of the lines had beauty. There is a passage in Balzac (Balzac has said everything) which seems to sum up, and even elucidate, the matter. He says:

Si vous observez avec soin les belles figures des philosophes antiques, vous y apercevrez toujours les déviations du type parfait de la figure humaine auxquelles chaque physionomie doit son originalité, rectifiée par l'habitude de la méditation, par le calme constant nécessaire aux travaux intellectuels. Les visages les plus tourmentés, comme celui de Socrate, deviennent à la longue d'une sérénité presque divine.

Only a few people ever saw (Carrière saw it) that almost divine serenity in the face of Verlaine.

I remember little of what Verlaine said on the night I first met him in the café. He realized at once that I wanted to know exactly what he was, and in the interval of general talk about books and poets (in which Moréas, who was there, asked me what was the longest verse in English: "I have written verses of twenty syllables! Verlaine has stopped at—" I forget the number) Verlaine would tell over the incidents in his life to me, as if he were repeating curious things which had happened to other people and which might interest one. He told me about Rimbaud, about his quarrel with him, and his imprisonment, in a kind of good-humored and impersonal way. He was eager to show his knowledge of England, and told me of when he had been in London, in Bournemouth, in Leamington, in Stickney, where he had taught English, he said, to small boys. He said, jovially, "*Je suis un Roman Catholique*," but praised the London Sunday and the services of the English Church. The French Sunday, he said, was "*assommant*," but the English, though "*triste*," was so religious, and he seemed to pull an imaginary bell-rope. Sometimes he would use English words, words of gross slang, which he chuckled to have remembered.

He asked me to come and see him the next night, and he wrote his name and address very carefully in pencil on the back of one of my cards: "Paul Verlaine, Hôtel des Mines, 125, Bd. St.-Michel, Chambre No. 4." He named an hour, and when I got there, not too long after it, and asked the concierge if No. 4 was at home, she looked at me grimly, jerked her head away, and said, "*Non, Monsieur, il n'est pas ici.*" I turned and walked slowly down the boulevard, and had not got far before I saw him coming slowly up, leaning on the arm of an honest-looking, little, shabby man who seemed to be always looking after him. I lifted my hat. He bowed, and began to talk to me quite at random, not remembering who I was or what I wanted. He would say the same thing over and over again with increasing emphasis, an emphasis that became terrible when he had been drinking too long. Suddenly he remembered, and asked me to come in. The little man got the key and candle and led the way. We crossed a court and began to climb a narrow staircase. Verlaine mounted step by step, haltingly; and he would stop on the stairs to apologize for keeping us so long on the way. The room was small and mean, but quite decent; the few things in it were in disorder. There were a few books on the chest of drawers—a Bible and a few of his own books—and on the wall over it were several pencil and chalk sketches of himself. The little man lit two more candles, and Verlaine confided to me, in a deep whisper, that he had just been getting some money. "I have got money. I will have pleasure, pleasure, pleasure," he repeated, slowly, in his difficult, accentuated English, every word a hoarse jerk. He took out his purse and opened it; there was very little in it. There was a knock at the door, and a young man came in, incredibly tall and thin and youthful, with a tired gray look in his eyes; he was an artist, Fernand Langlois, whom I had seen at the café. He sat down on the bed. The little man perched himself on the chest of drawers. Verlaine gave me a chair and began to walk up and down the room. He said he must have some rum: he thought it was an English drink and that I should like it, and he counted out some of the money in his purse to the little man, who came back presently with a bottle of rum and some glasses. Langlois curled himself upon the bed, and said that he must have his rum neat, as he had the toothache. Verlaine grumbled, but at last gave in. At last he sat down and began to talk, while we all sipped rum and smoked cigarettes. He drank very slowly, often raising the glass half-way to his lips and holding it there until he had

finished a sentence or a string of them, and sometimes he forgot to drink it and put it down untasted. I suppose he drank somewhat consecutively: I never saw him drink very much at one sitting. His talk dropped every now and then into English, and I can recall the droll accent with which he quoted "To be or not to be." He spoke, as he had the night before, of his admiration of Tennyson, and he showed me his Bible (the only Bible I ever saw in Paris) with a sort of maudlin admiration, patting it, turning it over, pointing out the name of the translator, assuring me that it was an excellent book, and that he was himself a religious man. "*Je suis Catholique*," he repeated over and over again; "*mais—Catholique du moyen-âge.*"

His talk all through the evening was argumentative and explosive; he was restless, vague, and his face worked frantically. At last there was another knock at the door, and more young men came in. Then Verlaine said he must go out—he had some business; he was going to see a debtor, he said. I said good-by; there were all manner of compliments on both sides, and the little man lighted me down the dark stairs with a candle.

From that time I used to see Verlaine at intervals year by year in streets, cafés, and hospitals, and finally in London; and the better I knew him the easier it was for me to think of him apart from all the sordid trouble of his daily life, as he was in a heart and soul that were as rare and honest as the heart and soul of any great man of our time. His last years were spent in a vagabondage not altogether that of his own choice: he had other instincts than those of the vagabond, but the circumstances of his life, acting on the weakness of a will at the mercy of every circumstance, left him no choice. I did not like many of the people in whose company I met him, but to see them about him was to realize all the difference between him and them. And, among many who were worthless, were there not others who were the enthusiasts of ideas, and did not their follies bubble up out of a drunkenness at least as much spiritual as material?

Few of the idealists I have known have been virtuous—that is to say, they have chosen their virtues after a somewhat haphazard plan of their own; some of them have loved absinthe, others dirt, all idleness; but why expect everything at once? Have we, who lack ideas and ideals, enough of the solid virtues to put into the balance against these weighty abstractions? I only ask the question; but I persist in thinking that we have still a great deal to learn from Paris, and especially on matters of the higher morality.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THIS "REVIEW": A REMINISCENCE

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE, UNITED STATES SENATOR

THE battle of Waterloo, although it may be deemed a small affair compared to the continuous fighting of millions of men in the war which we just now are sadly watching, nevertheless had some far-reaching results, and certainly may be said to have made the year 1815 a memorable one in history. But it did not make everything or everybody who chanced to come into being in that same period memorable, although many persons no doubt felt a certain reflected glory in being able to announce that they were born in the Waterloo year. To them it was probably a chronological convenience, and at best it was that and nothing more to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which then first saw the light.

There was, however, one bit of good fortune for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in being born at that precise time, for it was the period when quarterly reviews in the first freshness of youth were delighting the English-speaking world and were not only commanding attention and influence, but also were becoming, which was far more profitable, both popular and fashionable. The *Edinburgh Review* was founded in 1802, and proved so successful and effective that John Murray, feeling strongly that the Tories required a defender of like character, brought out the *Quarterly* in 1809. In 1811 the *British*, destined to a life of only fourteen years, appeared; and *Blackwood's*, of more frequent publication, came out for the first time in 1817. Clever men, some of real ability, and much distinction later, had launched the *Edinburgh Review*, which set a pace not attained by any of its rivals, able as some of them were. Yet that which really secured to the English reviews of that period a lasting fame, and gave them a place in the memories of men, was not what they did well, but that which they did very ill. It was their sins, both of omission and commission, which fastened upon them the attention of history and of literature.

Literary criticism, which proved in this way their passport to posterity, was in those days occasionally vigorous, but almost invariably crude, rough, strongly colored by political or social prejudices, and often unintelligent and coarsely personal. In scattering this criticism broadcast it so chanced that the quarterly and monthly reviewers quite accidentally fell in with certain great geniuses, whom they neither recognized nor understood, and they attained by this association an enduring, if unenviable, fame. No one, for example, would know to-day that the *British Review* ever existed if it had not been referred to in "Don Juan" as "My Grandmother's Review, the British"; still less would any one be aware of the fact that its editor was named Roberts, if Byron had not written a letter to that gentleman, which is still most excellent and amusing reading.

That Keats was hurried to his untimely death by vulgar articles in the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's* is one of the firmest of literary traditions. They had, as a matter of fact, little or no effect upon Keats, who took them with sensible and undisturbed contempt. The cruel disease which killed Keats was not the work of critics, but of nature. Byron, however, who had written abominably about Keats in his private letters, took the view that the critics had driven him to his death, and then wrote, "Review people have no more right to kill than any other footpads." He followed this up by the famous and flippant lines in "Don Juan":

> 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Then Shelley, who admired Keats, came to his defense, as he had come to his assistance in other ways, with all the warmth and generosity of which he was so largely capable. He wrote "Adonais," the greatest poem on the death of a friend which the language can show, greater even than "Lycidas" or "In Memoriam," and there he said:

> Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
> Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
> Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!

thus sending the reviewer and the *Quarterly* down to an assured, if unattractive, immortality. Byron and Shelley fixed the popular belief in the effect of the criticism upon Keats, and so final is the word of genius that historical facts contend in vain against it, and the worthless reviews and the *Quarterly* and the

magazine which carried them became fixed in literary history. As the world persisted in accepting the tradition about Keats, a distorted knowledge of the reviews of those days has necessarily gone with it.

Then came Jeffrey, a man of very different caliber from the vulgar nobodies who told Keats "to go back to his gallipots." Jeffrey was a good critic; he wrote well, although it is to be suspected that the three volumes of his essays are little read now. In 1820 he wrote of Keats in a way which showed that he detected the great genius long before it was generally perceived. But in his review of Wordsworth's "Excursion" he began with the famous sentence, "This will never do," and those four words have become proverbial as proof of the ignorance and fatuity of critics. It is an easy way to dispose of literary criticism, which in the hands of the masters is one of the finest, best, and most suggestive of all forms of literature, by recalling that Jeffrey said of the "Excursion," "This will never do." The remark is commonly made by persons who know, or think that they know, what they like, who mistake liking for criticism, and who probably have never read the "Excursion." If they had, while they would not agree probably with Byron's verses:

> A drowsy, frouzy poem called the "Excursion,"
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion,

they would nevertheless see that there was an element of truth in Jeffrey's sentence and that the remarks which followed it were not unworthy of consideration.

In the same or in even coarser ways than those employed with Keats, did the reviewers deal with Coleridge and Lamb, with Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt; in a word, with practically all the geniuses and all the men of real literary talent of that period, whom the world still remembers and loves. This gave to the critical Reviews born at the beginning of the nineteenth century an importance in later times much above their merits, but it also created at the moment conditions highly favorable to the success of the American venture, which may be fairly compared with and tested by its contemporaries. We are apt to associate the English quarterlies and magazines, in their first twenty-five years, with Macaulay, and Carlyle, and in a less degree, with Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Hazlitt. But prolific as were all these men, and imposing as was the work of the first two, it is well to remember that however much char-

acter they gave in their time to periodical writing, they really contributed but a small part of the many printed pages which came forth every quarter or every month.

Most of those pages at best were the work of writers like Brougham, Croker, and Southey, now quite unread, but as a rule were produced by men whose very names and existence are wholly and justly forgotten. If we compare the early numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW with its English prototypes and contemporaries, we shall find, after setting aside Carlyle, Macaulay, and Hazlitt, that the average work in THE NORTH AMERICAN was quite up to if not beyond the level of the average of like work in England. It was certainly more sober and more decent, for it never descended to the brutal violence of "Christopher North" or to the vulgar personalities of the reviewers of Keats. Published in the neighborhood of our oldest university, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW drew to its pages not only the best and most serious writers in the country, but all that we possessed of scholarship, and although we had comparatively few scholars in those days, yet there was both honest scholarship and genuine learning at the service of THE REVIEW. So it came to pass that THE REVIEW prospered in a modest way and attained to a high position of dignity and authority in our little world of letters to which, and to American literature, it rendered real service in the days when such service was sorely needed. The degree of its authority is shown by the remark of Dr. Holmes, that the mere omission of any notice of *Morton's Hope* in THE NORTH AMERICAN was a heavy blow to the first novel by Motley, who was destined later to such eminence as an historian. Its reputation, moreover, extended beyond the borders of the United States. Wordsworth in a letter to Lord Lonsdale, in 1827, says that the best article upon the Reform Bill which he had seen was one in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, although he did not approve the writer's doctrines and principles. Wordsworth was no lover of reviews and magazines, and usually spoke of them with dislike and contempt. What he says, therefore, coming at about the time of Sydney Smith's famous question, "Who reads an American book?" is of interest, for it shows that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was not only read in England, but had acquired there a recognized standing and reputation.

I have said thus much about the origin of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the atmosphere into which it was born, and the position to which it attained in our literature and as

an influence upon public opinion, because only in this way could I explain what it meant to me when I became connected with it. As a boy I grew to be familiar with its external appearance, with the quiet light-brown or grayish color of its covers, for it was constantly before my eyes upon the library table or in the hands of its readers. It was one of the household institutions. But even to a boy inclined to read any printed words, it offered nothing of interest. There were neither stories nor pictures within its sober leaves. I looked upon it as a grave and solemn work in which only grown-up persons could possibly be interested, but I had a dim, respectful feeling for it as representing very serious and important things. I doubt if I ever read a page of THE REVIEW before I went to college, and not many, even then; but the reverential sentiment which one feels for an institution intertwined with all one's life and memories never deserted me whenever I thought of THE NORTH AMERICAN, as it was familiarly called.

Thus it fell out that when, after I had returned from Europe in 1872 and had spent a dreary year in studying the origins of Anglo-Saxon law among the Teutonic tribes, which did not do much to satisfy certain vague literary aspirations then floating through my mind, the offer of the assistant-editorship of THE NORTH AMERICAN, made to me by Mr. Henry Adams, came as a splendid surprise of the very first magnitude. I can only describe this event, so momentous to me, by repeating what I said of it in a volume of Reminiscences which I published rather more than a year ago:

> Then one day Henry Adams, who had recently returned from Europe, appeared at luncheon; and afterwards, as I was walking down with him to take the wagon for Lynn, he told me that he had accepted the editorship of THE NORTH AMERICAN and wished me to be his assistant editor. I have had since that summer morning in 1873 my share of rewards and honors, more, very likely, than I have deserved; but nothing has ever come to me which gave me such joy as that offer from Henry Adams. I know the exact spot on the road where he made the announcement to me, and I can see the familiar scene as it looked upon that eventful day. I came home, my heart swelling with pride and with a feeling of intense relief, for it seemed to me that the darkness in which I had been groping had suddenly lifted and that at last I could see my way to doing something. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, then a quarterly, old, famous, and respected, appeared to me, who had always looked at its pages with distant awe, one of the most important publications in the world. To be connected with it, to have a chance to write for it, was a dazzling

prospect which I had never dreamed would open to me, except possibly after long years. Now I was to be one of its editors. I trod on air as I walked, and the whole world was changed.

As to what I did, what my work was in my new position, I must quote again from my *Early Memories*, for I do not think that I could put the little story any better if I were to try to reword it here:

My duties on THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW began at once. I read manuscripts and proof and aided Mr. Adams in every way in preparing each number for the press. I learned much in this manner from my chief's instruction as to methods of criticism and also as to style. Very early in my apprenticeship I remember his handing to me an article by an eminent local historian and antiquary, and saying: "We shall print this article, of course, but I wish you to go over it and strike out all superfluous words, and especially all needless adjectives." I faithfully performed my task and found, to my surprise, when I had finished, that, without changing or cutting down the article, I had shortened it by several pages. It was a valuable lesson. At the same time I received much more important and much more direct instruction than this. Like most beginners, I was prone to write long and involved sentences. Mr. Adams insisted that the very first step was to learn to write clearly, in short and simple sentences, and that when that difficulty had been mastered the greater and finer art of ornament and of choosing words, wherein one's ideal is never attained, would follow. He sent me to Swift to study simplicity of style as well as force and energy of expression, because these qualities are exhibited in the highest degree by that great master of English prose. He encouraged me to write critical notices for THE REVIEW, but was very severe when it came to the question of acceptance. My first article, about a page in length, which attained the honor of publication, was a critical notice of Baxmann's *History of the Popes*. I rewrote it eight times before it passed muster. It looks very dry and abrupt to me now, but I can see that it was at least clear, and that no one could fail to understand the sentences or what I was trying to say. I went on writing critical notices, some quite elaborate and involving much work, but three years elapsed before I rose to the dignity of a leading article. The appearance of my essay upon Alexander Hamilton in 1876 was another epoch in my life, and I wish I could again feel about anything the glow of pride which filled my being when the number containing it appeared.

I am aware that this passage which I have just quoted from my own book tells chiefly, as was appropriate, of course, in its original place, about the effect upon me and my fortunes of helping to edit THE REVIEW and does not say much about

THE REVIEW itself. And yet I do not know that there is much more to be said. Mr. Adams was a very able editor. THE REVIEW under his control more than maintained the high position which it had held for so many years. But the day of the quarterly, in the United States at least, had come to an end. In England the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, perhaps one or two others, have continued. They still have there a small but steady constituency who like quarterlies and who cling to the old traditions. They still have men of learning, accomplishment, and high training, who are willing to give much labor and time to writing long and serious articles in the best manner, and for what is in these days a very small remuneration. The quarterlies born in the first quarter of the nineteenth century belong to the days of the stage-coach and the post-road. Everything then was more deliberate, and the quarterly suited the period. To the vital change effected by the railroad and the telegraph, to the quickening of life which they brought with them, we in America were more responsive and more susceptible than the English, whose fashion we had followed in the matter of the quarterly reviews, as in other more important things.

So it came to pass that, when the United States was celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of our National Independence, it was quite apparent that there was no hope of profit in a quarterly, and it was also painfully evident that many of the best writers could not write for us when so much better rewards awaited them in the great monthly illustrated magazines then reaching their zenith of prosperity and popularity. To the publishers the situation was practically serious, and Mr. Adams and I quite understood and approved their action when they sold THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. Thereupon my connection with THE REVIEW, except as an occasional contributor, terminated, but not my interest in its fortunes. With its adventures subsequent to that time I have nothing to do and, of course, nothing to tell. Since I ceased to be an editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there have been many great changes in human life and environment. The steamship, the railroad, and the telegraph, which made a new world for the quarterlies of the stage-coach and post-road days, are still with us, developed beyond the wildest dreams of their inventors, and yet have been so long a part of our daily life as to seem never to have had a youth or a beginning. To them have been added the motor-car, the telephone,

the wireless message, and the aeroplane. The quickening of life by steam and electricity, which began less than a century ago, has thus been constantly accelerated. We are farther removed than ever from the days when the quarterly reviews burst upon an interested world. Forty years ago they were thought too slow for a community which demanded their current literature at least once a month. Now we live in a time when apparently people wish to have a newspaper fresh from the press during every hour of daylight, so that we are treated to afternoon editions which appear before noon is reached. Yet THE NORTH AMERICAN survives, more frequent in publication than at the outset, but more vigorous than ever. Best of all, after many wanderings and in these days of haste and hurry, the restoration of the qualities which gave it its old position has been found possible, and the criticism of literature and the purely literary articles have returned to its pages, where they were once thought to be fatal to popularity and to sale. To those who are interested in American literature and letters, this is encouraging in a direction where encouragement is much needed, and should be a matter for congratulation to all who care to see serious subjects seriously and ably treated, whose intellectual appetities are not wholly satisfied by pictures, and who would not have literature forgotten in a great periodical review. It is an especial satisfaction to one who, like myself, has a personal affection for our century-old REVIEW, and who cannot even repeat the name without calling up some happy memories from a past which now seems very distant in this fast-moving if not always-improving world.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

If Gustave Flaubert is, as Mr. Henry James informs us, the novelist's novelist, surely Mr. James himself is the critic's critic. To read Mr. James on Flaubert, or on Balzac, or on D'Annunzio is to know one of the most prostrating of spiritual experiences: a realization of the futility of competition. To all those who may be called upon, or who may feel moved, some day to write about, for instance, the novels of Signor D'Annunzio, we would say: avoid as a literary upas-tree Mr. James's essay on the subject. We do not mean to imply that Mr. James has "done" Signor D'Annunzio once and for all—so completely that the author of *Il Fuoco*, as a "case," can offer no new aspect or surface to the inquiring student of contemporary letters. Conceivably there are phases of Signor D'Annunzio's case that Mr. James has left unconsidered; but only those who have not read Mr. James's report of what is apparently one of the most engrossing of his "cases" will be able, we imagine, to attempt with any comfort a supplementary examination. For the critic, "the great feast-days of all," as he confidingly tells us, "are those much interspaced occasions of his really meeting a 'case'—as he soon enough learns to call . . . any supremely contributive or determinant party to the critical question." One does not light-heartedly undertake that which has already been superlatively accomplished; and when Mr. James has met and wreaked himself upon a "case," he is likely to have established a critical proprietorship over it for a discouragingly indefinite term. To read him at his best is to experience a complex emotion. Your delight in the *bravura* of the thing—the superb and sustained virtuosity of the whole critical performance—is embittered by the dejected realization that any performance less dazzlingly achieved will seem very tame and unadventurous indeed. "The critic's critic" we have chosen to call him: for it is not likely

[1] *Notes on Novelists*, by Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1915.

that any but those unhappy beings who have practised this funambulatory art will perceive the triumphant nature of Mr. James's accomplishment. The others will not know (fortunately for us) that he makes our most anxious efforts at delicacy of discrimination and justness of characterization seem bald and trite; they will not envy his "curious, various, inquisitive, always active employment of language as a means of communication and representation" (the phrases are those he uses in praise of D'Annunzio, but they are truer even of himself); they will inevitably do less than justice to an incomparable master of an exacting and perilous art.

To praise Henry James the critic as, in certain regards, the master of us all, is not, however, to exhibit him as a model for the adolescent practitioner. But in saying this we have no intention of implying that the forbidding legend which Mr. James long ago became has any considerable validity. The legendary James is not merely a caricature, but a falsification. The Jacobean legend postulates a forbidding and solemn creature, ponderously convolvulate in cerebration and wilfully opaque in speech—as grotesque a distortion as contemporaneous misunderstanding can show. Doubtless the legend will survive, to the inextinguishable amusement, one hopes, of the illustrious victim himself; certainly to the mild exasperation of those who have perceived the veritable personality behind the distorting haze of fable. For these, the *Notes on Novelists* is a particularly cheering corroboration. The high spirits, the bubbling vivacity, the incorrigible playfulness, of the authentic James are manifest upon page after page. As for the notion that Mr. James is prevailingly esoteric in thought and deliberately recondite in utterance, it is difficult to imagine its persistence in the face of these anxiously lucid and often forthright studies. Indeed, we observe Mr. James in many passages of this remarkable book so pathetically solicitous, as it seems, to straighten the line of communication between his thought and the reader's that the habit of colloquialism that has been growing on him of late years finds issue in a slanginess that is unabashed and, to tell the truth, a little disconcerting—not because one entertains any pious horror of slang *per se*, but because Mr. James is far from being terribly at ease in the colloquialistic Zion. His dalliance with the language in its uncorseted state is often as disturbing to those who read him with fondness as it must be hilariously welcome to the irreverent and the ribald—provoking in the consciousness of those for whom the satirical mood survives an unsuppressible

memory of youthful excitement over the acrobatic antics of certain stately denizens of the jungle. As he himself might say, he does not always, in his colloquial flings, "get away with it." There is a relatively unadventurous use of the colloquial, to be sure, which endures with comparative docility the embraces of Mr. James's naturally chaste and high-bred muse. When we read that "the new novel" is "up and doing," for example, we have not a word to say in deprecation. When we find him speaking of Thackeray's "look-in" at the acquaintance between Arthur Pendennis and Fanny Bolton, we are aware of misgivings. When he speaks of certain unspecified Victorian novelists as being "shamelessly 'dodgy,'" we are both unedified and unillumined (for this mysterious but meritorious term is doubtless a flower of British soil). But when, in the middle of a noble and eloquent passage in his study of "'The Novel in 'The Ring and the Book,'" Mr. James tells us that he will be hanged if such and such a statement isn't true, we yield him, with a patibulary gesture as unremorseful as his own, to the derision of the mob. We dislike to speculate upon the probable outcome of this tendency in Mr. James. Some might allege that it is prophylactic in its effect upon Mr. James's own style; others might say that it is useful in persuading the unregenerate anti-Jacobites to approach him with a warming consciousness of solidarity. But will Mr. James know when and where to stop? As we see it, he is heading straight for that literary Coney Island wherein he may some day achieve the joyous speech of the most care-free of its revelers, and we shall find him reporting to us of a supposititious occurrence in something like these inspired terms of a contemporary journalistic historian: "Widow trying to cop cop, cops cop on his cocoa."

But this is to magnify a mole-hill. We have chosen to emphasize this amusing phase of his later writings rather to offset the usual familiar complaint of his Brahminical aspect than because it is a matter of much consequence. It would be critical perfidy of an unforgivable kind to interpose any obstacle in the way of the casual reader's approach to this extraordinary sheaf of studies—the most stimulating, the most rewarding that English literary criticism has yielded us in many a day. These eighteen essays, ranging amply from Balzac to Stevenson, from D'Annunzio to Arnold Bennett, from Dumas to Mrs. Wharton, are as full of meat, of substance, as they will hold. They are richer in "fundamental brain-stuff"—as Rossetti called it—than any body of English criticism since Arnold's. And how

superb they are in "handling"—how incontestably that of a master is Mr. James's technique! From page to page he keeps us intrigued by the long and firm yet delicate line of his thought, the triumphant felicity of his characterization, the recurrent eloquence, charm, wit of his expression, that often glows into a golden beauty of surface; that can be gravely noble—as in the finale of the essay on "The Ring and the Book"; or memorably simple and tender—as in the close of the loving appreciation of Stevenson; that is always, even in its lapses and its indiscretions, the expression of a great master of English prose. Mr. James suffers from his own superabundance and fertility of cerebration. In the flood of ideas which continually possesses him, despite the checks and safeguards, the restraining and modifying levees and dams which he is for ever providing, he not infrequently gives us the sense of his being—to use one of his own phrases—rather more than "up to his chin." His utterance is often impetuous at the expense of precision and effectiveness. He is no self-conscious obscurantist, no solemn mystifier. On the contrary, there is something contagiously youthful—an incorrigible impetuosity and exuberance and fullness of life—in the Jacobean psychology. He is often unheedful, pouring forth his torrent of thought and feeling with too little regard for the course it is to take and the obstacles it is to amass in its own path. If he were less than one of the indubitable immortals, we should venture the impiety of saying that Mr. James would benefit by a little friendly editing.

We have called him an incomparable master of the art of criticism; and incomparable he indisputably is in respect of inquisitiveness and discernment, a scrupulousness that is exquisite and perpetual, a literary conscience without parallel for sensitive and anxious probity, a spirit from which compromise and vulgarity, bitterness and excess, seem equally remote. Here, in short, is an artist who, practising a craft that peculiarly invites to intellectual and spiritual betrayals, still keeps himself "unspotted from the world."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ORIGINS AND DESTINY OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN. By the late J. A. CRAMB, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1915.

When we permit ourselves really to think about the world-tragedy now being enacted upon the European stage, when we attempt in all earnestness of spirit to realize its full awfulness and to catch a glimpse of its true significance, the effort probably reduces us, in most cases, to a state of intellectual humility. What we crave, then, is the steadying effect of elemental truth, of eternal verity, if any there be. We are no longer in a mood, therefore, to be enraptured by grandiose generalizations, however inspiring and inwardly logical. Such, perhaps, is the reaction upon thoughtful people, not only in England but throughout the world, of what L. P. Jacks in a recent article in the *Yale Review* appropriately calls "the real thing." Hence it may be doubted that Professor Cramb's *Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain* any longer expresses, as a whole, a generally acceptable point of view. The work is a reprint of a course of lectures delivered in May, June, and July, 1900—lectures immediately inspired, we are told, by the war in South Africa. With regard to that unpleasant struggle England may have felt the need of stimulation, of philosophic assurances, of the sense of profound and ultimate justifications. Emphatically she feels no such need now.

To the scientific historians and to the critics of events who are moved by the impartial scientific spirit, we may turn nowadays with intellectual sympathy, if with no exalted hope. Professor Cramb's book, however, belongs not to the scientific, but to the prophetic order of literature: it is either inspiring or else wholly unconvincing. If the author's point of view be found congenial, if it be accepted as in the last analysis the only completely satisfying point of view, then plenty of historic confirmation for it will be found, impressively massed, in the book which it informs. But if the fundamental assumption be questioned, then the book will be found rather empty of proof; to read it will be like reading the Old Testament with a want of faith in the Hebrew conception of the Lord God of Battles. The style of the treatise reflects its spirit; it is dithyrambic. Indeed, in its emotional use of thick-swarming historic allusions, and in its luxuriance of metaphor, it sometimes comes perilously near to "hifalutin,"—a fault

from which it is saved, however, by genuine learning, real intellectual vigor, and evident sincerity. It may be said, perhaps, that if John Richard Green had been an extreme philosophical imperialist, he might have written like this.

From a work couched in a style that is at once highly poetic and a trifle pedantic, it is a little difficult to deduce definite general principles. Professor Cramb's view of history appears to be in a high degree romantic; it is one more exaltation of "the flux." Empires, it would seem, are forces of nature, and as such are very great and worshipful things. Tracing the characteristics of ancient and medieval empires, the author finds the British Empire greater and more ideal than any one of the past: "In Britain a mode of imperialism which may be described as democratic displays itself—a mode which in human history is rarely encountered, and never save at crises and fraught with consequences memorable to all time." The mission of imperial Britain is "to bring to the peoples of the earth beneath her sway the larger freedom and the higher justice; the world has known none fairer, none more exalted, since that for which Godfrey and Richard fought, for which Barbarossa and St. Louis died."

Empires and nations being such as they are, the laws of their being are somewhat, though perhaps not wholly, different from those governing individual conduct. "The orbit described by the life of the State is of a wider and mightier sweep than the orbit of the separate life." The author suggests that "the laws which regulate the actions or the sufferings of States, as such, have too peremptorily been assumed to be by nature, and the ground plan of the universe identical with the laws of individual life, its actions, or its sufferings, and that it is something of a *petitio principii*, in the present state of our knowledge, to judge the one by standards applicable only to the other." In the sentences just quoted the word *sufferings*, be it observed, is used with intention. It is thus used by the author in preparation for the enunciation of his "Law of Tragedy as Applied to History." And it is in the upholding of this law that Professor Cramb really takes his definite plunge into romanticism. The laws governing the morality of empires, he tells us in effect, are to be looked for not within the realm of our ordinary ethical instincts, but rather in the domain of art; in art, and in history read with artistic insight, we may find adumbrations, faint but sufficient, of the guiding principles that we are seeking. In the lives of nations, as in the lives of men, there is occasionally revealed an influence analogous to that ascribed to tragedy—a purification of the soul through compassion and terror. In its hour of agony, a nation, like a man, may achieve a more intense self-consciousness, a deeper spiritual insight. This newer consciousness, this deeper insight, become henceforth its law. The more exalted ideal which the nation has conceived in the depths of suffering, it now pursues "unalterably, unswervingly, as if swept on by a law of Nature." The destiny of the nation thus acquires a sort of spiritual warrant, in view

of which it were pusillanimous to complain of the noble sufferings—petty to cavil at the apparent infractions of a minor moral code—which the fulfilment of this destiny may entail. In the last resort it is the element of tragedy, with its spiritually purifying effect and its heart-shaking grandeur, which supplies the meaning and justification of the whole human struggle. The view of things roughly sketched above, the author presses home with real eloquence and with something of the strange gift which romantic thinkers often possess of rousing in us emotions that seem deeper and broader than the ordinary, of appealing to the instinct in human nature for the morally grandiose.

After this it is not surprising to find in subsequent chapters an eloquent glorification of war and a fervent defense of militarism, including compulsory service, as not out of harmony with the ideals or the essential qualities of the English people. That there are trenchant half-truths and real insights in Professor Cramb's work no one who has honestly admitted to himself the profound appeal of the kind of thinking in which the author indulges will be inclined to deny. But somehow the hour seems peculiarly inauspicious for such impassioned system-building as is represented by *Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain*. The world is now face to face with "the real thing," and will draw such conclusions as it must; it is waiting, in a spirit not exactly equivalent to joy, to see what those conclusions will be. To the critical reader who is sobered rather than impassioned by the tragic terror of the time it may seem, perhaps, that Professor Cramb is as idealistically ferocious as Nietzsche, rather less reasonable, on the whole, than Treitschke. Such a reader will be inclined to feel a trifle chilled by a treatise that seems to hold up as the highest ideal the extension of—may one say English *Kultur*?—to the ends of the earth.

THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE. By FRAU FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE, translated by PAUL V. COHN. Volume II. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company, 1915.

Whatever may be the ultimate verdict upon Nietzsche's philosophy as a whole, few who are capable of forming an opinion upon the subject would nowadays deny him the distinction that is due to an acute and tremendously earnest thinker. Through an almost uncanny psychological insight and through a ruthless sincerity—a sincerity sometimes as trying to the soul as is martyrdom to the body—he gained the power to make the world stop and think, to make it consider, at least, a revision of its most cherished values. His influence, like that of Tolstoi, with whom in most respects he stands in so sharp a contrast, is due in no small part to his whole-souled devotion to what he conceived as the cause of truth—a devotion that gives to his character something of a saint-like aura. For, agreeing with him

or not, most of us know very well that we lack the capacity and the courage for the kind of soul-struggle he endured. Judged by the standards of ordinary, contented human superficiality, thinkers such as he seem as heroic as True Thomas, who "won his spurs in the Middle World a thousand fathoms beneath the mold," where ordinary human weapons and ordinary human courage would not suffice. Because of the element of keen, painful sincerity in his writing, if for no other reason, it seems that the influence and teachings of Nietzsche may in the long run make for intellectual health.

Happily, too, the superficially contemptuous view of Nietzsche as a man is passing. It is no longer possible to read into his character a brutality and arrogance deduced from the effect upon tender-minded readers of his extremer doctrines. We know now that the conceiver of the Superman was himself among the gentlest of mankind, sensitive, kindly, joy-loving. Nor is it any longer reasonable to look upon his pessimism as purely pathological; rather it has become increasingly necessary to regard Nietzsche's doctrine as the product of exceptional intellect rather than of abnormal temperament.

For the fullest and most authentic portrayal of the man as he was mentally and temperamentally, one turns, of course, to the *Life* written by his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche. It is a book that one reads with alternate pleasure and irritation. Now and then—often, indeed—Frau Förster-Nietzsche tells us exactly what we want to know about the great man who was her brother, but her story of the later and more significant part of Nietzsche's career—the story told in Volume II of the *Life*—is so involved in intrigues and suspicions of intrigues, so beclouded with an atmosphere of contentiousness, that the reader feels not only that he is being kept from a knowledge of Nietzsche, but that he is absorbing ideas positively hostile to a true understanding of the man. The quarrel with Wagner, indeed, is a matter of some human significance. For this there were big, fundamental reasons —reasons such as those which resulted in the quarrel between Tolstoi and Turgenieff; though from Count Ilya Tolstoi's account of the latter affair one receives somehow an impression of greater dignity than one does from Frau Förster-Nietzsche's discussion of the former. But the rest is all petty; it is a story of jealousies, of whisperings behind the back, of indiscreet letters, of misunderstandings. What may have been the true motives of such persons as the Overbecks, Dr. Rée, Fräulein Lou Salomé, and the rest, just what moral and intellectual value should be assigned to each of these persons when compared with Nietzsche—one despairs of knowing, and one does not greatly care to know: for if anything is certain it is that Nietzsche himself never knew. No doubt the facts, rather than the biographer, are to blame for this result, but the result is none the less unpleasant. What it all amounts to is that Nietzsche, as his ideas developed and his writings became more radical, lost, one by one, most of his friends and admirers; and this solitude of his is in itself dignified and pathetic.

Of the man's mode of thought we learn no more, perhaps, than we may learn directly from the perusal of his works. For the interpretation of ideas and of their connotations, Frau Förster-Nietzsche seems to have no very special gift. In one or two cases, indeed—as in her attempt to define exactly the relation of Nietzsche's conception of the Superman to the theory of evolution—the impression she leaves upon the reader's mind is a little blurred. But she does give us numerous clear and lifelike impressions of her brother as a man.

In these the quality that stands out most strongly is a kind of exalted devotion to philosophy—a devotion that eventually made the man almost a hermit. What he suffered in the consistent development of his ideas is made sufficiently manifest, yet it is made equally clear that there was in his life far less of gloom and weariness than the current conception of him as an extreme and temperamental pessimist might lead one to expect. Nietzsche, it is true, was sometimes a prey to depression—a fact not to be wondered at in view of his chronic ill-health and his frequent bitter disappointments. But in spite of these unfavorable conditions he seems to have had at nearly all times in his life an unusual capacity for heartfelt happiness. "I have just got up after a very severe attack," he wrote from Genoa, in November, 1880; "hardly has the pain been shaken off two days, but my foolish brain is once more in pursuit of incredible objects. I do not think that any attic-dweller has seen more lovely and desirable things lit up by the dawn of the day." Speaking of his life as a whole, his sister writes: "A few more favorable circumstances—above all, a little circle of intelligent disciples to take up his new doctrines and assist him in his tremendous labors—were all that was needed to make him the happiest man that ever lived. And perhaps, in spite of all, he was the happiest"—a judgment that cannot well be questioned merely on the basis of impressions derived from the tone of his works.

In the *Life*, too, we learn to know a little of the warmer, social side of Nietzsche's character. It is pleasant to read of how casual acquaintances contended for the privilege of sitting beside him at meals in order to enjoy the cheering stimulus of his conversation. It is pleasant, too, to read of his liking for pious women—a liking that was always heartily returned—and of his chivalry toward the unfortunate. "Stories are still told," writes his sister, "of his politeness toward women to whom no one else showed any kindness. His tenderness toward invalid women can best be seen from the evidence of those concerned. That pious, distinguished, invalid Englishwoman whom my brother met in Sils-Maria gave me a touching account of the delicate attentions he paid her, and of how he always prevented the conversation from turning upon his philosophy. In the end he implored her almost with tears not to read his books."

It has been more or less usual to hint that the insanity which darkened the last years of Nietzsche's life was but the logical outcome of his mental development, and even to cite passages from letters

written after this misfortune befell him, as if they were in some way indicative of his normal nature. The *Life* makes it plain that Nietzsche's lifelong ill-health was due to a cause no more psychical than excessive eye-strain, resulting in violent headaches, nausea, and nervous exhaustion. Since it was not known during his lifetime that eye-strain might produce these effects, his ailment was wrongly diagnosed and went unrelieved. The final catastrophe, for which excessive mental work no doubt prepared the way, was immediately caused, it appears, by an overdose of some unidentified narcotic taken to overcome insomnia. This caused partial paralysis and the mental affection from which Nietzsche never fully recovered.

Nietzsche has suffered, perhaps, more than most other philosophers from a kind of *odium theologicum*. The reading of the *Life* tends to dispel prejudice. The man is great enough in intellect and character to gain rather than to lose in our estimation as the result of our closer knowledge of him.

On the Cosmic Relations. By Henry Holt. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Whether or not the reader of Mr. Holt's two-volume treatise, on the mystery of the soul's relation to the universe, will find his patience amply rewarded will depend very largely upon the extent to which he has already satisfied his curiosity about the strange phenomena brought to light by psychic research. If one hasn't a virgin curiosity, then one must have an unusually robust and catholic scientific interest—as the testimony of most psychic investigators tends to show.

Now this is unfortunate, for the first part of Mr. Holt's work is decidedly interesting in point of view and invigorating in spirit. "Of course," writes the author in his preface, "no one could sanely undertake an exhaustive treatment of the subject indicated by the title of this book." Very true! But this is no obstacle to our interest. On the contrary, our curiosity is whetted by the admission. Moreover, we sympathize heartily with the gallantry of such an attack as Mr. Holt's upon the so-called Unknowable. We are even ready to concur without argument in the author's outright adoption of the "Mind-Stuff" theory—the assumption that in each particle of the primordial star-dust there existed a germ of consciousness. This assumption, doubtless, is no more objectionable than any other that we might make, and, as William James pointed out, it is required by evolutionary psychology. Mr. Holt's vigor of thought, the reasonable optimism which pervades his writing, his style—familiar, witty, logical, and frank—attract and stimulate us.

What the author shows us in the introductory part of his treatise is, in effect, that we are justified in speculating about the Unknowable; that, indeed, speculations about what transcends our

present knowledge have more than one kind of value. To begin with, the feeling that we are definitely limited as to our beliefs and our conjectures is to many minds almost as deadening as is a positive assertion of old-fashioned materialism. As Mr. Holt remarks: "Without a large consciousness of the universe beyond our knowledge, few men, if any, have done great things. The consciousness may have been mingled with dark and cruel superstitions, but it has been effective in spite of them. Even poor Napoleon had it, and if his age had not been enough like ours to afford him but a niggard supply, he might not have been the pitiable failure he was." Moreover, there is proof enough, or sufficient suggestion of proof in the way of analogy, to make one feel not only that an unknown universe is all about us, crowding in upon us and perhaps affecting us in ways of which we are not aware, but that an increased knowledge of it may lie not so very far ahead of us in the course of evolution. So far forth, Mr. Holt's reasoning strikes the normally tender-minded reader as wholesome and cheering. It runs parallel with certain profound instincts, and it does not run counter to scientific knowledge.

But in the second part of the treatise a change gradually comes over the spirit of one's dream. This second part, which is by far the larger, is devoted to a systematic exposition of the sifted evidence for psychic phenomena obtained by earnest and competent researchers. At first one succeeds in preserving a mood of cheerfulness. Mr. Holt's own youthful observation of a case of telekinesis (if that is the right word for making a music-stand tip by merely applying one's fingers to the upper surface) is interesting and convincing. D. D. Home, the earliest of the classical line of mediums, is a picturesque and somewhat entertaining person to read about. There is a good deal of human interest in the author's account of Stainton Moses. Nevertheless, the feeling grows upon the reader that, whatever may be the possibilities suggested by all this evidence of strange human powers, the evidence itself is just the reverse of cheerful and wholesome in its effect. Curiosity is soon satisfied, and its place is taken by a sense of monotony, of futility, or even of repugnance. Perhaps it is that the phenomena described have too close an affinity with those of the madhouse; at any rate, it is difficult to connect them with one's higher hopes. Mr. Holt sifts the facts patiently; he makes them as humanly interesting and as little depressing as their nature permits. Of course the difficulty of drawing anything like certain conclusions from a mass of data so conflicting, so liable to errors of observation or of interpretation, is admittedly enormous. Mr. Holt argues for the "evidential" nature of certain manifestations as plausibly and sensibly at least as has any other.

On the whole, the most interesting parts of the work are the author's personal testimonies and speculations, as witness the following passage on the ever-fascinating subject of dreams: "Even although on nights when I have those [elaborate] dreams my sleep

is somewhat interrupted, and I need a great deal, I find myself, after not over five or six hours of it in the aggregate, without the slightest indication, even in response to a rough physiological test, of having used up any brain tissue in constructing the dream, but feeling rather as if I had been supplied with more than I took to bed: I usually get up bright and cheerful, without the slightest sense of fatigue, after nights in which I experience architecture and bric-à-brac that in quantity and quality represent in one night dozens of lifetimes of work for great artists, and I am no artist at all. Plainly, I don't do that work. Who does?"—with much more that is similarly thought-provoking, if not wholly convincing.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEN. By EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1915.

The lectures which compose Professor Conklin's book were given at Northwestern University in February, 1914, on the Norman W. Harris Foundation. To any one who does not shrink from a moderate amount of technicality the book will prove most illuminating; to such a reader, Professor Conklin's treatment of his subject will have the merit of being sufficiently technical to be really clear.

The first chapter of the treatise consists of a lucid and adequately thorough description of the phenomena of development, including the development of the body and that of the mind. In dealing with the theoretic difficulties of the latter topic, Professor Conklin shows a philosophic insight unclouded by preoccupation with scientific details. "The statement that mind develops from the germ," he writes, "is not an affirmation of materialism, for while it identifies the origin of the entire individual, mind and body, with the development of the germ, it does not assert that 'matter' is the cause of 'mind' either in the germ or in the adult. It must not be forgotten that germ-cells are living things, and that we go no further in associating the beginnings of mind with the beginnings of body in the germ than we do in associating mind and body in the adult." Here and elsewhere it is Professor Conklin's ability to take the broader view of his subject, without awkwardness or indefiniteness, which keeps the reader in the attitude of satisfied attention.

The cellular basis of heredity forms the subject of a chapter in which processes are described with necessary detail. Through the complexities of the phenomena of inheritance the author, in his third chapter, pilots his readers with remarkable skill, explaining the methods of Galton and of Mendel, and discussing the modern modifications and extensions of Mendelian principles. In the next division of his work, Professor Conklin treats fully of the influence of environment, making especially clear the precise scientific reasons for disbelieving in the inheritance of acquired characteristics and the distinction between

these and the so-called "induction" effects, which may be carried over to the generation succeeding the one first affected without, however, becoming hereditary.

In the discussion of eugenics, to which the fifth chapter of his book is devoted, Professor Conklin shows himself eminently sane. While emphasizing the tremendous value of good inheritance as compared with any other factor of development, he points out with convincing effect the folly of the wholesale measures of sterilization advocated by some crusaders in the cause of eugenics, and the unwisdom of trying to lay down rules for human mating. "After all," he remarks, in the course of a discussion in which he fully recognizes the value of such methods as are really feasible, "in the choosing of mates a combination of instinct and intelligence is probably the safest guide. Our instincts, built up through long ages, are generally adaptive and useful, and if they be guided by reason the result is apt to be better than if either instinct or reason act alone."

Especially enlightening is Professor Conklin's discussion of genetics and ethics in the concluding chapter of his work. His pronouncement upon the question of determinism and responsibility expresses with decisive clearness the normal attitude of the modern scientist and scientific philosopher. "Man," writes Professor Conklin, "has been regarded as a 'free agent' or a mere 'automaton,' absolutely free or absolutely bound, wholly indeterminate or wholly predetermined. But these extreme views are unreal, unscientific, and unjustifiable, for they contradict the facts of experience. We have the assurance of experience that we are not absolutely free nor absolutely bound, but that we are partly free and partly bound; the alternatives are not merely freedom *or* determinism, but rather freedom *and* determinism."

For those who desire real knowledge of the important subjects of heredity and environment, Professor Conklin's book is emphatically the one to read. In hardly another treatise can be found so clear, shapely, and relatively simple an outline of the essential scientific facts, or so sound and inclusive a view of what the facts humanly signify.

The Songs of Kabir. Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

From one point of view the poet Kabir, of whose verses Rabindranath Tagore has made the first popular English translation, is a personality worthy of respectful interest. He was of the type of true teachers, fearless, and in his way clear-sighted, seeing beyond creeds and forms; his was the sort of spirit to which men turn in search of freedom for the soul and reconcilement with life. Like other men of this type at its best, there was in him a large element of sweet reasonableness and sanity. Born in or near Benares, of Mohammedan parents, probably about the year 1440, he became in early life a disciple of the celebrated Hindu ascetic Ramananda. Ramananda's own

teachings expressed a reaction against formalism and against the intense intellectualism, the exaggerated monism, of the Vedanta philosophy. Kabir, however, went further than his master in his conception of pure religion evolving, indeed, a form of mysticism simpler, more absolute, and at the same time more human, than had existed in India before. Not only did he hate all outward observances and religious exclusiveness, but he totally rejected the principle of asceticism, even making fun of the hermit-like Yogis with their matted beards. Kabir lived a simple, industrious life—he was a weaver—saw inward visions, and wrote glowing songs.

It is the purity of his mysticism that gives him significance, and it is just this that makes him difficult to comprehend. He believed that in flashes of intuition he had reconciled the hostile conceptions of God as an unknowable abstraction and as a personal friend; he had seen the unity that lies inconceivably remote from all conceivable unities and found it not remote, but mysteriously near. It goes without saying that in his verse he can give no scientific clearness to his vision.

The creature is in Brahma, and Brahma is in the creature: they are ever distinct, yet ever united.
He Himself is the tree, the seed, and the germ.

Such is the burden of the song. It is only now and then that Kabir chances upon images that are strongly suggestive to Western readers or that bring the thrill of an almost successful mystic revelation. The following stanza puts poetically a doctrine that has a perennial fascination:

The river and its waves are one surf: where is the difference between the river and its waves?
When the wave rises, it is the water; and when it falls it is the same water again. Tell me, Sir, where is the distinction
Because it has been named as wave, shall it no longer be considered as water?"

And a later passage expresses in characteristic form the haunting feeling that the unseizable secret principle of life is in us and all around us:

I laugh when I hear that the fish in the water is thirsty:
You do not see that the real is in your home, and you wander from forest to forest listlessly.
Here is the truth. Go where you will, to Benares or to Mathura; if you do not find your soul, the world is unreal to you.

So thorough a mystic requires thorough mystics for readers. In the case of the majority, it is to be feared that when literary appreciation has done its best, much of Kabir's verse will remain monotonous, repetitious, more strange than striking.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON "A LETTER TO THE TIMES"

(*From the London Outlook*)

In the current issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the editor, Colonel George Harvey, publishes an open letter he has addressed to the London *Times*, wherein he directs attention to the danger of mutual misunderstandings between the two countries disturbing the sympathy which the bulk of American opinion has extended to the cause of Great Britain and her Allies. The text for this admonition is found in certain criticisms which *The Spectator* and *The Outlook* passed upon the attitude of the United States toward our exercise of sea-power. We shall deal only with the strictures that concern ourselves. Exception is especially taken to a passage in which we said that "the United States seek to outrage neutrality while remaining neutral by purchasing German ships in which to convey products to Germany." When these lines were written they did no injustice to the intention of the Ship Purchase Bill, which was then being brought before Congress. Germany's mercantile marine having been driven off the seas, the purpose of that measure was to buy such of the enemy's ships as were interned in American ports and to employ them in carrying cargoes under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. The obvious inference was that these vessels would "convey products to Germany" unless the vigilance of our patrols prevented them. We therefore stated the truth nakedly, as the occasion required. The withdrawal of the Bill is sufficient justification. What is not so clear is why this remark should have been accepted as representing a lack of understanding, on the part of the British, of the purity of Transatlantic motives. We have never had any hostile feeling towards the United States. On the contrary, shortly before making the above protest we had been advocating a definite alliance between the two great divisions of the English-speaking world. At the same time, we are not amongst those who are ready to make door-mats of themselves when there is any question of ruffling American susceptibilities. In this instance we claimed no more than Colonel Harvey admits our right to do when he says: "We [America] wish to sell our cotton even to Germans and Austrians, though Britain can easily prevent our doing so and without evoking protest from us if she should consider such action necessary or desirable."

This acquiescence in the policy of our Admiralty was not conspicuous in the American Note; but we will let that pass. What may be pointed out is that no question of permitting cotton supplies to enter Germany was involved at the time. Cotton was neither absolute nor conditional contraband. Indeed, so immune was cotton from interference that it was utilized as a cover, by means of false manifests, for conveying war material to the enemy.

Here is the statement of President Wilson himself on the subject: "Great embarrassment has been caused to the Government because some shippers had concealed contraband in cargoes of non-contraband articles—for example, under cotton. So long as there were instances of that kind suspicion would be cast on every shipment, and all cargoes would be liable to search." If this is the considered view of the American President, supported in other words by Colonel Harvey, we fail to see how we can be accused of unfriendly criticism for stating the same thing with equal frankness. It matters little whether traders acted on their own initiative or with the knowledge of their Government. The war was being prolonged by this assistance to the enemy, and it was the duty of the British Navy, as the predominant sea-power, to prevent the practice. The duty was not only to ourselves, but to each of our Allies—France, Russia, Belgium, and Serbia.

This last consideration brings us to a point which cannot be overlabored. All the American protests have been lodged at the British Foreign Office. The full responsibility has been laid on our shoulders and our Government called to account as though the war afloat was detached from all operations in other areas of hostility—as though, in fact, the naval struggle was our own concern and had nothing to do with our Allies. The capture of the *Dacia* was therefore a timely reminder that the assertion of sea-power was not our exclusive prerogative. This is of course the opposite of the truth. It may indeed be claimed that every ton of copper which finds its way to a German arsenal more directly affects our Allies than it does ourselves. We are engaged only to a minor extent in the vast land campaigns. The fate of our homes, of our mothers, wives, and children, is not directly imperiled by a reverse in France or Poland. If it were certain that the contraband copper would be converted into naval shells or torpedoes, then the accusation that we were studying our own interests at the expense of American war-profits would wear a rather more plausible guise. But by far the greater probability is that the copper would be expended on one of the long lines held by the Allies, and hence any complacency in regard to American contraband would be an act of disloyalty to France, Russia, or Belgium which would be paid for in human lives and in prolonging the suffering and anguish from which a belt of sea has saved our civilian population. We do Americans the justice to believe that they are as anxious to curtail the war as is any one of the belligerents. There is Colonel Harvey's assurance that "we [Americans] are for the England which has been gradually freeing the world, while Germany has been planning to enslave it." Very well, then. Colonel Harvey has taken exception to certain articles in which we set forth these aspects of the war. We shall conclude this defense by repeating a portion of one of the articles indicted. The war can be ended in two ways: by the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of vigorous lives, or by an economic pressure which will deny the enemy sufficient of the essential sinews of war. To help to bring about the more merciful consummation is Great Britain's present object. And we hold that it is the duty of the United States as a civilizing Power to assist us, even if the obligation entails material losses and bars the way to great profits. We are sacrificing everything in the cause of international peace and the right of small nations to work out their own destinies. Is it too much to ask the other great representative of the English-speaking race to share that burden to the extent of submitting to commercial restrictions, the principle of which is not contested?

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

(*From the Investor's Review, London*)

We have read with no small interest in Wednesday's *Times* an open letter to itself published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW from the pen of that well-known magazine's editor, Colonel George Harvey. It is directed to the question of the attitude in the United States towards the United Kingdom in this war. Colonel Harvey has been moved to speak his mind chiefly by the attitude taken up towards his country by papers like *The Spectator* and *The Outlook*. He complains that *The Spectator*, which "for some twenty years past has been amongst the most considerate and appreciative of the United States" amongst British newspapers, has now suddenly become "apprehensive and truculent." It is from a much older date than twenty years that *The Spectator* became first known as the friend of the North American Union, for it made its second great reputation, and its fortune, under Townsend and Hutton, by a persistent and manly advocacy of the Northern States in the War of Secession. It is quite true, though, that it has of late years fallen into a narrow meanness of view that often causes its old friends to regret the past; and just because it has done this it no longer possesses that authority with the British public which Colonel Harvey appears to think it still enjoys. With us its words mostly pass by unheeded, because the views held are, though obviously sincere, narrow and surcharged with prejudice, and the best thing we can say about its recent attitude is that it has been successful in calling forth such a rejoinder as that of Colonel Harvey. "Neutral?" he exclaims. "Yes, in the name of the nation, but not in our heart of hearts. We are for the England which has been gradually freeing the world while Germany has been planning to enslave it. No one of the great colonies which owe her so much and are responding so nobly to her call is more true to the glorious aspirations for which she is now giving her life-blood than these United States." We believe that to be the exact truth, and though it has often been our misfortune to differ from President Wilson, we have never for a moment believed that the great bulk of the people in the North American Republic were other than loyal adherents to the cause of liberty, or that he himself was in the least a traitor thereto. No doubt there are cross-currents beating against him, trying to sway him, as we continually point out. The population of the Republic is not yet a homogeneous nation, and we have had ample evidence of the cleavages in the prolonged unscrupulous campaign of Teuton agents directed towards at least a befogging of the minds of the American electorate to an extent that might paralyze anything like definite action on the part of the Washington Government.

But the Germans, at least, have not succeeded with their nefarious plots, and the American people are not going to forsake the nations upholding the cause of liberty at the bidding of a nation which, as Colonel Harvey says, has planned to make us all slaves. The ideal of the Teuton contrasts with that of England, France, aye, and of Russia, in a manner too vividly antagonistic to be acceptable to a great community living under the system of government defined in the well-worn phrase quoted by Colonel Harvey —"Government of, for, and by the people," a form for which the Americans began to fight at Lexington, for which, again to quote Colonel Harvey, "Franklin and Jefferson and Madison contended in their writings"; a Government that, with all its shortcomings, still holds high the banner of

freedom that Patrick Henry spoke for, that Washington and Jackson fought for, that Lincoln died for, that McKinley suffered for, and that every American statesman worthy of the title now lives for." There is not the slightest danger that a country living under such conditions and swayed by memories thus recalled can ever go over to the side of the bully and ravager. That there will be grumblings, that factions will try to mar the effectiveness of the Washington Government's action, even as a neutral, is true enough, but it is not true that the American nation will sacrifice the principle vital to its existence "for the sake of selling its cotton," or for any other base motive.

Look how quietly the people have taken the latest step forced upon us, the declaration of a blockade of German commerce by sea. There has been no attempt whatever to challenge in a serious manner this action of our Government. And there will be none, of that we are persuaded, whatever Prussian agents may do and discreditable journalists stuff into newspapers in the hope of stirring up division. Every reverse that we encounter thrills through the United States in sympathy with us, every triumph recorded is a cause for joy there almost as much as here, and when such facts become known in America as the hunger and misery of the Belgians, or the brutal treatment of British prisoners in Germany, the first impulse in the States always is to set in motion the means of bringing relief. There is talk now of sending help to our ill-treated prisoners in Germany, and only the impossibility of getting that help so arranged as to reach the people for whom it is meant can stop the movement. We thus have no fear as to the action of the United States except in the direction of trying humanely to persuade us to conclude an imperfect peace. It becomes more and more plain to observers that no greater mistake—we had almost said crime—could be committed against the nations now so freely giving their life-blood in the cause of liberty than that they should be persuaded to subscribe a give-and-take peace compact with the barbarian Teuton. His action leaves us no choice but to destroy, for ever, if possible, for centuries, at least, that misbegotten savage's capacity to play raider and ravager when he chooses, and wherever on the earth he sees meet. Let our American sympathizers and friends understand this. The "ring" has been formed, the fight must be fought out, and we shall be angered by premature attempts to interfere.

OUR DEBT TO ENGLAND

(*From the London Shipping World*)

Colonel Harvey, the editor of the well-known magazine THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has addressed what is described as an "open letter" to *The Times* which deals with the Anglo-American situation. He very truly says that the subject is one of "great and perhaps really vital importance to our respective countries," when, in his opinion, they are "gradually but surely drawing asunder." The Colonel rests his case in support of that proposition mainly and largely upon some things that have appeared in our contemporary, *The Spectator*—which, after a considerate appreciation of the United States for a score of years, has "now suddenly both become apprehensive and truculent." *The Spectator*, like other journals, has been known to change its mind occasionally; but, be that as it may, we are certainly quite sure that Colonel Harvey has written, as he himself conveys the assurance to us, with the very best intentions in the world. We regret being obliged

to stop there, for his letter to *The Times* does not impress us as wisely conceived nor likely to put a brake upon the alleged movement, which, as he thinks, is tending to draw Britain and America "asunder."

The absolute "correctness" of the action taken, the language spoken, the proposals submitted or forwarded to belligerents by the Washington Government is largely, inevitably, a matter of opinion. It is not, however, a matter of opinion with us, so far as the good intentions of the American Government are concerned. They have tried to be, to quote Colonel Harvey, "quite correct," and we agree with the drift of his argument that Dernburg and those working for him have perhaps done more harm than good to their own side in their endeavor to embroil the relationship between the Allies, but especially between Britain and America. And then we come upon the following passage: "Probably England would not go out of her way to prevent the arising of a difficulty between the United States and Germany." But is that the question, Colonel Harvey? Is it not rather the question whether one side has "played the game" while the other has resorted to dirty work and crooked ways? The editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW challenges the statement that Irish-Americans joined with German-Americans in promoting the campaign of Count Bernstorff and Herr Dernburg; but well-informed people in this country have made no such charge against so-called Irish-Americans. And the proof to the contrary adduced by the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is that the Ship Purchase Bill, now no longer among the living, "was defeated through the exertions of Senator James A. O'Gorman, a Tammany Democrat and the foremost statesman of Irish extraction now in American public life." But we here enter a caveat —that men were surely justified in opposing the Ship Purchase Bill because, in their opinion, it was unsound in economics, business principles, and practice. No one dealt such destructive, sledge-hammer blows against that Bill as Senator Root, one of the greatest American statesmen of his time, described by Lord Bryce as "the greatest Secretary of State" of any time. And if we may say so without complaining, we would add that we cannot now recall any well-considered, heartfelt endeavors on the part of Senator O'Gorman intended to strengthen the good relations between Britain and America.

Colonel Harvey informs us—precisely why he so informs us we do not know, having regard to the declared object of his writing to *The Times*—that "we [Americans] do not consider that the United States as a political entity is in debt to England." "Quite the contrary," he adds. And there we leave his argument. Colonel Harvey has perfect right to say, if to his liking, that the great Republic is not indebted to the United Kingdom; but may we venture to suggest that here again the platform upon which he stands is somewhat rickety, while his memory also may be challenged. Things have happened since the privateers careered over the oceans, since the cotton famine cast its dread shadow over Lancashire. But lifelong friends of the American Union and Lincoln's Proclamation have nothing more substantial and glorious to be proud of than the unconquering, unvarying, and unyielding position maintained by those cotton-workers from first to last. To be sure, they wanted cotton to keep them from starving; but Colonel Harvey is not aware, apparently, that during those trying years over the whole of that starving area the supporters of the pro-slavery movement failed entirely to get up a single meeting in support of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy to pass a single resolution in favor of a would-be nation having slavery as its

corner-stone. Certainly Mr. Beecher had rather a mixed reception in Liverpool; not so in Exeter Hall. But we say to Colonel Harvey boldly and bluntly that it is not true to say that "practically all England" was on the side of the South. On the contrary, it is true that "practically all England" was on the side of the North—of the American Union. As John Bright said, "Nations in all ages have lived in cottages," and this nation of ours was for freedom to the slave.

FROM FRIENDLY SCOTLAND

(From the Glasgow Herald)

Colonel Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has issued in this country a letter which indicates that he is laboring under feelings of resentment against the opinions expressed by some English periodicals on the subject of American neutrality. We do not altogether regret the letter, which is moderate and sane, but we are inclined to regret the occasion of it. The author, however, who is an experienced journalist, might have consulted the volume of his own knowledge before writing it, and so realized that at times of international crisis and consequent excitement the rash word is the first to be uttered by some so-called interpreters of public opinion, while public opinion itself is being slowly matured to perhaps very different conclusions. He might further have recollected that two or three newspaper extracts do not constitute a national indictment. The complaints which are criticized seem to be in substance that America has not helped us in the struggle to the full extent of her powers, either because of the dreaded German vote or because of the terrorism exercised by the great commercial interests. If we may be bold enough to venture on summarizing public opinion, we should say that, while there has been surprise at the extent to which official leniency has gone in permitting the pro-German propaganda on American soil, some annoyance at the Administration's pliability when the interests seemed to be bent on making mischief, and, above all, a sense of disappointment that the United States did not protest valiantly against Germany's violations of The Hague Conventions, the British people have not failed to distinguish between the actions of President Wilson and his Government and the attitude of the vast majority of the American people. Even in making this distinction we do not think it has been left out of sight that President Wilson, as the head of a State which is only nominally a racial unit, has had an embarrassing position to sustain. But the sympathy of the nation is the determining factor. Governments go and Governments come. A ballot has made them as a ballot will make. The nation, however diverse its elements may be, is a more permanent quantity, and it has always been a source of satisfaction to us that the goodwill of those on whom Presidents and Administrations depend furnished the background to those diplomatic exchanges which the vicissitudes of the struggle have compelled. It has been an excellent asset to the Allies to know that not only did their cause command the approval of the greater part of some eighty millions of people, but that the atmosphere of friendliness would not be easily dissipated when causes of discussion and possibly of friction came under review. Some Hotspurs of the press demanded more. But they do not represent any considerable body of their countrymen, and should not be allowed to disturb the amicable relations which, in spite of German-Irish-American agitators and the difficult problems raised by the treatment of neutral commerce, continue to subsist between the Republic and this country.

FROM AN ENGLISH READER

SIR,—I have read your open letter in *The Times*. I do not think you need trouble yourself about the opinion of *The Spectator* and *The Outlook*, even though you value them at the importance they give themselves. They appeal to a small circle, but not to the nation at large. I believe the vast majority of us on this side think that you are quite justified in making anything you can out of the war, and that if we object to goods you ship to the enemy it is our business to stop them, and not yours. Many of us believe that our Government by their inaction on several points has done us more harm than anything you have done. For instance, in their muddling the question of contraband and exports allowed or disallowed from this country to neutrals; buying sugar and not buying wheat; and treatment of the aliens in this country and the prisoners; their stupid inaction and their blundering action in the matter of the strike on the Clyde; placing prisoners on ships that were necessary for the commerce of the country, and unnecessary delay in dealing with prizes of war; their delay of seven months in commandeering works. The Government seem only now to realize that we are at war. Therefore it seems just to say that their action and inaction during the past seven months has done us more harm than anything you have done.

But I beg to point out that the policy of yours which the man in the street does not like is that you raised no protest against the way Germany and Austria waged war, either as to their savage and brutal treatment of Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and north of France, or in sowing the seas with mines. I understand that your President raised no voice against the unspeakable horrors perpetrated in Belgium because he wished to have an unblemished record when he was called upon at the end of the war to arbitrate between the warring nations! Forgive me if I place a note of exclamation after this. Do you really for one moment suppose that the side which wins this fight is in the least likely to ask your President to dictate terms of peace? On the other hand, you protested that we were injuring your trade unnecessarily—that is what your protest came to. Surely it is your own fault if it be said you do not mind what international treaties are violated, how many women, girls, and sisters, and nuns are raped; old people hanged, burnt to death, shot, clubbed, axed; prisoners and wounded tortured and killed—provided your trade is not interfered with.

Unfortunately for you, statistics of your trade were issued at the same time. I analyzed the figures in a letter which was published in *The Globe*. It was interesting to me to note that Sir Edward Grey in his reply to you adopted an analysis on very much the same lines. In round millions of dollars, comparing the period under review in 1914, you imported half a million more than in 1913, as follows: British Empire, +6½; other American States, + 4½; neutral countries, + 2—total, 13. Our Allies, —4; Germany, —8½—total, 12½. Please observe that it was not to our advantage that our Allies' exports to you fell off 4. This could not have been caused by anything we did. Your export trade was all loss: British Empire, —8; other American States, —6½; neutrals, no change; our Allies, —16½; Germany, —48. Please again note that it was not to our advantage that your exports to ourselves, other American States, and our Allies fell off to the extent of 31. You cannot blame us for that.

But, dealing only with neutral countries, you must admit the wholly un-

justifiable nature of your protest. While there was no loss on your export trade, you actually did an increased trade of 2. It seems that your Government is as unhappy in dealing with the large questions raised by the war as ours is. But while both nations are placed in this unfortunate position there is no reason why the great masses of the two peoples should misunderstand each other. Nor should you or ourselves be influenced by newspapers of limited intelligence and circulation. It is your right to do business where and when you can, and it is our right, if we object, to stop it where and when we can.

H. Armytage.

London.

AMERICAN OPINION

(*From the Philadelphia Public Ledger*)

Is there grave danger that the United States and Great Britain, nations between which there is an unusual bond of brotherhood, may drift apart?

Is Colonel Harvey right when he says in his recent "Open Letter" to the London *Times* that the "drawing asunder" has already begun? If so, a grave duty is imposed upon the leaders of both peoples to stay so unfortunate a tendency. *The Times* thinks that Colonel Harvey is mistaken, and that the irritation which has been manifested since the breaking out of the war is superficial and will soon pass away. Other British papers, restrained, no doubt, by a desire not to add to the difficulties of the British Government, try to minimize or explain away the tendency of American diplomacy to make great issues out of small ones. *The Spectator* sees the possibilities of mischief as plainly as Colonel Harvey does, and, as a long-time friend of the United States, candidly admits its distress and chagrin. But, in general, comparatively little attention has been paid on either side of the Atlantic to this very serious matter.

Perhaps the indifference on this side is due to ignorance. The policy of the present Administration in foreign affairs has been anything but frank. An air of mystery has pervaded the State Department. It has conducted its negotiations without taking the people into its confidence. One natural consequence is that it has got out of touch with American opinion. There is no possible question as to the extent and the intensity of American sympathy with the Allies. It is not, of course, the duty of a neutral Government to give expression to this sympathy. On the other hand, such a Government need not maintain a coldly critical attitude which misrepresents the feelings of the people. Mr. Bryan's letter to Senator Stone was an admirable defense of the impartial way in which the State Department has tried to perform its delicate task. If the Administration had never diverged from the policy there outlined it would have been well for our future relations with Great Britain. But the exaggerated complaints of the injury done by the interference with American commerce with Germany, as well as the strange indifference to more serious acts committed by Germans, have given the English people an impression that American sentiment is none too friendly to their cause.

It is possible that the President himself has begun to fear lest the attitude of his Administration is creating future problems greater than those it has yet had to meet. We need only go as far back as the Spanish War to realize the value of English friendship. We need only recall Samoa and Manila

Bay to realize how little regard a victorious Germany would pay to the wishes or the rights of the United States. But unless there is a distinct change in American foreign policy this nation is likely to lose prestige, whatever the result of the war.

ARE WE "WITH THE ALLIES"?

(*From the Beaumont, Texas, Enterprise.*)

In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March Colonel George Harvey, editor of that publication and political discoverer of Woodrow Wilson, assumes that the people of the United States are "with the Allies," and he undertakes to tell why. His assumption is a violent one, but his reasons why American sympathies are with the Allies are astonishingly wide of the mark.

Colonel Harvey says it is not because of ties of kinship as between nations, and he leaves his reader to believe that it is not because of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, although he condemns that "brutality in warfare." He also leaves the reader to infer that we are not in sympathy with the Allies because we disagree with the Kaiser, although he declares that the first outbreak against the Emperor here came in no small part from Americans of German birth and descent.

"Why, then," asks Colonel Harvey, addressing his rhetorical question to England, "are we with you and your Allies?" Then the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW proceeds to answer his own question:

"For no other reason in the world," he insists, "except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for, and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard around the world—for the glorious cause that Franklin and Jefferson and Madison wrote for, that Patrick Henry spoke for, that Washington and Jackson fought for, that Lincoln died for, that McKinley suffered for, that every American statesman worthy of the title now lives for."

All of which is calculated to elicit an enthusiastic "Hear! Hear!" from the Little Father of the Russian people and from the grand dukes who surround him, and from the millions of poor mujiks who have been subject to their beneficent rule, and from the Tartar and Cossack hordes that are pressing toward civilized Europe.

They will be pleased to find themselves classed as battlers for the rights of the people.

And it will help some with the little yellow men when they learn that they are the champions of human liberty.

Remembering that President Wilson asked the American people to be neutral, it is not hard to understand why Woodrow Wilson once asked Colonel Harvey to quit boosting him for the Presidency.

The Harvey assertion that we are "with the Allies" is partly true, but his assertion that kinship has nothing to do with it is not true. Those of us who are of British descent, of French, Russian, or Japanese descent, are "with the Allies" in sympathy, for readily understood reasons. Those of us who are of Teutonic or Turkish extraction are in sympathy with the Germans, Austrians, and Turks for similar reasons.

This matter of blood kinship is the one great basis of sympathy for the belligerents in this war. It is purely sentimental and it is entirely unconnected

with theories of government. As for the common people, they are against both sides in this war, for they are the great sufferers by it.

There is one other basis of sympathy for or against the belligerents. It is the question of commercial supremacy. There are those who believe that it would be worse for this country if the Allies should win, and there are those who believe we would lose most if the Teutons were to be the victors, and their sympathies are governed accordingly.

This is the one practical basis of sympathy, for it is more and more becoming the settled conviction of the world that this war is a cold-blooded struggle for commercial supremacy. The far-seeing author of "Pan-Americanism," Prof. Roland G. Usher, declares that it makes no difference to us which wins. He intimates that we shall have to fight the winner.

It is probable that a majority of the American people are, as Colonel Harvey says, "with the Allies," but not for the reasons he gives. It is because a majority of the American people are blood relatives of the peoples of the countries in the Triple Entente, and partly because we fear German commercial domination more than English commercial domination, although our fear of German commercial domination of the world is offset by the dread that the Tartar and the Cossack will overrun western Europe and the world.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH

(*From the Jacksonville Times Union*)

Colonel Harvey writes to Lord Northcliffe or THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW says to the London *Times* that America and England begin to misunderstand each other. Perhaps it is needed that plain words be spoken and the issues frankly discussed, but what words can effect a disagreement which arises from the persistent refusal of one party to consider the position of the other? The spokesmen of the English objectors hold that we should permit invasions of our rights and tolerate wrongs done the neutral world because of Britain's need; this constitutes a demand that we join in the war, and is, substantially, the demand made by Germany upon Belgium. To admit England's right to violate the law to save herself is a confession that Germany could legally invade Belgium and to imply that England should not have declared war because of Germany's need to invade France. This way chaos lies.

As representative of all the neutral powers, the United States must demand a rigid enforcement of the law, and the case is made no stronger by the fact that the law in question is the one enforced and proclaimed by England in the past—the law which will prove more necessary to her interests than any other in the future. Having the largest sea-interest, since her existence depends on the freedom of the seas, how can any British authority support the claim that a belligerent may close the sea-roads to a neutral? Practically this would mean that when two powers conclude to fight they shall be allowed to force all others to take sides. Before this conclusion is reached America would lay an embargo on all commerce and isolate herself from Europe during the continuance of the war. All the Americas may be driven to take this position, but it is inconceivable that England should desire or compel such action.

Are the United States and Great Britain drifting apart? Colonel Harvey and Lord Northcliffe say so when they propose to stop such a movement;

to us they seem to approach each other because of the war. Since we only ask that English rules be observed by England, why should England object unless she desire a misunderstanding? Such desire would be so foolish just now that it is inconceivable—wherefore we conclude that it does not exist. But if she desire that we fight with her or against her, she can compel us to let her alone.

GREAT BRITAIN'S SEA POLICY

(*From the Milwaukee Sentinel*)

George Harvey, writing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, undertakes to explain what he considers the preponderance of American sentiment in favor of the Allies.

In the last analysis, he runs it down to American popular dislike of the German idea that "Might makes right."

Whether that is or is not distinctively a German idea is certainly an arguable question.

But, that point aside, let us turn to the present sea doctrine and practice of Great Britain, as indicated in the Order in Council meant to destroy all sea-borne trade with Germany.

It must be admitted that no such procedure is warranted in international law. What, then, is the warrant for it? What but the enormous preponderance of the Allies in sea-power?

To translate that into Editor Harvey's terms, "Might makes right."

THE WAR A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

SIR,—Do you ever turn your analytical machine on THE REVIEW'S contributors? They seem to have slipped something past the Editor when he was busy writing that able "Letter to *The Times*" for the March number.

A good deal of current American comment on the war has been marked by indiscriminate reprobation of the warring nations, as though they were so many fellow-criminals, all equally guilty. When to that is added a boasting of our own superior merits and virtues as evidenced by the fact that, while these European nations—England, Belgium, France, Germany, Russia, and the other belligerents—are at war, we are at peace, it seems that a "diplomatic protest," at least, is in order.

Reference is made to the article entitled "Americans Abroad" in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

An incidental feature of the article may be passed over, *viz.*, the guarded but still caustic reflection upon the patriotism and general worth of Americans discovered by the war taking their ease in foreign parts; they are, perhaps, fair game; they are not unaccustomed to the flings of the moralizer; any one who chooses to assume the critical and superior attitude toward them is, doubtless, free to do so. The protest is against the wider ranging of the same self-satisfied outlook—against the light passing of shallow judgment on European civilization, institutions, and religion, and the holding up by way of contrast of things American as models of perfection.

To make clear the point of protest it is necessary to quote from the article:

"Now of a sudden, the stability of Europe gives way as though built on a quicksand," while America stands "a world built on a rock." . . . "Qualities in American life, . . . its lack of social classification, its mobility, its unripeness—are now seen

to be the signs of its strength and health." . . . Americans abroad found the older civilization "crumbling about them, and the civilization they had abandoned because of its incompleteness seemed the only kind of social order which was likely to survive." . . . "It turns out that a strong government is no guarantee against the most terrible of social catastrophes; that neither Czar nor Kaiser nor King can check the epidemic of militarism; . . . and that meantime a government of the people, by the people, and for the people . . . is, after all, the most trustworthy agent of national prosperity." . . . "Finally, among the lessons of this tragic time there is forced upon one's attention the nature and function of religion"; . . . on the one hand, there is the "colossal breakdown of institutional Christianity" —the Christianity of Europe; on the other hand, in the "religious traditions of American life," we find the "signs of reality, vitality, and power." "Religion in the United States . . . is life itself, interpreted and sustained by faith, hope, and love." . . . "In the precipitate home-coming of these tragic days, what a relief it is to recall that in America religion is not primarily an institution, but an experience; not a form of government, but a way of life." . . . "When a supreme test of national character occurs like that which is now, like a great wind, sifting the chaff of civilization from the wheat, one is likely to rediscover the worth of a country where life is still fluid, and diplomacy still straightforward, and religion still personal."

According to the author, as appears by the quotation, the nations of Europe—at least the warring nations—are "the chaff of civilization"; their institutions and religion, in the "supreme test," a pitiful and tragic failure. That is certainly the way it must read to an Englishman, or to a Belgian, German, or Russian with a knowledge of the English language. And it is plain that our country represents "the wheat"; we have the happiness to live in "a world built on a rock," sustained by a religion "still personal," our diplomacy is "still straightforward," and we have had the wisdom to perfect "the only kind of social order likely to survive." We alone, it would appear from the context, are weathering the "great wind" and appearing to advantage in the "supreme test"—nobly abiding in peace, interested and critical onlookers, in spite of all temptations to take to the woods or do some other unheroic thing.

Is a day of wrath and humiliation preparing for a pharisaical America?

Perhaps, however, that sort of thing ought not to be taken too seriously; even the masters of expression sometimes say regrettable things; and it is surely not typical. But it would be sad indeed if this article, in such high company as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW provides, should pass as presenting, in any degree, the American spirit and thought of this time.

Happily, the same March number of THE REVIEW itself furnishes, on another page, an apt corrective; but how many readers will take the trouble to apply it?

It is a pleasure indeed, Mr. Editor, to quote from your "Letter to *The Times*," already referred to!

Why, then, are we for you and your Allies? For no other reason in the world except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for, and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard around the world — for the glorious cause that Franklin and Jefferson and Madison wrote for, that Patrick Henry spoke for, that Washington and Jackson fought for, that Lincoln died for, that McKinley suffered for, that every American statesman worthy of the title now lives for." . . . "To our minds, then, the real issue is not, as your people seem to think, mere militarism; it is the hideous conception of which militarism is but one of many manifestations; it is despotism itself."

The whole "Letter" is, to my mind, a notably true and clear-sighted utterance.

The historical record—made up of writings, doings, and events pertinent to the origin and cross-purposes of the war—has been made familiar; it has been illuminated by the arguments of able advocates and the discussions of equally able impartial students of the subject. The record is singularly clear and conclusive; there is no escape from it. The character stamped on the war in its beginning, as revealed by the record—deepened by the War Lord's ruthless immolation of Belgium—will not be lost sight of, however long the struggle may go on.

The motives of England and her Allies may be mixed, but in the view that has so well approved itself to the impartial judgment of mankind no more righteous war was ever waged than that now being waged by the Allies; a war in which the peoples of all nations (as made so clear in your "Letter") have a like vital interest—including the people of America and including the people of Germany. A good cause *does* hallow even war. The RIGHTEOUSNESS of the war ought to be emphasized, instead of fixing the attention always and solely on the colossal wrong. Simply putting the emphasis in the right place is enough to show the untimeliness and futility of some appeals and proposed movements for peace.

In contrast with a picture of "crumbling" institutions and winnowed "chaff of civilization," there looms a deeply impressive manifestation of national character, courage, and power—the tremendous sacrifices and unflinching spirit of the Allies, in their determined and valiant waging of this war against the mightiest and most ruthless military machine the world has ever seen. And, as for religion, John R. Mott, who knows whereof he speaks, says that Europe at war is right now the scene of the greatest religious revival in the history of the world.

By the ruling force of circumstances and the logic of geographical position, it is our fortune to be merely interested onlookers—not participants in the great struggle. We may, perhaps, be pardoned for a certain feeling of relief that this is so—that the grievous burdens, stress, and sorrows of a belligerent in this war are not, as yet, laid upon us. But the part of onlooker in a supreme crisis is never a distinguished rôle. The fact that that is the position of the United States, while England and her Allies "are continuing the great battle for government of, for, and by the people," suggests the virtue of humility—surely not a reason for pluming ourselves. And, as evidence of the strength of our institutions and the saving grace of our religion, it is to be hoped that it may be passed over as irrelevant, and not cited as "evidence for the other side."

RUTHERFORD H. PLATT.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

AMERICA FULL GROWN

SIR,—I wish to give you my personal thanks for your article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled "A Letter to *The Times*." I think it is the exact reflection of conservative American opinion, expressed in the most fortunate and diplomatic language. The two ideas that must be dispelled from English public opinion are that we are still an embryo nation—anybody's "daughter." We are young, it is true, but the world is young when one thinks of eternity. We have cut our eye teeth, and, so far as I am able to judge, no nation has cut its wisdom teeth. We are young, but further de-

veloped than Egypt with a recorded civilization of four thousand years. We are young, yet, with probably one-third the natural adaptabilities for wheat-growing that Russia has, we are the premier wheat-growers on the earth to-day. We are young in finance, but we produced a J. P. Morgan. We are the "melting-pot of the races," but give the American climate and spirit two generations to work and it puts its imprint on the German, the English, the Russian, even on the Jew, who is probably the most complex human being on earth to-day. And we not only put our imprint on them in two generations, we make United States citizens of them—fighting citizens. That is as much as England can say of her East-Indian. We are *no*body's daughter, yet one of our greatest assets is that we are *every*body's daughter.

As a discovered and exploited country, we owe something to all the older civilizations, but not to one more than another. Certainly a greater percentage of our voting population is of English or Irish extraction, but we fought England and Ireland in the beginning to gain what we have. That one thing should offset the discrepancy between the voters of English-Irish extraction and German extraction. We want to see the Allies win, as the champions of exactly the same cause we have fought and will fight for—the cause of humanity, the inviolability of contracts, whether of men or nations, the cause of law and order amongst nations and men. We have a dignified position to take as the spokesman of the sane on an earth gone crazy. We step with bigger shoes than our "Mother" wore during the Civil War, or any other, and we can fill them right out to the end. *This* is our immediate, every-day duty: the protection of the rights of neutrals and the establishment of precedents for neutrals in future wars.

And another great duty we may be called on to fulfil at the end of the war is an equitable cutting of the Allies' pie. And in spite of the ideas of some of the greatest present-day writers as to our ignorance of foreign policies and international politics, we are adepts at cutting pies. In spite of our youth, we have probably cut more political pies than any other people or Government. We may not be educated as to the commercial treaties between Russia and Germany, we may not understand the German concession for the Bagdad Railway, or the English concession for the development of the oil-fields of Mesopotamia, but we shall probably be able to qualify as experts in the taking of testimony, and we shall probably bring unbiased minds to the question. We are criticized for going about our business, and attending to our intermediate elections, as usual, while everything east of the Atlantic is a maelstrom, but how could we ever be sane mediators otherwise? And let the critics of our ignorance of international policies please remember that the opinions of our Supreme Court—of this tribunal consisting of a handful of men, not very strong physically—is accepted as the law by one hundred million people. But this one hundred million people know that this handful of men are experts in the taking of testimony and the dealing out of right and justice, and I hope that if any of our people are ever called on to help arrange the peace terms of this greatest of all wars they may be only representative men chosen from our editors, politicians, financiers, college professors, and judges, and I feel sure they will conduct themselves creditably in spite of their ignorance of diplomatic papers—white, green, or yellow—foreign policies, or European prejudices.

What we lack in our dealings with foreign countries is diplomacy, finesse, *savoir-faire*—the qualities that your article to *The Times* is full of; and now is our time to develop all these things. We have sufficient age; all we lack is practice.

I have no idea as to the circulation and recognition your article will have in England, but I wish its publicity could be assured by the free distribution of a million copies in pamphlet form. It would be the best investment the American public ever made. It would add years to our age as a nation, much to our dignity, and help dispel the unfortunate impression made by some of our American tourists.

As we grow older by Washington time the English grow older by Greenwich time, so we can never catch up. Anyway, what's the disgrace of being young? We have lived fast.

Please allow me also to congratulate you on your take-off on William Watson's poem of some months past. It was the essence of wit, with an undercurrent of judgment.

With best wishes as a subscriber of your magazine, a fellow-citizen, and a supporter of our present President, I am W. O. Frost.

Free, Texas.

FREER LIFE FOR THE FUTURE

Sir,—I desire to express my appreciation of the way in which you have put the American case before the public in your admirable letter to *The Times* in the last issue. You expressed the public sentiment as it manifests itself in this section of the country. You have left nothing unsaid that ought to have been said. It is a clear, cool, and accurate statement both of the fact and the spirit of our people. There is no question as to the general feeling of the American people regarding the spirit of militarism. They hate it. For the common people of Germany there is only sympathy and deep regret that through disastrous leadership they have become so entangled. They abhor the sentiments and conclusions of Treitschke, Nietzsche, and Bernhardi. The logical outcome of such doctrines is brute force under the control of an absolute will. For the Kaiser there is, as has always been, appreciation of his energy, his versatility, and his genius. For his autocratic manner and assumption there is the utmost contempt.

Our people hold that Germany had no adequate case against either England or France. They believe that neither of these nations sought for war. The inadequacy of preparation is proof. They believe that the tension aroused between England and Germany has developed by reason of Germany's proposal to dispute the control of the seas, a proposal not justified by England's attitude or need. She had obtained none of her possessions by the spoliation of Germany; had opened all her possessions to the nations of the world as freely as to her own; had strengthened her naval power by reason of the fact of her dependence upon her over-seas commerce for the support of her people, and under the spur of uncalled-for rivalry.

The American people hold that in English political ideals they find their own hopes and aspirations most fully expressed. They want liberty under law. They want it for every man, woman, and child. They want it for every state, every colony or dependency, and every political unit. They want the upward way kept open without any social, political, or intellectual distinction. They know of no section of humanity against which discrimination should be practised. The essence of the deepest aspiration of the American people is the equality of every man before the law and his inalienable right to the creation of his own destiny. Organization is to be from within, not by the laying on of hands, which are external.

The defense of the German prime minister falls upon unsympathetic ears.

Our people cannot justify in any way Germany's wonderful growth, wonderful prosperity, vast social development, national hopes brighter than ever any nation has thought possible of realization, with the fruits of war such as have already been exhibited and which ought to have been foreseen. We do not for one moment admit the justice of the invasion of Belgium. It has consolidated against the invader the moral instincts of the world. We see in that act the doctrine that might is right.

Germany's "place in the sun" was being made and expanded every day. Her flag was floating in every port, her ships were sailing on every sea. Her inventions and her arts were laying every nation under tribute. Her ideas were penetrating every thinking mind. To the feet of her scholars the nations were sending their children. As the originator of new ideas and the exponent of social practices no nation was her superior.

All this is lost. A nation unable to impose her will upon a province so small as the one she wrested years ago from France surely will be much less able to dominate great peoples so hostile as the nations surrounding her must ever be. Burdening herself, burdening the world, she has set back for generations the clock of progress. For progress depends upon economic power. This war is wasting capital upon a scale unparalleled. It is putting the people of the warring nations where they were fifty years ago. All this sacrifice is being made for reasons which thinking people without the zone of conflict utterly repudiate.

There is one possible outcome which may justify it all. If war shall have demonstrated once for all its impotency to right the wrongs of humanity; if the world shall have had forced home upon it the conviction that progress in thought, and peaceful action, has brought it to where final control must be taken from the few and lodged in the hands of the many; that in this day of vast explosive compounds accumulated in prodigious quantities no man is fit for the disposition of such force, it may be that the freer life of the succeeding generation will justify that which is now happening.

At any rate, Mr. Editor, I am one who appreciates the tenor of your public expression.

F. Treudley.

Athens, Ohio.

TIMELY AND UNANSWERABLE

March 20, 1915.

Sir,—For some time I have noted with increasing apprehension the studied efforts of prominent Englishmen to create friction between Great Britain and our country. While sane men like Mr. Bryce and others, who understand us, our ideals, and our national attitude toward European affairs, have stood out against this pernicious activity, still Mr. Watson, Mr. Strachey, and the others are doing untold harm.

For this reason I read with peculiar interest your letter addressed to Lord Northcliffe, in the March issue of The Review, and I wish to thank you for it. It is strong, timely, and unanswerable. I trust it will accomplish the result you had in view. If Germany persistently misunderstands us, almost to the point of despising us, Great Britain should be wiser and fairer. Moreover, she should be supremely grateful for the measure of sympathy America extends to her.

S. B. McCormick.

The University of Pittsburgh
Office of the Chancellor

SIR,—Your recent "Letter to *The Times*" was perused by me with great interest and appreciation, as doubtless it was by a great majority of your readers. The great importance of the subject fully justifies the care and earnestness with which you have presented it. You have expressed most felicitously and impressively the thought and feeling of a vast number of people in this country and have thereby earned their sincere gratitude, as you have mine. As a further evidence of my own appreciation I inclose copy of a letter by me to Duncan Campbell Lee, engaged on the British side of the struggle with Germany for sympathy in America.

GEO. CURTIS, JR.

MERRILL, WISCONSIN.

(*Inclosure*)

MERRILL, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL LEE, March 17, 1915.
The Temple, London, E. C.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your circular note bearing date 24th Feb., 1915, advising me of your sending under another cover the complete "documents in the case" regarding responsibility for initiation of the present war. While I have not yet received the copies mentioned, I presume they will arrive in due course, and thank you for them.

If public opinion in America and elsewhere among neutral peoples is of value to Britain and her allies, as I believe it is, it is of great importance for her and them to adopt all practical means of communicating the truth to those peoples and keeping it before them, especially in view of the vigorous campaign here, and presumably in other neutral countries, to create sympathy for Germany and hostile feeling toward her adversaries.

Recent events have rendered England's relations with neutrals extremely delicate and difficult, especially as regards America and the Scandinavan nations; and this situation is liable to greatly weaken, if not destroy, the sympathy which predominated so largely in her favor at the beginning of hostilities. I trust and pray that this may be averted, and that no pains will be spared to that end by the British Government. And British Government being so largely amenable to public opinion, I furthermore hope and pray to the same end that the people and the press of your country will heed and gravely consider the earnest appeal to them made by Mr. George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in his recent open letter to the London *Times*.

My apology for writing this is my belief that I am giving expression, inadequately, perhaps, to the feeling of thousands of thinking people in this country. Respectfully, GEO. CURTIS, JR.

SIR,—As a subscriber of your great magazine, I desire to state that your letter to *The Times*, addressed to Lord Northcliffe, in the March issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is, in my opinion, a most unanswerable presentation of the views entertained by the American people as to their feelings and relations to Great Britain in this terrible war. Every intelligent man in Great Britain and the United States ought to read it, and in our Republic every good citizen should hold you in affectionate admiration for so splendidly stating their position in this World War.

W. H. TEDFORD.

CORYDON, IOWA.

SIR,—The insolence of the Northcliffe papers in criticizing our correct neutral position in this most detestable war, and the threat of war against us with Japan as chief henchman, is absolutely unworthy of any answer. I am sure that you have our country's welfare and honor patriotically at heart, but I consider your course in addressing an open letter to *The Times* in the March number of THE REVIEW as open to grave objection. You will not gain Northcliffe's respect by having done this. But it will prove a capital story to bandy about in the London clubs. W. B. SCHULZ.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE.

[Our correspondent misapprehends the situation. The journals whose criticism he resents are not controlled by Lord Northcliffe, whose attitude toward America as manifested through the columns of *The Times* and *Daily Mail* has been consistently generous and considerate.—EDITOR.]

SIR,—I want to congratulate you on that open letter to Lord Northcliffe in the March issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I only had a chance to read it yesterday, but was perfectly delighted with its clear, common-sense statement of facts which it is of vital importance that England should understand. Every letter I get from my friends in England indicates that they lack understanding of the American point of view. The letter certainly ought to be distributed among the thinking people in England.

IVY L. LEE.

NEW YORK.

SIR,—I wish to congratulate you on the splendid letter which you wrote to Lord Northcliffe and published in your magazine. It had the true American ring and has been and will be indorsed by every real American patriot in the land.

I sincerely hope that you and other publicists will be active in keeping alive the sentiment that it is easier and cheaper and safer for us to at least have cordial relations with Great Britain than to antagonize her. She has met us more than half-way and has shown tangible manifestations that she wishes to be our friend. ELLIOTT DURAND.

CHICAGO.

SIR,—I find unceasing pleasure in each issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. You are right so many times that when you get wrong occasionally it is very noticeable. JOE H. EAGLE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT

THE SEVENTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1830–1836.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.....N°. I.

MAY, 1815.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

1815–1915

I doubt whether the President of the United States has a higher trust to be accountable for than the editor of The North American Review.—Alexander H. Everett, 1826.

For a' that, the old "North" is the best periodical we have ever had, or, considering its resources, are likely to have.—William H. Prescott, 1837.

The best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1878.

The revivification, so to speak, of The North American Review *under the editorship of Colonel Harvey is one of the important recent developments in the field of periodical literature.*—Dr. Albert Shaw, in the "Review of Reviews," 1914.

The editor of The North American Review *is probably the most powerful single political force in the country.*—"Town and Country," 1915.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT

Alexander H. Everett, the second of his family to be an editor of The Review, was born in Boston in 1792. Like his statesman brother, Edward Everett, he graduated from Harvard with highest honors, and entered upon the study of law. At the age of twenty-six he began his diplomatic career when he was appointed as *chargé d'affaires* at The Hague, and seven years later was given the post of Minister at Madrid. His literary gifts were great, and he contributed frequently to *The Monthly Anthology*, the immediate forebear of The North American, and soon earned the title of "the Coryphæus of our present list of writers." During his stay at Madrid he was in constant communication with Jared Sparks, then editor, who closed an agreement with Mr. Everett to write an article for each number of The Review for two years. In 1830, on his return, he bought from Mr. Sparks a three-quarter interest in the publication, and became its editor. "The Review is the thing

for Mr. Everett, and he is the man for THE REVIEW," was what Henry Wheaton wrote to Mr. Sparks upon hearing of the change of proprietorship.

The range of Mr. Everett's scholarship was wide, as the varied titles of his contributions indicate, and during his editorship the character of THE REVIEW had literary distinction.

He published numerous books, one of which, *Europe, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the Principal Powers, with Conjectures on Their Future Prospects*, was regarded of such importance as to warrant its being translated into German, French, and Spanish. In 1836 he retired, and four years later accepted a Government mission to Cuba, and in 1845 went to Peking in a diplomatic capacity. This post he held at the time of his death.

POLITICS OF EUROPE

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT

Seventh Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1830*

Art. VII.—1. *Du Système Permanent de l'Europe à l'égard de la Russie, et des Affaires de l'Orient*, par M. de Pradt, ancien Archevêque de Malines. Paris. 1828.

2. Statistique des Libertés de l'Europe en 1829, par le Même. Paris. 1829.

IN a former article, which appeared in our number for July, 1828, we ventured to offer a few hasty and imperfect suggestions on the political situation of Europe, at the commencement of the late war between Russia and Turkey. . . .

The resistance of the Turks, although at the first moment somewhat obstinate, turned out, on the whole, to be as feeble and as badly directed as there was every reason to suppose that it would be, from the well-known decrepitude of that ruined and tottering empire. The terms of the peace were dictated, as we have just remarked, in a spirit of moderation towards Turkey, and good faith towards the other powers; but are yet decidedly favorable to the future advancement of Russia;—a great deal more so, probably, than if they had evinced, and for the moment gratified, the most inordinate and grasping ambition. The general result places in strong relief the relative strength of the two belligerents, and completely settles the question, already free from doubt in the minds of most judicious men, of the military preponderance of Russia in the southeast of Europe, and indirectly, by a necessary consequence, over the whole continent. . . .

We must here premise that, in our opinion, as we have already in fact intimated, the result of the war, while it has been highly agreeable to the policy of Russia, is also conformable to the wishes of the friends of civilization and humanity throughout the world. . . .

The truth is (at least as we apprehend the subject) that the friends of humanity feel no other regret on the occasion of this war and its

close, excepting that the complicated character of the relations between the great powers of Europe prevented them from improving the present opportunity for effecting, in concert, the entire destruction of the Turkish empire, and expelling for ever, from civilized Europe, the horde of ruthless barbarians who have so long brooded like a nightmare over one of the fairest portions of her territory. . . .

The only positive check which they attempted to impose upon the progress of the Russian arms, was, that of engaging the Emperor to consent that he would observe a neutrality in the Mediterranean while he was actively at war upon the Danube. The arrangement on this head was announced by the King of Great Britain, in his speech at the opening of Parliament, as a matter of high importance, and wears upon its face the apparent stamp of British origin. It is said, however, by some to have been adopted at the particular request of the French cabinet, and rather against the inclination of England as well as Russia. However this may be, as respects the fact, we incline to doubt whether the two governments or their apologists will hereafter contend very earnestly for the authorship of the measure, which really seems to have done but little honor to the diplomacy of either. It was, in the first place, absurd in itself; secondly, of too feeble a character to affect, in any great degree, the results of the campaign; and, thirdly, by openly evincing a continued jealousy of Russia, it tended, on the whole, to embitter the general relations of the parties to the treaty. The Emperor probably gave his assent, in the first instance, under the idea that the concession was of little or no consequence; and when he found the war proceed rather more heavily than had been anticipated, and thought that the blockade of the Dardanelles would serve a useful purpose, he made no scruple of withdrawing a promise which he doubtless looked upon as given *without consideration*, and, therefore, substantially null. The good grace with which the governments of France and England deemed it convenient to acquiesce in this unexpected change of purpose, formed a pleasant commentary on the air of satisfaction with which the original concession had been announced. The Russian Admiral accordingly declared the Dardanelles to be in a state of blockade, and forgetting, at the moment, the liberal principles which have always been maintained at St. Petersburg on the subject of neutral rights at sea, extended the restriction a little farther than a fair construction of the law of nations would perhaps justify. It was edifying and satisfactory to see with what zeal Great Britain, now one of the neutral powers, espoused the cause of that respectable but generally very ill-used fraternity. No longer ambitious of the sort of glory which, according to some of our law authorities, she reaped during the preceding war, by interpreting the law of nations wholly in favor of the belligerent, and against the neutral, she now, to use a French idiom, *abounded in the other sense*, and with perfect *sang-froid*, claimed of Russia the same privileges which she had, for a series of years, so

resolutely refused to us. The defence of neutral rights, which Lord Stowell is understood to have written on this occasion, in the favor of a diplomatic despatch, would doubtless compare very well, in point of style and argument, with the plea for belligerent pretensions, which Sir William Scott drew up in the year 1812, in answer to our declaration of war; and the publication of the former is anxiously expected by those who take an interest in such discussions. In the mean time, it appears to have had its effect with the Emperor Nicholas, who, finding himself thus driven back by Great Britain herself to the old ground of the Armed Neutrality, yielded, in his turn, with much apparent complacency to the very consistent and modest request of that power, disavowed his Admiral, and limited the blockade to the entry of the Dardanelles. . . .

Humiliation, like that which Turkey has now sustained, is but a prelude to complete subjugation. The pride of the Ottomans, which has only been rendered more sensitive by the entire decay of their power, will revolt at the degradation to which they are reduced, while their ignorance and fanaticism will prevent them from realizing the full extent of their weakness and the impossibility of recovery. Under these circumstances, they will naturally, we may almost say necessarily, violate the obligations imposed by the treaty, and thus afford to Russia the occasion of requiring of them new indemnities and additional guarantees, until their resources are entirely exhausted, and the very name of independence finally disappears. This is the regular progress and result of such relations as those which now exist between the two countries. . . . It was in the same way, that Russia herself has gradually enlarged her possessions in every direction, until, from the somewhat limited inland territory that formed her original seat, she has extended her dominion to the borders of every ocean, and spread it over a quarter of the habitable portion of the globe. Her relations with Turkey have, in fact, been constantly tending towards this catastrophe, ever since her first appearance under Peter the Great as a European power; and it is a curious evidence of the force of circumstances in controlling the influence of the positive combinations dependent on the human will that, although the probability of such a result has been for a century past proclaimed by political writers, and distinctly perceived by all the cabinets of Europe,—although the policy of preventing it has been felt, acknowledged, and, as far as was practicable, acted on, during the whole of that period,—it has, nevertheless, been steadily approaching, until the occurrence of it has at length become almost a matter of certainty. The most critical moment in the history of these relations was undoubtedly that through which they have just passed. Up to this period, the essential weakness of the Turkish empire had not been fully manifested, and it appeared possible, perhaps may have been so, to sustain it as a barrier against Russia. On this head it is no longer practicable to indulge in any illusion. It is obvious to all, that Turkey,

far from serving as the champion or ally of others, is no longer capable of defending herself. It would have still been practicable, as we have already intimated, by a vigorous and well-directed concert among the great powers, to substitute a new creation, a young Christian state, instinct with a living principle of health, vigor, and activity, instead of the putrid corpse that now pollutes the soil and infects the air of the fairest portion of Christendom. The most judicious of the speculative writers on politics have accordingly, for many years past, counselled the great powers to adopt this course; but the hazard of disturbing so materially the existing state of things was probably thought too great to be encountered without an immediate and absolute necessity. The opportunity has now passed away, never probably to return; and nothing remains for Europe, but to look on patiently and see the purposes of the Great Catherine successively accomplished, until the Russian standard is finally planted on the towers of the Seraglio, and the present or some future Constantine is actually enthroned at Constantinople.

A HISTORY OF THE NORTHMEN

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

(*From* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of October, 1832*)

THE government of Iceland is described by our author as being more properly a patriarchal aristocracy than a republic; and he observes that the Icelanders, in consequence of their adherence to their ancient religion, cherished and cultivated the language and literature of their ancestors, and brought them to a degree of beauty and perfection which they never reached in the Christianized countries of the north, where the introduction of the learned languages produced feeble and awkward, though classical imitation, instead of graceful and national originality.

When, at the end of the tenth century, Christianity was at length introduced into the island, the national literature, though existing only in oral tradition, was full blown, and had attained too strong and deep a root in the affections of the people to be eradicated, and had given a charm and value to the language with which it was identified. The Latin letters, therefore, which accompanied the introduction of the Romish religion, were merely adapted to designate the sounds heretofore expressed by Runic characters, and thus contributed to preserve in Iceland the ancient language of the north, when exiled from its parent countries of Scandinavia. To this fidelity to its ancient tongue, the rude and inhospitable shores of Iceland owe that charm which gives them an inexhaustible interest in the eyes of the antiquary, and endears them to the imagination of the poet. 'The popular superstitions,' observes our author, 'with which the mythology and poetry of the north are interwoven, continued still to linger in the sequestered glens of this remote island.'

The language in itself appears to have been worthy of this preservation, since we are told that 'it bears in its internal structure a strong resemblance to the Latin and Greek, and even to the ancient Persian and Sanscrit, and rivals in copiousness, flexibility and energy, every modern tongue.'

Our author gives us many curious glances at the popular superstitions of the north, and those poetic and mythic fictions which pervaded the great Scandinavian family of nations. The charmed armor of the warrior; the dragon who keeps a sleepless watch over buried treasure; the spirits of genii that haunt the rocky tops of mountains, or the depths of quiet lakes; and the elves or vagrant demons which wander through forests, or by lonely hills; these are found in all the popular superstitions of the north. Ditmarus Blefkenius tells us that the Icelanders believed in domestic spirits, which woke them at night to go and fish; and that all expeditions to which they were thus summoned were eminently fortunate. The water-sprites, originating in Icelandic poetry, may be traced throughout the north of Europe. . . .

Before we leave this enchanted ground, we must make a few observations on the Runic characters, which were regarded with so much awe in days of yore, as locking up darker mysteries and more potent spells than the once redoubtable hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. The Runic alphabet, according to our author, consists properly of sixteen letters. Northern tradition attributes them to Odin, who, perhaps, brought them into Scandinavia, but they have no resemblance to any of the alphabets of Central Asia. Inscriptions in these characters are still to be seen on rocks and stone monuments in Sweden, and other countries of the north, containing Scandinavian verses in praise of their ancient heroes. They were also engraven on arms, trinkets, amulets, and utensils, and sometimes on the bark of trees, and on wooden tablets, for the purpose of memorials or of epistolary correspondence. . . .

The last and greatest of the sea-kings, or pirate heroes of the north, was Rollo, surnamed Ferus Fortis, the Lusty Boar or Hardy Beast, from whom William the Conqueror comes in lineal, though not legitimate, descent. Our limits do not permit us to detail the early history of this warrior, as selected by our author from among the fables of the Norman chronicles, and the more simple, and, he thinks, more veritable narratives in the Icelandic Sagas. We shall merely state that Rollo arrived with a band of Northmen, all fugitive adventurers, like himself, upon the coast of France; ascended the Seine to Rouen, subjugated the fertile province then called Neustria; named it Normandy from the Northmen, his followers, and crowned himself the first Duke. . . .

Rollo established in his duchy of Normandy a feudal aristocracy, or rather it grew out of the circumstances of the country. His followers elected him duke, and he made them counts and barons and knights. The clergy also pressed themselves into his great council

or parliament. The laws were reduced to a system by men of acute intellect, and this system of feudal law was subsequently transplanted by William the Conqueror into England, as a means of consolidating his power and establishing his monarchy. 'Rollo is said also to have established the Court of Exchequer as the supreme tribunal of Justice; and the perfect security afforded by the admirable system of police established in England by King Alfred is likewise attributed to the legislation of the first Duke of Normandy.' Trial by battle, or judicial combat, was a favorite appeal to God by the warlike nations of Scandinavia, as by most of the barbarous tribes who established themselves on the ruin of the Roman empire. It had fallen into disuse in France, but was revived by Rollo in Normandy, although the clergy were solicitous to substitute the ordeal of fire and water, which brought controversies within their control. The fierce Norman warriors disdained this clerical mode of decision, and strenuously insisted on the appeal to the sword. They afterwards, at the conquest, introduced the trial by combat into England, where it became a part of the common law.

THE NOVELS OF BALZAC

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(*From* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1847*)

THE noise made by M. de Balzac and his cane seems to have subsided in Paris. The novelist, who was more prolific than Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and the cane which was as celebrated as her tomtit, seem to be both growing as unfashionable as the deceased author of the still more deceased Grand Cyrus, Clelia, and other interminable romances. We have heard of no new book by M. de Balzac since his disastrous retreat from Russia, and no later romance upon his walking-stick, the very fashion of which has passed away, than *La Canne de Balzac*, by a female admirer, published some dozen years ago in Paris. Perhaps he may be only diving very deep, and staying under very long, in some very remote and profound ocean, to come up all fresh and dripping again, with his hands full of pearls. At any rate, he has performed this trick more than once already, and he may be again searching for something new and startling to awaken the public who have gone astray after Eugène Sue, George Sand, Alexander Dumas, and other strange gods. If he were an Englishman, we might think that he had "written himself out"; but a Frenchman never writes himself out, and if he writes himself down, he is sure to find some means of writing himself up again. If his eyes are out, he will scratch them in again. Balzac, moreover, has been all his life the most indomitable of Frenchmen and romancers. Since he was one-and-twenty he has been writing romances, and now, like Lear's friend Kent, he "hath years on his back exactly forty-eight"; like Cromwell, he is just one year older than his century, having been born

in Tours, in Touraine, in the year 1799. Now, as he himself expresses great confidence in the "*Cinquantaine*," and, in fact, in the *Physiologie du Mariage*, distinctly fixes upon fifty-two as the most captivating, brilliant, and effective epoch of a gentleman's existence, we may suppose that he has not yet the slightest intention of abandoning the field and joining the melancholy troop of the *dévastés*. Perhaps, then, before he blazes upon the world in some new phases, this may be a favorable moment for casting a glance at his works, or rather at his "work,"—for M. de Balzac is fond of denominating his eighty volumes his "*œuvre*." . . .

With all his faults, Balzac is essentially an artist, and not a mechanic. It is, perhaps, a result of this very quality that he has found himself growing less popular. He has been unable to sympathize with the sudden moral movement of the French mind. The late rush into morality has been terrific in Paris. Those volatile gentlemen, the *feuilletonistes*, have, as it were, discovered it all at once. Morality is like the mines of Mexico to them, and they are all hammering, digging and picking, with might and main. . . .

It is very certain, that Balzac has not yet, like Charles Lamb, found himself a disreputable personage. Nobody in Paris ever dreamed of his being immoral. He is, as we before observed, essentially an artist, and deals with materials which society affords him. If his pictures be dark, they are none the less truthful copies from human nature. If they reveal a vicious or disorderly condition of society, society, and not the artist, is reprehensible. An author is not responsible for the disorders which he depicts. . . .

Balzac's pictures of society are like daguerreotypes rather than paintings. There is the same painful and indisputable resemblance, the same accurate delineation of the most minute characteristics and infinitesimal blemishes; and there is the same somber hue and slightly distorted expression. Moreover, a casual observer might not immediately discover their extraordinary merit. Like the daguerreotypes, they must be held in a certain light, and curiously pondered, or the shifting but striking portraits will not reveal themselves to the observation. . . .

We have said that the fame of Balzac must rest upon his *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, and *Scènes de la Vie de Provence*. The first of these series is made up generally of short stories, or rather episodes, in a sort of grand épopée of Parisian life, which seems to exist unwritten in Balzac's brain. Of these stories, all of which are striking, we should perhaps select a tale entitled *Ne touchez pas à la Hache*, as a masterpiece of brilliant handling, startling effect, and artful management. There is a midnight scene, in which the hero, a certain General de Montrireau, assisted by two or three friends, masked and cloaked, resolves to punish the heroine, a beautiful duchesse, for her coquetry, by branding her upon the forehead with a red-hot needle, which we consider a *chef d'œuvre* of illusion. Certainly, nothing could equal the

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One-hundredth year JULY, 1914 Vol. 200: No. 1

BY THE EDITOR

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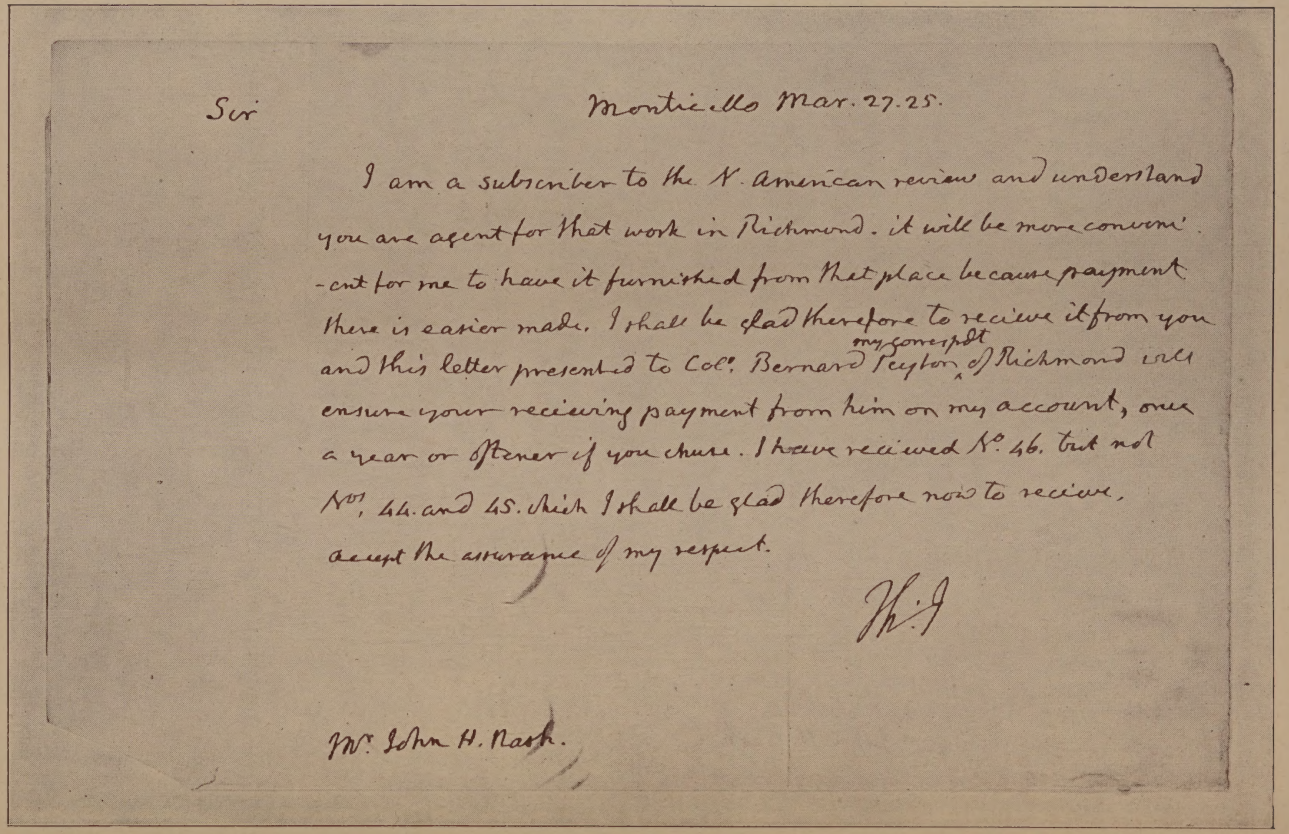

Sir

Monticello Mar. 27. 25.

I am a subscriber to the N. American review and understand you are agent for that work in Richmond. it will be more convenient for me to have it furnished from that place because payment there is easier made. I shall be glad therefore to receive it from you and this letter presented to Colo. Bernard Peyton of Richmond will ensure your receiving payment from him on my account, once a year or oftener if you chuse. I have received No. 46. but not Nos. 44. and 45. which I shall be glad therefore now to receive. accept the assurance of my respect.

Th: J

Wm. John H. Nash.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM THOMAS JEFFERSON RENEWING HIS SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

colossal impudence of such a literary conception but its entire success. The scene is so well worked up, the details so minutely delineated, the *chiar'oscuro* so artfully managed, that the effect is wonderful.

Another of the most brilliant of these episodes in the Parisian epic is the *Histoire des Treize;*—and, by the way, it should be observed that none of the characters in the different novels of Balzac are indigenous to the book where they first appear, but walk about from one novel to another, reappearing here, there, and everywhere, just as it suits the pleasure of the author, and the purposes of his grand épopée. "The Thirteen" compose nothing more nor less than a subterranean fraternity, in which dashing nobles and generals are banded with stamped galley-slaves and distinguished pickpockets, for mutual self-improvement and common defence. By this fortunate combination, the dandy in high life is able to accomplish many things in a masterly and mysterious style, which would have been less feasible but for the assistance of his underground associates. Balzac has an inordinate love of the atrocious, but manages it better than any of his contemporaries. His corrupt taste seems rather to belong to his epoch than to himself. More than any of the modern Parisians, he seems to us essentially to represent a literature which is *blasé*, and which in its morbid and depraved appetite for the original and the fresh, is constantly feeding upon the monstrous. Strictly speaking, perhaps, there is nothing absolutely new in this general conception of "The Thirteen." Yet, such is the singular power of the delineator, who produces his efforts now by a bold, startling, Caravaggio-like effect, and now by a patient accumulation of minute details, worthy of Gerard Douw or Ostade, that we defy the most phlegmatic of readers to maintain his composure through a midnight perusal of these striking narratives. . . .

DISRAELI'S "TANCRED"

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(*From* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1847*)

THE present age, we are constantly assured, is an age of criticism and inquiry, quite barren of the beautiful, childlike faith of the bygone time. We are well content that it should be so, while we can see a higher and more saving grace gradually unfolding itself. We shall not feel that there is any loss, so long as a faith in the present and the future, in man and his true destiny, takes the place of the old religion. . . . Yet there is in England a political party, or a spasmodic attempt at one, based upon the dogma that all salvation dwells in the past. Mr. D'Israeli the younger is one of the Coryphæi of this sect, and *Tancred* is one of its canonical books. It calls itself "Young England," and we should be inclined to consider it very young indeed, if we might judge by the clearest apprehension we have been able to attain

of the principles by which it professes to be governed. It claims to be the friend of reform, but seems to look upon progress as something of the same nature with the refractory charge of an Irish pig-driver, and pulls it back stoutly by the leg in a direction precisely the reverse of that in which it would have it advance. *Coningsby*, *Sibyl*, and *Tancred* are samples of its literature. . . .

Mr. D'Israeli is a great believer in the idiosyncrasies of race, and the peculiar tendencies and faculties implanted in the different families of mankind. He himself furnishes an unconscious illustration of his own theory. Seldom has the inner life been so aptly symbolized in the outward as in the case of the Jews. That the idolaters of ceremony and tradition should become the venders of old clothes, that the descendants of those who, within earshot of the thunders of Sinai, could kneel before the golden calf, should be the money-changers of Europe, has in it something of syllogistic completeness. The work by which the elder D'Israeli will be remembered is the old curiosity shop of literature. He is merely a cast-clothes-dealer in an æsthetic sense. The son, with his trumpery of the past, is clearly a vender of the same wares, and an off-shoot from the same stock.

In *Coningsby* and *Tancred*, Mr. D'Israeli has interwoven a kind of defense of the Jewish race against the absurd prejudices of a so-called Christendom. The Arab proves his unmixed descent by the arch of his instep; and, unless we conclude men mad as sturdy old Burton argues them, we must suppose that the pleasurable sensation of pedigree has somewhere its peculiar organ in the human frame. With proper deference to the opinions of other physiologists, we should be inclined to place the seat of this emotion in the Caucasian race near the region of the toes. Tribes of this stock, at least, have always seemed to consider the keeping of somebody or other to kick as at once a proof of purity of lineage, and a suitable gratification of those nobler instincts which it implants. In Europe, the Jews have long monopolized the responsible privilege of supplying an object for this peculiar craving of the supreme Caucasian nature. The necessity of each rank in society found a vent upon that next below it, the diapason ending full in the Jew; and thus a healthy feeling of dignity was maintained from one end of the body politic to the other. In America, the African supplies the place of the Hebrew, and the sturdiest champion of impartial liberty feels the chromatic scale of equal rights violated when the same steam is employed to drag him and his darker fellow-citizen. . . .

For once, Mr. D'Israeli seems to be in earnest, and we respect both his zeal and the occasion of it. The pen is never so sacred as when it takes the place of the sword in securing freedom, whether for races or ideas. But the earnestness of a charlatan is only a profounder kind of charlatanism. The moral of *Tancred*, if it have any, is, that effete Europe can be renewed only by a fresh infusion from the veins of Asia,—a nostrum for rejuvenescence to be matched only out of the

pages of Hermippus Redivivus. According to Mr. D'Israeli, all primitive ideas have originated, and must for ever originate, in Asia, and among the descendants of Abraham. He would have us go to school to Noah in navigation, and learn the nicer distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* from Ishmael. He would make us believe that the Jewish mind still governs the world, through the medium of prime-ministers, bankers, and actresses. The chief excellence of this arrangement is, that we are profoundly ignorant of it. We are provided for by the supreme Arabian intellect, and at the same time have all the pleasure of imagining that we manage our own affairs. The dispersion of the Jews (a nation so eminently successful in controlling their own political interests) was no doubt intended by Providence to supply Christendom with administrative intellects. . . .

Tancred goes to the Holy Land to fathom the great "Asiatic problem," carrying, one cannot help fearing, a line hardly long enough for the purpose. Arrived there, he pays his devotion to the Holy Sepulchre, undertakes a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, is taken prisoner by a tribe of Arabs descended from Rechab (the temperance reform may be allegorically typified in this incident), is liberated, visits the Ansarey, a somewhat anserine people who maintain the worship of the Grecian divinities, and the novel ends by his declaring his love for the daughter of his Jew banker in Palestine. The conclusion is characteristic. Mr. D'Israeli, like the cat transformed into a lady, drops all ceremony at once, and makes a joyous spring after the first mouse he encounters. The novelist gets the better of the philosopher.

Tancred cannot be esteemed a work of art, even if that term may be justly applied in the limited sense of mere construction. There is in it no great living idea which pervades, moulds, and severely limits the whole. If we consider the *motive*, we find a young nobleman so disgusted with the artificial and hollow life around him, that he sacrifices every thing for a pilgrimage to what he believes the only legitimate source of faith and inspiration. We cannot, to be sure, expect much of a youth who is obliged to travel a thousand miles after inspiration; but we might reasonably demand something more than that he should merely fall in love, a consummation not less conveniently and cheaply attainable at home. If the whole story be intended for a satire, the disproportion of motive to result is not out of proper keeping. But Mr. D'Israeli's satire is wholly of the epigrammatic kind, not of the epic, and deals always with individuals, never with representative ideas. . . .

For our own part, we cannot see any use that is to be answered by such books as *Tancred*. It is as dumb as the poor chocked hunchback in the *Arabian Nights*, when we ask it what its business is. There are no characters in it. There is no dramatic interest, none of plot or incident.

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The Emotions of Jesus. By Professor Robert Law, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Baseball, Individual Play and Team Play in Detail. By W. J. Clarke and Frederick T. Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

A Cloistered Romance. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Pets for Pleasure and Profit. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

How Belgium Saved Europe. By Dr. Charles Sarolea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1915.

The Home of the Blizzard. By Sir Douglas Mawson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1915.

South of Panama. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Company, 1915.

Arms and the Race. By R. M. Johnston. New York: The Century Company, 1915.

The Monroe Doctrine: National or International. By William I. Hull, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

Getting a Wrong Start: A Truthful Autobiography. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Social Problem. By Charles A. Elwood, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Societal Evolution. By Albert Galloway Keller. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Eight O'Clock and Other Stories. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The House of the Dead. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Parsival. By Gerhard Hauptmann. Authorized translation by Oakley Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Garden of Paradise. By Edward Sheldon. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Progressive Movement. By Benjamin Parke DeWitt, A.M., LL.B. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Robert Fulton. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Business Adventures of Billy Thomas. By Elmer E. Ferris. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

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Commercial Work and Training for Girls. By Jeannette Eaton and Bertha M. Stevens. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Housekeeper's Handbook of Cleaning. By Christine Terhune Herrick. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

The Primrose Ring. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Empty Pockets. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

A-B-C of Electricity. By William H. Meadowcroft. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

My Life Out of Prison. By Donald Lowrie. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1915.

The Good News of a Spiritual Realm. By Dwight Goddard. Ann Arbor, Mich.: Dwight Goddard, 1915.

The Happiness of Nations. By James MacKaye. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1915.

Government for the People. By Thomas H. Reed. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1915.

The Yellowstone National Park. By H. M. Chittenden. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co., 1915.

Resurgam: Poems and Lyrics. By O. R. Howard Thomson. Philadelphia: William M. Bains, 1915.

Essays Towards a Theory of Knowledge. By Alexander Philip, F.R.S.E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1915.

Lower Living Costs in Cities. By Clyde Lyndon King, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1915.

The New World-Religion. By The Rev. Josiah Strong. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1915.

Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

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FOUNDING OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

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THE origin of the National City Bank of New York was directly related to the dissolution of the first Bank of the United States, the charter of which expired in 1811. The establishment of the Bank of the United States had been one of the chief features of Alexander Hamilton's administration as Secretary of the Treasury. Its charter was dated in 1791 and ran for twenty years. In 1811, on account of the political situation, although the President, James Madison, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Albert Gallatin, favored an extension of the charter, the Congress, by a vote of 65 to 64 in the House of Representatives, and a tie vote in the Senate, refused to grant it and the Bank was obliged to go into liquidation. It was the most important financial institution in the country at the time, and its retirement from the field, and the closing of its branch office in New York City, made an opening and created a need for a new and important banking institution in this city.

Accordingly a group of prominent business men of New York City, headed by Col. Samuel Osgood, who had been the first Postmaster-General of the United States, applied to the Legislature of the State of New York for a charter for a bank, there being no general banking law at that time. The charter was granted by an Act approved June 16, 1812.

The Directors of the new institution arranged that the holders of stock in the Bank of the United States might exchange that stock, upon equitable terms, for stock in the City Bank, and this offer was availed of to the extent of 10,000 shares, or $500,000 par value, of City Bank stock. As this comprised more than a majority of the original capital, the City Bank may

be fairly said to have been a direct offspring of Alexander Hamilton's Bank of the United States. It opened for business in the banking-room that had been occupied by the New York branch of the Bank of the United States, at 52 Wall Street, and remained in that location until it moved into its present home, 55 Wall Street. The authorized capital of the Bank was $2,000,000 in shares of $50 each, but it began business with $800,000 of capital paid up.

The members of the first Board of Directors were named in the charter, to hold office until July 1, 1813, and were as follows: Samuel Osgood, Grove Wright, Jasper Ward, Henry Fanning, Ichabod Prall, Benjamin Bailey, Abraham Bloodgood, Samuel Tooker, Isaac Pierson, William Cutting, Peter Stagg, John Swartwout, William Irving, John L. Norton, and William Furman. The William Irving named was a member of Congress and brother of Washington Irving. All were men of weight and influence in the community.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT

The first President of the City Bank was Col. Samuel Osgood, one of the most distinguished citizens of the State of New York and a man of conspicuous services in the Revolutionary War and in the establishment of the Federal Government.

He was born in Andover, Mass., in 1748, graduated from Harvard in 1770, and was a man who combined large capacity in affairs with scholarly abilities. His political career began in 1774 as a delegate to the Essex County Convention. He organized and commanded a company of minute-men at Lexington and Cambridge in 1775. He was aide-de-camp on the staff of General Ward, declined command of a regiment, was a member of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress and a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention. In 1782 he was sent by Congress as a delegate to Rhode Island to urge the Legislature to assent to Alexander Hamilton's plan concerning duties on imports. In 1785 he was appointed first commissioner of the United States Treasury. The Legislature of Massachusetts came forward in a body and became his bondsmen, an honor never accorded to any other private individual. He held this office until 1789, when, the Constitution having been adopted and George Washington elected and inaugurated President of the United States, he was appointed by the President to be the first Postmaster-General. He held this position until the removal of the Government from New York to Philadelphia in 1791, when he resigned. He was then elected a member of

the Legislature of the State of New York and became Speaker of the House. Colonel Osgood was one of the original stock holders and member of the first Board of Directors of the Bank of North America in Philadelphia, the first bank to receive a charter in the United States. He was one of the original members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, an incorporator of the Free School Society, a founder of the City Dispensary, the author of several works on theological subjects, and a valued friend and correspondent of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and George Washington. He died in August, 1813, and was buried in the Brick Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member.

EARLY SERVICES OF THE BANK

The City Bank began its career at one of the most critical periods of the country's history. Three days after its charter was granted the President issued a declaration of war on Great Britain, and for the next two and one-half years the country was engaged in a conflict with one of the first military powers of the world, an undertaking for which it was in no sense adequately prepared.

The war and the administration were both unpopular in New England, and that section was indisposed to contribute with either men or money. Times were very hard, the revenues of the Treasury were light, and the burden of supporting the Government fell mainly on Philadelphia and New York. The first loan was raised before the Bank was open for business, but in the spring of 1813 another of $16,000,000 was offered, about one-third of which was taken in New York. The City Bank received subscriptions to this and subscribed on its own account for $500,000. The total subscriptions from Boston amounted to about $75,000.

In August, 1813, Colonel Osgood died, and was succeeded by Col. William Few, upon whom devolved the difficult task of guiding the Bank through the troubled years that followed. Colonel Few was a native of Georgia, had won distinction in the Revolutionary War, and, after holding various civic and judicial positions, was elected one of the first two United States Senators from the State of Georgia. He located in New York in 1799, and in 1801 was elected to the New York Legislature. He proved to be a capable head for the City Bank, and held the position four years.

In the trying times from 1813 to 1817 the Treasury was obliged to appeal repeatedly to the New York financial communi-

ty for aid, and the City Bank regularly responded, subscribing on its own account, and acting as the agent of the Treasury in receiving subscriptions. In May, 1814, the Treasury having asked for subscriptions to $10,000,000 of bonds, the Bank for a second time took $500,000. Upon another occasion the Directors, authorizing a subscription of $200,000 to a war loan, spread upon the record the report of the Loan Committee, which declared that "in making this recommendation the Committee is actuated by a desire of rendering this institution serviceable to the government of our country in support of the just and necessary contest in which it is engaged, as well as a firm conviction in their minds that the interest of the Bank will be promoted thereby."

The records of the Bank afford much evidence of the critical state of both political and commercial affairs in the summer of 1814. The overthrow of Napoleon seemed to give England a free hand to deal with the United States. The currency of bank notes and treasury bills was depreciated, trade languished, and commercial failures were numerous. The services of a special Committee of Directors were required to "attend to the protested notes and such overdrawings as may occur." On July 14th a Committee of Directors was appointed to "make proper arrangements for the removal of the books, cash, etc., belonging to the bank, in case of the invasion of the city by the enemy." Business was paralyzed, specie was disappearing, and there were all signs of a crisis.

GERM OF THE CLEARING HOUSE

The New York Clearing House was not organized until 1853, but the germ of it appears in the action of the banks in these trying days of 1814. On July 28th the Directors of the City Bank appointed the President and Cashier a committee to meet with similar committees of other banks. No immediate results followed, but on August 19th the Directors made another effort to bring about concerted action, and appointed Messrs. Irving, Swartwout, and Tooker a committee to "confer with committees from any two or more banks in this city, with full powers to devise and adopt such measures as shall be deemed proper by said committee for the renewal of public credit and to prevent the exportation of specie to the enemy."

Stirred at last to action, the banks came into a conference and adopted a series of resolutions, which were to be binding on them for three months, "or on twenty days' notice." The banks agreed to give every aid to one another, consistent with

their own safety, in making payments in specie; to continue daily exchanges and to pay interest at the rate of six per cent. a year on daily balances or to pay balances in specie or its equivalent, and "in preference to any other debt due by the institution," . . .

On August 31st, four days after the fall of Washington, the general committee resolved to suspend specie payments, thus giving official recognition to a condition they found themselves powerless to prevent. The Philadelphia banks had suspended on the 30th, and the Baltimore banks before that. The country generally remained on a paper basis until after the establishment of the second Bank of the United States in 1817.

FROM THE PRESIDENCY OF WILLIAM FEW TO THE PRESIDENCY OF MOSES TAYLOR

This was a period of prosperity and growth for the city of New York and for the City Bank. The completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 gave a great impetus to the city, which carried it past Philadelphia in population to the position which it has since held as the chief city of the United States in population and commerce. John Swartwout, of the City Bank's original Board of Directors, was one of DeWitt Clinton's principal aids in this work.

Isaac Wright, of the shipping firm of Isaac Wright & Son, was one of the notable presidents of the Bank, his term extending from 1827 to 1832. This firm established the first regular transatlantic service with sailings at first once a month, but after 1822 with vessels leaving New York and Liverpool simultaneously on the 1st and 16th of each month.

The panic of 1837 was the most severe which this country had experienced; nothing that has occurred since is comparable to it in disastrous results. Within three weeks two hundred and fifty business firms in New York City failed with liabilities of more than $100,000,000. The records of the City Bank show that it passed its dividend as a precautionary measure, but that it was in a very strong condition and exerted itself in a public-spirited manner to mitigate the ills of the situation.

The presidents from William Few to Moses Taylor, with their terms of office, were as follows:

Peter Stagg,	1817–1825
Thomas L. Smith,	1825–1827
Isaac Wright,	1827–1832
Thomas Bloodgood,	1832–1844
Gorham A. Worth,	1844–1856

PRESIDENCY OF MOSES TAYLOR

The longest term of service of any one in the presidency of the Bank has been that of Moses Taylor, whose career as merchant, banker, and private citizen was one of the most eminent in the history of New York. He was a member of the Board of Directors for forty-five years and President for twenty-six years, being elected to the latter position in 1856. His administration covered the period of our Civil War, and he was one of the strong men in the patriotic group of New York bankers who upheld the arms of the Secretary of the Treasury in the early days of the struggle, and in every critical hour until the success of the Union was assured and specie payments were resumed in 1879.

In August, 1861, after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, came to New York and at a called meeting of the bankers asked them to take the Government's notes for $50,000,000 at once, and $100,000,000 more in instalments of $50,000,000 each, sixty days apart. After a short conference Mr. Taylor, Chairman of the Loan Committee, made reply: "Mr. Secretary, we have decided to subscribe for the $50,000,000 of United States securities you have offered, and to place that amount at your disposal, so you can begin to draw against it to-morrow." The $100,000,000 was also agreed to, and still other loans followed.

When Mr. Chase resigned to accept the place of Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Taylor was offered, but declined, the position of Secretary of the Treasury, his various business connections making it impracticable for him to accept.

Under Mr. Taylor's direction, upon the establishment of the National banking system, the Bank surrendered its State charter and entered the new system as The National City Bank of New York.

Although as a banker exceedingly conservative and prudent in the management of funds intrusted to his care, Mr. Taylor was also a large-minded and enterprising man, of exceptional foresight and sagacity, as was shown by his career as one of the leading merchants of New York, with ships in all oceans, and also by the active part he bore with Cyrus Field in laying the first transatlantic cable. He was treasurer of the cable company, and but for his confidence in the ultimate success of the project, and his dominant personality, the enterprise probably would have been abandoned. The many disappointments discouraged the stockholders, and most of them wanted to

abandon the undertaking, but Mr. Taylor's efforts held the company together and secured the financial support to make the cable finally a success. Peter Cooper was President, and Edward Kavanagh, a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland, was the Secretary of the Cable Company, and his son, Arthur Kavanagh, is now a Vice-President of the National City Bank.

THE LATER HISTORY OF THE BANK

Upon the death of Moses Taylor in 1882 Percy R. Pyne succeeded to the presidency and held it until his death in 1891. These were years of growth for the city and country, and the bank more than held its relative position during the period.

Mr. Pyne's successor was James Stillman, from the Board of Directors, a cotton merchant and business man of broad experience. During his administration the country for a time was intensely agitated, and its progress halted, by the so-called free-silver movement, but after the country was firmly established upon a gold basis the greatest period of industrial expansion in the history of the nation began. The Bank under the leadership of Mr. Stillman, and with its successful career of nearly one hundred years behind it, was in position to serve the needs of the new era. Larger and more economical industrial organizations called for larger and more efficient banking organizations, and the capital of the National City Bank was raised in January, 1900, to $10,000,000, and in June, 1902, to $25,000,000, and when Mr. Stillman retired from the presidency in 1909 the surplus and undivided profits stood at $29,038,000.

The large resources of the Bank were especially serviceable to the country during the banking panic of 1907. Owing to the lack of organization in our banking system and of elasticity in the currency supply, the most effective means of relief in the emergency was by the importation of gold, and the Bank led in this movement.

Mr. Stillman resigned the presidency in 1909, but retained and still holds the chairmanship of the Board of Directors. He was succeeded, as President, by Frank A. Vanderlip, the present incumbent.

The efforts of the management in recent years have been energetically directed toward broadening and perfecting the service of the institution for the accommodation of all of the rapidly expanding business interests of the United States. The volume of business handled by the Bank has grown at an increasing rate until all banking records for an institution without branches in its own country have been surpassed.

At the date of the last statement called for by the Comptroller of the Currency, March 4, 1915, the capital was $25,000,000; surplus and undivided profits, $35,818,895; deposits, $328,465,893.

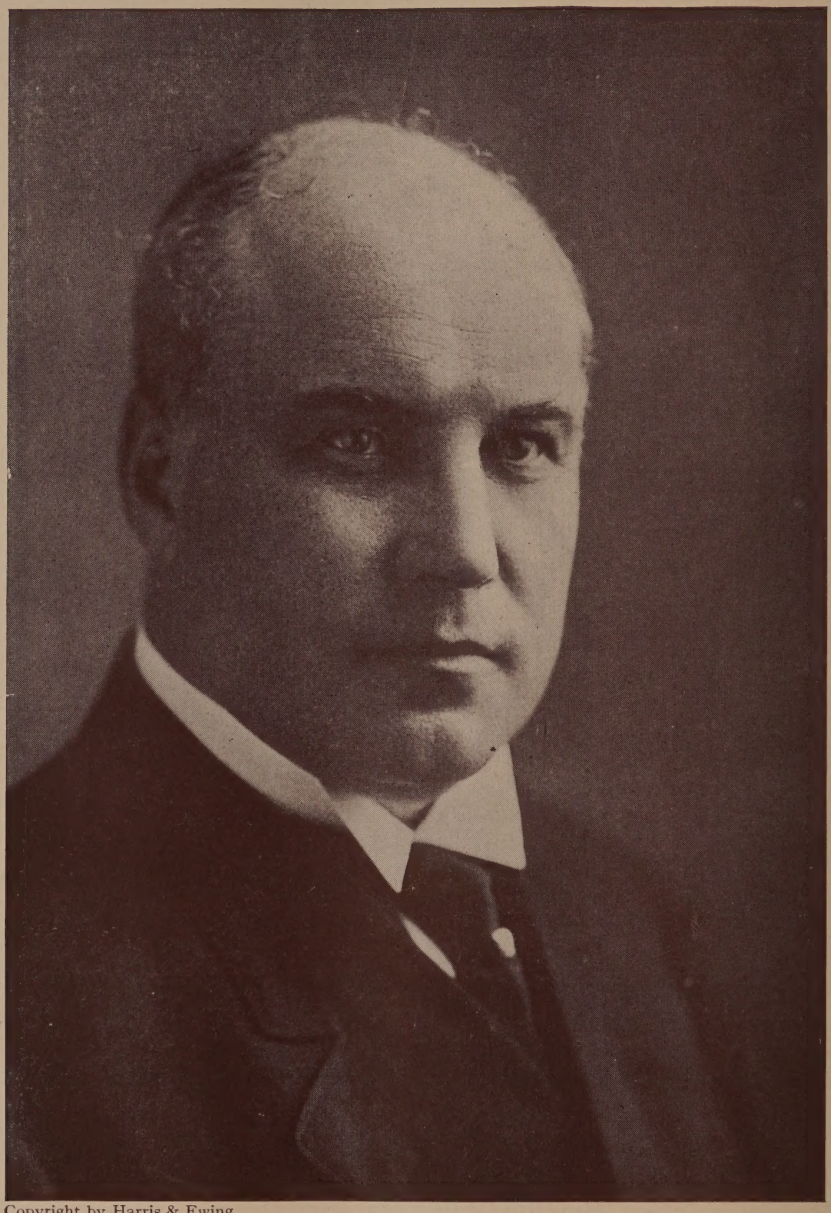
BRANCHES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Under the Federal Reserve Act, authority is granted for members of the National banking system to establish branches in foreign countries. In anticipation of some such provision the Bank had made careful inquiry into the advisability of such action, and reached the conclusion that the time had arrived for more systematic efforts to develop the export trade of this country, and that foreign branches of American banks would be an effective agency to this end. Accordingly, a branch establishment was immediately opened in Buenos Ayres, and this action has since been followed by the location of branches in Rio de Janeiro and Santos, while others are contemplated.

Through the medium of these branches the Bank will be able to afford new facilities to American houses trading abroad. A Foreign Trade Department has been established in the Bank, with representatives attached to each of the branch banks, their duties being to make a study of trade opportunities and conditions, and to transmit the information so gathered to the Foreign Trade Department, for dissemination among merchants and manufacturers of this country. In furtherance of this policy a monthly magazine, *The Americas,* is published.

THE CITY BANK'S CAREER

The City Bank's career is closely identified with the history and progress of the City of New York and the United States. Its growth has been an integral part of their growth. Its success has been measured and determined by the ability of the management to judge of and serve the needs of their business life. Great changes have come over the country since the day when that group of men, honored in the annals of New York, received the original charter. Since then the institution has been guided by many hands and passed through many grave and trying periods in the nation's life. It is a privilege to be able to say of the long line of officers and directors, all but a few of whom are beyond the reach of any commendation that can be offered now, that the names and pledges of the founders have never been dishonored. The City Bank has been faithful to the trusts reposed in it during these years, and in every crisis that has visited the country has been a reservoir of strength not only to its patrons, but to the community and to the Government.



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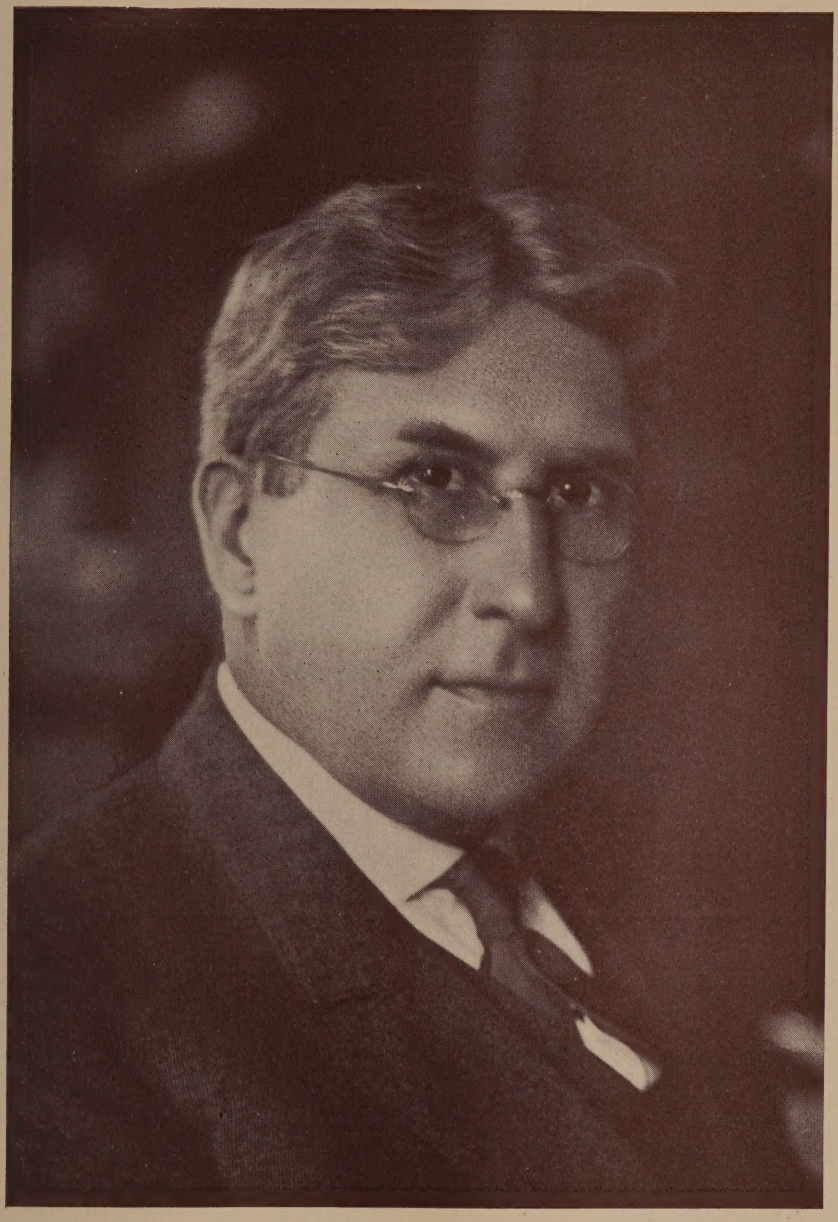
FRANKLIN K. LANE

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR



LINDLEY M. GARRISON
SECRETARY OF WAR

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE, 1915

THE DUTY OF AMERICA

BY THE EDITOR

BECAUSE Great Britain refused to permit the United States to supply the German army with foodstuffs Germany officially assassinated more than a hundred American citizens. That is the naked fact from which escape is impossible. Explanations cannot explain; excuses cannot palliate; the monstrous crime was premeditated, was threatened, and was perpetrated. The whole story of the sinking of the *Lusitania* is contained in those few words. Nothing need be added, and nothing can be taken away. Whatever course future events may take, whatever settlement of the great war may finally be effected, whatever attitude our own or any other country may assume, the debasement of Germany as a civilized nation is writ upon the pages of history by her own hand; her reversion to barbarism is established at the bar of humanity, there to remain throughout the lives of this and succeeding generations; the stain upon her honor is indelible. This Nation is confronted by no necessity of inflicting punishment upon Germany. The reprobation of all mankind whose effect will continue for years to come is a fully adequate penalty which, unfortunately but inevitably, the innocent German people, in common with the guilty German Government, must prepare to suffer.

Nor is it the duty of America to "fight for the Allies." We have no concern with European conflicts. If Fate has decreed

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that fight we must, it must be in the cause of peace, not for the sake of war. Our obligation cannot even be restricted to our own selfish interests. "America First" is not sufficiently comprehensive. It is the rights of neutrals, of *all* neutrals, which we are in duty bound to maintain—by force, if necessary—in the interest of a civilization which could not survive the putting of a premium upon war. And we should take particular care at a time when righteous indignation tends to dominate our souls to keep our true course clearly in mind.

Neutrality was the first item of foreign policy adopted by our government, in Washington's administration. It was then a novel thing in international relations. Thitherto it had been the custom for every nation to side with one belligerent or the other in a war, or else to have nothing to do with either. Neutrality, as formerly understood, had meant non-intercourse. But Washington proposed—and successfully insisted—that it should then and thereafter mean impartial friendly and peaceful intercourse with all belligerents.

The circumstances were urgent and trying; more so than in any other case that has ever since been presented to this country. England and France were at war, and with each of them the United States had peculiar relations. This nation was divided into two factions. The more assertive and aggressive of the two was the pro-French group, because of gratitude for French aid in our Revolution and because of the inspiration of the French Revolution. Had that faction had its way, we should have become the actual ally of France, at war with England and much of the rest of Europe, and should have committed ourselves to the disastrous policy of being thereafter a party to all European intrigues and wars—defeating one of the prime objects for which this nation was founded. Jefferson's subsequent policy of honest friendship with all and entangling alliances with none could not have been established, and the Monroe Doctrine could not have been proclaimed.

Happily, the judgment of Washington prevailed. There is no doubt that he was at heart a sympathizer with Great Britain as against France. But he was above all an American, and he had the prescience to perceive that the future welfare and, indeed, the integrity and perpetuity of America depended upon its complete detachment from the embroilments of Europe. It was, he held, vain to look for disinterested friendship or favors from one nation to another; a fact which our relations with France had already abundantly demonstrated; and he was not

inclined to sacrifice our "splendid isolation" to the selfish needs of any other Power. Therefore he insisted, against great opposition, upon laying for all time the corner-stone of our foreign policy, Neutrality.

So little was this understood at the time that many interpreted it as meaning non-intercourse with belligerents. It fell to Jefferson most effectually of all to dispel that error by making the first important declaration of our right as a neutral Power to maintain unaffected by war our impartial commerce with both belligerents, even to the extent of selling to them arms, ammunition, and other warlike supplies. These and all other articles contraband of war were of course to be subject to the liability of seizure on the high seas, but the right of our citizens to trade in them was not to be disputed.

The great policy thus founded was in time, as it is at present, seen to embrace three cardinal principles; in addition, of course, to that of non-participation in the wars of others. The first of these is impartiality. We are to treat all belligerents alike. We are to sell goods, including munitions of war, loan money, and have other relations with both alike. That attitude, or course, must, moreover, be subjective and not objective. That is to say, it must be adopted and maintained quite regardless of the ability of either belligerent to improve the opportunities offered by us. Thus, if of two belligerents one needs and wants to borrow money, and the other does not, the fact that the latter makes no loans of us is no reason for our declining to make loans to the former. Again, if one is able to receive and take home the arms and munitions which we sell to it, and the other, having lost command of the trade routes, is not able to do so, that difference must not be taken into account by us, and we must not refuse to sell to one because the other cannot take our goods. It is no fault and no business of ours that the latter cannot carry home its purchases. We are to be impartial without regard to either the desires or the abilities of the others.

The second principle is that of constancy of practice. The terms of the neutrality proclamation made at the beginning of a war must be maintained unaltered until its end. The necessity of this is obvious when we consider that any change would almost certainly be to the advantage of one of the belligerents over the other, because of the changes which might have occurred in their needs and conditions. Thus if at the beginning of a war we sell arms and ammunition impartially

to both, we must continue to do so to the end; since to change that policy and prohibit such traffic might be to favor the Power which no longer needed or no longer was able to secure such supplies, by injuring its antagonist which did need them and was able to take them. When terms of neutrality are proclaimed at the outbreak of a war, as they always should be, and are consistently maintained, both parties know what to depend upon, and the extent to which they are aided or hindered by our attitude is their own concern and none of ours.

The third principle is that, for the sake of self-protection, the lands and waters of the United States are not to be the scene of belligerent operations of any kind. That is the principle which forbids the building and equipment of warships for belligerents, as distinguished from the sale to them of munitions of war; and also which forbids enlistment here for foreign service. It is lawful for men, at their own risk, to go abroad and enlist there, for the militant act is thus performed outside of the borders of the United States. For them to enlist here, whether they are our own citizens or aliens, is illegal, because that would be to perform a militant act here, and to organize to that extent a belligerent force on American soil for operation against a Power with which we were at peace. Similarly it is lawful to sell munitions of war and ship them abroad, because they are not used, or capable of being used, in actual militancy until they are beyond our borders, being here treated as mere merchandise. But it would be unlawful to build and equip warships, because they would be instantly susceptible of belligerent action, within our waters, and would thus be tantamount to armed expeditions organized here. Whether this latter prohibition is properly to be applied to submarines which are constructed here in parts to be shipped abroad as merchandise and to be assembled there is an open question.

Neutrality must be reciprocal. It must be practised on the one hand, and must be respected on the other; and the two obligations are of equal force. Belligerents are bound inevitably, in return for the benevolent impartiality of the neutral, to respect the commercial and other rights of the neutral to the fullest extent that the recognized rules of war will permit. They must not interfere with the neutral's commerce, with themselves and with others; save in the seizure of contraband, the reasonable exercise of the right of search, the maintenance of an effective blockade, and the prohibition of traffic in coastal

areas which have been mined. Moreover, each belligerent must recognize the right of the neutral to trade with the other as freely as with itself.

To the belligerent, the obligations of the neutral are obvious, and they are invested with much force. To the neutral, also, the obligations of the belligerent are similarly obvious and forceful. But until millennial counsels of perfection prevail, it will probably never be possible for either party to recognize its own obligations quite as clearly as it does those of the other; and it is largely because of this inability that controversies arise as they have arisen in this present war.

The desire for commercial gain on the one side and the passionate determination on the other not to lose a single point in the grim game of war lead to strange inconsistencies. It is said, for example, that the British Government practically concedes that it has committed infringements upon American commercial rights, but promises to make atonement in the form of indemnities at the end of the war. Yet is not that precisely analogous to the conduct of Germany toward Belgium, which Britons never weary of denouncing as wholly evil? Germany, the British say, demanded of Belgium that she should acquiesce in the violation of her neutrality by the passage of German troops for the invasion of France, promising in return to make a satisfactory cash indemnity at the close of the war. It is difficult to see any material difference between that and the violation of American mercantile neutrality under a like promise.

We still doubt that any belligerents will in the present case go so far as to provoke war with us. Nor will American passions rise as high as they did in 1812. All parties have learned much since those days, and will be governed by that knowledge. It will be well, however, for Americans to remember how gravely we resented contraband trading when this country was at war; and to recognize, also, the fact that all attempts at illicit trade, whether successful or not, are an offense and a menace to lawful commerce. Every such attempt gives additional provocation to and justification of that exercise of the right of search which is always unwelcome and often odious.

We may hope, too, that Great Britain will bear in mind not only the lessons of the past, but also and equally the needs of the present, conspicuous if not paramount among which is the need of moral sympathy such as may be extended without violation of neutrality. There can be no question that American sympathy has thus far been largely given to that country

and its allies; and that this has been done largely because of what is believed to have been a gross violation of Belgium's neutrality. Nothing could more surely induce a waning of that sympathy than for the Allies themselves to violate the rights of neutrals. He who seeks equity must come into court with clean hands; and the Powers which seek approval as champions of neutral rights must themselves be scrupulous observers of those rights.

It is not without deliberation and heed for the future that we have set forth dispassionately the position which our Government should and, we have little doubt, will maintain successfully. Fortunately we have a President whose understanding of the situation was demonstrated immediately upon the outbreak of the war, and never more accurately than in his admirable statement following the sinking of the *Lusitania*. All this country wants is peace with honor. If Germany should consider the dragging of the United States into the war advantageous to herself, her every act since July indicates clearly enough that she will not be debarred from doing so by any consideration of morals, of civilization, or of humanity. But unless the ruling autocracy has gone utterly mad such a consummation is simply inconceivable.

What nonsense to assume that the most resourceful nation on earth would not be a serious factor; that need of munitions for our own use would prevent us from continuing to supply the Allies; that violent action enforced upon us against our obvious will would have no effect upon Italy and other neutrals; and that— But why recount an array of absurdities?

The simple fact is that from the moment a state of war should be declared between Germany and the United States every sane mind in as well as out of Germany would realize that at the least Germany could never win. Her back would be against the wall; her angry face turned in hopeless desperation toward the entire united world. Elsewhere we speculate upon the possibilities of the existing warfare, which clearly include a drawn battle; but this new contingency would leave no room whatever for doubt. Germany would be crushed surely and absolutely at some time or other—and much sooner than is supposed by those who reason that because America is not prepared she is not capable. The Kaiser must know this, and so, children in statecraft though they have shown themselves, and fools in conduct though they proved themselves when they wantonly murdered American citizens, must his arrogant advisers.

We anticipate neither war nor humiliation. The Government at Washington "still lives" and is in faithful keeping. A more dependable President than Mr. Wilson could not be desired; a more effective advocate of tolerant calmness than Mr. Bryan cannot be named; a wiser counselor than Mr. Lansing does not exist. It is a thrice blessed country.

Peace, then, pray God, let us have with honor; but if war shall be thrust upon us, let it be made clear to all the world that we fight only for the inalienable right of peace-loving peoples to live their own good lives in their own better ways!

CAN GERMANY BE BEATEN?

(*From* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1914*)

What basis of reason is there in the common assumption that this will be a short war? It is inconceivable that Germany shall triumph, and it is no less incredible that she will hasten her own discomfiture. Never before in the history of the world has a nation so fully equipped technically and so strong in ultimate resource engaged in a struggle for existence. The reverses reported to date are slight at best, and in their sobering effect are probably working to advantage among the German people. Once let them realize to the full that their fight is less for the throne than for the Fatherland and their homes and families, and no limit can be placed upon their capacity for courage, endurance, and sacrifice. Our own revolutionists, the Boers, and the Belgians have left no room for doubt that one patriot defending his country is the equal of three members of an attacking force. Surely the Emperor and his advisers need no information on this score, and to anticipate that they will not shape a policy to put their antagonists in the light of aggressors is to question their intelligence. Hence we regard the heralded prospective great and decisive battle as a mirage. It may not take place in a year or in three years. Since meeting with unexpected resistance in Belgium the German army seemingly has settled down to cautious but insistent and scientific campaigning and, according even to prejudiced reports, is slowly but surely forcing its way forward in pursuance of a well-designed plan which contemplates protracted conflict. The French and Russian forces are proceeding along the same lines, and the British navy can do only patrol work till the Kaiser gives the word for battle. Even though the present total cost of the war does exceed twenty millions a day, there exists no certainty and, to our mind, little probability, that it will not continue for many months.

TEN months have elapsed since these words were written, and the situation is substantially unchanged. Millions of

lives have been sacrificed and billions of money have been squandered, but no invading foe has placed foot upon German soil, and no reversal at arms has served to temper the German spirit. The anticipated disaffection of Socialists and peace-seekers has failed to materialize. The mighty military machine seems only to have hardened into a yet greater efficiency. Prussia still dominates the empire, and the certainty of quick triumph which at first possessed the minds of her people has been supplanted by a determination never to be beaten which is even more formidable. There is no lack of money or munitions of war; new submarines are being built in greater numbers and more rapidly than by the Allies; despite pretenses to the contrary for political effect, food is plentiful and exceptional harvests seem assured; briefly, the possibility of conquering Germany is more remote to-day than it was at the beginning of the war. To feign the contrary is to ignore the facts.

The bitter truth is that in all large essentials the hopes of the Allies have been dissipated one after another. France was to occupy her lost provinces forthwith; she is still fighting defensively upon her own soil. Unprepared Britain was to raise and train an immense army for service in Flanders. Time was "fighting for the Allies." The real war was to begin in May. In point of fact, it began earlier at Neuve Chapelle, where apparent victory was made appallingly disastrous by incompetent British generalship, and June finds Germany a steady gainer in the past six weeks.

At last—and in this there may lie a gleam of hope—England is beginning to realize that she cannot reasonably expect to "muddle through." Hateful conscription seems to have become an inevitable necessity. The lower classes are far from enthusiastic; thousands are reconciled to the betterment of their hard lot through the war-time increases in wages; workmen are either scarce or unwilling to perform their part. The Government is trying to hold itself up by its boot-straps.

"Though I admire the ability of both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George," said Lord Derby, bluntly, "I almost wish they had taken a different line and had been not quite so optimistic as they were. Mr. Asquith's speech gave one the impression that, so far as munitions of war were concerned, all was well. I say emphatically that all is not well, and the best commentary on the Prime Minister's speech is that when he visited the Elswick works of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, & Company next day it is reported that he went through

the shops fitted with machinery ready to turn out munitions of war, but that those shops were standing idle because there were not men available in sufficient numbers to work them."

To Lloyd George's assurance that little further anxiety need be felt regarding high explosives, the *Spectator* says, warningly:

> Probably he meant to use this expression in its strict and narrow sense, but it has been taken to refer to artillery ammunition generally. The result is that people have been asking why the Government at one and the same time ask for a tremendous effort and use optimistic terms such as those employed by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have ourselves no doubt that the true position is that a much greater and much more sustained effort is required than that we have yet made, and that if we do not organize ourselves for that effort we may at any moment find ourselves in deadly peril.

"Ministers may say what they please," curtly adds the military correspondent of the *Times*, "but the offensive of our army in France has been hampered for want of artillery ammunition in the sense that continuous operations have not been practicable until now, and there is not a man in the army who is not aware of the fact. So far as we are concerned, the main issues of the war will be fought out in the principal theater where our main armies now stand. The more troops we have in this principal theater, the longer the line that our troops can hold, and the larger the number of French troops that we shall free for an offensive elsewhere. It is altogether a fallacy to suppose that the French do not need, and will not welcome, every man that we can send. The period of great and decisive operations in the principal theater is close at hand. It finds us with six other campaigns on our hands, all needing men and ammunition. Some reputations may suffer when we are able to examine the conduct of this campaign by the Cabinet, but reputations will suffer most if our armies in the principal theater prove unequal to their mission, and if it is proved that, after fully satisfying all the claims of home defense, we are withholding from Sir John French armies which might be sent to him. There is scarcely a man in our armies in France who does not ask daily when the new armies are coming out, and there is no one who is able to give a satisfactory reply. England is literally crammed with troops at the moment when decisive operations in the Western theater are imminent, and if our operations are not successful the blame will lie with the Cabinet and nowhere else." In other words, Time fought not for the

Allies, but for Germany, which availed herself of the opportunity afforded by the passing of six months of comparative inaction.

Where the great British fleet is or what it is doing except to bury itself in barnacles nobody knows. It is now generally conceded that adequate preparation for the futile attack upon the forts of the Dardanelles had not been made and the ships lost were sacrificed to no purpose. The deadly German wasps circumnavigate the British Isles without let or hindrance. Already ninety-one merchantmen and trawlers have been sent to the bottom, and, despite official warnings from the German Government, there could not be or at any rate there was not spared from the great number of warships a single convoy for the doomed *Lusitania*. Is it to be wondered at that the *Westliche Post* should declare that "never before has the futility of the British navy been exposed so pitifully," and that Dr. Eugene Kuhnemann, one of our "Exchange German Professors," should add, exultingly, that "the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* proves two things: First, that Germany is determined and has the power to crush any nation that tries to starve her out; second, that the prestige of the English navy is gone for ever"?

England owes the long continuance of her pre-eminence as a world Power to a proficiency in diplomacy which is without parallel in history. "From early times down to the present day," in the oddly naïve words of the *Times*, she "has constantly proclaimed and taken as the basis of her foreign policy the political dogma of the balance of power, and she has always succeeded ultimately in attaining her object by forming coalitions of the various States whose independence was threatened by the ambitious aggressor." It was in pursuance of this far-seeing scheme of self-protection that King Edward effected the *entente cordiale* with France and subsequently, as a natural sequence, established a basis of understanding, so far as Germany was concerned, with the formerly distrusted Romanoffs. The prudence of this arrangement was manifested immediately upon Germany's invasion of Belgium, when it became evident, again quoting the *Times*, that "never was the necessity of such a defensive coalition more necessary than at the present moment, when a German Napoleon has appeared on the stage, clad in shining armor, brandishing his mailed fist, and claiming for himself, as by right divine, the trident which has been so long in the hand of Britannia." Whether or not England would have felt constrained to enter the conflict but for this anchor

to windward, there can be no question that her statesmen anticipated immeasurable benefits from the diversion of German troops by Russia. Whenever doubts arose respecting the progress of the Western campaign there remained satisfactory contemplation of the onrush of hordes from the colossus of the North, and for a time the hopeful expectation seemed likely to be realized. One by one the Austrian armies were overwhelmed, and the climax came with the fall of Przemsyl, compared with which, remarked the *Times* with obvious relief, "no event since the battle of the Marne has caused so much and universal rejoicing in this country, because it was seen that Russia's pathway in Galicia was cleared at last and that with the coming of spring her victorious armies would be enabled to move onward." But gradually "it was understood, at first somewhat vaguely, that in many respects Russia was unprepared and that she was suffering from a shortage of munitions of war hardly less serious than our own," and that consequently her progress "must inevitably be slow." The fact is that the coming of spring marked a sudden revivification of the Austrian army, sharp and successful drives by the Germans in Poland, and general defeat of the Russians, accompanied by great losses of men, at all points. That a full year will be required to equip the army of the Czar with supplies essential to substantial advancement into German territory is now believed by those familiar with existing conditions.

But it was only a question of time when Italy would "come in" and, following, Rumania and perhaps other Balkan States —then Germany surely would be "crushed." Suffice it to say that the event so earnestly desired continues to rest upon rumor alone and seems to be further and further removed.

It is still, as we said ten months ago, "inconceivable that Germany shall triumph," but it is no less certain, from the standpoint of the Allies, that the prospect is laden with gloom and foreboding and that the end is afar off.

THE JAPANNING OF CHINA

In spite of Mr. Kipling's warning story about "a fool . . . who tried to hurry the East," events move more rapidly in the Orient than in the Occident. Our own continent has been in tribulation over Mexico for a couple of years, and Europe, after ten months of warfare, seems to be "getting no forrarder"

toward an end which may yet be years away. But Japan, beginning operations later than the European belligerents, has already driven Germany from all her holdings in Asia, and in the course of five months has established such a measure of suzerainty over the Chinese Republic as never has been effected or even dreamed of by any other power in the history of the Celestial Empire. This Japan has done by taking advantage of the complications in Europe—she never would have ventured or have been permitted to do it if the European Powers had not been fully occupied with affairs at home—and by taking a leaf out of the European book in the way of regarding a treaty as a mere "scrap of paper." Opportunism and imitativeness have ever been characteristic traits of the Japanese national character.

We shall the more fully appreciate the present situation if we recall the former relations of the two countries concerned. China traditionally regarded Japan with contempt, and this feeling was little if at all abated by the war of 1894, since the bulk of the Chinese Empire was unaffected by that struggle and did not apprehend its significance. Not until the suppression of the Boxer outbreak, in 1900, did any considerable change occur. In the occupation of the Forbidden City by foreigners and the flight of the Manchu Court to Sian-fu, the Chinese Empire suffered the greatest humiliation it had ever known; and the crowning feature of that humiliation was the fact that the hated and despised Japanese were among the conquering invaders, marching by the side of and esteemed as the equals of the Europeans. That was not only humiliation for China. It was unspeakable exaltation for Japan. Five years before a combination of three great European Powers had reminded her of her intrinsic and irremediable inferiority to them, in denying her the lawful spoils of war. Now those same Powers treated her as an equal, while still emphasizing the inferiority of China. Practically, by the decree of Europe and America, Japan was invested with the moral hegemony of the Yellow Race. In that proud status Japan was presently confirmed by three further events: The war with and victory over Russia, the annexation as a Japanese province of that Kingdom of Korea which had been a dependency of China, and the treaty of alliance with Great Britain.

Japan naturally "felt her oats." But she was as wary as she was ambitious. It would have been folly to challenge European antagonism by moving against China in normal

times. But the moment the great war engaged the attention of all the important Powers of Europe, she moved to work her will upon China, unafraid of any intervention. The first thing was to drive Germany out of Kiao-chao and thus out of the whole province of Shan-tung. This was done plausibly, as an ally of Great Britain. Probably the British and French forces in Asia could have done it themselves, but they acquiesced in and indeed welcomed Japan's aid, particularly since the latter country protested that she had no ulterior designs. "Japan has no territorial ambitions," said Count Okuma; "her warlike operations will not extend beyond defense of her own legitimate interests. . . . Japan has no ulterior motive, no thought of depriving China or other peoples of anything which they now possess." Probably Count Okuma was quite sincere. But he was a civilian and not a member of one of the great military clans; and he was Prime Minister on sufferance, the actual majority of the Parliament being against him and thus able to dictate policies over his head. However, the world generally took his declarations at their face value and assumed that after driving the Germans out of Shan-tung Japan would undo the former German conquest by restoring that province in its entirety to China.

Japan's different purpose, however, soon appeared. Immediately after the expulsion of the Germans from Tsing-tau the Chinese Government prepared to resume the administration of that place. From doing so it was prevented by the Japanese, who appointed their own custom-house and other local authorities, took possession of the Shan-tung Railroad and other properties, which really belonged to a private Chino-German company, and generally treated the province as spoils of war. Baron Sakatani, formerly Finance Minister and now Mayor of Tokio, publicly and with much approval urged that a Japanese civil government should be established at Tsing-tau, "to manage and develop Shan-tung." Other representative and influential public men made similar utterances, and it became apparent that the Germans had been ousted only to let the Japanese take their place.

This was explicitly declared on January 18 last, when Japan made upon China her notorious twenty-one demands; which were to be kept secret until granted, under penalty of having other and harsher ones added to them. Those demands have since been modified in some respects, but the chief of them has remained unchanged, and has now been granted by China

under pressure. That was, and is, that Japan shall succeed to all the rights, privileges, and powers which Germany had in the Province of Shan-tung. As Germany secured her status there by sheer force and conquest, it seems to be no exaggeration to say that Japan has taken Shan-tung from China as spoils of war. At least she has done so "once removed"—she has taken from Germany as spoils of war that which Germany similarly took from China. To paraphrase a familiar proverb, the beneficiary and successor of the conqueror is as bad as the conqueror.

The chief points of the modified demands which Japan has made, and which China has granted, may be briefly stated. Japan completely succeeds Germany in Shan-tung, and that extensive, populous, and opulent province becomes a Japanese protectorate. The exceptional significance of that is seen on the map. Japan already possesses the Regent's Sword Peninsula, so that the acquisition of Shan-tung gives her control of both sides of the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li—practically of the gulf itself and of the approaches by sea to Tientsin and to Peking itself. She has the capital of China by the throat. Again, in Southern Manchuria a Japanese protectorate is established, under which Japan is to have the exclusive control of the police and also the option of all foreign loans and of all railroad-building. In Eastern or Inner Mongolia—Outer Mongolia having been appropriated by Russia—another Japanese protectorate is established, under which Japan is to control all foreign railroad loans and all foreign loans of any kind which are to be met by taxation, and is also to designate the treaty ports which are to be opened. If China needs foreign advisers in governmental affairs, she is to get them from Japan. She is to purchase most of her military arms and other supplies from Japan, or is to let Japan build arsenals in China for their manufacture. In Fu-kien Province, facing Formosa, China is to grant no other Power than Japan any concession for a ship-yard, coaling-station, or similar establishment, and is to permit no private establishment of the kind to be created with foreign capital.

It will now be pertinent and instructive to compare these stipulations with the terms of some previous agreements to which Japan and China have been parties. In 1899 John Hay, our Secretary of State, secured the adherence of Japan, along with other nations, to his principle of "an open door and equality of opportunity" for all nations in China. In 1907 Japan and

Russia agreed "to recognize the independence and the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire, and the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in the said empire," and they engaged "to uphold and defend the respect of that principle by all the peaceful means possible to them." In 1908 Japan and the United States agreed "to preserve the common interests of the Powers in China, by supporting by all pacific means at their disposal the independence and integrity of China, and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire." In 1911 Japan and Great Britain agreed upon "the preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China." Finally, there is the "most favored nation" clause in all the treaties between China and other Powers, which declares that the country making each treaty shall have "free and equal participation in all privileges, immunities, and advantages that may have been or may hereafter be granted" by the Chinese Government to any other nation.

It would be interesting to see compatibility and harmony demonstrated between these treaty stipulations and obligations and the agreement which Japan is now imposing upon China. Japanese jugglers are the most dexterous in the world, and it may be that some deft and plausible casuist could make it appear that for Japan to have exclusive privileges in a large and important part of China is the same as for all nations to have equal opportunities there. "Logic is logic," said Dr. Holmes. But the delegation of insistent Missourians demanding to be shown is numerous, and in the absence of a far more convincing "Q. E. D." than has yet appeared they will think that the "scrap of paper" business has had a flagrant analogue in the Far East, as a result of which the world is likely soon to be confronted with a reorganized and awakened China under Japanese control or else a practical partitioning of China between Japan and Russia. If so, the other Powers concerned, as treaty parties, may or may not make more effective protest than they did to the tearing up of the treaty which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium. Eastern Asia and Western Europe are a long way apart.

OUR COLONEL AT HIS BEST

THE United States of America is a large body of land bounded on the north by fishing, on the east by fighting, on the south by anarchy, and on the west by rumors of trouble. Its inhabitants are divided into two classes—"the People" and "Roosevelt and Bryan," both perennial. Its government is of, for, and by the former, as unremittingly elucidated by the latter. Presidents come and go, political parties rise and fall, issues spring like mushrooms from the fertile soil, only to be supplanted by others, which, too, in turn, wither under the burning sun; but our unarmed citizenry is imperishable, and Roosevelt and Bryan can never say die. It is fitting, then, that this venerable journal should signalize the beginning of its second cycle with due recognition of the simultaneous reappearance upon the first pages of our public prints of these our most cherished heralds of variegated evangels, lest nothing of note should be omitted from the pages of historical romance.

Although it is a matter of common understanding that the one is a warrior and the other a pacifist, both are Colonels and both Crusaders. At the moment two demons engage their respective energies—the Demon Boss and the Demon Rum. When these shall have been demolished others will arise in response to call; but sufficient unto the day are the dragons thereof; let the fascinating present transfix our attention.

Great was the popular rejoicing when our more admired but less beloved Colonel was haled into court by one Barnes, descended from Belial and designated by an imaginative witness as Nero the ruthless fiddler. The people were wearied by tales of slaughter and eager for diversion such as might tend to relieve the tedium of psychological depression. Their interest in the aggressive plaintiff, we take it, was not excessive. Even the report that he was a Harvard man evoked hardly more excitement than the suspicion that he was also a bad man, so comparatively common have both become in recent years. Some, indeed, so we have been told, assumed that because he was a plaintiff his name was Bardwell and they continued in this belief until they were informed in due course that formerly it was Jekyll, but now it was Hyde. In any case, the people wanted a Hero, not a Nero—and they suffered no disappointment.

We have never concerned ourselves greatly over the name

of the Cuban hill which our militant Colonel ascended, nor as to whether he climbed on foot or on horseback; the main point, it always seemed to us, was that, wherever he arrived and however he got there, he thereby demonstrated the possession of exceptional strategic capacity. Unlike others less observant, therefore, we were not surprised when at the very outset, although for the first time in his long and active career upon fields of battle, he promptly *assumed the defensive*, thus obtaining the advantage of the first and fullest light from the lime—as pretty an example of tactical skill as we can recall.

Technically the case was that of one Barnes, alias Jekyll, alias Hyde, alias Nero, *et al.*, plaintiff, against Our Colonel, defendant, for having uttered a libel when he said that there was an "all-powerful invisible government which is responsible for the maladministration and corruption in the public offices of the State"; that this invisible government exists through the co-operation between the leaders of supposed rival parties—that "the interests of Mr. Barnes and Mr. Murphy are fundamentally identical, and that when the issue between popular rights and corrupt and machine-ruled government is clearly drawn the two bosses will always be found fighting on the same side openly or covertly, giving one another such support as can with safety be rendered."

The sole question was whether the facts could be held to justify this portrayal. Was the plaintiff the type of person thus depicted? If so, no libel had been uttered; if not, he could recover damages. That was all. But did Our Colonel propose to contribute a fortnight or more of valuable time to an investigation of the proclivities of one Barnes? Hardly! If any character was to be diagnosed, it should be one worth considering; in a word, his own. If anybody was to be tried, it should be himself. If wrong-doing were charged, it should be against him; if righteousness were to prevail, it should be his righteousness. He was no Nero playing second fiddle; he was a Hero accustomed to lead the orchestra and accept the plaudits of the multitude. His primary obligation was to gratify the audience, not to win a trumpery libel suit. Who really cared whether the morals of one insignificant Barnes were good, bad, or indifferent? Why investigate a person when a personage was at hand? There could be but one answer to these pertinent queries. And so it came about that Our Colonel climbed promptly into the high chair, grinned happily, and said with glee:

"Now turn on your X-rays!"

The self-revelation which ensued occupied so much time and filled so many columns that even the President, who for some reason seemed to be really interested in the proceedings, smilingly confessed to a sense of bewilderment when asked for an opinion, and the duller-witted writers of editorials threw up their hands in despair. Nevertheless, the more salient points are sufficiently clear. Did Our Colonel wish to become Governor of New York after he had conquered Spain? He did. Could he have hoped to realize that praiseworthy ambition without the co-operation of the Republican political machine? Assuredly not.

"At that time," continued Mr. Ivins, "you knew of Mr. Platt's reputation as the leader or boss of the party in this State?"

"As the boss of the party in this State, yes," said Mr. Roosevelt.

"And you deliberately, by agreement, met him for the purpose of discussing your nomination at the coming convention by the Republican party?"

"I did."

A telling point! suggested the learned counsel. But the gentlemen of the jury did not seem to be shocked. Perhaps they recalled that our pacific Colonel, when seeking one of the various elections to which he has aspired, took Mr. Charles F. Murphy to his capacious bosom, and that even our present Chief Magistrate did upon occasion, in days gone by, "deliberately meet" the Hon. James Smith, Jr., for a precisely similar purpose. As observant American citizens, the jurymen were not unfamiliar with the ways of candidates who classify bosses with platforms as necessary means to highly worthy ends. Moreover, Our Colonel had already fixed his conditions through the well-known accelerator, Mr. Lemuel Eli Quigg, who reported with noticeable explicitness:

I told him [Senator Platt] that you said that you would like to be nominated; that you understood perfectly that if you were nominated it would be as a result of his support; that you were not the sort of man who would accept a nomination directly out of the hands of the organization without realization of the obligation, thereby assumed, to sustain the organization and to promote and uphold it, and that you were perfectly prepared to meet the obligation and to discharge it justly; that if you were Governor you would not wish to be anything else than Governor; that you would not wish to be a figurehead or to accept any position before the public or in your own mind which was not in keeping with the dignity of the office or which would not

allow you to discharge your duties in the light of your judgment and conscience, but that you would take the office, if at all, intending in good faith to act the part of his friend personally and politically; to acknowledge and respect his position as the head of the Republican organization and as the Republican Senator from the State of New York; that you would not be led into any factional opposition to the organization, but that, on the contrary, you would aim constantly to make its interests identical with the public interests; that you would consult with the Senator freely and fully on all important matters; that you would adopt no line of policy and agree to no important matter or nomination without previous consultation, and that you wanted him to agree to the same thing on his part, so that both you and he could meet in consultation with minds free and open, each intending to reach a conclusion satisfactory to both and in that to preserve absolute harmony in the organization and among the supporters of the party.

I told him that you said that you did not mean by this that you would do everything that was wanted precisely as it might be originally suggested, but that you did mean in good faith and honest friendship to enter with him upon the consideration of all matters proposed, without prejudice and with the intention to reach a conclusion which the Senator no less than yourself would deem wisest and best.

To this Mr. Roosevelt replied that this statement of his attitude was "substantially correct" and added:

I sha'n't try to go over your different sentences in detail; but, for instance, instead of saying that I did not "wish" to be a figurehead, you should have used the word "consent," and there are various similar changes, to which I think you will agree. . . . In short, I want to make clear that there was no question of pledges or promises, least of all a question of bargaining for the nomination; but that I promptly told you the position I would take if I was elected Governor and suggested what I thought it would be best for both Senator Platt and myself to do so as to prevent the chance of any smash-up which would be disastrous to the welfare of the party and equally disastrous from the standpoint of good government. I was not making any agreement as to what I would do on consideration that I received the nomination. I was stating the course which I thought it would be best to follow, for the sake of the party and for the sake of the State, both considerations outweighing infinitely the question of my own nomination.

—an answer which, while perhaps not wholly unexceptionable, is far more creditable than the public had been led to expect. In a word, the candidate accepted the nomination from the boss with full appreciation of his obligation and with promise

of due recognition, but without surrendering his own right of ultimate decision—a position which, it must be admitted in fairness to Mr. Roosevelt, he maintained consistently while serving as Governor of his State.

The examination continued:

"You know what a boss is?"

"I do."

"Is it not a fact that they dictated those nominations?"

"Unquestionably," replied the Colonel, with a grin that took the sting out of the question.

Mr. Ivins wanted to know if it had been the Colonel's intention to stand by Platt and Odell.

"As long as they went straight," he shot back.

Q.—You took it for granted that they would go straight, didn't you? A.—At that time they showed every symptom of it. Mr. Parker had been elected the year before, and the machine was in a chastened attitude.

"Did you during that campaign attack machine politics of boss rule?" asked Mr. Ivins.

The Colonel said he didn't, because bossism wasn't an issue then, and there was no feeling against it in the shape of an independent movement.

"Then you do not attack anything unless there is a feeling against it?"

"I attack iniquities," the Colonel came back. "I attack wrongdoing. I try to choose the time for an attack when I can get the bulk of the people to accept the principles for which I stand. I believe that you can only accomplish reforms of a permanent character when you can educate the people up to the point of standing by them."

Mr. Ivins wanted to know if the Colonel always stood for righteousness, but with an eye on opportunity. The Colonel said it was necessary always to stand for righteousness, "just exactly as I did while I was Governor."

Whether or not, in standing invariably for righteousness, he kept one eye upon opportunity, the witness omitted to say. That he would have replied in the affirmative, if at all, we have little doubt. And he might have added: Why not? It is good for the people that I should serve them, because I am pure and true. Logically I must put myself in the way of performing my duty. If it becomes necessary to consort with the wicked in order to gain my point I have no hesitation in doing so, because I cannot be contaminated. Others, as a rule, combine the attributes of Jekyll and Hyde, but I am exclusively Jekyll. I would not even appoint Hyde Minister to France. I do not

have to consider whether I am right or wrong. I am invariably right. I could not be otherwise. I am grateful to those who aid me, because thereby they prove their faith in righteousness and their possession of an exalted spirit. Money contributed in my behalf is as surely sanctified as if bestowed upon the Y. M. C. A. I recognize no obligation which conflicts with the public good, but I would never repudiate a friend until his unworthiness had been clearly established. I am both a servant of God and an American man. Take me or leave me.

This is the Roosevelt creed as emphasized, to his intense delight, in this ridiculous trial for libel. In part it is not novel; as a whole it is the unique possession of our most vivid living personality. So let it be stamped indelibly upon the pages of our history!

RAILROAD POSTAL RATES

THE controversy between the Post-office Department and the railroads is in a way reminiscent of the classic problem concerning the impingement of an irresistible force upon an immovable body. In the latter case it is quite obvious that something highly interesting must happen. Either the force must cease to be irresistible or the body must cease to be immovable, or both. In the former case, which is just now of much pertinence, there must apparently be a similar result. Either the Post-office Department must admit that the railroads are not "looting the postal revenues" or the railroads must admit that the Government is not "robbing the railroads," or both.

The origin of the controversy was in the exigencies of the post-office budget. A few years ago that budget was made to balance and even to show a considerable balance of profit, for the first time at least in many years. But with the establishment of the parcel post there was menace of the old deficit, and this was all the more unwelcome because of the probability of a deficit in the general national budget. Had there been assured a considerable revenue surplus, out of which the postal deficit might be met, it would have mattered little. But in the circumstances actually existing retrenchment and economy became indispensable. Something was accomplished by reduction of forces in post-offices and by curtailment of rural free-delivery services. But these were not enough, and a more important

saving was sought through a sweeping reduction of the payments made to the railroads for carrying the mails.

The argument for such reduction seems plausible from one point of view. It can scarcely be challenged that the railroads ought to do carrying for the Government as cheaply as for any one else. But, says the Post-office Department, they are not doing so; they are getting about twice as much for carrying mail matter as for first-class express matter. To demonstrate this, figures are cited. Railroads get $1.20 a hundred pounds for carrying express matter from New York to Chicago, and for carrying the mails over the same route they get $2.58. If that were all there were to be said about it the statement would be conclusive. But it is not all.

The rate on a hundred pounds by express from New York to Chicago, as given, is the rate on a single package of that weight and of moderate bulk. The rate on a hundred pounds of mail matter is the rate on a large number of packages, perhaps a score, perhaps a hundred, occupying, because of their number and nature, a much larger space than the single express package. If the hundred pounds of expressage were in a score or a hundred separate packages the rate on them would be much more than on the mail matter; and even if they were all inclosed in a single bag or crate, if their bulk were much larger than that of the single package, the charge on them would be higher. It would be absurdly unjust to expect a railroad to convey a package ten feet square for the same price as one only one foot square, even though the one were filled with feathers and the other with lead, and thus both weighed the same.

Moreover, the Government itself has from the beginning established the principle of much higher rates for the transportation of certain classes of mail matter than for express matter. It carries locally ten pounds of express matter in a single package for ten cents, while for ten pounds of sealed letters, or even a single ten-pound package sealed, it charges $3.20, or thirty-two times as much. It might, then, be reasonably contended that the railroads should receive a higher rate for carrying first-class mail than for carrying express matter. If, moreover, it be argued that they should carry express matter for the Government —parcel-post matter—for the same rates as for express companies, it may be replied that in that case the same rules should be applied concerning the ratio between weight and bulk. Postal matter averaging much more bulk than express matter in proportion to its weight, there is good ground for the insist-

ence that the space occupied should be taken into account as well as the mere weight of matter carried, in computing the just compensation.

At any rate, the controversy is one which should be discussed and disposed of in a seemly manner, through computations on a business basis, and not through the calling of hard names. It is not edifying for the largest department of the Government service and the second largest industry in the country to charge each other with being thieves.

ARE "PUBLIC DEFENDERS" NEEDED?

"PUBLIC DEFENDER" is a misnomer. The phrase might properly be applied to an existing officer, since it is the function of the Attorney-General, the Corporation Counsel, or whomever else, to defend the State or the municipality—which is the public—in suits which are brought against it, as well as to prosecute in its behalf suits against offenders. But that is by no means the intent of the phrase in the agitation which is now being waged for the creation of an entirely new office, to wit: An attorney, elected by the public and paid by the public, who shall defend those against whom suits are brought by the public prosecutor. Such a "Public Defender" would obviously not be a defender of the public, nor a defender in behalf of the public, but a private counsel or attorney provided by the public. It might of course be added that the "Public Prosecutor" is not a prosecutor of the public. No; but he is at least a prosecutor in behalf of the public, who owes his duty to the public which elects and pays him; while the "Public Defender" would owe his duty to the opponent of that public.

Hair-splitting over names apart, however, it is obvious that there is something to be said both for and against the marked innovation in our jurisprudence which is thus proposed and which has actually been adopted in one or two places. There is indisputable need in some cases for such an officer, and indeed it is a not uncommon thing for one to be temporarily appointed by the court. When an entirely impecunious person is brought to the bar for trial, it is rightly recognized that his lack of means must not deprive him of the services of counsel, and so some one is assigned by the court to defend him, and a reasonable remuneration is made to such counsel from the public funds. There are also cases in which the defendants are

strangers who, whether they are or are not able to pay for the services, are insufficiently acquainted with the local bar to choose discriminatingly, and are therefore glad to have the court suggest or designate counsel to defend their rights.

It is argued that these circumstances prove the desirability of having a public officer elected to serve in all such cases, precisely as the public prosecutor is elected to serve in them on the other side. Such an election would assure the readiness of a suitable attorney in every case of need, and it would preclude the suspicion of personal favoritism which sometimes arises when the designation of counsel is left to the presiding judge. Upon their face these arguments seem strong. Deeper scrutiny gives them, however, a less convincing aspect.

There is a radical fallacy in assuming an analogy to exist between the public prosecutor and the public defender. As a matter of fact, there is none. The public prosecutor has the public for his client; the public defender would have for his client an individual adversary of the public. In the one case the public chooses some one to protect its interests; in the other it would choose some one to attack them. It is not an analogy; it is an anomaly.

Each party to a suit has a right to select his own counsel. That right is fundamental. In electing a public prosecutor the public does choose its own counsel. But if it elects a public defender, and insists that the man whom it prosecutes shall accept him, it thus denies that right to the defendant, and compels him to accept counsel selected not by himself, but by his adversary. A more extraordinary situation could not easily be conceived. A defendant might have a legitimate objection to the public defender, and cause for doubting the fidelity or efficiency of his services. In such a case it would be an intolerable hardship to impose that functionary upon him against his will.

These actual or possible objections to the elected public defender do not obtain against the appointment of counsel by the court. For such counsel is selected not by the opposing party to the suit, but by an impartial authority, who inclines no more to the prosecution than to the defense. Moreover, there is room for the exercise of discretion. If the defendant has valid cause for dissatisfaction with the counsel at first selected by the judge, the judge is ready to substitute another. It is also possible for the court to select counsel specially suited by temperament and experience for the special case in hand,

and thus to assure the defendant really better service than he would be likely to receive from a stated public functionary.

There is doubt, too, whether in most courts there are enough cases requiring assigned counsel to warrant the creation of such an office. Certainly it would be deplorable to encourage the multiplication of causes *in forma pauperis*. Whether an acquitted and vindicated defendant should be recouped by the State for the cost to which the State has put him by its prosecution of him, is an open question, of which more may some time be heard. It would be better that this should be done than that the cost of all defenses should be thrown upon the State, and that the State should be put into the paradoxical position of selecting and subsidizing both its champion and its adversary.

THE MYSTERY OF MYTHS

The Turtle Bay yarn has gone aglimmering! So we might have expected, with confidence born of frequent observation and of long experience. And over that happy release from fearsomeness we might rejoice and be glad, were it not for the haunting conviction that about to-morrow, or at least the day after, we shall have another blithe and brazen myth bob up serenely, to be a nine days' wonder alike of mendacity and of credulity. It is now fourscore years, lacking one, since *Travels of Baron Roorbach* appeared, but never in that time has the trail of impudent tarradiddles been permitted to grow old.

Note the flagrance of the Myth of Turtle Bay. "I saw them there," distinctly declared the deft narrator. He saw five Japanese warships and six colliers and supply-ships. He saw four thousand Japanese marines and sailors in occupation of Turtle Bay—four thousand; count them! He saw that the harbor was mined. He saw that there was a wireless telegraphic plant in operation. He saw that Japanese patrol-ships were guarding the approaches to the harbor, while armed men and stores of ammunition were being landed at the military camp ashore. He saw sixty tons of ammunition landed. He saw hundreds of sailors armed with rifles daily marching from some place behind the camp down to the beach. "*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.*"

But "mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down." Official scrutiny swiftly followed the promulgation of this startling story, with the result that the great armada was re-

solved into one Japanese naval ship run fast aground, one repair-ship, one supply-ship, two fishing-schooners, and two fishing-boats. The other four ships, the colliers, the thousands of armed men, the camp, the wireless telegraphy, the patrols, the sixty tons of ammunition, "all goned afay mit de lager beer, afay in de Ewigkeit!"

How often have we heard that tale of the message "We are starving!" written under the postage stamps of letters from Germany, thus to escape the censor and to give to the world tidings of distress which otherwise would be suppressed. An innumerable company have heard of it from somebody else who actually saw it. Now and then even some one has declared that he himself saw it, saw the actual writing under the stamp; only, as it was some one's else letter, he could not show it in proof. Probably myriads have believed the story; but the world waits with amusement and patience mingled for some one actually to show a single envelope bearing such a message.

Then there were those Russian troops passing through Scotland and England. They were seen, positively and actually seen, by innumerable witnesses. Company, regiment, brigade, and corps, appearing first in Scotland, where they had doubtless been landed from vessels coming around the North Cape; trainload after trainload rushing southward; seen also in London streets, a whole army marching through the streets at night, from the station at which they landed from the Scottish trains to that at which they were to entrain for the nearest Channel port; and finally train after train laden with Cossacks, a train every ten minutes, all the night long, rushing down to the shore of the "Silver Streak." Of course the British were all too patriotic to tell of it, or even to pay any attention to it. Perhaps they all shut themselves in their houses as the Cossacks passed by, like the loyal folk of Coventry when Lady Godiva rode abroad. But the Peeping Tom who reported the thing saw it. He saw it with his own eyes. He timed the Russian-laden trains as they passed and noted the precision with which they went, one every ten minutes. The succession was kept up for so many hours, and each train consisted of so many cars, and each car contained so many men; wherefore a simple process in multiplication told how many tens of thousands of Russian soldiers had been landed in Northern France, thanks to Britain's control of the sea. But has one single, solitary soldier of them all materialized upon the plains of Flanders?

It is an old story—the Roorbach, the Munchausenism. We ourselves have heard, in days of youth, the story of those "sealed orders" under which the Russian fleet came to New York in 1863; sealed orders, which, if occasion had arisen for their opening, would doubtless have directed the Russian commander to place his ships and men at the disposal of the United States navy. We have heard of men who talked with the Russian Admiral, at the dinner in his honor at the Astor House, and who were told by him that he had such orders in his strong-box. Nay, we have heard of those who actually saw the orders—that is to say, the outside of the envelope in which they were sealed! Yet, strangely enough, neither at Washington nor at Petrograd has any official hint of the existence of such orders ever been disclosed.

Great is the mystery of the myth! Not that it exists, for man is an inventive and an imaginative creature, but rather that it so much persists, and that despite its recurring repudiation and the ridicule which falls upon it, there are never lacking multitudes of eager believers. If a companion piece to the Turtle Bay monstrosity were put forward to-morrow, still more extravagantly and impudently fictitious, it would probably command even more numerous and more excited believers than the original. Did we say that *Travels of Baron Roorbach* occurred nearly eighty years ago? Nay; Roorbach began his peregrinations when Adam told that first lie in Eden, and he is still marching on!

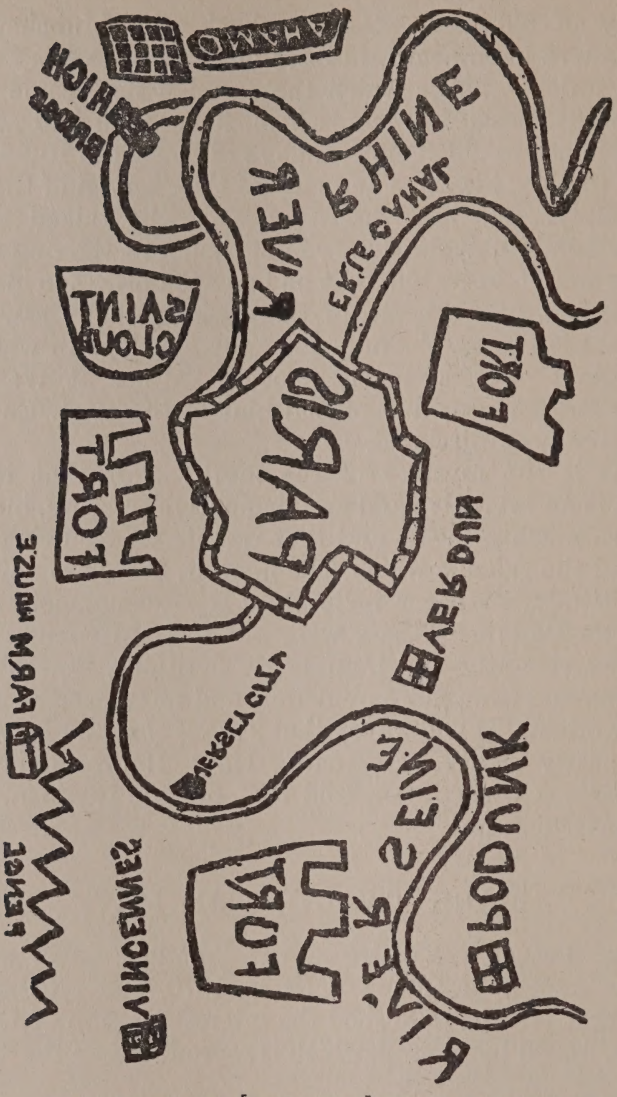
MARK TWAIN'S WAR MAP

Mark Twain was editor of the *Buffalo Express* when the Germans were approaching Paris in 1870, and on September 17th of that year he published the interesting map of the fortifications, drawn by himself, which is reproduced on the following page.

The idea of this map [he wrote] is not original with me, but is borrowed from the *Tribune* and the other great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city-paper maps of which it is an imitation is, that in them more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching



THE ABOVE MAP [HE WROTE] EXPLAINS ITSELF

to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art.

By an unimportant oversight I have engraved the map so that it reads wrong-end first, except to left-handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desires to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before her looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the engraving-tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the River Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the wide-spread ignorance of the day.

MARK TWAIN.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS.

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.—U. S. Grant.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.—Bismarck.

I cannot look at it without shedding tears.—Brigham Young.

It is very nice large print.—Napoleon.

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now.—J. Smith.

If I had this map I could have gone out of Metz without any trouble.—Bazaine.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of.—Trochu.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.—W. T. Sherman.

I said to my son Frederick William, "If you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious." —William III.

COMMENT

Secretary Tumulty listened intently when Senator Hamilton Lewis said to the Democratic Club of New York:

I now make bold to say that President Wilson has never had in his mind the selfish object of taking a reward for the execution of his promises to the people by seeking renomination as a compensation or asking for re-election as a return for the discharge of his obligations to his party and his duty to his country.

Speaking of my own sentiments, I dare say that if the President can have all his policies to which he is pledged to the people executed into laws and could be then left to his free will, he not only would not be a candidate for re-election, but in justice to the sacred grief which has afflicted him, and the sweet and tender obligations which still rest upon him, would abandon public office for the private refuge of home, family, and friends.

He would be found, I am sure, pointing his countrymen to the fact that he has executed his pledges, given the nation the relief it sought, restored it to peace and security, put it upon the pathway of prosperity and progress, and then declined to take another term in office, that it may be evident before the world that what he did was for the cause of right and not for the hope of reward, and to demonstrate before the nation that a man can unselfishly serve his countrymen without having as the object of each action a return compensation.

Thus President Woodrow Wilson, if left to his own heart's emotion, would render up his office after his duty had been fulfilled, content in the compensation of his conviction that he had earned the approval of mankind and the blessings of his God.

"Not inspired," was Mr. Tumulty's sententious and emphatic comment in a tone indicative of disgust. We should say not—yet.

The rise and fall of the Progressive movement is indicated by the following record of recent off-year elections in Michigan:

	1911.	1913.	1915.
Republican	256,729	181,155	261,285
Democratic	123,204	133,848	116,863
Progressive		92,874	27,057
Socialist	17,057	20,369	14,529
Prohibition	13,837	7,814	10,943
Socialist Labor	3,727	2,295	.....
Scattering	198	3	.....
Total	414,752	438,358	430,677
Plurality	133,525	47,307	144,422

In 1912 the vote was: Roosevelt, 214,584; Taft, 152,244; Wilson, 150,751. Obviously in this State the Progressive vote came wholly from the Republican Party and has returned to its former allegiance with virtual unanimity. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson was elected in 1912 without the aid of Michigan, and some think he may be again.

LONDON, May 1.—Ambassador Walter Hines Page has barred liquors from his table during the war's duration, thus following the lead of King George.—*The Sun.*

Neutrality or economy?

Secretary of War Daniels.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

Respectfully referred to the Hon. Lindley M. Garrison.

Opinions differ respecting the origin of the nearly forgotten Niagara Falls conference. Some say Director-General John Barrett first suggested it. Others ascribe the honor to Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, our former Minister to Argentina. In any case the latter adventures in the *Independent* the somewhat surprising conclusion that the outcome was a notable success. "Public opinion," he says, "has failed to prevent war in Europe or to stop its spread into Africa and Asia. The opposite is true on our side of the ocean. Organized public opinion, taking shape in the A B C mediation, has triumphantly succeeded in averting the possibility of war in this hemisphere. This successful outcome of what some thought mere visionary sentimentalism has had a great effect throughout the New World." To which the *Army and Navy Journal* rejoins:

Instead of the Niagara Falls conference "triumphantly succeeding in averting war," it seemed to let loose a new crop of bandits and political outlaws in Mexico, so that for months it was impossible to tell from the current news which man was the most promising leader in the Mexican internal warfare. But most marked of all, the A B C mediators, however successful they were in mediating among themselves, failed utterly as to Villa and Carranza, for those two estimable gentlemen, who before the Niagara Falls conference were as thick as two peas, have since the ending of the conference been trying to get a strangle hold on each other's neck. What is Mr. Sherrill's "triumphant mediation" worth when it makes two reformative brethren like Villa and Carranza fall out and pour out more Mexican blood? Has there not been as much fighting in Mexico since the A B C conference as before? Is this to be the bloodless calm of peace ushered in by triumphant mediation all over the world? If so, we suggest our Army be increased at once to a million men and our Navy doubled as to battleships.

It seems to be hardly worth while to engage in this interesting controversy, but the misapprehension respecting the functions of the worthy gentlemen who participated in the

conference must not be permitted to stand. They were not mediators; they were meditators.

The man who lately declared that Yale University no longer existed as an institution of learning was ready to attribute her downfall partly to her president, whom he suspected was not a good college president.—EDWARD S. MARTIN in *Life*.

With felicitations to the distinguished grammarian whom we suspect was a Harvard, not a Yale, man.

I speak for myself and I believe for the great majority of German-Americans when I say that we are with the President of the United States in all matters affecting National honor or National prestige. —HERMAN RIDDER in the *Staats-Zeitung*.

Maybe so; we hope so; but how happens it that none other has felt the need of proclaiming that he is not a perjurer or a traitor?

THE PROBLEM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY LINDLEY M. GARRISON, SECRETARY OF WAR

THE problem of National Defense—how shall we solve it? That, of course, depends upon what we consider the problem itself to be. The great difficulty at the present time arises out of a failure to agree as to its fundamental factors—a failure which is largely due to inattention and neglect.

I shall endeavor to consider the matter from the standpoint of reason and common sense, with a view to determining whether all sensible people should not be in agreement upon this most important subject.

The early settlers of this country brought with them an inveterate hatred of tyranny and oppression and all things connected therewith—including, of course, military force. Monarchies and oligarchies always had trained armies at hand and could even hire them in time of need, and they used them not only against alien populations, but often against their own people, and always to support the king and the nobles against the commons. It was inevitable that out of such circumstances a prejudice should grow; and although with us at this time it is without foundation, without reason, and although we may not be conscious of it, it still survives and persists. This prejudice cannot survive if brought forth and subjected to the light of reason and of common sense. Here, now, in this country, with the form of our government and the character of our people, there is no foundation for any fear that military force will impinge in the slightest degree upon the civil authority, or be used by the civil authorities, under whose command it is, to tyrannize over or oppress the people.

Another controlling factor in turning people aside from the proper consideration of this subject arises out of their abhorrence of what it connotes. To think of military precautions and military preparations brings to the mind warfare with all its horrors. Every humane and kindly instinct within

us shrinks from the contemplation of the evils attendant upon war. We hate to think of the sentiments aroused by war, the deeds committed, and the woe and wastefulness which ensue. Were it possible to abolish these evils by shrinking from the contemplation thereof, that remedy would long since have been effectually applied. Right-thinking people the world over have for centuries deprecated war and its evils; and if these evils could have been abolished by the simple process of refusing to think of them, that process would by this time have had world-wide application. Sensible people, however, realize the impossibility of so simple and easy a solution of this as of other similar distressing conditions of individual and national life.

No; turning aside will not do—it not only will not prevent the calamity, but it will serve to make its effects more disastrous when it does come. If we would respect ourselves, and deserve the respect of others, and have that courage without which man is useless, we must not shrink from or shirk our problem because of any of its repellent or repulsive features.

A great deal of inattention, and considerable opposition, is based upon the statement and belief that if a nation takes military precautions and makes military preparation, it invites what it seeks to prevent or repel. This contention does not seem to have any foundation in reason or in fact. It certainly is not so in any similar situation, in either our spiritual or our physical life. Those who entertain and give expression to this feeling would be shocked, I am sure, if a similar attitude were applied to other like matters. Does the citizen invite the conflagration by preparing a force to extinguish and minimize the results of fire? Do men invite ill health by taking precautions to preserve the soundness of their bodies and by having a force of trained physicians to prevent and minimize the disastrous consequences of disease? Does a body of scientific sanitarians, trained and ready to cope with epidemics, invite the latter or make them more likely to come upon us? Do business men who make wise disposition of their means against the possibility of panic invite the latter and make it more likely to occur? Surely none of these things is so, and just as surely there is no rational basis for believing that a nation which takes proper military precautions and makes proper military preparations is inviting war.

They, however, who deprecate the taking of these precautions and the making of these preparations urge still further

opposition somewhat akin to that just disposed of. They say: "If you are strong enough to fight, you are more likely to fight," or, stated in the negative, "If your nation is not prepared for war, your nation will be less likely to be involved in war."

To be perfectly frank, I cannot perceive the slightest basis in reason or fact for such a contention. Where in the realms of spiritual or physical life do those who urge this contention find any basis for its soundness? Do the things which we call evil refrain from assaulting the weak, the flabby, and the feeble? In the physical sphere, where and when have feebleness and flabbiness and weakness acted as a shield and a buckler? Where in the history of nations do we find the strong staying its hand because of the feebleness of its rival? The pages of history literally abound with instances to the contrary. Civilizations which in their day reached the highest pinnacles of mental, spiritual, and physical life have disappeared from the face of the earth, and their names are almost forgotten by men, because they became feeble and flabby and were toppled over by the strong. Inanimate nature and human nature progress by the survival of the fittest, and they who are weak and flabby are not fit. If by this suggestion those who entertain it mean, as they would seem to mean, that the strong are more likely to use their strength than the weak, and that therefore a strong nation is more likely to go to war than a weak nation, let them frankly say so and be prepared to answer the obvious question which then arises. That question is, how do you justify your trust that other nations which are strong will refrain from misusing their strength against us, if you fear that we, if strong, would misuse our strength against other nations? There is no basis for any such unjust animadversion against our nation and our people. There is no better test of real strength than self-control. If we cannot trust our own strength and our control of our strength, if we cannot trust ourselves not to misuse our strength, how much reliance should we, as sensible men, place upon the conduct of other nations which are strong?

No; that idea cannot find permanent lodgment in any reasoning mind. If the only reason that we should not prepare such strength as may be necessary to protect ourselves is because of a fear that we may be tempted to misuse it and may in fact do so, it were better to run that risk than the risk of defenselessness against the strength of others, which is just as likely, on this theory, to be misused against us.

We have been viewing this last objection solely on its

negative side; but upon its positive side there is just as much against it, and more, which needs consideration. The Hebrew Scriptures tell us that righteousness exalteth a nation. Whether justly or not, we firmly believe that we are a righteous nation — that is, that our intentions are toward the right. We certainly intend no marauding aggression, and entertain no covetousness, against that which belongs to others. But righteousness is not universal in either the spiritual sphere, or the individual sphere, or the community, or the national or international sphere. Righteousness is not self-executing. If it is to prevail, the unrighteous must be overthrown; and wherever injustice and unrighteousness take up arms to impose their will upon the just and the righteous, the latter must be prepared to withstand the assault and to prevail, if they are to survive as moral forces in the world.

Peace—yes; peace based upon righteousness. But in the spiritual and the personal and community life there will always be conflict of one sort or another so long as there exist the two contending forces of righteousness and unrighteousness.

Government without force is unthinkable until unrighteousness is abolished from the earth and mankind has ceased to be subject to the present forces of inanimate and animate nature. Until that day comes, however, mankind must fortify and strengthen itself to withstand the assaults which it must inevitably expect, both spiritual and physical.

Some find justification for neglect and inattention, upon the assumption that, for one reason or another (or, more truly stated, for no reason), war will never come to this nation. Here again it seems difficult to find a shred of foundation for such a belief. Certainly I cannot find any assurance which vindicates such a judgment. Our geographical position undoubtedly minimizes the danger of invasion of our continental possessions. Our lack of aggressive intention and our righteous intentions minimize the sources and causes of war. But we ourselves have frequently been at war; our isolation has not as a fact assured our freedom from conflict; other nations relatively as isolated have been involved in war; and no sound reason can be adduced which would justify a sane man in concluding that isolation alone spells safety. Furthermore, our isolation is geographical only. No nation dwells unto itself alone. Modern conditions have caused the interests of nations to be as correlated as those of families who have intermarried. The

interests of many of the large nations to-day are inextricably interwoven with those of some or all of the others.

Nor can sure reliance be placed upon our lack of aggressive intention, our freedom from covetousness, or our tendency toward righteousness. The conflicts and struggles in the spiritual and the physical spheres are not always or often between the unrighteous and the unrighteous, or between the covetous. Evil preys upon virtue, the unjust upon the just, and the covetous upon those whose possessions they covet.

Self-respect, without which man is an invertebrate animal, requires that we should be prepared to protect that which we cherish, which not only includes our material possessions, but that intangible something which makes us a distinctive nation in the eyes of the world.

No; we cannot justify neglect on this score; we cannot rest assurance upon righteous intention, or lack of bad motives, or possession of good motives, or isolation.

Another obstacle to the proper consideration of the subject is potent, though perhaps in many cases unconscious. It is the question of expense or cost. Men set aside for military service, and money spent for military material, are assumed to be wasted; and this consideration causes many to turn aside from a further consideration of the subject.

Whatever is necessary to provide for the common defense must be done at whatever proper cost. The individual citizen surely does not feel, in those aspects of this matter which come most closely home to him, that such expenses are unwarranted. He cheerfully sees the public money devoted to the salaries of executives that execute the laws and enforce the right as against the wrong, to courts that adjust the disputes between the community and the individual and between individuals, and that determine the right and make it effective; to officers of justice, whether police or sheriffs or organized military force, which protect the life and the property of the citizen and withstand the assaults of those who would overthrow public order and good government; to those who are trained and equipped to fight fires and to fight disease and to prevent epidemics and to minimize their consequences if, notwithstanding every precaution, they overtake us. Increasingly in all these lines the public are insisting upon further and further progress, which necessarily is attended with more and more expense.

There need be no fear, therefore, that the people will shrink

from any proper expense attendant upon measures of common defense after a common agreement has been reached.

There is one other potent influence making for neglect of the present consideration and settlement of this great subject. I refer to those who refuse present consideration of existing conditions because of a belief or hope that by some international agreement new conditions will obtain and new forces be brought into play. I can and do entirely sympathize with every sane and sensible movement that tends to abolish conflict and to insure peace; but I am utterly out of sympathy with the idea that we should neglect or postpone consideration of what is now the existing condition because of a hope or belief or even conviction that it may be altered, even radically altered, in the future. Every right-thinking man sympathizes with every aspiration for peace. It may be possible to establish an international tribunal, to limit the armament of nations, to provide means by which the decrees of the international tribunal can be made effective by forces drawn from its constituent nations, and that a long step forward may be made toward abolishing physical conflict between nations. I am firmly convinced that no nation in the world has a more sincere and active desire to this end than has our nation. If by anything that I could do or leave undone I could contribute to this end, I should welcome the opportunity thus afforded. This, I am sure, is the sentiment of the people of our nation.

But such a great epochal event in the world of nations can be brought about only by those who are strong, courageous, self-respecting, and righteous; by those who look facts fearlessly in the face and act accordingly; by those whose conduct is guided by reason and judgment. And if we are a nation composed of people possessing the characteristics just mentioned and actuated by the motives just referred to, then we will fearlessly and courageously take up the present problem which it is our duty to determine, and will determine it properly and be prepared in the proper way and with the proper spirit for what may come hereafter. No sensible mind can believe that we will be more forceful in attaining our aspirations for peace because of an open exhibition of feebleness and weakness in the solving of existing problems. The voice which is firm and clear, which is heard and heeded, proceeds from the strong, sound, virile man pledged in word and in deed to righteousness. Those who hope to be in the van of a great movement to alter the current of human history and establish a new era must

show themselves to be courageous and wise and self-respecting in the way they have handled the duties enjoined upon them in their national life. Hideous as is the face of war, abhorrent as are the evils consequent upon it, its results in the long run cannot be so fatal to a nation as would be the failure of that nation courageously and fearlessly to ascertain its duty and to do it.

Let us, therefore, take this matter up in the proper spirit, and submit those feelings which stand in the way of its proper consideration to the analysis and valuing of reason and common sense. Let us realize that our duty lies plain before us, and that there is no substance or worth in the obstacles which obscure the vision and obstruct the path. Let us align our vision and our courage and our judgment and keep them at work until we reach a common agreement. It can only be settled in that way, and it must be settled in that way. It is a subject which vitally concerns the nation and each citizen of the nation. It not only involves the integrity of the nation and the safety of the citizen and what he holds dear, but the safety of our institutions and of those who are to come after us. We must brush aside all attempts to make it the opportunity for personal advantage or advancement, and must absolutely exclude any political partisanship. This is the people's problem—the solution rests with us. If we have the proper stamina, we will face it and settle it; if we have not, that condemnation, old as the book of Genesis, will echo in our ears: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

I purposely refrain from discussing the policy which should be adopted and the details which must be carried out to make that policy effective. Difficult as it will be to accomplish properly these things, such difficulties are immeasurably increased by a lack of a coherent public opinion, and will be immeasurably lightened when public opinion has crystallized and is put in motion. If the individual citizen can be brought to realize his responsibility in this connection, and will banish prejudice, refuse to be diverted by sentiment unfounded on facts, and will not shrink or shirk his duty as he thus finds it, the rest of the task will be possible of accomplishment. Do not shrink from what you must consider; do not permit yourself to be diverted by terms of opprobrium. Militarism is used as a term of reproach to divert proper consideration of what *must* be considered, if the subject is to be considered at all. Militarism,

in the sense of having the military force interfere in the slightest with the conduct of government by our civil authorities, is not conceivable in this country, is not urged by any one, and is not feared even by those who use the word in that sense to prevent proper consideration and to confuse the public mind. Militarism in the sense of the absolute necessity of proper military precautions and military preparations is the subject-matter for consideration; it is the imperative question for decision; and it needs stout hearts and sound minds to decide it. We are surely not so deluded as to believe that we can reach by intuition what others can acquire only by training and experience. We are surely not so sacrilegious or irreverent as to believe that Providence has unjustly discriminated in our favor and against the other peoples of the world. We surely will not admit that any vital national duty will be neglected and left undone because we shrink from the proper contemplation of it. We surely will not admit that we are unable to read history intelligently, to consider facts relevantly, and to reach conclusions sensibly.

LINDLEY M. GARRISON.

FREEING ALASKA FROM RED-TAPE

BY FRANKLIN K. LANE, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

We have committed ourselves to a new policy of development in Alaska. Instead of allowing the vast riches of that great territory to be exploited at the haphazard will or whim of individuals and corporations intent only upon quick and large profits for themselves, we have set our faces to the task of developing Alaska and its resources in a large, sane, and conservative manner suited to the magnitude of the interests at stake.

As the first step in the new policy, we are going to build a railroad. This decision and the building of the railroad, however, are only the first steps. In a recent message to Congress President Wilson said of the Alaskan railroad that it "is only thrusting in the key to the storehouse and throwing back the lock and opening the door. How the tempting resources of the country are to be exploited is another matter. The resources must be used, but not destroyed or wasted; used, but not monopolized under any narrow idea of individual rights as against the abiding interest of communities."

Practically all the land and natural resources of Alaska are still the property of the people of the United States. Until now we have only protected these riches against monopoly and waste, and the most cumbersome departmental machinery has sufficed. Hitherto we have done little more in Alaska than keep a few policemen stationed at closed doors to prevent breaking and entering. Now that we are to open the doors, we need more than a police force.

Our work there is to be broader and more complex. Mineral and other resources must be opened to use. The lands must be opened to settlement. There must be such administration of the laws as will give to honest settlers prompt and ready assistance, unhampered by red-tape and unnecessary delays while

protecting fully the rights of the nation against monopoly, fraud, and waste.

We are to encourage the building of industries and commerce and the making of homes and farms in the new territory. To do this we must plan and build systems of roads and trails to connect the railroads, seaports, farms, and towns; we must plan the location of towns and provide facilities for settlement; fuel and power must be made available for domestic and industrial purposes; revenues must be provided without discouragement to settlement and industry, and there should be no bar to efforts for simplifying and bettering taxation methods.

There must also be new and simple machinery for the successful working out of this programme. There must be organized administration of the highest efficiency in order that "the abiding interest" of the people of the United States may not only be fully protected and conserved, but that the development of resources and industries incident to the opening of the territory may be encouraged and regulated with justice to all and along lines carefully calculated to give the greatest lasting good to the greatest number. The new policy is not to invite a few men to exploit the cream of Alaska's riches, but to develop all the resources and possibilities of the territory harmoniously, for the best interests both of the people who go to Alaska and the people of the United States who own this great public domain. Alaska's problems are largely peculiar to Alaska. Our present system of government there is heterologous. Instead of one government in Alaska we have a number—interlocked, overlapped, cumbersome, and confusing.

In their zealousness for the particular parts of the public welfare which they represent, the long-distance representatives of bureaus located in Washington are apt to lose sight of the fact that they all represent the same interest and purpose. There is a government of the forests, a government of the fisheries, one of the reindeer and natives, another of the cables and telegraphs. There is a government for certain public lands and forests, another for other lands and forests. Each of these governments is intent upon its own particular business, jealous of its own success and prerogatives, and all are more or less unrelated and independent in their operation. Success of the new policy depends very largely upon the administration of the laws in the territory. Experience has demonstrated that efficient administration is best secured by centralizing responsibility and

authority in the hands of a small number of men, who can be held strictly accountable for the results of their actions.

The following statement of the duties and responsibilities which various bureaus and divisions of the several departments of the Government are now charged with in the administration of Alaskan affairs suggests the possibilities of red-tape and circumlocution in the handling of public business of the territory:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE:

Forest Service.—Controls use and sale of timber, homesteads, mineral rights, power sites, etc., in Chugach and Tongass National Forests, with combined area of 25,000,000 acres.

Biological Survey.—Has charge of bird reserves, controls scientific investigations and experiments in propagation and development of animal life.

Experiment Stations.—Maintained for encouragement of agriculture, experiment, and demonstration of farming methods, crops, cattle-breeding, etc.; sells crops grown on experimental farms.

NAVY DEPARTMENT:

Maintains buildings, conducts coaling-station, and makes tests of native coal; sends vessels to coast in course of cruises; maintains and operates wireless stations along coast.

WAR DEPARTMENT:

Road Commission.—Controls building of roads and trails with funds appropriated by Congress and set aside from license receipts.

Engineer Corps.—Controls surveys, estimates, and works on river and harbor improvements.

Signal Corps.—Controls construction, maintenance, and operation of cable between Alaska and the United States and inland telegraph lines and wireless telegraph stations.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT:

Controls collection of customs duties, internal revenue, income tax, supervises and plans construction of public buildings; maintains revenue-cutter service; makes public health regulations; maintains life-saving service.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT:

Controls the mail service.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE:

Bureau of Fisheries.—Protects seals and foxes, and sells seal-skins and fox-skins on Pribilof Islands; controls leasing of certain islands in the Aleutian group for fox-ranching; employs wardens and makes regulations for protection of fur-bearing animals; supervises and regulates fisheries, canneries, etc.

Census Bureau.—Takes the decennial census.

Bureau of Lighthouses.—Constructs and maintains lighthouses, fog and light signals along coast.

Coast and Geodetic Survey.—Charts and channels rocks and obstructions to navigation along coast.

Steamboat Inspection Service.—Inspects and licenses steamboats, engineers, and officers of steamboats.

Navigation Bureau.—Makes and enforces navigation regulations.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:

Controls court machinery, marshals, United States attorneys and commissioners, and generally administers law and justice in the territory.

DEPARTMENT OF LABOR:

Has charge of the enforcement of immigration laws.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR:

General Land Office.—Controls entry, patent, and disposal of public domain; controls and disposes of timber on public lands outside of national forests; disposes of applications for homesteads, mill sites, mineral claims, trade and manufacturing sites, town sites, coal and oil lands and rights of way in public lands; controls water-power and power sites outside of national forests; handles accounts and returns of surveyor-general's office.

Geological Survey.—Investigates mineral formations, coal and oil fields, water-supply and stream flow, hot springs, etc.; makes topographical and geological maps of territory.

Bureau of Mines.—Supervises inspection of mines and mining; enforces mining laws.

Bureau of Education.—Supervises education of Eskimos and other natives, and reindeer industry among natives.

Secretary's Office.—Supervises care and custody of insane; handles general correspondence as to Alaskan affairs; disburses appropriations for protection of game by wardens appointed by the governor under rules and regulations of Departments of Commerce and Agriculture; acts as clearing-house for general Alaskan matters and performs other functions not specifically charged to other departments.

Division of authority and responsibility, under this system, combined with the effort to direct administration at long distance in compliance with general regulations designed for the United States as well as Alaska, naturally results in much red-tape and confusion. Especially is this true with respect to the administration of the laws for the disposal and protection of the public lands and natural resources. There is one procedure for making homestead, mineral, and other land entries within the national forests; another procedure for making such entries in lands outside the forest reserve. Water-power and power sites

within the forest reserves are leased and operated under permits from the Forest Service; there is question whether authority exists for disposal and leasing of water-power elsewhere in Alaska.

It has taken as long as three years for patent to issue in uncontested land claims in Alaska, after final certificate was issued, merely because of the lengthy procedure involved in securing the proper filling out of papers. In filing a homestead location notice the homesteader in Alaska, on unsurveyed land, must stake his claim and in his notice describe it by metes and bounds, with reference to Government monuments, trees, rivers, or other permanent landmarks. The location notice is filed with the recorder of the district. Before making entry the homesteader must then go or apply to the surveyor-general, whose office is in Juneau, for a survey. If there is no contest or protest, the surveyor-general appoints a deputy to make a survey of the homestead claim. This survey is made at the expense of the homesteader. After the survey is completed, it must be approved by the surveyor-general and then taken by the entryman to the land-office of the district in which the claim is located. Notice and a plat of the claim are posted on the land and printed in the local newspapers. If there is no contest against final proof on a homestead claim, the register and receiver of the local land-office pass on the proof and issue a final certificate. If there is a protest, the proofs are sent to Washington and a field investigation is ordered.

The field division headquarters of the General Land Office for Alaska are at Portland, Oregon. Four special agents of the Land Office Field Service are kept in Alaska, and additional agents are sent into the territory as they are needed. Orders for field investigations on land claims are sent from Washington to Portland and forwarded from there to the agent in the field in Alaska. If the papers are received early enough in the season and the special agent who receives them has not too much other work, the field investigation may be made the same year it is ordered. If there is no protest against a final proof or after a field investigation has been made of such proofs, the claim and proofs are sent by the Land Office in Washington to the Geological Survey for such data as that Bureau may have concerning the nature of the lands involved in the claim. The Geological Survey notes upon the application whether the land in question is listed as mineral or non-mineral, and whether it is shown by the geological records to contain coal, petroleum,

mineral or thermal springs, or reservoir or power sites, etc. Following the receipt of this information, the Land Office, in due time, may grant a patent for the land.

It will be seen that, in the event of any question arising over an entry which prevents the local register and receiver from issuing a final certificate, the papers in a homestead case, after final proof is offered, must make at least two round trips between Washington and Alaska before patent can issue. If there is a contest, or any complication arises out of the claim, this long-distance correspondence may be almost indefinitely extended.

To illustrate the red-tape which prevails in the methods of handling Alaskan land business, let us consider the history of two recent land claims in Alaska. The cases cited are typical; they are taken at random from the files of the General Land Office.

Walter H. Marrett built a house and established residence on a homestead claim near Haines, Alaska, in April, 1902. His claim was on an unsurveyed and unreserved portion of public land. In 1908 he applied to the surveyor-general for a survey of his claim. The survey was begun September 8, 1908, and completed two days later. On March 22, 1909, Marrett filed at the Land Office at Juneau an application to enter the lands embraced in the survey. His application was accompanied by the prescribed affidavit that the lands were non-mineral, and by the requisite notices and affidavits of publication and posting. In statements to the Interior Department Marrett later declared that the survey cost him $700. On November 13, 1909, Marrett went to the Land Office at Juneau with his witnesses and completed his final proofs. Six days later there was issued to him Final Certificate No. 0433, in which it was stated that "on presentation of this certificate to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the said Walter H. Marrett shall be entitled to a patent for the tract of land above described." The application, final proof, and other papers were then sent to the General Land Office at Washington.

There is no record of any action on these papers in the Land Office in the following year. On November 11, 1910, Marrett wrote to the Commissioner of the Land Office, asking why his patent had not been issued. To this letter he received a reply from the Assistant Commissioner, informing him that action on his entry had been deferred awaiting instructions from the Department under the Act of June 25, 1910, providing for

the withdrawal of lands for coal classification. On December 22, 1910, the Commissioner of the Land Office referred the claim to the Geological Survey, asking information as to whether any coal or petroleum deposits were embraced in the entry. Three months later the Director of the Geological Survey wrote the Commissioner, informing him that the Survey had made no examination of the land and had no data on the subject, but "believed that no deposits of coal or petroleum occurred in that vicinity."

In the mean time, Marrett wrote to Delegate Wickersham, requesting his aid in securing the patent to his claim. Mr. Wickersham wrote to the Commissioner of the Land Office on January 3, 1911, inclosing Marrett's letter, and on January 28, 1911, the Commissioner wrote to Mr. Marrett, informing him that the lands embraced in his entry had been withdrawn for examination for coal and petroleum, under the Act of June 25, 1910, and that action would be taken upon the entry as soon as information concerning the mineral deposits was received from the Geological Survey. Patent was issued May 25, 1911, three years after the survey had been made and nine years after residence had been established!

It will be noted that although action on this final proof was deferred for a year and a half, pending determination as to whether or not the lands involved contained coal or petroleum deposits, there was no field investigation, or any kind of examination of the land, and when the patent was finally issued the Land Office had no more actual information concerning the nature of the land than it possessed at the time of the issue of the final certificate.

The case of Jumbo No. 1 Lode is another instance of the manner in which red-tape will defer action on a land claim. This claim was located September 24, 1906, by Mrs. Mary A. Dabney, of Seattle, Washington. The location was recorded October 9, 1906, and a survey was made September 20–22, 1908, and approved by the surveyor-general January 21, 1909. Application for patent was made March 24, 1909. There was no protest against the validity of the entry and no conflicting claims. On August 30, 1910, seventeen months later, the register of the land-office at Juneau forwarded to the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington the papers in the case of Mrs. Dabney's mineral entry.

Having heard nothing from the case for nearly two years, Mrs. Dabney wrote to the Commissioner of the General Land

Office at Washington on May 22, 1912, to ask why patent to her claim had not been issued. On June 5, 1912, the Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office wrote to the register and receiver at Juneau, calling attention to the absence among the papers in the case of an abstract of title completed to the date of filing application for patent as required by the mining regulations. The Assistant Commissioner also pointed out that the application and proofs of posting and of charges and fees paid were verified in the State of Washington by the claimant, while the statutes required that such affidavits be verified within the land district where the claim is located. The register and receiver was instructed that if the claimant could not conveniently make these affidavits within the Juneau district she must give somebody within the district a power of attorney to do so for her. The attention of the register and receiver was likewise called to the fact that a corroborated affidavit from the claimant that the claim did not include hot or medicinal springs had not been included among the papers sent to Washington. The claimant was given thirty days in which to file the necessary additional papers and changes.

On June 11, 1912, the Commissioner of the Land Office wrote to Mrs. Dabney, at Seattle, informing her of the demands made in the letter to the register and receiver at Juneau, and also informing her that the General Land Office would be obliged to secure, as well, a report as to the character of the land with reference to coal and petroleum deposits before the case could be acted upon. On June 21, 1912, the Director of the Geological Survey reported to the General Land Office that there was no coal or oil in the vicinity of the Dabney claim, and no hot springs known in that neighborhood. On July 5, 1912, the Commissioner transmitted the Dabney case to Division N of the General Land Office, clear-listed so far as the Field Service was concerned.

During the summer of 1912 Mrs. Dabney furnished the required power of attorney and sent to the register and receiver at Juneau the abstract of title, verification of application for patent, and power of attorney and verification of the posting of notice on the land, requested in the Commissioner's letter of June 5th. On November 12, 1912, the register and receiver forwarded these papers to Washington. On December 6, 1912, the Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office notified the register and receiver at Juneau that Mrs. Dabney had failed to furnish the affidavit as to hot springs and also a properly

verified affidavit of charges and fees. The register and receiver communicated this request to Mrs. Dabney, who forwarded the affidavit as to hot springs to Washington on May 8, 1913.

On May 29, 1913, the Commissioner at Washington notified the register and receiver at Juneau that Mrs. Dabney's claim was held for cancellation because of her failure to furnish a proper affidavit of expenditures for survey, publication, and office fees.

In the mean time Mrs. Dabney had put her case in the hands of an attorney at Seattle, who, on May 14, 1913, wrote to the register and receiver at Juneau, saying that he had forwarded affidavits and papers relating to fees and charges to Valdez, Alaska, for verification. The attorney stated that such an affidavit had been furnished with the original papers, and that in the preceding December he had written the register inquiring if all the papers had been received in proper form, and had received in reply a letter from the clerk in the land-office at Juneau, stating that the register and receiver and the books were somewhere in the East on some contest case, and that the inquiry would be answered on their return.

On June 6, 1913, the register and receiver at Juneau wrote to the General Land Office at Washington requesting return of Mrs. Dabney's original affidavit as to fees and charges, in order that it might be properly amended and verified. In compliance with this request the paper asked for was mailed to Juneau from Washington on June 21, 1913, was verified by a witness at Valdez, Alaska, on July 9, 1913, and returned at once to Washington. Since the claim was located within a national forest reserve, the General Land Office at Washington had referred the case to the Department of Agriculture for a report from the Forest Service. The Forest Service had sent the case to the deputy forest supervisor in the Chugach Forest Reservation, Alaska, for an examination and report. The deputy supervisor made his report, stating that the claim was a proper one to be patented, with no reason for protest on the part of the Forest Service. The mineral entry was patented October 17, 1913.

The delay of more than three years in patenting this claim might have been cut down to a few months, with a saving of much expense and effort in correspondence and with an even better fund of information on the subject, if the case had been handled by an officer in Alaska with full authority to order investiga-

tion on the ground and prepare the entire case for the General Land Office.

There is as much confusion and division and duplication of authority and responsibility in the protection of the fauna of Alaska as there is with respect to claims. Many of the islands frequented by birds are set aside as bird reserves, and are under the protection—so far as the birds are concerned—of the Biological Survey. The Survey sends a keeper in the summer to guard some of these islands, but otherwise it has no representative in the territory and performs no other activities, except to place some reindeer, secured from the Bureau of Education, on one or two islands. Game animals throughout Alaska are protected by wardens hired by and under the direction of the Governor of Alaska, who enforce regulations made by the Department of Agriculture, and are paid from an appropriation made to and disbursed by the Department of the Interior.

Fur-bearing animals are under the protection of wardens appointed by the Secretary of Commerce. Game animals, under the distinctions of the present laws, are deer, moose, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goats, brown bear, sea-lions, and walrus. Fur-bearing animals comprise rabbits, squirrels, wolves, wolverines, lynx, mink, otters, beavers, foxes, and black and other bears.

The Department of Commerce breeds foxes on the Pribilof Islands and sells their skins. This Department also leases certain islands off the southern coast of the territory for fox-farming, but until recently had made no provision for encouraging fox-raising by giving or selling foxes for breeding purposes from its Pribilof supply. Because of this lack of breeding animals, attempts at fox-farming as private enterprises have generally been unsuccessful.

An amusing and, to some extent, troublesome conflict of authority has been occasioned by the law making the brown bear a game animal, under the control of the Department of Agriculture, while the black bear is recognized by law as a fur-bearing animal under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce. The question has more than once come up for consideration whether every brown bear is a game animal, even if its parents are black. The law is ambiguous, but was intended to afford protection to the great brown bear, or Kadiak bear, and did not take cognizance of the fact that in a litter of black bears one cub may be black and another brown. In other words, *a* brown bear is not necessarily *the* brown bear.

Regulation of the salmon and other fisheries and enforcement of the laws is under the direction of the Commissioner of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce. How inadequate the present service is may be gathered from the following pertinent paragraph in the latest annual report of the Commissioner:

> The laws and regulations have, in general, been well received by the fishing interests, and, with rare exceptions, have been respected throughout Alaska, so far as the field agents of the Bureau have been able to determine. The region is so vast, however, and the facilities so lamentably inadequate for reaching the various fishing localities, many in number and widely separated, that personal inspection in many cases is utterly impossible. Unfortunately, this applies more particularly to the fisheries for which there is the greatest need of regular inspection. This fact, together with the limited personnel and the limited appropriation for traveling expenses, enables the Bureau at the best to possess no definite knowledge and but scant information regarding a large number of the fishing localities and operations.

Although this patchwork system of administrative machinery has answered well enough while the Government's policy has been merely to keep the door shut and discourage development, it will not answer under the new policy. Even if the work needed in the future were to be solely administrative, it would still need to be efficient and under responsible and readily responsive supervision. Alaska's remoteness alone makes anything like supervision by bureaus located in Washington more or less perfunctory and superficial. What we now have in Alaska is little more than a number of independent and unrelated agents, acting in the main upon their own initiative, each attending only to some special branch of police work, and no branch adequately organized to cope with its own problems, without even attempting to co-ordinate its work with that of the other branches.

But the task of administering the laws relating to the disposal and development of the public domain and resources in Alaska is also a task of construction. The problem presented is the settlement and development of the country and of all its resources to the best advantage. Each branch of work, now under a different supervision, is a part of one and the same problem. It is a huge task that is ahead, but it is a single task, and to undertake it successfully it must be put into the hands of a single authoritative directorate.

I have pointed out, in some detail, the shortcomings of the present system—its ineffectiveness, delays, red-tape, circumlo-

cution, divisions and overlapping of authority, as well as the discouragements it offers to settlers whom we want, on the contrary, to encourage. To secure effectiveness we must eliminate these delays, together with the red-tape and the confusing and confused machinery now in use, and substitute for it machinery that will be direct, prompt, and certain in its action.

To this end we should have a single Development Board, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Their salaries should be sufficient to enable men of ability to devote themselves exclusively to the work of the Board, which should have its headquarters in Alaska. The Board should make its reports and be directly responsible for its actions to a single Cabinet officer, the Secretary of the Interior, whose Department is most closely identified with Alaskan affairs, and is probably best equipped by experience and organization to handle such matters.

The Board would do the work now performed in Alaska by the General Land Office, the Forest Service, the Road Commission, the Bureau of Mines, the Bureau of Education, and the Secretary of the Interior. It should take over part of the work and authority of the Bureau of Fisheries. There are good reasons why the control of the seal industry, the salmon hatcheries, and the sea fisheries should be left in the hands of the Department of Commerce. Beginning at the shore-line, however, the Development Board should have complete control of all Government activities and interests connected with the development of industries and transportation and the settling of the country. This should include the control of water-powers, building and maintenance of roads and trails, and operation and rates of the railroads and telegraph lines. The Board should also have charge of the protection and control of game, fur-bearing animals, public lands, mineral deposits, coal, oil, gas, hot springs, timber lands and timber, together with the work of education among the natives and the supervision of the reindeer industry. It should control the work of the surveyor-general's office. It should have authority to succeed the Department of Agriculture in supervision of the agricultural experiment stations in the territory, or to supplement these stations with demonstration farms for the benefit of homesteaders.

All these activities are closely related; all form a part of the main Alaskan problem. Their direction should be in the same hands.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

INTERNATIONAL MORALITY

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

We have grown accustomed to the statement that international law, since it lacks an effective sanction, is in reality not law in any true and proper sense, but merely a code of ethics.

Both propositions might be easily controverted, for on the one hand it is not essential to the existence of law, taken in even the strictest sense, that it be universally obeyed or capable of uniform enforcement; and on the other, nothing is more certain than that international law, at its best estate, is far from being an embodiment of ethical conceptions.

Leaving for the moment the so-called "Law of Nations" to its fate—whatever that may be—we may at this time with great propriety ask ourselves the question, Is there a recognized international morality that can meet the requirements of an enlightened conscience?

To the man in the street it appears incongruous that a civilized State should demand of its citizens or subjects conformity to truth, honor, peacefulness, and a law-abiding spirit, and that the State itself—or the Government that speaks and acts in its name—should at the same time systematically and unblushingly resort to diplomatic equivocation, repudiate solemn engagements, exercise open violence upon non-combatants, and decline to recognize obligations of the most obvious character.

In defense of this divergence from the accepted standards of good morals, it is professed that an individual may voluntarily sacrifice himself, but a Government can in no case and in no degree sacrifice the interests of the State, toward which it stands in a fiduciary relation. These interests must, at any cost, be maintained and extended. The *lex altior*, therefore, before which all other laws, even the Moral Law, must give way, is the necessity of self-conservation. Under this rubric everything is justified. Treaties may be torn to shreds, foreign lands may be

overrun and devastated, their populations may be utterly destroyed and their possessions totally appropriated, in order that the State may expand and prosper.

What, then, *is* the State, that a Government, acting in its name, may enjoy these stupendous prerogatives of defying all law and acting according to its own good pleasure? If the State were a moral organism, an institution based on human rights, and designed to protect and preserve them, its functions would be determined mainly by ethical and juridical considerations. We should, in that case, conceive of the State as necessarily occupying a fixed place in the moral and legal order of ideas. That would imply both rights and duties, to be determined in every instance on the basis of recognized mutual obligation. The conception of the State would be altogether determined by the correlative moral conceptions from which its rights would spring, and by which they would also be limited. International morality would then be essentially involved in all international relations.

It requires only superficial observation, however, to convince ourselves that this is not actually so. Every one familiar with the literature of this subject knows that there are two antagonistic schools of thought regarding the application of moral principles to international affairs: (1) the *Realpolitiker*, who hold that international rights have no other basis than superior strength—in brief, that Might makes Right; and (2) the *Idealpolitiker*, who desire to place the entire international system upon the basis of strictly moral conceptions.

It is not desirable to cite specific examples of these conflicting doctrines, which would only lead to unprofitable controversy. Just as the protagonists of these two schools of thought are divided by their personal interests, temperaments, and general convictions, so would be those to whom such a discussion might be addressed. Conversion to either side would be doubtful; for, in the last analysis, the theory of the State will be grounded in the case of each individual upon his general conceptions of life, of human personality, and of the universe of which we form a part.

It is desirable, therefore, to be recalled from the field of dialectic to the field of fact. The important question is not, Would a moral conception of the State and of the relations between States work out beneficently for the well-being of mankind? but the more concrete and more definitely answerable question, Do Sovereign States at present practically recognize

in their outward relations the moral principles which they profess to respect and try to enforce in their internal affairs?

To this question there would, no doubt, be given a unanimous answer by well-informed men, and it would be a decided negative. The fact being admitted, the inquiry naturally arises, Why is this so?

The explanation is not to be sought in the realm of ethical theory. If the State is essentially an institution of human justice, there is no theoretical reason why States should not be perfectly just, and conform their conduct to the highest standards of morality. But the exceptional position of the State is not, in reality, an ethical question. This is sufficiently apparent from the fact that the origin of the distinction between public and private morality is not to be traced to any reasoned discussion about them. The distinction is simply an historical fact, the result of action, not of thought. The whole inquiry is, in truth, reduced to this, How has it happened that, while individuals are held responsible for their conduct, the State regards itself as irresponsible, and does not, as a State, even admit any knowledge of moral good or evil?

The explanation is to be sought in the origin of the State, which was not in the beginning an institution of justice, but an established agency of injustice. It is quite impossible in the light of modern anthropological inquiry to maintain that the State, as an institution, arose from a spontaneous social impulse seeking the security of individual rights. That has always been the work of revolutions, of revolt against a pre-existing order of things. If in a few instances the State has taken on the character of a moral organism, that has been owing to the resistance of the community to the forms of authority that originally existed for wholly different purposes. We may dismiss as purely fanciful the idea that half-naked savages, emerging from a state of nature, were at any time suddenly transformed into political philosophers, and, as a result of their deliberations, proceeded to evolve the notion of a "social contract," as imagined by Rousseau, voluntarily surrendering to freely chosen public powers the authority to command their obedience as a means of preserving their lives and property.

Quite different from this was the origin of Government. A contemporary authority of eminence writes:

> The State completely in its genesis, essentially and almost completely during the first stages of its existence, is a social institution forced by a victorious group of men upon a defeated group, with the

sole purpose of imposing the dominion of the victorious group upon the vanquished, and securing itself against revolt from within and attacks from without.

The State originated in a war of conquest.

Uncertain as the data in support of this statement may be as regards prehistoric time, when the State first came into being, it is not only in harmony with what we know of those vestiges of that earlier condition afforded by the examination of primitive tribes still existing, but is overwhelmingly sustained by the recorded history of the peoples of antiquity, and indeed by universal history.

Everywhere we find some warlike tribe of wild men breaking through the boundaries of some less warlike people, settling down as nobility, and founding a State. . . . At all places on this planet where the development of tribes has attained a higher form, the State grew from the subjugation of one group by another. Its basic justification, its *raison d'être*, was and is the economic exploitation of those subjugated.

Tribute and enforced service in the interest of the conqueror have always been the dominant motives in the formation and expansion of States.

The two great dangers against which rulers have been obliged to guard have been revolt from within and attack from without. It is easy, therefore, to understand what have necessarily been the elemental aims of traditional statesmanship. To prevent revolt from within are needed obedience to law and in the population a type of morality useful to the State; namely, honesty in private dealing, submission to public authority, industry, security against the aggressions of neighbors in the community, and internal peace. To prevent attacks from without are needed strong military organization, unlimited power of command by the ruler, ungrudging contribution to the needs of the State, and unrestrained freedom on the part of the supreme powers to act as they pleased without responsibility to any one. The people must, therefore, be rigorously subject to law, and public authority must not be burdened by inconvenient outward obligations. Where power could be augmented, it was the business of the State to increase it by all available means. The individual, existing for the State, was in himself nothing. His property and his life must be wholly at the service of the State. To end all controversy on the subject, the will of the Prince must be law. No one should hold him responsible for his acts.

This is, undoubtedly, the traditional code of statecraft. Personal heroism, exemplary private virtue, and religious devotion have always served as ornaments to disguise and glorify absolute pretensions, but the precepts on which they are founded have never been permitted to restrain the entire freedom of Governments to work their will with other Governments, so far as their strength has permitted.

Having overpowered the richer but, for fighting purposes, weaker populations of conquered lands, the victors have invariably imposed their laws and tranquilly collected tribute. In the first exploitations, the invaders, like the bear that destroys the beehive in order to obtain the honey, exterminated the whole population and appropriated its possessions. It was, however, in time discovered that it would be a wiser policy to imitate the example of the beekeeper, who leaves in the hive enough honey for the bees to subsist upon through the winter, rather than that of the bear, who improvidently destroys the hive altogether. The more intelligent conquerors spared the lives of the vanquished, reduced them to slavery or serfdom, and lived on the surplus products of their industry. Regarded with gratitude for their clemency as saviors and protectors, the more merciful conquerors under this régime were able to inspire a sense of dependence and devotion on the part of their subjects, who readily adopted their speech, their customs, and their religion. Thus, as a result of the greater migrations and invasions, conducted upon this plan, were formed the feudal States, which, by the royal subjection of the higher vassals, in time became national monarchies, in which the king, to whom all were vassals and who was accountable to no overlord, stood wholly above the law, since his will was the source of law.

When such a condition of fact had been brought into existence, it was easy to invent a system of legal philosophy to give this order of things the appearance of rightful authority. This was the work of the lawyers, whose task was to impose the absolute dominion of the State upon the intelligence of the people as the wild horsemen had originally imposed it upon the vanquished by their armed incursions.

And who could doubt the reality of absolute and irresponsible sovereign authority when, as a fact, it really existed? Who could dare to question it, when he constantly felt the operation of it, and his very existence depended upon submission to it? And thus came into use as a legal term the magical word "sovereignty," defined by the keen jurist who invented

it as "a power absolute, indivisible, and inalienable," admitting no limitation, and bounded by no responsibility; or, to use his own exquisite expression, "*une puissance absolue et perpétuelle.*"

Thus deftly a state of transient fact was translated into what claimed to be an eternal and incontrovertible principle. Henceforth, the State, in whatever form, was furnished with what seemed to be an indestructible philosophical foundation. The men of the period could not doubt the reality of irresponsible power.

Once established in legal phraseology, the name for it was too precious a possession ever to lose. When the people finally came into power, and free citizenship began to supersede hereditary royalty, the people were informed that this "sovereignty" was theirs; this glorious prerogative, this "absolute, indivisible, and inalienable power" *to do what they liked!* Who, falling heir to such a splendid heritage of license, would look to see if it were not, after all, only a tarnished relic of a vanished past?

And so "sovereignty" has come down to us, and its possession is claimed by us, in moments of need, as a charter of exemption from the Moral Law, affording us *carte blanche* to start out—if we only do it as a nation, and by a formal act of Government—upon any expedition of plunder and destruction that our "interests" may prompt us to undertake!

Do I speak with exaggeration, or in a spirit of triviality?

Let us open the authorities regarding the rights of belligerents. While international law has, by agreement, laid down certain rules regarding the "conduct of war," it is recognized that there exists no central authority that is able to enforce compliance with these agreements. But, as regards the right of a nation to declare war, for any reason, even for openly alleged plunder and conquest, there is no precept of restraint, and no recognized right of interference. Although the "right" to invade, subdue, and appropriate, without provocation, cannot be established as a right inherent in a sovereign State by any process of juridical reasoning, nevertheless it is a recognized prerogative which international law does not, and under existing conceptions of sovereignty cannot, forbid. One of the greatest authorities on this subject says:

> Theoretically, international law ought to determine the causes for which war can be justly undertaken; in other words, it ought to mark out as plainly as municipal law what constitutes a wrong for which a remedy may be sought in law. It might also not unreasonably go

on to discourage the commission of wrongs by investing a State seeking redress with special rights, and by subjecting a wrong-doer to special disabilities.

But, in fact, it does nothing of the kind. International law accepts war, "independently of the justice of its origin, as a relation which the parties to it may set up if they choose," and which any nation may, if it chooses, impose upon another against its will. The law confines itself to nominally regulating "the effects of the relation."

That this last form of control is wholly illusory is evident from the fact that even such rules for the conduct of war as have been accepted and solemnly agreed to cannot be enforced by a non-belligerent co-signatory of the convention in which the agreement is made without itself going to war in order to execute that enforcement. Let us, then, frankly and honestly face the situation as it actually exists. So far as international law is concerned, Right is completely prostrate before the uplifted sword of Might. Another authority declares: "War is a contention between two or more States, through their armed forces, for the purpose of overpowering each other, and *imposing such conditions of peace as the victor pleases.*" So far as international law is concerned, any State may impose its absolute will upon another State, if its force is sufficient to enable it to do so!

And when we have said this there is nothing further left to be said regarding the present non-existence of international morality; for the one word, "war," as understood in actual practice, covers every crime that is conceivable to the human mind.

To say that the conscience as well as the reason of civilized men repudiates war as a method of settling international disputes is to surrender the whole system of the State inherited from the past. What is needed to bring the international situation into harmony with modern thought and feeling is a revision of the traditional and current conception of the State. The first step in the reconstruction of that conception is the repudiation of the idea that the power to take and destroy is the true basis of public authority. The next is the recognition of the truth that the State should not be regarded as an end in itself, but only as a means for the accomplishment of the true end—the safety, the free development, and the elevation of mankind.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND SERBIA

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

PRIOR to the outbreak of war singularly little was known in England or America about the Serbians and their quarrel with Austria-Hungary, and that little was chiefly derived from Austrian and Hungarian sources. Fortunately for the British people, circumstances threw them blindfold on to the just side of the quarrel in Southeastern Europe, as a consequence of their deliberate choice of the just side of the quarrel in Northwestern Europe. Yet even now the world does not sufficiently realize that the war against Austria-Hungary is a war of liberation, to free South Slavs (Croat and Serb) from tyranny quite as bad as any from which Finns and Poles have suffered in Russia and in Prussia.

Everything that there is to say against the Russian Government—and there is much to say against it—has for years past been told to England and America. But the wrongs of the nationalities of Austria-Hungary were unheard. The fact that these suffering races were branches of the Slav family prevented them from getting a fair hearing before the world. The prejudice against Slav peoples was a remarkable obsession which the events of the war have served to remove. Because one Slav *government*—namely, the Russian Government—was a bad government (though in fact no worse than the Hungarian or the German in its treatment of subject races), therefore all Slav *peoples* were regarded as barbarians. It seemed quite natural that seven million "barbarous" South Slavs should be subjected to the rule of "cultured" Germans from Vienna and "chivalrous" Magyars from Buda-Pesth. And if the Serbians over the border showed any desire to liberate their brothers of Bosnia and Croatia, they obtained none of the sympathy which the Piedmontese had obtained sixty years before, when they made themselves equally obnoxious to Austria on behalf of their brother Italians.

The present world-war was in its origin a "punitive expedition" against the Serbians, for having the impudence to sympathize with their brother Serbs and Croats in Austria-Hungary. The expedition was to have been made in August, 1913, as Signor Giolitti recently revealed to the world, but owing to Italy's refusal to join Austria in a war of aggression it was postponed for a year, until the murder of the Archduke by Austrian subjects seemed a fitting opportunity to wipe Serbia off the diplomatic map. The "punitive expedition" began in August last by the "chivalrous" Hungarians murdering two or three thousand men, women, and children of the "barbarous" Slavs near Shabatz and Losnitza. They burned a large number of the "barbarian" women and children alive and gouged out the eyes of others.[1] The Serbians have not taken any reprisals, and although they have captured 60,000 Austrian prisoners, those prisoners when questioned have no complaints to make of their treatment. The Austrian wounded are treated on an absolute equality with the Serbian in the Serbian hospitals. In this war Slav "barbarism" shows up very well against German "culture" and Magyar "chivalry." The case for keeping the South Slavs of Bosnia, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia subject to Austrians and Magyars on the ground of inferior civilization has completely broken down.

Until the various races of Austria-Hungary obtain political self-government and cultural liberty for their languages and schools, there will never be peace in Europe. There will always be assassinations, revolts, and finally wars. If a peace is patched up leaving the boundaries of Austria-Hungary intact and with no provision made for a radical change in the condition of Rumanians, Slovaks, Croats, and Serbs, within those boundaries, a fresh war will only be a question of years, even if every other European problem were satisfactorily solved. All the nationalist movements inside Austria-Hungary have been growing with great rapidity during the last half-dozen years, especially the movement drawing the Croats toward the Serbs, who speak the same language and are divided from them only

[1] See Dr. Reiss's article in the *Revue de Paris*, April, 1915, and the Serbian official *Memorandum* and *Report*. The evidence in the *Memorandum* was taken on the spot, within a few days of the commission of the atrocities, by Dr. Arius von Tienhoven, of The Hague, Holland, and M. Jules Schmidt, Swiss engineer. Dr. Reiss, of Lausanne University, also took first-hand evidence, and has been lecturing on the atrocities, with photographs, in London and Lausanne. I gave some account of these atrocities in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, March, 1915, having been over the scene.

in religion. The reign of terror that has existed in these provinces ever since the war began has made it utterly impossible that the Austro-Hungarian rule can continue in the Slav and Rumanian provinces, except as the rule of the sword.

Some people ask why, if the subject races of Austria-Hungary are thus alienated from the Government, they do not now rise in insurrection. The answer is because *all* the young men are taken into the army by the modern system of military slavery, and *all* the leaders are in prison or exile. If that had been done in Italy and throughout Europe in March, 1848, there would have been no year of revolutions. The modern militarist organization makes revolutions impossible; for it is young men who rise in revolt—and *all* the young men are now drafted into the army, where the races keep watch over one another and military discipline renders mutiny the most hazardous and desperate act.

Yet even so, Austria's great military weakness in this war is the hatred of her subject populations, and the secret disloyalty of her soldier slaves. Large portions of her army are guarding other portions, or garrisoning disaffected districts. When they take the field, the unwilling conscripts fight well for a while—they can do no less unless they are ready to be shot—but they take the first opportunity to surrender. That is why the Serbians to-day have 60,000 prisoners, most of whom, so far as I could judge by their words and conduct, were only anxious not to be caught by the Austrians and made to fight again.

It is because she is not a nation that Austria-Hungary is so weak in war. Already she has failed to defend herself, and since the opening of the year 1915 she has been practically occupied by Kaiser Wilhelm's troops. It was the North Germans and Bavarians who came and saved Hungary, after the great defeat in Serbia last December; otherwise Hungary and probably Austria, too, would have been torn to pieces by an invasion of Russians and Rumanians coming over the Carpathian passes, which would probably have led to an Italian invasion as well. Hungary has become a vassal State, protected by Germany.

It is a mistake to think of Austria and Hungary, either singly or together, as a "nation" in the sense in which Russia, Germany, France, and England are nations. If we think so, we fail to understand one of the root causes of the present war. And when people suggest the restoration of the state of things

before the war as the basis for a permanent peace, they forget Austria-Hungary. The Empire of Vienna and Buda-Pesth is an anachronism, dependent now upon the Prussian arms. It is the domination of two races, the Austrian-Germans and the Magyars, over half a dozen other races.

Indeed, the present war arises quite as much out of the question of Austria-Hungary and its subject nationalities as it does out of the German ambition to dominate Europe. Even German love of domination would not alone have sufficed to set the whole world on fire had not German Culture been in alliance with a force equally regardless of the rights of others, the determination of the Magyars of Hungary to "Magyarize" the Rumanians, Slovaks, and Croats who dwelt within the borders of their State. In theory the law of 1868 gives cultural liberty to the Slavs in Hungary, but in practice this law is a dead letter. The whole government machinery is used to oppress any man who wishes to remain a Slav or a Rumanian, or to bring up his children as such. The policy of the Hungarian Premier, Count Tisza, represents this "will to oppress" on the part of the Magyars. The Magyars number only forty-five per cent. of the population of Hungary. And Count Tisza's policy is not even the policy of the Magyar nation, but of the Magyar oligarchy who deprive even their own race of all political power. This Magyar oligarchy has for years past been the dominant force in the Austro-Hungarian partnership. Buda-Pesth, knowing well what it wanted, has been able to dictate to the vacillating statesmanship of Vienna, which has had occasional hankerings after a more liberal treatment of the subject peoples. When the old Emperor Francis Joseph wanted to introduce universal suffrage throughout his wide dominions, he was prevented by the Magyar politicians, who saw in it the doom of their race ascendancy. Their treatment of the subject races of Hungary has become worse of recent years. In 1912 they abolished the Constitution of Croatia and seized the funds and charters of the Orthodox Serb Church in Hungary.

This internal tyranny has involved an aggressive foreign policy in the Balkans and toward Russia. For the tyranny exercised over the Croatian South Slavs in Hungary has involved as a corollary the repression of the Serbian South Slavs in Bosnia (the province abutting on Serbia, which is ruled by Austria and Hungary jointly). And the repression in Bosnia has in turn necessitated a hostile attitude on the part of Austria-Hungary toward Serbia. For Serbia and Bosnia are in reality

one country divided in half—a free half to the east, and an enslaved half to the west of the Drina River. Since oppression was the order of the day in Bosnia and Dalmatia, the oppressed peoples naturally looked across the Drina to their brothers of free Serbia, especially after Serbia had showed herself redoubtable in war against the Turks and the Bulgars in 1912–13. For the same reason it became more than ever essential to the Austrians to prevent the further development of Serbia, after her victory over the Turks, lest she should become the liberator of the South Slavs. Hence the fatal policy of Austria in making it a *casus belli* for all Europe if Serbia got a single port on the Adriatic. By Austrian decree the Serbians were condemned to remain for ever a bucolic, inland people, with no seaport, though half the eastern Adriatic coast is inhabited by their co-nationals, the South Slavs. Austria has "tied Serbia up in a sack," as the Serbs say.

This artificial seclusion from the sea has been the bane of Serbia. The Austrians have cut her off from civilization and then called her uncivilized. She has been prevented from enjoying commercial and intellectual communication with the great European world, except by way of her enemy, Austria. She was shut in on all sides. No one visited Serbia, no one helped her to develop her resources, no one knew what manner of men inhabited her land. It was assumed that they were all "regicides," dirty, idle keepers of pigs, as their enemies the Viennese reported. And, as so often happens, it is only their recent success in war which has at length caused the world to remark the qualities which they have always displayed in peace. As one of the few Englishmen who have visited Serbia both before and during the present war, I should like to record what the Serbians are really like.

The Serbians have the virtues and the limitations of a peasant democracy. Eighty-six per cent. of the population belong to the class of peasant proprietors, cultivating their own farms. There is no class of landlords taking rents. There is no feudalism, no squirearchy, and as yet no important mercantile or industrial classes—no "middle class" or "workingmen." There are yeomen, and nothing else. The contrast is strange, as compared to neighboring Hungary, where the Magyars, one of the most feudal of all European races, sacrifice the wealth and happiness of the cultivating peasant to the landlord patrician, who carries off everything politically, socially, and economically. Serbia, on the other hand, is demo-

cratic and equalitarian, far more so than either America or England. There are no class questions, because there is practically only one class. Patriotism is the sole political feeling of the average Serbian, because there is no "social problem" and consequently there can be no politics except foreign politics. It is due to the independent manliness of the free yeomen, and to the absence of all class division, that the Serbian army has won redoubtable victories in the field over the larger forces that Austria-Hungary sent into Serbia on their errand of murder, pillage, and destruction. If ever there was a pure victory of freemen over slaves who had been sent by the tyrant to destroy them, it was the Serbian victory last December. A few talks with the poor Austrian prisoners, only too rejoiced to be out of the fighting and absolutely uninterested in the issues of the war, were enough to show why they had been beaten by the sturdy peasant soldiers of Serbia, united in one mood of heroism and devotion.

There are, however, defects as well as merits in this very pure form of democracy. There is no adequate class of men to lead the people. The administrators, politicians, and army officers are all peasants at one or two removes from the soil. The leading group is an improvisation. There is no inherited tradition of leadership and administration as in the class of gentlemen or merchants in the countries with which we are familiar. It has followed that, while the peasants have been living excellent and happy lives on their farms, the improvised politicians whom they elected as their political stewards have often made a terrible mess of Serbian politics. The regicide of 1903, a vile way of ending an intolerable state of things, was the culminating point of this mismanagement. Since then things have improved rapidly, especially since 1908, when the Austrian annexation of Bosnia aroused Serbians to a sense of reality, and caused a real moral and national revival. We have now in Serbia the rule of the excellent M. Passich, who is about as likely as President Wilson to have had a hand in the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand.

Of course not all Serbian administration is up to the standard of M. Passich. The standard of civil administration in Serbia is still very low, because, as I have said, there is no class with administrative traditions. This matters the less in ordinary times in Serbia, because the administrative needs of a simple peasant community are comparatively small. But now that the Serbians have to administer a large part of Macedonia,

won from the Turk and kept from the Bulgar in recent wars, the want of administrative experience is more serious. In Macedonia they have to govern not only fellow-Serbs, but people of different races and religions, Albanian, Turk, Bulgar, and Macedonian Slav. It is here that their deficiency in administrative experience comes out. If instead of ruling Macedonia they were united to their own co-nationals, the Serbs and Croats of Bosnia, Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia, they would do much better. It would not be a question of governing the new provinces as a superior race, but of living side by side with their liberated brothers.

But the administrative weakness of the Serbians is much less marked in the army than in the civil service. The best elements among the improvised leaders go into the army. It is a very different service now from the army that supplied the regicides of 1903, and that suffered such easy defeat at the hands of the Bulgarians in 1885. The Turks in 1912, the Bulgarians in 1913, and the Austrians in 1914, each in turn failed to realize until it was too late how far army reform had recently gone in Serbia.

These officers, of whom the chief have been educated in the Paris military schools, strike one as men of superior quality, good at their profession, but modest and kindly. There is nothing of the Prussian officer about them in their relations to the men they command. They are brothers in arms, and men of one and the same class. The officer is in most cases only a peasant educated to command other peasants. The small civilian professional group—lawyers, doctors, clerks—is also found in the ranks of the officers in time of war.

The Serbian army is particularly strong in field artillery, not only having excellent Creusot guns, but having excellent gunners and artillery officers. The scientific manner in which they had dug out their lines of dry, covered trenches between Shabatz and Losnitza amazed me when I saw it; it was worthy of what we read of the engineering marvels of the Aisne and Ypres trenches. Also the soldiers' field huts of branches and turfs are cleverly made, dry inside both above and below, even in the wettest weather. Except in the dangerous moment last autumn when the supply of gun ammunition ran short at the base, ammunition and food always gets to the front in a way somewhat surprising to those who know the slackness of ordinary Balkan civil organization and railway service. The Serbian army, in fact, not merely contains some of the finest

fighting material in Europe, but is organized and led so as to give the valor of the private soldiers a chance. But by Western standards it is of course miserably clothed and equipped. Above all, its hospital arrangements are deficient, though even so they were not nearly as deficient as those of the Austrian army of invasion.

There is a great difference between Serbia proper and the Macedonian provinces which she has recently acquired down south. Serbian Macedonia contains many races, European and Asiatic, and is still rotten with all the vices of a country but just released from Turkish rule. The inhabitants dwell in gigantic villages of five or ten thousand people each, whence they ride out every morning to till the distant fields. In this their custom resembles that of many of the Sicilians and South Italians. Indeed, the bare limestone mountains and backward civilization of Macedonia are curiously like some parts of South Italy or Sicily. But the change from South Italy to North Italy is not greater than the change from Serbian Macedonia to Northern Serbia. In Northern Serbia, which has been free of the Turks for a hundred years and where the entire population is Serbian, you have a landscape of gentle, undulating, fertile hills, cut up into fields by hedges after the English pattern. It is much more like Devonshire or New England than like the typical scenery of the Balkans or Mediterranean. The white-walled, red-roofed farm-houses are scattered widely about this pleasant countryside, for there is no need for the inhabitants to draw together for safety at nightfall. It is this country, the richest in Serbia, that the Austrian troops sacked so ruthlessly during their invasion.

The Serbians are an emotional and mercurial people. The South Slav differs in many respects from the Russian Slav. He is less stolid, having been crossed with Greek and Italian blood, and modified by Italian influence in the course of the Middle Ages. Before the coming of the Turk, the Serbian Empire produced works of Italian art of high rank.

The Serbian peasant is not, like the Russian peasant, devoutly religious. He attends church very little, and he has not much of what we call "personal religion." He is neither clerical nor anti-clerical, but indifferent to his clergy. On the other hand, he is profoundly poetical, and his national songs about Kossovo and Marco Kralyevitch are the food on which his youth is fed. The background of his mind is occupied by the history and legend of his country, as handed down in this poetical and

musical form. The modern press and modern literature have not reached him.

The Serbs are less patient in retreat than the Russians, but capable of more fierce attack and of sudden recovery of *morale* after all is apparently lost. Their *retour offensif* against the Austrians in December, when they stopped their hasty retreat, turned round and attacked the pursuing enemy and broke him to pieces, is one of the most extraordinary feats in war, and is also highly illustrative of the mercurial character of Serbian heroism.

These national characteristics are also found still more strongly marked among the Croats of Dalmatia, of the same race and language as the Serbians, but of a different religion, being Roman Catholic, while the Serb is Orthodox. The Croats of Dalmatia, being a sea-going people, have had more to do with the Italians and the outside world than the Serbians ever had, and display their Slav characteristics modified by centuries of such contact. The Dalmatian Croats are subject to the Austrians, not to the Magyars. But the system of military terrorism has now spread from Croatia and Bosnia into Dalmatia. In all the South Slav provinces of Austria-Hungary during this war arbitrary imprisonment and executions are the order of the day, and in Bosnia the wholesale deportation of the inhabitants of suspected districts. It is useless for European statesmen to hope for permanent peace if these races, fully aroused to national consciousness during the last few years, are left to the tender mercies of Austrian and Magyar. So, too, with the Rumanians of Eastern Hungary and Transylvania. They are a Latin people, of fine sensibility and intellect, yet treated by their Magyar masters as if they were barbarians, unfit to have any share in government, and not even permitted the freedom of racial self-expression in education and literature. Consequently they are looking across the Carpathian border to their brothers of free Rumania. If ever there was a battle for freedom, there is such a battle now going on in Southeastern Europe against Austrian and Magyar. If this war ends in the overthrow of the Magyar tyranny, an immense step forward will have been taken toward racial liberty and European peace. Elsewhere we are fighting to prevent civilization from being put back by German military conquest; in the Southeast of Europe we are fighting for a positive improvement of the human lot.

George Macaulay Trevelyan.

THE WAY TO PERMANENT PEACE

BY REAR-ADMIRAL F. E. CHADWICK, U. S. N.

THERE are many Peace Societies, both in our own country and elsewhere, persistently saying that war must cease, but all offer only ineffective solutions of the great question. They have been hammering away with half-measures for some years, and some of them for many years, and, as if it were a travesty upon their inefficiency, we have this world-wide war upon us. All these societies are wrong in so far that they offer only a medicament after the advent of trouble, and not a preventive. True hygiene is prevention, not cure.

It is almost axiomatic that by far the greatest cause of war is the struggle for special commercial advantage. It is for this that Japan is occupying Manchuria and excluding the rest of us; that France took Algeria, developed a colonial empire a third larger than the United States, and finally swallowed Morocco, despite the Convention of Algeciras (itself as solemn a treaty as that of 1839, which so many delight to harp upon), and in so doing developed by-products which made the present world-wide war a certainty. But France is far from being alone. All have struggled for these special spheres of influence, so that in these last thirty-odd years the lands of every race not up to our ideals of efficiency have been taken without so much as a "by your leave" to the occupants thereof or to the rest of the nations. What may be called the commons of the world have thus been inclosed by various nations, much as were, in times not long past, the commons of England. There were occasional "deals" between the Powers, but in the main it was simple seizure by the stronger. It is thus we have the Philippines—purchased from a nominal owner, it is true, but all the same purchased with a sword at his throat. It is thus by seizure or conquest, mostly in the last century, that Great Britain holds twenty-seven per cent. of the habitable lands of the world, and Russia another twenty per cent. Between the two they own nearly half the world. And Russia is now fighting for more.

She wants an open road to a warmer sea; she wants ports on the Mediterranean. She thus aims for Constantinople, for control of the Balkan States, for the ownership of Asia Minor. Is there not some arrangement which can satisfy her—and not her alone, but all nations seeking roads for commerce—without the accomplishment carrying with it control of races racially unlike their own? I think there is.

Elsewhere I have advocated as at least a great step in the prevention of war the abolition of anything like efforts to establish special spheres of influence, and to take steps toward the internationalization for trade purposes of all the regions seized since, say, 1880: in other words, to put all nations in these regions on an absolute equality as to trade and exploitation. This was accomplished for Morocco by the convention between Germany and France signed on November 4, 1911, by which complete equality of treatment was established, and not only that, but all disputes were to be settled by arbitration. All this was done, be it said, while Mr. Lloyd George and the London *Times* were talking war in the most inflammatory way over the Agadir incident.

Now what was done in Morocco, what exists in large degree in all British and German colonies, may and should, as a first step to universal peace, be applied by international arrangement to all the regions seized since 1880. We should thus have Manchuria, Mongolia, Madagascar, British, French, and German Africa (including Egypt, but excepting Algeria, Cape Colony, and Natal), the Philippines, Puerto Rico, etc., the whole amounting in area to more than twice the area of the United States, open to all nations on terms of equality as to trade. This arrangement would put an end to rivalry for possession. For why trouble to administer a region in which there is complete freedom to trade?

Such arrangement (and let it be said again that it exists, or did exist in Morocco, and nominally at least in the Congo) would be a long step toward general pacification. But it would be only one step, though a great one. Sea-borne commerce should be enabled to go as far as there is water to carry it, and this principle has been receiving gradual recognition now for many generations. There is no reason why the same right of way to all sea-going vessels in all rivers and estuaries should not apply as it now applies in the Chesapeake, the Cattegat, the Thames, and the Scheldt. Thus the Dardenelles should be opened to the use of all nations as much as the

Suez and Panama canals. This would, or should, go far to meeting the aspirations of Russia, for her whole southern border would thus have perfectly free access to the sea. It is but a reasonable concession to Russia's needs.

But there is still one more step which, no doubt wild-sounding to many, must come if we are to have world peace. It is the total abolition of the custom-house as a commerce preventer. When men can trade without let or hindrance everywhere, just as Maine can trade with California, we shall have taken away all cause for war among civilized nations. There will remain, of course, cause for international difficulties, such, for example, as exist in backward States like Mexico to-day, but such difficulties will in time cease naturally through education and civilization.

In our own country, so typically protective, we have established a free trade in all races of white men. There is no exclusion of Slav, Jew, Turk, Persian, Christian, or Mohammedan. In the nature of things the sons of these men will in time be the husbands of our daughters; their daughters the wives of our sons. Certainly such a free receptivity of people is much more drastic free trade than the free receptivity of their manufactures. But whether so or not, the main thesis—that war is in a general sense always the result of unequal opportunity in trade—holds good, and also that this inequality must be removed as a first step, the only real step, to anything like universal peace.

All logic is with the proposition. All will grant that trade has always been and remains the great civilizer, the great missioner. For trade, all roads, steamships, and railways exist; without it nations would have remained in darkest ignorance and savagery. Thus being the great and beneficent thing it is, the greatest lever in the uplift of mankind, the spreader of light and Christianity, it stands to reason that it is the greatest of errors to put trammels in its way.

Personally, I regard the proposition as absolutely sound economically; but, putting this part of the question aside, a continuance of the present world policies means a continuance of war. It is thus for the world to retain a specious and, in the view of many, a mistaken policy born of greed, with a continuance of war, or accept a principle in agreement with the spirit of brotherhood, which is the basis of all religions, and which means peace.

F. E. Chadwick.

THE KAISER'S PSYCHOSIS

BY ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON, M.D., LL.D.

THE study of this picturesque figure—the German Kaiser—has for years engaged the attention of a host of observers, many of whom did not think him insane. In 1891 the great Portuguese essayist and critic, Ecu de Queirez, wrote an exceedingly bitter but amusing analysis, picturing the Emperor's extreme vanity and conceit, and his love of "drawing the long bow," saying at this early date:

> It is my opinion, however, that he is nothing but a dilettante of activities—I mean a man strongly enamoured of activity, comprehending and feeling with unusual intensity the infinite delight it offers, and desiring, therefore, to experience and enjoy it in every form permissible in our state of civilization.

And again:

> To him nothing is impossible, for he commands two millions of soldiers and a people who seek liberty—only in the regions of philosophy, ethics, and exegesis, and who, when their Emperor orders them to march, silently obey.

But this critic did not suspect insanity.

Renan regretted dying only because he could not live to watch the development of this interesting but eccentric character. The doings of William the Second have certainly obsessed the entire world. Victor Hugo, when writing his *Les voix intérieurs*, could not escape the dominating insistent idea of the presence of the great Napoleon, and exclaimed, "*Lui, toujours lui*," when his best thoughts, despite his attempt to escape, were dominated by this all-pervading impression. So, too, the name of William the Second and his pyrotechnic doings have rung constantly in our ears, and the extreme uncertainty of what he is to do next has ceased to surprise us. It is another case of "*Lui, toujours lui.*"

Eleven years ago I wrote the following words in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.[1] They seem to have been prophetic, but at the time they represented not only my own views, but those of other students of mental disorder who were at all familiar with the mental peculiarities of the German Kaiser and his strange conduct:

In other lands, where the will of the people has so little to do with the choice of a ruler, we are furnished with numerous historical examples of the danger of hereditary mental defects. The lines of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern illustrate what is meant; and, though in both houses notable exceptions exist, there being immunes, like the first Emperor William, it is not difficult to find a distinct insane trace, which in times more remote found expression in cruelty, oppression and unmistakable insanity of other kinds, or, in recent times, by a mental degeneration which is strikingly exemplified in the present German sovereign. Though brilliant and vigorous in certain directions, as are many paranoiacs, his conduct is erratic and impetuous; and no one can possibly predict what form his latest explosion may take. Possessed of an idea of his own power and almost godlike supremacy, a characteristic which more closely resembles that of the arbitrary rulers of less civilized ages, his delusional sense of greatness leads him to indulge in all sorts of eccentric and disorderly forms of the exercise of power. Though his attempts to regulate the art of Germany and to teach sculptors, artists, actors, musicians, and even ballet-girls, are evidences of mild insane conceit, and do no great harm, his power for mischief is really dangerous when he becomes, as he does at times, the subject of a species of semi-religious exaltation. This was his condition when he addressed his troops previous to their departure for China, urging them "to kill." Again, his exaggerated sense of personal importance has led him to direct or bring about punishments for *lèse-majesté* which are not only extreme, but at times ridiculous. It has been said that the interfering criticism of this monarch is not due to an exaggerated estimate of his own capacity only, but to his own conception of his duty as an Emperor; and in this connection one of his critics has recently said: "It is a conception too apt to lead a man into an endeavor to set up a Napoleonic despotism over his subjects' feelings and tastes, and it is not surprising that the German artists, no less than the public, have resented such interference."

The determination of the complex problem of the Kaiser's irresponsibility, plus the extraordinary condition of what passes for higher civilization in his empire—and the estimation of how much his own mental disorder is evolutional—requires us to

[1] October, 1904.

analyze all of his sayings and doings; for while in other times it has not been unusual to find large bodies of people participating in an epidemic of madness, it seems incredible that one nation, surrounded by sensible and logical neighbors, should be obsessed with the ideas that are so closely allied to insanity. Is his conduct, therefore, something for which he is alone responsible, or does he merely reflect the philosophy adopted by his people?

Those at court during the year 1859 were of one mind regarding the pitiable nervous state of Princess Frederick William at the time of the birth of the delicate baby who to-day is such a physical wonder. The young mother, then scarcely eighteen, had been for some time a patient of Dr. Martin, who assisted the Court physician at the accouchement. For a time it was supposed that the child was still-born, and it breathed only when vigorous and prolonged measures were undertaken in the way of artificial respiration. A few days after, according to Fisher,[1] evidences of bodily defect were noticed, the left forearm and hand being found paralyzed; in fact, the young prince evidently presented a form of hemiplegia not uncommon in very young children. Whether this was due to some injury during labor, or was the consequence of some cerebral anomaly, does not appear. There is so much gossip as to the existence of what is known as a rudimentary hand, that it may seriously be questioned whether this was not an hereditary deformity.

His childhood and youth were characterized by peculiarities of conduct that may safely be said to be psychopathic, while his early manhood was punctuated with frequent instances of decidedly insane behavior, which have since become more conspicuous and continuous.

When little more than a youth, there were indications of the grandiose state that has grown with years. An apparent quasi-delusional condition existed even as early as his visit to the Dardanelles, when he not only referred to the beauties of scenery which were forbidden to "mortal eyes" but visible to himself, but in a letter to the Imperial Chancellor signed himself "Imperator Rex."

This same religious elation is common in some early forms of dementia, and seems to have been constantly manifested by the Kaiser, although the influence of the German belief in divine investiture is not of necessity a symptom of disease.

Great weight must be attached to his consuming conceit,

[1] *Secret History of the Court of Berlin.*

and his really delusional idea of the close relation he holds with a far greater Ruler. Of course, some of this is due to the Teutonic belief that the German people are under the special guidance of the Almighty. Frederick Wilhelm the Fourth had some such idea, but he was unquestionably insane. The good Emperor Wilhelm I. amplified his brother's claim when he said that "the Prussian Crown had the Divine Right." This may have been a mere *façon de parler*, but the Kaiser is more in earnest and goes further. He it is who receives such promptings, suggestions, and orders from God that lead him to make ridiculous proclamations and to direct his army to violate all the rules of civilized warfare.

All of us who see much of mental disease recognize the tendency of certain *déséquilibres* to ally themselves with God. He enters into their delusions, and their impulsive and other murderous acts often spring from such alleged direction. While it goes without saying that the mere belief in divine help and so-called inspiration is one of the elementary forms of religious belief, it is not at all difficult to detect the dividing-line between sanity and real mental disorder in this connection, especially when we have been familiar with the previous history of the person who manifests these morbid traits. One of the most caustic of the many critics of the German Emperor said:

> This it is that makes the German Emperor so prodigiously interesting a figure; in him we have among us in this philosophical century a man, a mortal, who, more than any other expert, prophet, or saint, lays claim and appears to be the ally and intimate friend of God. The world has never seen, since the days of Moses on Sinai, such intimacy, such an alliance between the creature and the Creator. The reign of William II. seems to be, as it were, an unexpected resurrection of the Mosaism of the Pentateuch. He is the favorite of God in the burning bush in his Berlin Schloss, and at the instigation of God he is leading his people to the joys of Canaan. Truly he is Moses II. Like Moses, too, he never tires of proclaiming (daily and loudly, so that none may ignore the fact and through ignorance contravene it) his spiritual and temporal relationship to God, which makes him infallible and therefore irresistible.

This exaltation—or *euphoria*, as it is called by psychiatrists—is no new thing. It has attended the career of every religious reformer since the world began, and up to recent times the claims of such people were never free from extravagant espousal of divine guidance of an extreme kind. When we consider the case in hand, we are sometimes reminded that as the Kaiser

is the head of the German Church—the *summus episcopatus*—there is nothing strange about his assumption of power and divine alliance; but while this view of the matter is undoubtedly true, we cannot forget that it is his irrational adoption of his relations with things religious that suggests that he is unsound. He manifests what is known to alienists as the *delirium of interpretation*. This exists in people who are ordinarily lucid, though constitutionally psychopathic.

> Unlike some other paranoid conditions, the false interpretations take their origin in actual facts. The patient, because of his constitutional peculiarities, lack of critique, and egocentricity, arrives at false interpretations by giving a personal meaning to everything that occurs. [White.]

Expanded and exaggerated ideas, which have an abnormal value in the consciousness of the individual, are common enough in persons of the class to which the Kaiser belongs, and account for much of his extravagance of action and speech. These "hyper-quantivalent" ideas are quite often found in individuals who nurse grievances, or have erroneous ideas, not amounting to actual delusions of persecution and conspiracy. It is not difficult, therefore, in the complaints of the German ruler—especially in regard to the conduct of his mother's people—to detect a morbid and illogical estimate of his alleged wrongs, and a strong, though erroneous, sense of personal injury. In expressing this view of what may be called a religious psychosis, the question is often asked: "If the Kaiser's religious exaltation were shared by the German people, would you say they were all insane?" One has only to refer to the history of widespread religious movements in which a leader or false Messiah has been a paranoid, or actually insane person, to understand how easy it is for a large following, if not an entire community, to undergo a suggestive or imitative influence which leads them to indulge in excesses quite beyond anything they may have witnessed.

Not only have the German people, with few exceptions, adopted the suggestions of the Emperor, as has been said, but they have indorsed and put in operation the extreme methods of warfare which are justified as the Heaven-sent mandate of extermination that herald the march of *Kultur* and progress.

The deliberate inculcation of hate by song and verse, the adoption of the methods of the bloodthirsty Barbarossa, and

all the strange morbid religious utterances, show that the entire German nation at the present time suffers from an epidemic psychosis of an unmistakable significance, and probably inseparable from real involution. Dr. Réné Cruchet, of the medical faculty of Bordeaux, who has studied German educational methods, deplores the narrow teaching that springs from the "Germanomegalomanic" obsession, sketches its part in the creation of actual mental disorder, and instances the autodelusional condition of the large number of university professors who recently prepared a manifesto. These men certainly had not the excuse of actual ignorance, or even lack of intelligence.

This religious exaltation is attended by exaggerated ideas of personal fitness, which is shown in other things. The Kaiser's emotional instability is said to be indicated in a variety of ways. His actions and gestures are at times those of a person in a condition of hypomania, and he is rarely composed and quiet. Those who have seen much of him describe his fondness for striking dramatic attitudes, and his facial expression impresses one with the idea that he lacks control of the histrionic muscles.

Like all other unstable subjects of this kind, there is a versatility which gives unthinking persons the idea of the existence of great talent, if not genius. One of his "accomplishments" is painting. In the gallery of Frau Lenbach, the widow of the great Bavarian artist, is a curious example of this monumental conceit and vanity. A recent visitor describes what he saw:

> Last September I was taken round the house formerly occupied by Lenbach. I was instructed by a privileged lady, who, in the circumstances, it were unfair to name. She showed us many splendid portraits, including a number of Bismarck, and some charming studies of Lenbach's own children; and then she took us into a tiny room, where, hung above the window, in the worst light available, was a frightful daub which purported to represent a naval battle. Aside from the first canvass of a school-boy with his first box of paints, you never saw its like. It was boldly signed "Wilhelm," and the august artist had presented it to Lenbach to be exhibited in the company of his own masterpieces.

Other works of art seriously produced and shown by him are extant. The artist evidently has no idea of the weakness of his efforts or the impression that he was likely to make. One of these is the celebrated picture of the "Yellow Peril," sent by the Kaiser to the Czar of Russia at the beginning of the war in the Far East. This is not only exceedingly bad, but suggestive of insane art at its worst. The London *Sketch* has recently

collected other productions which are equally curious. What I said in 1904 is true to-day, and in the interim he has meddled with all the art in Germany, altering plans of architects, and busying himself everywhere, meanwhile showing that restless activity so inseparable from psychopathic elation. Berlin shows his inconsiderate hand in the atrocious statues that line one of the avenues in the Thiergarten.

His attempts at playwriting and his poetry have, by reason of their insane weakness, excited much ridicule—this is especially true of the "Song of Aegir," which he caused to be sung and played upon every occasion, while he often led the orchestra in person. The doubtful credit of having composed this piece has been given to Herrn von Moltke and Philip Eulenburg, but the Kaiser did his part. This led to rather free and not altogether respectful criticism, and it is said that the aggregate sentences for *lèse-majesté* during the years from 1893 to 1896 amounted to three hundred and eleven years, while fines amounting to nine thousand marks were imposed.

In 1896–7 he wrote, in collaboration, a festival play known as "Willehalm" to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of William I. This, too, was feeble. In the sensational production of these his conduct in some ways resembled that of his cousin Ludwig of Bavaria, whose mental ailment, however, was of a much more serious nature.

It is in his speeches and addresses that he most clearly shows his psychosis; for these reflect his theistic delusions, which are highly characteristic of paranoids.

Upon a recent occasion the *Gazetta*, which was published by the Germans on October 30th at Gezenstochowa, Russian Poland, printed the following proclamation:

> Poles: You of course remember how once at night the bell of the holy Swiatogorsky Monastery began to ring without human aid, and when all the pious people understood that this great and important event had been signalized by a miracle.
>
> That event was my signal to wage war with Russia and restore Poland her saints and annex her most cultured land to Germany. I had a wondrous dream. To me appeared the Virgin Mary and commanded me to save her holy convent, which danger threatened.
>
> She gazed at me with tears, and I proceeded to fulfil her divine behest. Know you this, Poles, and meet my troops like brothers, saviors. Know ye, Poles, that all who are with us will be liberally rewarded; and those against me will perish. With me are God and the Holy Virgin. She lifted the sword of Germany to succor Poland.

There are many instances of cruelty for which he is undoubtedly responsible—including the use of poisonous gas in the western battlefields, and well-poisoning in Southwest Africa —that show his belief in the power of extermination given him by God, which he delusively holds. A more practical reaction to an insane idea cannot be found than the above, and it is only one of many.

His uncertain mental state is in some measure an inheritance. Woods in his *Heredity in Royalty,* a clever and interesting book, points out that though for five hundred years the Hohenzollerns were a great family, the study of the career of certain members shows a lamentable evidence at least of instability, if not something else; but as a whole their history is impressive and interesting. This great royal family dates back to the first Frederick, the Elector of Brandenburg, who was its real founder (1371–1440); but we are more concerned with the later Frederick, the first king of Prussia, who was in power from 1657 to 1713, and his descendants. From all that can be learned this Frederick was vain and extravagant, loved pomp unduly, and had a fear of being poisoned, for which there seems to have been no basis. He, by his wastefulness of public money, and by unjust taxation, imposed great hardships upon the nation. His son, Frederick Wilhelm the First, who succeeded him, was noted for his eccentricities, but was a great soldier, and in many ways an able ruler. He was erratic and foolishly cruel; his extreme prejudice was shown in the treatment of his son (who afterward became Frederick the Great), whom he grossly insulted and assaulted in public when the latter attempted to escape to England with two young lieutenants, Katte and Keith. Frederick was put in prison and one of his companions was sentenced to two years' confinement, the other having fled. The father, however, determined to teach his son a terrible lesson, and changed the sentence so that the unfortunate Katte was actually beheaded in front of the window of the Crown Prince. From all available accounts, the conduct of the father upon this and other occasions suggested insanity.

This young man, who was Frederick the Great, need be referred to but briefly. He was many-sided, and had some of the attributes of the present German ruler; but he liked and admired the French as much as the latter pretend to dislike them, and it is said that he characterized German "as the language of boors." The successor of the great Frederick was Frederick Wilhelm the Second, whose indolence and lack of

political sagacity resulted for a time in Prussia's decline. It is said that he was a dilettante in the arts, and patronized Mozart and Beethoven. He possessed no mental qualities of a high order. His religious orthodoxy was most extreme and peculiar and approached fanaticism; it is not difficult, therefore, to trace much of the present Kaiser's religious exaltation to this ancestor. His successor unfortunately, however, "had all the Hohenzollern tenacity of personal power, without the Hohenzollern genius for using it." He was a man of weak mind, although possessing many good qualities that endeared him to his subjects.

King Wilhelm the Fourth died actually insane, and the first Emperor Wilhelm, who was his brother, became the regent several years before his death. In the former were seen evidences of various forms of mental blight, which are so dominant in Wilhelm the Second, but in other ways he was different. While he was brave to a degree, he hated war and was a dreamer with a leaning to mysticism, ill-balanced, infirm of purpose, and the subject of a deepening psychosis; he was, after 1857, quite incompetent. Of the succeeding monarchs there is nothing to be said except that the old Emperor Wilhelm the First was a remarkably sound-minded person, and his son, Frederick the Third, an amiable and mediocre character; though, had he lived, he might have done much good because of his conservatism, good sense, and freedom from the impulsive and disorderly proclivities of his family.

It would appear from this brief account that the house of Hohenzollern, great as it is, has not been free from mental disorder. There is only one history of actually reported downright insanity, but there are many allied instances. What would have occurred had no good Dutch blood changed the strain it is difficult to say, but the alliance of the first Frederick with Louise Henrietta, daughter of Frederick Henry of Orange, has clearly had its beneficent effect.

A study of the life of the immediate family of the Kaiser shows many traits that he himself actually possessed, or has imitated—for he is not above posing to the greatest advantage. The notion that he is a lover of peace is ridiculous, and is refuted by all he has said and done. How different are his pretensions and advocacy of this measure, as compared with those of the younger Pitt, and referred to by Admiral Mahan![1] That he is responsible for the present war is now a matter of general

[1] *From Sail to Steam.* Page 306.

belief with the unprejudiced, and if militarism is its cause, there is no doubt that it has been built up by frequent suggestion and the personal influence of the dominating psychopathic Kaiser. For years the conquest of England, as we know, has been the dream of Germany, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the Berlin professors.

There are many persons who look upon the Kaiser as simply exceedingly bad and malevolent. They apply epithets, and declare that he is solely responsible for the present contest; others think, as does the editor of the London *Spectator*,[1] that

> from the stage point of view he plays the part of Emperor to perfection; he is always in the lime-light, always on parade, and if great nations could be successfully governed by skilful actors, Kaiser Wilhelm would have been an ideal Emperor.

Neither of these views is a proper one; no matter whether he is incompetent or not, or whether his General Staff is said to mistrust him, or whether "he behaves not like a man, but a foolish boy," there is something behind all this. It is this: Kaiser Wilhelm the Second is mentally constituted like many others who at different times in the history of the world have led vast bodies of obsessed men, and who have been idealized and invested with exaggerated attributes, both heroic and religious. Some men of little force and small knowledge fall by the wayside as soon as the "magnetism" of their personal influence wanes, or the excitement connected with a common cause diminishes. Others continue to impress their fellows, indefinitely winning the ignorant by their picturesque claims, and often "doing things."

Need more be said? While it is common report that he is an amiable, amusing person, and is not at all cruel, as it has been represented, it cannot be gainsaid that in inheriting many of the weaknesses of his ancestors—though not a few of their good gifts—he is a menace to the world for the reason that he not only has shown the exceedingly bad judgment that belongs to those who are mentally inferior, but has delusive ideas of grandeur and consequent power, of persecution and of conspiracy. His enmity toward England is especially unbounded and morbid, and quite uncalled for. This is not a matter of the past few months, but of years, and he has always sneered at his cousin, King George; but all his likes and dislikes are as a rule impulsive and often vicious. He and his advisers

[1] *The Spectator*, October 10, 1914.

are shrewd and sharp, but so far as he is concerned this is not strange, for some of the worst paranoids are above the average in certain intellectual directions, and are capable and resourceful.

It is not difficult to see that the present German Emperor is acting according to his lights—glaring though they may be. All his training, all his family tradition, all his mental imperfections, make him what he is, and he in turn brings up his children in the same way, and impresses his personality upon all those about him. Is there any wonder that all official Germans are militarists, and that they live only to fight and conquer?

That the mental make-up of the Kaiser may be his undoing is evident to most people. In these civilized days, theatrical display and the warlike methods of Attila, "The Scourge of God," may for a time succeed, but when a madman directs the conduct of war it can end only in defeat.

ALLAN MCLANE HAMILTON.

THE FIRST LINE OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY PERRY BELMONT

THAT the Department of State and its representatives abroad should be viewed as an important part of the national defense is well illustrated in the proposition long advocated by naval and military authorities, and adopted, in general terms, by the Democratic Party platform at the Baltimore National Convention of 1912. The Council of National Defense, as proposed, should include the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, a corresponding officer of the United States Navy; the legislative branch to be represented by the Chairmen of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, of the Military and Naval Committees, and of the Appropriations Committees of both Houses. It is much to be regretted that there has been a failure to carry out this provision of the platform, international events having fully indicated the great services to the country which such a Council might have rendered during the past two years, and might now be rendering. If inexperience should be considered a weakness, then at no period of our history has what might be called our first line of national defense been weaker. This obvious deficiency in heads of departments and other important posts should not be charged against those holding such offices, the appointing power alone being responsible for the selections, which are defended as being the result of political exigencies.

But political exigencies cannot justify a defective appreciation of the country's needs. The issue cannot be evaded on the ground that a successful political party may not have had the experience of power, and that, therefore, no other course was open. If it be granted that a successful political party may be handicapped by the inexperience of power, the

vital interests of the country clearly demand that it should continue in its service, especially in its first line of national defense, those who have proved themselves qualified. To carry the contrary theory to its logical conclusion would tend to destroy wholly the usefulness of the diplomatic service. It is quite true that the appointing power should have liberty of choice in order that a certain policy be carried out or even that a certain political sympathy or party co-operation be rendered possible. The Chief Executive has the unquestioned constitutional power to do this, and, with a view to the welfare of the country, this power may be exercised by the appointment of special ambassadors or special diplomatic agents to meet conditions as they arise. This is as it should be, but such a power should not be exercised to the general detriment of an important branch of the public service in which continuity of service and experience are essential.

The war in Europe has thrust upon our diplomatic and consular officers new duties, quite apart and distinct from their usual functions, in which they have been assisted by officers of the United States Army and Navy, by United States battleships and transports, and by the voluntary co-operation of American citizens. In the performance of these special and unusual duties, unexpectedly required of them, our ambassadors and consular agents have merited the praise so generally bestowed upon them. The care of the interests of a large number of American citizens, who became refugees under the then prevailing conditions, greatly increased their responsibilities. The withdrawal of the diplomatic and consular representatives of the belligerent Governments added enormous burdens. American ambassadors, ministers, and consuls have been obliged to protect the interests of vast numbers of people whose countries were at war with one another.

We should not, however, view such activities as being the usual duties required by the United States Government itself, for which training and experience are necessary. Otherwise, it might as well be claimed that because the commanding officers of American battleships could efficiently manage the transportation of refugees, they should be considered, solely on that account, qualified to take a battleship into action.

In our diplomatic history it has often become the duty of officers of the United States Army and Navy to perform diplomatic functions. Commodores William Bainbridge, John Rodgers, William M. Crane, James Biddle, and David Porter

had the chief part in negotiating our first treaty with the Ottoman Empire, at the beginning of the nineteenth century.[1] This may be considered as laying the foundation for the important share our navy has always had in our diplomatic relations.

Our first treaty with China, the Wang Hiya Treaty, was negotiated by Commodore Parker in 1844. Our treaty with Japan was negotiated by an American naval officer in 1853. One of the most important diplomatic successes of a later period was that secured by Rear-Admiral Benham at Rio in 1894. Another was that of Admiral Dewey at Manila in 1898, when he found himself confronted with a situation of great difficulty, during which he represented the diplomatic interests of the United States in a most effective manner.

Under the last Administration, Captain Constant Cordier, of the Fourth Infantry, during his service as military *attaché* in Ecuador, was intrusted by the Secretary of State, in the disturbances of 1912, with the conduct of negotiations rendering unnecessary the landing of marines for the protection of American lives and property. He received the thanks of the State and Navy Departments.

The most recent and conspicuous illustration of actual conditions is furnished by the fact that the Chief of Staff of the United States Army was able successfully to conduct negotiations in Mexico, where improvised and inexperienced diplomatic agents had failed. It is principally to General Scott that we owe what has been termed "the Border Peace Treaty."

A defense of the present inexcusable conditions was recently made by the Counselor of the State Department. He said, "When it comes to the principal posts abroad, I am strongly opposed to tying the hands of the President, anyway." The truth is that the constitutional powers of the President cannot be restricted. He is the Executive under the Constitution, and has full power to appoint, if he sees fit, with the advice and consent of the Senate, special diplomatic agents or ambassadors. Our Presidents have generally not had much difficulty in finding men qualified for such special duties. Even other Governments in which the large discretionary powers of our Chief Executive do not exist, having the advantage of a permanent diplomatic service, are often represented by ambassadors and diplomatic agents through appointments made outside of the service. The diplomatic service of Great Britain is recognized as being pre-eminent for its excellence. It is

[1] *Diplomatic Negotiations of American Naval Officers, 1778-1883.* Paullin.

permanent in character throughout all its ranks, but that has not prevented such appointments as those of Lord Dufferin, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and Mr. James Bryce—now Viscount Bryce—none of whom belonged to the service when appointed.

Continuity of policy is as essential as continuity of service. If, as a matter of course, a change of party control necessarily means a complete change of policy in our relation with all other Governments, endless confusion inevitably follows. The fact that this seems to have been the guiding theory made it impossible for the opinion of our last ambassador to Mexico to prevail when he, in conjunction with the diplomatic corps in the City of Mexico, recommended that the existing provisional Government and President of Mexico should be recognized. The initial blunder then committed has ever since deeply affected our national interests. It will be fortunate indeed if the smoldering fires then fanned into flame do not burst forth into a general conflagration, involving many Governments as well as our own.

The Counselor of the State Department further went on to say, "If we had obtained all our ambassadors and ministers by promotion, we would not have had such men as Edward J. Phelps or Joseph H. Choate, or men like Myron T. Herrick and Brand Whitlock. Such men, inexperienced in diplomatic practices, but equipped with qualities which command respect and achieve success, are the ones who have brought luster to American diplomacy."

It would seem that consistency should have dictated the retention of Mr. Herrick at his important post in Paris, where he was undoubtedly rendering great services to his country under trying circumstances, his experience constantly adding value to those services.

It is quite true that Mr. Phelps was among the best equipped and successful of the representatives of this Government at the Court of St. James's. He was a trained lawyer of the highest standing, and managed with much skill the delicate "Fisheries Question" then pending. But at the time of these negotiations he told the writer, then chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, that there was nothing more important to the interests of our Government than the establishment of a permanent diplomatic service. In the army the substitution for a trained commander of an untrained volunteer, securing his appointment by contribution to a party fund or by other

political service, would be unthinkable. The country should be equally intolerant of similar appointments to important diplomatic posts, the first line of national defense.

An awakened public sentiment disapproves the continuance of such conditions. Laws have been enacted by the Congress just adjourned giving effect to that sentiment by granting permanency of tenure to adequately trained men in five classes of the diplomatic service, up to ministers and ambassadors. But the complete freedom possessed by the appointing power in regard to the most important posts still remains uncurbed; although it is obvious that to continue the custom of wholesale substitution of inexperienced and untrained men—whether deserving or undeserving from a party standpoint—for those holding the higher diplomatic positions, is destructive of the purposes of the recent legislation. Our diplomatic service, through favorable legislation in recent years, has developed a number of well-trained and experienced men in the minor positions, who are subjected to severe examinations before appointment. Some of them are now holding the responsible position of First Secretary in our important embassies. That, under the law, they are not entitled to promotion, however deserving, is a discouragement to them and a disadvantage to the Government. The country would have been better served had such promotions been more generally made. This is not only entirely within the power of the Executive, but would have been in accord with the purpose of the legislation referred to.

Senate Document 495 of the second session of the Sixty-second Congress, presented by Senator Hitchcock April 8, 1912, embodies a full history, by the president of the National Publicity Law Association, of the campaign publicity movement from its inception to the enactment of the Federal Campaign Publicity legislation of August 19, 1911. It contains the following passage:

> Our country, of course, is free from any such corresponding disadvantage [reference was here made to the sale of "honors" in the form of titles, of which there are well-known instances under the English party system and against which a movement, similar to ours and modeled upon it, has recently been undertaken under the leadership of Mr. Hilaire Belloc], but party managers and the appointing power itself on many occasions have regarded diplomatic posts somewhat in the light of "honors" to be awarded according to a standard no longer approved by public opinion. It is not to be expected that many such instances will occur in the future, under a rapidly progress-

ing improvement in the relation of the appointing power to the public service. An important diplomatic post is, in fact, an honor; it is also a public trust, as are all official positions under our Government. Opportunities to render great service to the country may occasionally arise requiring qualifications on the part of those holding such positions that should furnish the only reason for their appointment.

The Presidential campaign of 1912 was the first to be held under the operation of the Campaign Publicity Law. The purpose of our campaign publicity legislation is not simply to satisfy public curiosity as to the extent of contributions; neither are its objects limited to aid in the enforcement of the previously existing corrupt-practices acts, thereby diminishing corruption during elections, or to weaken and destroy by means of publicity the alliance between favor-seeking corporations and political organizations. These objects have, in great measure, been accomplished, as is evidenced by the returns made under the Federal Publicity Law to Congress and under State publicity legislation to the State Legislatures. It is important to remember that one of the chief purposes of such legislation is to prevent as far as is possible, through publicity, the bartering of public office in recognition of campaign obligations, whether of nomination or election.

That public opinion is strongly sustaining the campaign publicity laws is evident from the experience of a Governor of the State of New York. Though he was one of the earliest advocates of this form of legislation, his disregard of the New York Publicity Statute at the time of his election was seized upon by his political enemies in order to bring about his impeachment and removal from office. He was severely punished for his violation of the letter of the law, with which he should have been familiar; but had he violated its purpose and its spirit by the bartering of public office in reward for personal or political service, such a crime against the interests of the State would have been much graver.

Senate Document 495 contains an article from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of February, 1905, constituting the first public announcement of the movement to secure national campaign publicity legislation, in which the following passage occurs:

> American patriotism is a living reality, and finds expression during national Presidential elections. However great the prosperity of the United States, sentiments and ideals are in the end the most controlling forces.

There is no nation under the sun so moved by idealism as our own, and none that can take so philosophically its failure to achieve ideal ends. The fatal division which rendered Republican success at the last Presidential election almost impossible was accompanied by a feeling often expressed by patriotic Republicans—that a change of party control was likely to be a benefit to the country. Everything contributed to furnish the appointing power with an untrammeled opportunity to place the public service upon the highest plane. The declaration made immediately after the election, that party service would not necessarily be a claim for appointment, was in line with the proclamation of a new freedom from political obligations, and was in accord with the promise of the improvement to be expected.

Party organization is necessary to party government. From that point of view, whatever may be the merits of the spoils system, as applied to the administration of public affairs, reward for party service should be chiefly confined to offices whose function it is to deal with internal or domestic policies. It is not permitted to extend it to the military or naval services of the United States, nor should it affect its diplomatic service—the first line of national defense.

PERRY BELMONT.

TIME

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

What thought can measure Time?—
  Tell its beginning, name
  The void from which it first, faint-pulsing, came?—
  Follow its onward going,—
  A restless river without tumult flowing,—
Or with sure footing climb
Unto its unlit altitudes sublime?

What thought can trace the wonders it hath seen—
Time, the creator of all that hath been,
  Giver of bounty where was dearth,
  Bringer of miracles to birth:
Time through whose office is the seedling sown,
The fruit up-gathered, the ripe harvest mown,
  And beauty made to glorify the earth?

Before the land took shape and rose
  Black and chaotic from the old, old sea,
Before the stars their courses chose,
  Before the moon's most ancient memory,
Time to Earth's vision, veiled in night, appears
Back of the viewless cycles of the years.

The Hours, his little children, run
  Lightly upon his errands ever;
By sure and swift relays is done
  His will, disputed never;
The while these transient Hours infirm
Measure of mortal things the destined term.

Ah, me, the days! the heavy-weighted years,
  Each with its Spring and Winter, dusk and dawn!
The centuries, with all their joys, their tears,
  That came, and now—so utterly are gone!
Gone whither? whither vanished so?
Does broad Orion, or does Hesper know?

There comes no answer. Are we dupes, indeed,—
  Offspring of Time, by Time relentless slain,
  Our purest aspirations dreamed in vain?
  Ah, no: man's soul indignant doth disdain
Ignoble vassalage to such a creed,
Well-knowing it is free,—
  Aye, free!—for present, past, and future blend,
  The segments of a circle without end,
Losing themselves in one, unbourned Eternity!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Dr. Jowett, famous Master of Balliol—

But in the manner of Sterne I must break off, here at the outset, to recall that figure, so familiar to me in youth, as every morning he crossed the quad beneath my bedroom window in a contiguous college for an early trot around its garden; a noticeable figure, too—small, rotund, fresh of face as a cherub, yet with its darting gait and in its swallow-tailed coat curiously suggestive of a belated Puck surprised by dawn and hurrying to

hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Dr. Jowett, let me resume, used to maintain that after Shakespeare the next creative genius in our literature was Charles Dickens.

As everybody knows, Dickens left an unfinished novel behind him; and a number of ingenious writers from time to time have essayed to finish the story of *Edwin Drood*, constructing the whole from the fragment—yet not from the fragment only, since in the process they are forced into examining the plots of other novels of his; so into recognizing that his invention had certain trends—certain favorite stage-tricks, artifices, *clichés*—which it took almost predicably; and so to argue, from how he constructed by habit, how he probably would have constructed this tale.

I do not propose, in a paper on "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," to attempt an ending for *Edwin Drood*, but I suggest that if inventive criticism, driven up against such an obstacle to *Drood*, turns perforce to examine Dickens's habitual trends of invention, his favorite artifices and *clichés*, the same process may be as serviceable in studying the workmanship of the greater artist, Shakespeare.

For example, no careful reader of Dickens can fail to note his predilection for what I will call dénouement by masked battery. At the critical point in story after story, and at a moment when he believes himself secure, the villain is "rounded on" by a supposed confederate or a supposed dupe, a concealed battery is opened, catches him unawares, levels him with his machinations to the ground. Thus Monks brings about the crisis of *Oliver Twist;* thus Ralph Nickleby and Uriah Heep come to exposure; thus severally Jonas and Mr. Pecksniff in *Martin Chuzzlewit;* thus Quilp and Brass in *The Old Curiosity Shop.* Thus Haredale forces the conclusion of *Barnaby Rudge;* thus in *Bleak House* Lady Dedlock (though she, to be sure, cannot be reckoned among the villains) is hunted down. *Hunted Down,* in fact, the name of one of Dickens's stories, might serve for any other of a dozen. Sometimes the denouncer—old Chuzzlewit, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Boffin—reaches his moment after a quite incredibly long practice of dissimulation. But always the pursuit is patient, hidden; always the *coup* sudden, dramatic, enacted before witnesses; always the trick is essentially the same—and the guilty one, after exposure, usually goes off and in one way or another commits suicide.

I instance one only among Dickens's pet devices. But he had a number of them—and so had Shakespeare.

Take the trick of the woman disguised in man's apparel. It starts with Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." It runs (and good reason why it should, when we consider that all women's parts were acted by boys) right through the comedies and into "Cymbeline." Portia, Nerissa, Jessica (these three in one play); Rosalind, Viola, Imogen—each in turn masquerades thus, and in circumstances that, unless we take stage convention on its own terms, beggar credulity.

> The bridegroom may forget the bride
> Was made his wedded wife yestreen,

but not in the sense that Bassanio and Gratiano forget. Is it credible that Bassanio shall catch no accent, no vibration, to touch, awaken, thrill his memory during all that long scene in the Doge's court, or afterward when challenged to part with his ring? Translated into actual life, is it even conceivable?

Let us take another device—that of working the plot upon a shipwreck, shown or reported. (There is perhaps no better way of starting romantic adventures, misadventures, meetings, recognitions, as there is no better way to strip men more dra-

matically of all trappings that cover their native nobility or baseness.) "The Comedy of Errors" and "Pericles" are pivoted on shipwreck; by shipwreck Perdita in "The Winter's Tale" is abandoned on the magical seacoast of Bohemia. "Twelfth Night" takes its intrigue from shipwreck, and, for acting purposes, opens with Viola's casting-ashore.

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?
CAPTAIN. Illyria, lady.
VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd—what think you, sailors?
CAPTAIN. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

"The Tempest" opens in the midst of shipwreck. In "The Comedy of Errors" and in "Twelfth Night" shipwreck leads on to another trick—that of mistaken identity, as it is called. In "The Comedy of Errors" (again) and "Pericles" it leads on to the trick of a long-lost mother, supposed to have perished in shipwreck, revealed as living yet and loving. From shipwreck the fairy Prince lands to learn toil and through it to find his love, the delicate Princess to wear homespun and find her lover.

One might make a long list of these favorite themes, from Shakespeare's pet one of the jealous husband or lover and the woman foully misjudged (Hero, Desdemona, Hermione), to the trick of the potion which arrests life without slaying it (Juliet, Imogen), or the trick of the commanded murderer whose heart softens (Hubert, Leonine, Pisanio). But perhaps enough has been said to suggest an inquiry by which any reader may assure himself that Shakespeare, having once employed a stage device with some degree of success, had never the smallest scruple about using it again. Rather, I suppose that there was never a great author who repeated himself at once so lavishly and so economically, still husbanding his favorite themes while ever attempting new variations upon them. In the very wealth of this variation we find "God's plenty," of course. But so far as I dare to understand Shakespeare, I see him as a magnificently indolent man, not agonizing to invent new plots, taking old ones as clay to his hands, breathing life into that clay; anon unmaking, remolding, reinspiring it. We know for a fact that he worked upon old plays, old chronicles, other men's romances. We know, too, that men of his time made small account of what we call plagiarism, and even now define it as

a misdemeanor quite loosely and almost capriciously.[1] Shakespeare, who borrowed other men's inventions so royally, delighted in repeating and improving his own.

Now it has been pretty well established by scholars that the earlier comedies of Shakespeare run in the following chronological order: "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." It may, indeed, be argued that "The Comedy of Errors" came before "Love's Labour's Lost," but whether it did or did not matters very little to us; so let us take the four in the order generally assigned by conjecture.

In the 1598 Quarto of "Love's Labour's Lost" we are informed that it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas and is now "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare." It was a court play then, and indeed it bears every mark of one. It is an imitative performance, after the fashionable model of John Lyly, but it imitates with a high sense of humor and burlesques its model audaciously.

All young artists in drama are preoccupied with plot or "construction," character comes later. The plot of "Love's Labour's Lost" turns on "confusion of identity," the Princess and her ladies masking themselves to the perplexity of their masked lovers. For the rest, in its whole conception as in its diction, the thing is consciously artificial and extravagant from first to last.

"The Comedy of Errors" is an experiment on a different model; not Lyly now, but Plautus, and Plautus to be out-Plautused. Again we have confusion of identity for the motive, but here confusion of identity does not merely turn the plot, as in "Love's Labour's Lost"; it means all the play, and the play means nothing else. Where Plautus had one pair of twin brothers so featured that they cannot be told apart, Shakespeare adds another pair, and the fun is drawn out with astonishing dexterity. Let three things, however, be observed: (1) The feat is achieved at a total sacrifice of character—and indeed he who starts out to confuse identity must, consciously or not, set himself the task of obliterating character. (2) Unless a convention of pasteboard be accepted as substitute for flesh and blood, the events are incredible. (3) On the stage of Plautus

[1] For instance, any poet or dramatist may take the story of Tristram and Iseult and make what he can of it; whereas if I use a plot of Mr. Hall Caine's or of Mrs. Humphry Ward's, I am a branded thief. The reader will find an amusing attempt to delimit the offense of plagiarism in an appendix to Charles Reade's novel *The Wandering Heir*.

the convention of two men being like enough in feature to deceive even their wives might pass. It was *actually* a convention of pasteboard, since the players wore masks. Paint two masks alike, and (since masks muffle voices) the trick is done. But (4) Shakespeare, dispensing with the masks, doubled the confusion by tacking a pair of Dromios on to a pair of Antipholuses; and to double one situation so improbable is to multiply its improbability by the hundred.

It is all done, to be sure, with such amazing resource that, were ingenuity of stagecraft the test of great drama, we might say, "Here is a man who has little or nothing to learn." But ingenuity of stagecraft is not the test of great drama; and in fact Shakespeare had much more than a vast deal to learn. He had a vast deal to unlearn.

A dramatic author must start by mastering certain stage-mechanics. Having mastered them, he must—to be great—unlearn reliance on them, learn to cut them away as he grows to perceive that the secret of his art resides in playing human being against human being, man against woman, character against character, will against will—not in devising "situations" or "curtains" and operating puppets to produce these. His art touches climax when his "situations" and "curtains" astound, yet are visibly, rationally, necessarily brought about by the men and women he has conjured on to his stage; so that we tell ourselves, "It is wonderful—yet what else could have happened?" "Othello" is one of the cleverest stage-plays ever written. What does it leave us to say but, in an awe of pity, "It is most terrible, but it must have happened so"? In great art, as in life, character makes the bed it lies on, or dies on.

So in the next play, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," we find Shakespeare learning and, perhaps even more deliberately, unlearning. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is not a great play: but it is a curious one, and a very wardrobe of "effects" in which Shakespeare afterward dressed himself to better advantage.

In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" Shakespeare is feeling for character, for real men and women. Tricks no longer satisfy him, but the old tricks haunt him. He must have again, as in "The Comedy of Errors," two gentlemen with a servant apiece —though the opposition is discriminated and more cunningly weighted. For stage-effect Proteus (supposed a friend and a gentleman) must suddenly behave with incredible baseness.

For stage-effect Valentine must surrender his true love to his false friend with a mawkish generosity that deserves nothing so much as kicking:

> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

And what about Silvia? Where does Silvia come in? That devastating sentence may help the curtain, but it blows all character to the winds. There are now no gentlemen in Verona.

We come to "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and, with the three earlier comedies to guide us, will attempt to conjecture how the young playwright would face this new piece of work.

First we shall ask, "What had he to *do?*"

Nobody knows precisely when, or precisely where, or precisely how "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" was first produced. But it is evident to me that, like "Love's Labour's Lost" and "The Tempest," it was written for performance at court; and that its particular occasion, like the occasion of "The Tempest," was a court wedding. It has all the stigmata of a court play. Like "Love's Labour's Lost" and "The Tempest," it contains an interlude; and that interlude—Bully Bottom's "Pyramus and Thisbe"—is designed, rehearsed, enacted for a wedding. Can any one read the opening scene or the closing speech of Theseus and doubt that the occasion was a wedding? Be it remembered, moreover, how the fairies dominate this play; how constantly and intimately fairies are associated with weddings in Elizabethan poetry, their genial favors invoked, their malign caprices prayed against. I take a stanza from Spenser's great "Epithalamion":

> Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights
> Make sudden sad affrights;
> Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helplesse harmes,
> Ne let the Pooke nor other evil sprights,
> Ne let mischievous witches, with theyr charmes,
> Ne let hob-Goblins, names whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not.
> Let not the shrieck Oule nor the Stork be heard,
> Nor the night Raven that still deadly yels,
> Nor damnèd ghosts cald up with mighty spels
> Nor griesly Vultures, make us once afeard,
> Ne let the unpleasant Queen of Frogs still croaking
> Make us to wish their choking.
> Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
> Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

And I compare this with the fairies' last pattering ditty in our play:

> Now the wasted brands do glow,
> Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe
> In remembrance of a shroud.
> Now it is the time of night
> That the graves, all gaping wide,
> Every one lets forth his sprite,
> In the church-way paths to glide.
> And we fairies, that do run
> By the triple Hecate's team
> From the presence of the sun,
> Following darkness like a dream,
> Now are frolic; not a mouse
> Shall disturb this hallowed house;
> I am sent, with broom, before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> To the best bride-bed will we,
> Which by us shall blessed be. . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And each several chamber bless,
> Through this palace, with sweet peace.

Can any one set these two passages together and doubt "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" to be intended for a merry *κάθαρσις*, a pretty purgation of those same goblin terrors which Spenser would exorcise from the bridal chamber? For my part, I make little doubt that Shakespeare had Spenser's very words in mind as he wrote.

Here, then, we have a young playwright commissioned to write a wedding play—a play to be presented at court. He is naturally anxious to shine; and, moreover, though his fellow-playwrights already pay him the compliment of being a little jealous, he still has his spurs to win.

As I read the play and seek to divine its process of construction, I seem—and the reader must take this for what it is worth—to see Shakespeare's mind working somewhat as follows:

He turns over his repertory of notions, and takes stock. "Lyly's model has had its day, and the bloom is off it; I must not repeat the experiment of 'Love's Labour's Lost.' . . . I have shown that I can do great things with mistaken identity, but I cannot possibly express the fun of that further than I

did in 'The Comedy of Errors'; and the fun there was clever, but a trifle hard, if not inhuman. . . . But here is a wedding; a wedding should be human; a wedding calls for poetry—and I long to fill a play with poetry. (For I *can* write poetry. Look at 'Venus and Adonis'!) . . . Still, mistaken identity is a trick I know, a trick in which I am known to shine. . . . If I could only make it poetical. A pair of lovers? For mistaken identity that means two pairs of lovers. . . . Yet, steady! We must not make it farcical. It was all very well to make wives mistake their husbands. That has been funny ever since the world began; that is as ancient as cuckoldy, or almost. But this is a wedding play, and the sentiment must be fresh. Lovers are not so easily mistaken as wives and husbands—or ought not to be—in poetry.

"I like, too"—we fancy the young dramatist continuing—"that situation of the scorned lady following her sweetheart. . . . I did not quite bring it off in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'; but it is none the less a good situation, and I must use it again.[1] . . . Lovers mistaking one another . . . scorned lady following the scorner . . . wandering through a wood (that is poetical, anyhow). . . . Yes, and by night; this play has to be written for a bridal eve. . . . A night for lovers—a summer's night—a midsummer's night—dewy thickets—the moon. . . . The moon? Why, of course, the moon. Pitch darkness is for tragedy, moonlight for softer illusion. Lovers can be pardonably mistaken—under the moon. . . . What besides happens on a summer's night, in a woodland, under the moon?

"Eh? . . . Oh, by Heaven! Fairies! Real Warwickshire fairies! Fairies full of mischief—Robin Goodfellow and the rest. Don't I know about *them?* Fairies full of mischief—and for a wedding, too! How does that verse of Spenser's go?

Ne let the Pooke—

"Fairies, artificers, and ministers of all illusion . . . the fairy ointment, philters, pranks, 'the little western flower'

> Before milk-white, now purple with Love's wounds,
> And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.

These and wandering lovers, a mistress scorned—why, we scarcely need the moon, after all!"

Then—for the man's fancy never started to work but it straightway teemed—we can watch it opening out new alleys of fun, weaving fresh delicacies upon this central invention.

[1] And he did: not only here, but in "All's Well that Ends Well," for instance.

"How, for a tangle, to get one of the fairies caught in the web they spin? Why not even the fairy queen herself? . . . Yes; but the mortal she falls in with? Shall he be one of the lovers? . . . Well, to say truth, I haven't yet given any particular character to these lovers. The absolute jest would be to bring opposite extremes into the illusion, to make Queen Mab dote on a gross clown. . . . All very well, but I *haven't* any clowns. . . . The answer to that seems simple: if I haven't, I ought to have. . . . Stay! I have been forgetting the interlude all this while. We must have an interlude; our interlude in 'Love's Labour's Lost' proved the making of the play. . . . Now suppose we make a set of clowns perform the interlude, as in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and get them chased by the fairies while they are rehearsing? Gross flesh and gossamer—that's an idea! If I cannot use it now, I certainly will some day.[1] . . . But I *can* use it now! What is that story in Ovid, about Midas and the ass's ears? Or am I confusing it with another story—which I read the other day, in that book about witches—of a man transformed into an ass?"

Enough! I am not, of course, suggesting that Shakespeare constructed "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" just in this way. (As the provincial mayor said to the eminent statesman, "Aha, sir! that's more than you or me knows. That's *Latin!*") But I do suggest that we can immensely increase our delight in Shakespeare and strengthen our understanding of him if, as we read him again and again, we keep asking ourselves *how the thing was done.* I am sure that—hopeless as complete success must be—by this method we get far nearer to the τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι of a given play than by searching among "sources" and "origins," by debating how much Shakespeare took from Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," or how much he borrowed from Golding's "Ovid," or how much Latin he learned at Stratford Grammar School, or how far he anticipated modern scientific discoveries, or *why* he gave the names "Pease-blossom," "Cobweb," "Moth," "Mustard-Seed" to his fairies. I admit the idle fascination of some of these studies. A friend of mine—an old squire of Devon—used to demonstrate to me at great length that when Shakespeare wrote, in this play, of the moon looking "with a watery eye"—

> And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
> Lamenting some enforcèd chastity—

[1] He did. See the last act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

he anticipated our modern knowledge of plant-fertilization. Good man, he took "enforced" to mean "compulsory"; and I never dared to dash his enthusiasm by hinting that, as Shakespeare would use the word "enforced," an "enforcèd chastity" meant a chastity violated.

Let us note three or four things that promptly follow upon Shakespeare's discovering the fairies and pressing them into the service of this play.

(1) To begin with, Poetry follows. The springs of it in the author's "Venus and Adonis" are released, and for the first time he is able to pour it into drama:

> And never, since the middle summer's spring,
> Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
> By pavèd fountain, or by rushy brook,
> Or in the beachèd margent of the sea
> To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind. . . .
>
> I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxslips, and the nodding violet grows
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
> There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
> Lull'd in these flowers. . . .
>
> The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
> And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes
> To have my love to bed, and to arise:
> And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
> To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
>
> Never so weary, never so in woe,
> Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briars—[1]

The overstrained wit of "Love's Labour's Lost," the hard gymnastic wit of "The Comedy of Errors," allowed no chance for this sort of writing. But the plot of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" invites poetry, and poetry suffuses the play, as with portable moonlight.

(2) The logic-chopping wit of "Love's Labour's Lost" had almost excluded humor. Hard, dry wit had cased "The Comedy of Errors" against it. With Lance in "The Two Gentlemen

[1] Echoed from "Venus and Adonis":

> The bushes in the way
> Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
> Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.

of Verona" we have an incidental, tentative experiment in humor; but Lance is no part of the plot. Now, with Bottom and his men, we have humor let loose in a flood. In the last act it ripples and dances over the other flood of poetry, until demurely hushed by the elves. Now the two greatest gifts of Shakespeare were poetry and humor; and in this play he first, and simultaneously, found scope for them.

(3) As I see it, this invention of the fairies—this trust in an imaginative world which he understands—suddenly, in this play, eases and dissolves four-fifths of the difficulties Shakespeare has been finding with his plots. I remember reading, some years ago, a critique by Mr. Max Beerbohm on a performance of this play, and I wish I could remember his exact words, for his words are always worth exact quotation. But he said in effect, "Here we have the Master, confident in his art, at ease with it as a man in his dressing-gown, kicking up a loose slipper and catching it on his toe." "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" is the first play of Shakespeare's to show a really careless grace—the best grace of the Graces. By taking fairyland for granted, he comes into his inheritance; by assuming that we take it for granted, he achieves just that easy probability he missed in several plays before trusting his imagination and ours.

(4) Lastly, let the reader note how the fairy business and the business of the clowns take charge of the play as it proceeds, in proportion as both of them are more real—that is, more really imagined—than the business of Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena. The play has three plots interwoven: (a) the main sentimental plot of the four Athenian lovers; (b) the fairy plot which complicates (a); and (c), the grotesque plot which complicates (b). Now when we think of the play the main plot (a) comes last in our minds, for in (b) and (c) Shakespeare has found himself.

I once discussed with a friend how, if given our will, we would have "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" presented. We agreed at length on this:

The set scene should represent a large Elizabethan hall, paneled, having a lofty oak-timbered roof and an enormous staircase. The cavity under the staircase, occupying in breadth two-thirds of the stage, should be fronted with folding or sliding doors, which, being opened, should reveal the wood, recessed, moonlit, with its trees upon a flat arras or tapestry. On this secondary remoter stage the lovers should wander through their

adventures, the fairies now conspiring in the quiet hall under the lantern, anon withdrawing into the woodland to befool the mortals straying there. Then, for the last scene and the interlude of "Pyramus and Thisbe," the hall should be filled with lights and company. That over, the bridal couples go up the great staircase. Last of all—and after a long pause, when the house is quiet, the lantern all but extinguished, the hall looking vast and eerie, lit only by a last flicker from the hearth—the fairies, announced by Puck, should come tripping back, swarming forth from cupboards and down curtains, somersaulting down-stairs, sliding down the baluster rails; all hushed as they fall to work with their brooms—hushed, save for one little voice and a thin, small chorus scarcely more audible than the last dropping embers:

Through this house give glimmering light,
  By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
  Hop as light as bird from brier. . .
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.

  Trip away,
  Make no stay,
Meet me all by break of day.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

BAYARD TAYLOR

BY LAURA STEDMAN

WHEN America shall have won her antiquity, and Time have erected his own Hall of Fame, in what niche will Bayard Taylor stand? What unique offering will he make to enduring literature? It is too early for the final reckoning, but its shadow has been cast across the pages of American literature since the middle of the last century. And in conjunction with the literature of any period it is important to consider the magazines which have upheld and furthered its ideals. At the front, for full a hundred years, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has stood guard—a dignified sentinel.

Back in those Bohemian 'sixties there was no such Arabian Nights' hospitality as is open to writers of to-day; a scant handful of magazines welcomed—or more often did not welcome—the increasing band of authors. To be admitted to the solid, discriminating pages of THE REVIEW stamped one with distinction. But Bayard Taylor was already a poet, traveler, man of letters, when THE REVIEW printed his opinions of Swinburne's *Laus Veneris, and Other Poems*. A decade later he contributed two essays: one a judicious summary of Fitz-Greene Halleck,[1] occasioned by the unveiling in Central Park, New York City, of the first monumental statue of an American author. The second paper concerns the thrilling archæological achievements at Ephesus, Cyprus, and Mycenæ—a subject full of interest to the romantic traveler and poet.

It was in 1866 that Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* electrified the literary world—he was so daring, so bewilderingly original in his daring! Taylor was magnanimous, as always, yet despite the power which he recognized in Swinburne, it was difficult to forgive many heresies of art. With Taylor, love, passion, Poetry herself is to be approached reverently, with head bared as to the veiled priestess in the sacred Temple. A few

[1] Republished in *Critical Essays and Literary Notes*, 1880.

months later, Taylor and Swinburne met: his whole-hearted comments in an unpublished letter to his comrade, Edmund C. Stedman, are a valuable supplement to his paper in THE REVIEW:

In all important respects except one, I found him [Swinburne] to be very much what I had anticipated. The exception is, instead of being a prematurely *blasé* young man o' the world, he is rather a wilful, perverse, unreasonable spoiled child. His nature is still that of the *young* Shelley, and my great fear is that it will never be otherwise. He needs the influence of a nature stronger than his in everything but the imaginative faculty—such a nature as Byron's was to Shelley. . . . He has a weak moral sense, but his offenses arise from a colossal unbalanced affectation. This, or something like it, is a disorganizing element in his nature which quite obscures the organizing (that is, *artistic*) sense. What I admire in him—yet admire with a feeling of pain—is the mad, unrestrained preponderance of the imagination. It is a godlike quality, but he sometimes uses it like a devil. He greatly *interests* my intellect, but does not touch me magnetically. He could have no power over me, but on the contrary, I felt that I should be able to influence him in a short time. I had a letter from him the other day which shows that he feels an intellectual relationship between us. Now, this is not a question of relative poetic power, but of a certain diversity of qualities, and I don't mean to be egotistic in saying that I might perform somewhat of the same service for him as Byron for Shelley. I feel that (if it is not already too late) I could help him to some degree of poise, of system, of law—in short, Art. In this sense, he moves my deepest sympathy; for I see, now, the matter that might be molded into a splendid poet relapsing into formless conditions. It is sad; it is tragic—and if this fancy of mine be foolish, there it is, nevertheless. Without this sense of giving assistance, a week alone with Swinburne would be intolerable to me, or any other human being. . . .

I have urged him to join us in Italy next winter, but I doubt whether he will succeed in doing so. If he comes, and I find that there is no hope of establishing any germ or central point of order in his nature, I shall really be forced to keep out of his way. He is now, with all his wonderful gifts, the most wretched man I ever saw. . . . I very freely expressed my opinion, and he took it with a gentle sort of wonder! He is sensitive, hugely ambitious, and utterly self-absorbed, which things have wrought disease.

And this—also unpublished—from a letter to another friend, Richard Henry Stoddard:

Swinburne sat there, with his slight, delicate frame and large, drooping, thoughtful head, surrounded by a dense pre-Raphaelite cloud of golden-auburn hair, looking at me with large, wide-apart

eyes of a dim bronze tint, like some wild creature caught and only half-tamed. . . .

He chanted rather than read it [one of his poems], and there were times when, as he turned towards me with his inspired eyes, broad white brow, and luminous hair, his face seemed like that of an errant (not erring) angel. It was Shelley come to life again: the resemblance is wonderful. I saw that the rhythm and music of poetry are part of his physical nature. His body became a shell, an instrument through which the lines beat and throbbed and vibrated. He is *all* poet.

As has been asked—what American poet touched life and letters more variously than did Bayard Taylor? He was an admirable forerunner of our best Americanism—of American manhood and energy; American intellect and magnanimity; American idealism and scholarship. How eagerly this tireless explorer of the mind and of the world sought and brought back to us the best European victories of the Spirit! He was the American Carlyle by way of introducing German literature, and in his achievement of the translation of "Faust" outdistanced the eminent Englishman. He would have spanned the universe before measuring any part. In his poetry, you feel this restless desire for something greater, something "beyond all grasp of Art." Indeed, there is barely a page of Taylor that does not breathe "to seek, aspire, and know," as he sang of Goethe.

With his comrades he liberated a new old spirit in poetry, a spirit consecrated to Art—"Where loveliness, not learning, rules supreme."

Taylor was of the first to make American literature cosmopolitan. His studies of ancient lands are delightful pictures colored by a sensitive poet. In his essays and lectures he is the raconteur, fusing the man and his work, weighing the intention and circumstance against the achievement. Among his novels, which give scope to his realistic more than to his ideal genius, *The Story of Kennett* will live as a dramatic pastoral classic of Quaker life. His poetry fairly glows with exuberance of feeling. The lines swell out with great bursts of emotion. He might be leading a battle charge for his divine cause. The thought persists that music might have been a more satisfying medium to express his inexpressible, to catch the least or the greatest of his infinity of sensations. Referring to the noble *Masque of the Gods*, a wise critic has said, "What it lacks is the unconscious flight into that empyrean where the wings move without

sound and touches of flame hover at the tips of the pinions." He may have overstrained his present ability, being more desirous of the ultimate power. Like one of our great sequoia trees, Taylor needed time for his full growth: he crowded centuries of emotion into a brief few years, so facile his mind, so brilliantly rapid its execution.

Beyond the exquisite and imaginative "Euphorion":

> And Death, that took him, cannot claim
> The smallest vesture of his birth,—
> The little life, a dancing flame
> That hovered o'er the hills of earth,—
>
> The finer soul, that unto ours
> A subtle perfume seemed to be,
> Like incense blown from April flowers
> Beside the scarred and stormy tree,—
>
> The wondering eyes, that ever saw
> Some fleeting mystery in the air,
> And felt the stars of evening draw
> His heart to silence, childhood's prayer!

Beyond this, and more, his "Hylas," an idyl captured from Pan himself, and his serious and lofty poems, such as the "Metempsychosis of the Pine," perhaps Taylor's supreme gift will be his heroic, unselfish, and masterly translation of Goethe's "Faust." As he said, "An English 'Faust' seems to me the next thing to writing a great original epic." He has given us, through pious self-obliteration, the "white light" of Goethe's thought: he suffered no compromise—"I can see nothing, now, that is not Goethe." Only one equally sympathetic with Goethe's desire for literary excellence could have done this, or could have written the very beautiful

Erhabener Geist, im Geisterreich verloren!

If we extract the very essence of Bayard Taylor's attainment, it matters not whether his individual work gains or loses with antiquity, because the soul of American literature will be indebted to him for a valiant example of enthusiasm, industry, scholarship, aspiration, unfaltering faith, and allegiance to the highest ideals of Art.

LAURA STEDMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

A HISTORY OF LOVE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE mystery of love (said a second-rate philosopher in a moment of first-rate inspiration) is greater than the mystery of death. And was it not Pascal who remarked that "*le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connait pas*"? But the mystery of love and the secret processes of the heart hold no forbidding problems for Herr Emil Lucka, the young Viennese philosopher, poet, and mystic whose remarkable book, *Eros*, attempts no less staggering a task than a study of the evolution of human love. He has not essayed, he tells us, a history of love; his book, he explains, is merely a study of "the emotional life of the human race"—only this and nothing more, as the desolate gentleman in "The Raven" observes. That might strike the wayfaring person as by way of being rather a large order. Herr Lucka reminds us here, indeed, a little of the perpetually amazing Richard Strauss—another darer of mighty exploits—who, commenting upon his heaven-storming tone-poem after Nietzsche's *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, remarked, with a naïveté as engaging and completely disarming as Herr Lucka's, that he "did not intend to portray Nietzsche's great work musically," but had meant only "to convey an idea of the development of the human race from its origin." As who should say: This little work, ladies and gentlemen, makes no special pretensions; it is merely a portrayal of the cosmos. Herr Lucka recalls to us, also—not in what he professes, but in what he confidently attempts—that classic juvenile who was seen by his mother to be engaged upon a portrait, and who, being questioned, said that he was drawing a picture of God. But nobody, he was told, knows what God looks like. "They will," said he, "when I get through." Well, if we do not know exactly what love is, and the whence

[1] *Eros*. By Emil Lucka (translated by Ellie Schleussner). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1915.

and the why of it, when Herr Lucka gets through, it will be no fault of his. He tells us that he has not attempted a history of human love; but that, as a matter of fact, is about what he has done.

His thesis is a daring one. It is twofold. While all the world, he says, is content to look upon the sexual impulse as the source of all erotic emotion, and to regard the love of man for woman as nothing more nor less than its exquisite radiation, he holds, on the contrary, that love is completely independent of sexuality. Bound up with this contention, and consequent upon it, is his further belief that the emotion of love, as we know it, is a comparatively modern phenomenon: that love, in our sense of the word, was unknown to the ancients. Those "thoughts that wander through eternity"—as all poets and lovers (and what lover is not a potential poet?) have imagined to be the destiny of the heart's desires—do not persuade Herr Lucka of their timeless origin. Shall not loveliness be loved for ever? asks Euripides in the "Bacchæ." Herr Lucka's answer is that it doubtless will be, but that the human race has been slow in setting about it; and he would not agree, anyway, that Euripides meant what we mean by "love."

Humanity inherited the pairing instinct from the animal world; but to the generations slowly rising from the dark abyss of time to the twilight of the Middle Ages it never occurred that there might be any connection between unpremeditated and cursory indulgence and the birth of a child by a woman of the tribe after what appeared to be an immeasurable lapse of time. They suspected witchcraft in the phenomena of pregnancy and childbirth (to this day, says Herr Lucka, the aborigines of Central and Northern Australia do not realize the connection between the acts of generation and birth). Later, in the countries on the Mediterranean, and in India and Babylonia, we find the first stage of the sexual relationship, irresponsible and promiscuous, modified and in a measure systematized by religion. The vernal festivals in honor of Adonis, Dionysus, Astarte, celebrated the reckless and undirected outpouring of fertility—"man aspired to be no more than the flower which scattered its seed upon the winds." So far, we encounter merely a general, not an individualized, sexual instinct: "*love* did not exist in the old world." Herr Lucka, confronted with the Orpheus legend, admits that we have here a sentiment which is not unlike modern love; but this, he argues, is to be regarded as a divination of something new and strange and miraculous—

"just as we find unmistakable anticipations of Christianity in Plato."

As differentiation progressed, the primitive pairing instinct tended to restrict itself to one representative only of the other sex: a new factor came into the sexual life—the factor of choice; and the history of eroticism enters upon Herr Lucka's second stage. In the beginning of the twelfth century a new and unprecedented emotion—spiritual love of man for woman based upon personality—made its appearance. Woman, once despised—woman, to whom at the Council of Mâcon a soul had been denied—became, now, a queen, a divinity: "a new ideal had been set up, and men worshiped it on bended knees." She shines on us, sang Guinicelli, "as God shines on his angels." We are to remember that men might then have addressed their ladies in the rapturous speech of Shelley:

> Belovèd and most beautiful, who wearest
> The shadow of that soul by which I live.

The need of a regenerated life was potently astir in all hearts. Men yearned for beauty, for passionate life, unprecedented and glamorous, romantic and exalted. But spiritual love and sexuality were irreconcilable contradistinctions; the man who thought otherwise was regarded as a libertine. As time went on the barrier that was assumed to exist between spiritual love and sensuality became more and more clearly defined. The troubadours were never weary of distinguishing between base love—the *amor mixtus sive communis*, and pure love—the *amor purus*. Indeed, so comfortably separate were the two that Sordello, who sang with impeccable sincerity in the *dolce stil nuovo* of pure and chaste love, yet saw no harm in conferring his favor in a hundred different quarters. Nor is that amiable and inclusive amorist to be accused of hypocrisy or paradox, as Herr Lucka reminds us; in accordance with the tendency of the period, he scrupulously distinguished between sexuality and love.

In the second half of the eighteenth century there appeared—at first tentatively, but gradually acquiring strength and determination—a tendency to discover the sole source of every erotic emotion in the personality of the beloved: a longing no longer to dissociate sexual impulse and spiritual love, but to blend them in a harmonious whole—the "higher synthesis," Herr Lucka calls it, of body and soul. The first signs of this longing became apparent in the period of the French Revo-

lution; it was developed by the Romanticists, and eventuates in the typical form of modern love, with all its incompleteness and inexhausted possibilities. The determining feature of this third stage of eroticism is the complete triumph of love over pleasure, the neutralization of the sexual and the generative by the spiritual and the personal. "It is a characteristic of genuine love," says Herr Lucka, asserting unequivocally his main thesis, "that the physical embrace is of no great importance—does not even rise to full consciousness. The personality of the beloved is everything; physical sensation nothing." "Love," he declares, "is not subject to sexual impulse." If there are some who may be prone to regard Herr Lucka's definition as perhaps unduly generous, we have only to recall to them what the most magnanimous of philosophers said once, in a fabulous past of secure and tranquil happiness. If, he told us, you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true in you, you have but to think or say it to-day, and on the morrow it will be true: "we must try to be more beautiful than ourselves." He might have added—as, indeed, Herr Lucka himself might have said: "Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other."

And now we have traversed—of necessity, hastily and sketchily—Herr Lucka's three stages of erotic history: the first stage, characterized by the unquestioned sway of one of the elements of erotic life, sensual gratification (this stage, observes our philosopher, confidingly, "has, of course, never ceased to exist"); the second stage, which exalted those spiritual qualities which were called virtue, purity, kindness, wisdom; and, finally, the third stage, when "the personality of the beloved in its individuality is the only essential, regardless as to whether she be the bringer of weal or woe, whether she be good or evil, beautiful or plain, wise or foolish." In this stage there is no tyranny of man over woman —as in the dark day of unbridled sexuality; no submission of man to woman—as in the medieval day of the worship of the beloved one: "it is the stage of the complete equality of the sexes, a mutual giving and taking."

The definite expression of this third aspect of eroticism Herr Lucka dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, which would make modern love a development of less than two hundred years. He grants that the tension between sexuality and spiritual love had been slackening in the course of the centuries—that sexuality came gradually to seem less diabolical and love less abstractedly spiritual; but the principle

had remained essentially unchanged. Looking away from the past into the future, Herr Lucka envisages a path by which the erotic, as he says, "may travel toward perfection": this is by way of what, borrowing Richard Wagner's phrase, he calls "the Love-Death." The great and rare lover, once he has found his complementary being, is overwhelmed by the will to the perfect realization of his passion—the desire for absolute identity. But it is just in this overwhelming love that the impassable barrier becomes apparent: the lovers are two beings and not one indivisible entity—the fundamental fact of individuality stands between them as the last obstacle to their complete union. "Individuality and the eternal duality of being is felt as a curse—the lovers cannot endure the thought of continuing life as distinct personalities. Inevitably there arises in the soul the desire and the will to escape, together with the beloved, the insufferable solitude of existence; to realize another and higher condition—to become one with the beloved, to transform all human existence into a new divine universal existence." This psychic transcendentalism naturally leads Herr Lucka straight into the arms of the greatest of all amorists, Richard Wagner; and we get a chapter on that master and his psychical evolution, as representing in his works—from the youthful "Die Feen" to "Parsifal"—an immortalization of all the erotic stages through which the race has passed. That Wagner indeed "caught up the whole of love and uttered it" there cannot be much question; he was obsessed by sex throughout his life, and he had a superhuman capacity for expressing, in music of matchless eloquence and intolerable beauty, every aspect of the erotic; so, of course, he serves ideally the illustrative purpose of Herr Lucka. Our historian quotes Schlegel's "Lucinda" in connection with his exposition of the Love-Death: "There—in a transcendental life—our longings may be satisfied." But it is "Tristan und Isolde," naturally, that yields him his richest "case" (as Mr. James would call it). Concerning the profound and subtle concept which is involved in the solution of the psychic *impasse* reached by Wagner in his marvelous song of songs, Herr Lucka writes with sympathy and a measure of understanding. That he fully grasps the vast spiritual implications of Wagner's conception is not evident. In his wonderful masterpiece Wagner touched hands with the ancient sages and mystics of the East, and Herr Lucka cannot quite reach thus far.

One does not read long in this engaging book before per-

ceiving that what Herr Lucka has written is not so much a history of love as a history of *masculine* love; but it is not until we have followed him two-thirds of the way that we come upon an explicit statement that his "three stages" of erotic history apply to the love of man only. "*His* feeling alone has a history," he tells us. Of the erotic life of woman there is and can be no history. And here our historian is at his most persuasive, his most admirable; here the true and the searching thing is said with penetration, feeling, and simplicity. He shows us that the force which seized, molded, and transformed man had no influence over woman. She is to-day, erotically, what she was at the beginning, pure nature. Her lover has always been everything to her; never merely a means for the gratification of the senses, nor, on the other hand, a higher being whom she worshiped with a purely spiritual adoration; but at all times he possessed her undivided love, unable in its naïve simplicity to differentiate between body and soul. The higher intuition, the object of the supreme erotic yearning of man, for the attainment of which he has struggled for centuries, has always been a matter of course to her. Man's profound dualism is alien to her; her greatness lies in the simplicity and infallibility of her instinct. "She is hardly conscious of the chasm between sexual instinct and personal love . . . the unity of love is a matter of course to her. . . . Psycho-physical unity is the basic characteristic of female eroticism. . . . The primary sexual instinct pervades the whole being; it has been refined and purified without any great fluctuations or changes." It will be seen that in this matter Herr Lucka is likely, as he remarks in his preface, to be called "old-fashioned"; yet perhaps, after all, he sees further—deeper, surely—than those who may call him so. He sides, at all events, with the munificent view of Maurice Maeterlinck, that "women lead us close to the gate of our being."

We have called this a remarkable book. It is remarkable for its courage, its nobility of thought, the sustained height at which the discussion is maintained. Herr Lucka avoids with unfailing tact and extraordinary skill both prudery and commonness; he is neither smug nor salacious, neither squeamish nor unduly anatomical. He handles a difficult and perilous subject with honesty, with calmness, with frankness, with dignity and delicacy, with frequent poetry; and the excellent English translation of Ellie Schleussner preserves admirably these traits. His views are less radically novel than he seems

to think, as those are aware who have been familiar with Henry T. Finck's *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*, and with Edward Carpenter's *Love's Coming-of-Age*. But for thoroughness, for logic, for sustained elevation, for effectiveness of exposition, this book of Herr Lucka's, so far as we are aware, is unique. To have conceived such a treatment of the subject is a spiritual distinction; to have accomplished it is an intellectual and esthetic achievement of a high order. You would have said that the author needed to be a poet; that he needed to repeat, at the start, the behest of Blake:

> Bring me my bow of burning gold;
> Bring me my arrows of desire.

Certainly it is a noble ideal which Herr Lucka proposes for that perpetual agonist, erotic man; some may say, perhaps too noble, too exacting—this conception of a love wholly divorced from sexuality. If the vision seems a remote and unattainable one (and even Herr Lucka himself appears to relax at times the intensity of his contemplation of it), at least, as we have indicated, it is compact of very genuine and exalted aspiration. Perhaps what he really means to suggest is what the gentle Irish mystic meant when he told us that

> We kiss because God once for beauty
> Sought amid a world of dreams.

And who is there among us that would not gladly and peacefully espouse so solacing a conception? Who more eagerly than those for whom, in certain downcast hours, it may have seemed as if all delight and all enchantment were but as "a dream that lingers a moment . . . a breath; a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind"? Perhaps, after all, our philosopher must be permitted to have the last word; for we fancy we hear him saying to us, with a wiser even than he: Love is more great than we conceive, and death is the keeper of unknown redemptions.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD. By SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1915.

Although Sir Douglas Mawson's detailed story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911–1914 is not the epic of a single great achievement, its appeal is none the less fundamentally strong. Now that both Poles have been attained, it may be that expeditions to the Far North and to the Far South have lost something of a certain glamour that they once possessed—a glamour as of tremendous and enormously dignified "sporting events." But it by no means follows from this that they have been deprived of their true incentives. On the contrary, the real motives that drive men beyond the far horizons and into the forbidding hinterlands of the world must be henceforth all the more clearly understood. One cannot read *The Home of the Blizzard* without entering, perhaps more deeply than ever before, into the true spirit of the lust for exploration—a spirit in which the human craving for excitement mingles with scientific ardor, and with faith. To the recurrent question, "What is the use of it all?" the book as a whole gives a more than usually convincing answer. This answer is well summed up by Dr. A. L. McLean in his "Foreword" to Sir Douglas Mawson's narrative. "The aim of geographical exploration," writes Dr. McLean, "has in these days interfused with the passion for truth. . . . Science and exploration have never been at variance; rather the desire for the pure elements of natural revelation lay at the source of that unquenchable power, 'the love of adventure.'"

Moreover, now that men have actually set foot upon the magic points where the meridians meet, popular attention may well be centered upon aspects of circumpolar exploration that are really more fascinating to the imagination than was even the lure of the Farthest North or of the Farthest South. Chief among these is the problem of the great Antarctic Continent—a lofty expanse of ice-clad land, approaching in extent the combined areas of Australia and Europe, of which the limits and characteristics have been but vaguely ascertained. The most desolate and savage of all the regions of the earth, the land in which the lowest mean temperature and the highest average wind velocity prevail, blizzard-swept Antarctica holds out a magnificent challenge not only to man's love of adventure, but to his desire for

knowledge. To map the ultimate bounds of this unique continent, to learn all the scientific truth that it may have to tell, to know its grandeurs—these are aims not to be despised. In truth, the imagination of the world may well turn to the South in somewhat the same way in which the imagination of Europe turned to the West when America was but a vague outline on the map. Not that there are El Doradoes to be found in Antarctica—yet no one knows what may be the ultimate value of its secrets. "Science," Sir Douglas reminds us, "is a homogeneous whole. If we ignore the facts contained in one part of the world, surely we are hampering scientific advance. It is obvious to every one that, given only a fraction of the pieces, it is a much more difficult task to put together a jig-saw puzzle and obtain an idea of the finished pattern than were all the pieces at hand. The pieces of the jig-saw puzzle are the data of science."

It was the least-known portion of the Antarctic coast which the Australasian Expedition chose for its sphere of work. At the eastern extremity of the Australian Quadrant the outlines of the Ross Sea, as well as the coast west-northwest of Cape Adare as far as Cape North, had been charted by Ross; and the knowledge gained by him had been amplified by seven later expeditions. Shackleton had extended his observations some forty miles beyond Cape North; and Scott, in 1910, had found two patches of land—Oates Land—lying still farther to the west. But the whole stretch of two thousand miles of coast, lying between the most westerly point sighted by Scott and the land just outside the Australian Quadrant on the west, which was discovered by Drygalski in 1902, lay practically unexplored. Voyages thither had been few; such observations as had been made there were superficial and in many cases inexact, as the records abundantly show.

The ship *Aurora*, carrying the expedition, left Hobart for the South on December 2, 1911. A base was first established on Macquarie Island—a busy station in the days of the early sealers, but now almost wholly neglected. Here a party of five men was left, whose duty it was during a stay unexpectedly prolonged from one year to two, to map the island, to examine its geology, to study its interesting flora and fauna (hitherto but partially described), and to make meteorological observations. Pushing on through storm and ice, the *Aurora* landed a party on an undiscovered portion of the Antarctic Continent. Fifteen hundred miles to the west another party was landed. The *Aurora* then returned to Hobart to refit and to carry out oceanographical investigations, during the year 1912, in the waters south of Australia and New Zealand. In December, 1912, the ship returned to the Antarctic to relieve the two parties which had wintered there. Ten of the fifteen men who formed the party at the main base and the whole of the western party were taken on board and carried to Hobart. Sir Douglas, however, who was absent on a sledging trip across King George V. Land—a trip on which his two companions lost

their lives—was so late in returning that the ship (according to an arrangement previously agreed upon) sailed without him, leaving five men to carry out a search for the missing party. These five, then, with Sir Douglas, remained in Antarctica for a second winter. It was not until the summer of 1913 that the long-enduring explorers were picked up by the *Aurora*, and it was not until February of the following year that they reached Adelaide after a two-months cruise of observation amid the ice.

Such, in barest outline, is the story of the expedition. Its accomplishment in the way of geographical results alone is somewhat impressive. From both the main base and the western base numerous exploring parties were sent out. Journeys were made over the sea ice and on the coastal and upland plateau in regions hitherto unsurveyed. The land was mapped in through 33 degrees of longitude, 27 degrees of which were covered by sledging parties. Wireless telegraphy was used in the fixation of a fundamental meridian in Adelie Land. Besides this, Maquarie Island was mapped—no small accomplishment, though it lies, strictly speaking, outside the sphere of Antarctic work. And in the collection of scientific data other than geographical, the expedition was extraordinarily diligent and successful.

As compared with other stories of polar exploration, Sir Douglas's narrative has its own peculiar appeal. Few tales of the sort give one so vivid an impression of weird and picturesque surroundings. Few enable the reader to feel so fully the illusion of being actually present on the scene of action. Always the narrator's powers of description prove adequate to the occasion, yet never is there any excess of rhetoric or undue interposition of words between the reader's mind and the bare, rough reality. Even the potentially dreary account of how the explorers spent the long Antarctic winter has novelty and variety of interest. The struggles of scientists to carry on their work under the most distressful conditions, bouts with the blizzard and with whirlwinds of extraordinary violence and mischievousness, the incidents of a cheerful home life carried on amid an abomination of desolation, lack neither excitement nor human appeal. Yet it may be said without disparaging the importance of the expedition's work or the impressiveness of its experiences, that the narrative contained in *The Home of the Blizzard* is inordinately long and somewhat monotonous. Sir Douglas has been fairly merciless in including everything. There is somewhat too much, for instance, of that kind of humor, approaching the fatuous, to which strong and intelligent men may be brought by the pressure of oppressive surroundings. There is, indeed, a little too much of everything. The work, which is composed of narratives from several hands, more or less edited and welded together, presumes on the part of the reader a persistent and all-embracing interest such as perhaps no one could feel who had not personally participated in the events related. And the surplus matter does not consist in the main of the sort of information that is useful for reference;

indeed, the more technical scientific details have been withheld (properly enough) for publication in another form. One hopes, therefore, that *The Home of the Blizzard* will eventually be condensed and re-edited.

A feature of the work that deserves especial mention is its numerous and excellent illustrations, including reproductions in color of paintings, and reproductions of photographs both in color and in black and white. All are of striking interest in subject; none are unsatisfactory from want of clearness or of detail; and many are really beautiful.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE: HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS. Edited and Supplemented by his son, Edward Lind Morse. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The inventor of the telegraph—that is the first and perhaps the only thought that occurs to most persons when the name of Morse is mentioned. Even though one may happen to know that the inventor had been for many years a painter before he became absorbed in the development and promotion of his great idea, one hardly realizes that Morse had two separate careers, each of which was successful and well rounded; that his first forty years contained enough accomplishment and interesting experience to constitute a life-history as affording as that of many notable men.

"My aim," writes Edward Lind Morse, in his preface, "has been to give, through characteristic letters and contemporary opinions, an accurate portrait of the man, and a succinct history of his life and labors." In this modest attempt he has more than succeeded. The most characteristic and significant parts of Samuel F. B. Morse's journals and correspondence he seems to have selected with honesty and wisdom. He has explained and supplemented in just the right degree, and he has urged his father's claims to greatness with forceful moderation. In the work of preparing a biography of permanent value and interest, he has been aided in an unusual degree by the excellence of the materials at his disposal. Morse's letters are in general distinguished by a kind of historic lucidity; they are peculiarly satisfying, too, in that they are for the most part self-interpretative and convincing, needing no apology and requiring but little comment or explanation. In reading them, one is intrigued not so much by the fascination of what is called "strong personality" as by the deeper and more wholesome attraction of strong character—by a breadth of view, a sense of proportion, and a restraint which impart to Morse's letters the most fundamental of literary qualities. Nor are these letters by any means deficient in the charm of familiar correspondence. Despite a certain formality of epistolary style common to the period in which they were written, lively interest, personal enthusiasm, individual taste, everywhere shine through them. Especially in the letters written during the first part of Morse's career, there is found that note

of light-heartedness combined with earnestness which one feels to be the true tone of normal life—that tone which, in proportion as it finds sincere and graceful expression, gives the pleasantest zest to biography or to fiction. One has reason to be glad, therefore, that a whole volume has been devoted to the first forty years of Morse's life.

In the beginning of the narrative, Morse appears as a youth of rather exceptional all-around capacity, but with no definite leaning except in the direction of art. In painting, although he was by no means an infant prodigy, he seems to have acquired a considerable degree of skill at an early age. Even during his college days at Yale he eked out his moderate allowance by painting miniatures and "profiles." After graduation he cheerfully submitted himself to his parents' wishes by becoming a clerk in a bookshop, but within a year he had prevailed upon his father to send him to London to study art. To London he went in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Allston, and, entering the Royal Academy, he carried on his studies under the friendly supervision of Allston and of Benjamin West, then at the height of his fame. His letters of the period are full of illuminating observations on men and things, mature expression of sentiment and opinion, impressions of notable persons with whom young Morse came in contact. They tell, too, in interesting detail of the work and aims of a young art student of the period—a student who seemed destined for a great future, for Morse's efforts were warmly praised by his masters and by the critics.

Unable, for financial reasons, to go to the Continent for further study, Morse in 1815 reluctantly returned to America to practise his profession as a portrait-painter. It is pleasant to follow him through the courses by which he gradually and under difficulties built up for himself a solid reputation as an artist—a reputation which has stood the test of time, for Morse is still accorded an honored place among American painters. As one accompanies him on his first trip through New Hampshire, where he painted portraits for fifteen dollars apiece; as one reads of his increasing success in Charleston, South Carolina, in Albany, in New York, one catches many agreeable and illuminating reflections of the social life and spirit of the times. In 1826 Morse, then living in New York, was elected the first president of the newly organized National Academy of Design. Success in his profession was now assured, and orders poured in upon him so fast that he was able to assist some of his less fortunate brother artists by referring his would-be patrons to them. In 1829 he was at last able to carry out the plan which he had been compelled to abandon fourteen years earlier. The story of his sojourn at this time in France and in Italy gives us something like a final impression of Morse as he was at the close of the first part of his career. We see him, indeed, as a man of broad cultivation, actively interested in many phases of life, and able to communicate his views and impressions to others with a vigor and suggestiveness that make his letters of the period

stimulating bits of reading; but we see him also for the last time as an artist deeply absorbed in his art.

It was during the return voyage from Europe in October, 1832, that Morse conceived the idea which made so profound a difference in his life. There are evidences, indeed, in the story of his pre-telegraphic period of a certain bent toward invention. He and his brother, for instance, had once devised and patented a new "flexible piston-pump" to be used in connection with fire-engines, which was approved by President Jeremiah Day of Yale College, and by Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin. At a later time Morse devised a machine for carving marble, which he abandoned on learning that a similar device had already been patented. There is nothing, however, in such records as these to show that interest in mechanical contrivance ever seriously rivaled his devotion to art. Nor on his return to America, in the fall of 1832, did he entertain any thought of abandoning his profession. Though he never forgot the telegraph, he continued to paint and to work hard in behalf of the still young Academy of Design. But a few years later he met with a disappointment—the denial of his application for a commission to paint a historic picture in one of the panels of the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington —which struck his artistic ambition dead. It is a strange story this, of how Morse was deprived of his great opportunity as an artist through a whim of the self-opinionated John Quincy Adams, and through the well-meant but characteristically tactless intervention of Fenimore Cooper. From this time on Morse's references to painting are retrospective and melancholy.

The second volume of the *Letters and Journals* tells with a satisfying completeness and with an interesting precision of detail the thrilling story of Morse's strenuous struggle to secure the recognition and adoption of the telegraph. The fact that the story is told largely in the inventor's own words adds, of course, very much to the impressiveness of the narrative, while the perfectly simple and uncontroversial tone of Morse's references to every point that has fallen into dispute produce conviction. It is impossible to doubt the rightfulness of his claim to originality as regards all the essential features of his invention. The alphabetic code was in his mind even at the time when he thought it most practicable to use numbers as symbols for words. There is evidence to show that Morse's discovery of the principle of the relay not only was made independently of the discoveries of Davy, Wheatstone, and Henry, but antedated them by a year or two. A letter never before published shows that the discovery of duplex telegraphy—credited by some authorities to Moses G. Farmer in 1852, by others to Gintl, of Vienna, in 1853, or to Frischen or Siemens and Halske in 1854—was in fact made by Morse and his assistant, Dr. Fisher, in 1842, and that its practicability was demonstrated to scientists and others in Washington at that date.

It is good to find that the life-story of Samuel F. B. Morse as told

in the *Letters and Journals*, possessing, as it needs must, a compelling historic interest, is one of the most readable of American biographies and one of the most rewarding in its depiction of life and of character.

LIMITATIONS ON THE TREATY-MAKING POWER. By HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company, 1915.

Few books dealing with a large and complex subject in a thorough and comprehensive manner can be read with so much pleasure as can Mr. Tucker's work upon the limitations of the treaty-making power under the Constitution. In a very unusual measure, the author combines argumentative skill with literary urbanity. Mr. Tucker makes of exposition as fine an art as did Archbishop Whately. Never once—and this cannot always be said of the most highly trained of modern scholars—never once, through all the complexities of his theme, does Mr. Tucker allow the reader to lose the thread of the main argument. Nor has he cramped the natural development of his subject in the interests of a curtly clear treatment. Avoiding that unlovely stiffness of style into which even practised writers, in their efforts to guard against confusion, are prone to fall, the author is able, easily and with no sacrifice of clearness or elegance, to dissect arguments in detail and to draw out the full force of illustrations. In short, Mr. Tucker has written a shapely treatise—a treatise in which a difficult subject is unfolded in the full and leisurely manner that its proper appreciation demands, but without that excessive or ill-designed elaboration which taxes the reader's patience. Those who can combine serious interest in a matter of national importance with esthetic enjoyment of exquisitely precise and well-phrased reasoning will read the book with twofold contentment.

"My object," writes the author, "is to present in a simple and concrete form, in the discussion in these pages, not the general power of making treaties as applied to nations, nor what *ought to be* the full scope of such power in the United States, but what, under the Constitution of the United States, *is* the power of the United States to make and ratify binding treaties." The book, in fact, is perhaps the most consistently thought-out and historically thorough treatise that has been written, or that can well be written, in support of the view that the treaty-making power conferred by the Constitution upon the Federal Government is limited by the reserved rights of the States. As the result of keen and exhaustive analysis, Mr. Tucker arrives at certain definite conclusions regarding the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the treaty-making power. Of these the one which seems most open to controversy is that which concerns the police power of the States. "Personal and property rights of every kind and description may be the subject of treaties. Whenever the control or protection of such rights is, under the Constitution, confided to any department of the Government or to a State, such

department or State, as the Constitutional repository of such rights, cannot be ousted of their jurisdiction by having the same transferred to the treaty-making power." In support of this view, which has of course the most direct bearing upon the late Japanese-California controversies, the author quotes explicit decisions of the Supreme Court in many recent and clearly pertinent cases—notably the opinion of the Court in the case of Compagnie Française, &c. *v.*, Board of Health, which involved a conflict between the action of the Board of Health of the State of Louisiana, operating under a law of that State, and a treaty between France and the United States. In this opinion, Justice White declared that "the treaty was made subject to the enactment of such health laws as the local conditions might evoke, and not paramount to them." What has seemed to many thinkers a serious obstacle to the acceptance of the general doctrine enunciated in this and other opinions—namely, the undoubted right of Congress to regulate commerce—is completely explained away by Mr. Tucker. The grant of power to regulate commerce, he holds, is a specific grant, just as is the grant of police power to the States. On the other hand, the grant of the treaty-making power is general and unlimited, since it may apply to any subject-matter, including commerce. Now when a specific grant conflicts with a general grant, the latter must give way, and hence the treaty-making power must give way to the police power of the States, though from this it by no means follows that the power of Congress to regulate commerce is subject to a similar restriction.

It would be no easy task briefly to sum up the whole of Mr. Tucker's discussion; and, indeed, any brief summary would be unfair to the author, slurring over, as it necessarily would, the finer points of his argument. On the other hand, no one of his contentions can well be set forth apart from its whole context, for each has its place in a complete nexus of proof. It may be said that if one disagrees with Mr. Tucker, one cannot help knowing to a nicety just how and where one disagrees, so complete, so perspicuous, and so fair is his treatment of the whole subject. And the disagreement, if it exists, can hardly be one of reasoning, for Mr. Tucker's logic is extraordinarily compelling. More probably it will prove to be based upon something more fundamental than the formal logic of the case—perhaps upon a conception of what *ought to be* rather than what *is*.

How Belgium Saved Europe. By Charles Sarolea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1915.

Written in a tone of studied moderation, and in that temper of exalted resignation to the overruling will which the war on the whole has tended to inspire, Dr. Sarolea's book is well designed to deepen the impression of Belgian heroism and to confirm the belief generally prevalent in this country that not only in the larger ethical sense, but

in regard to every technical point that can be raised, Belgium has been wholly in the right. The author, who is Belgian consul at Edinburgh, is personally acquainted with most of the Belgians who have helped to make recent history. He has enjoyed the confidence of King Albert. Moreover, since almost the beginning of hostilities he has been present at the scene of events as war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. He is thus well fitted to write of Belgium's political situation at the beginning of the war, of the character and aims of King Albert as compared with those of his predecessor, King Leopold, of the character of the Belgian people as a whole, and of their temper during the early stages of the struggle. Logically and vividly he depicts the progress of events within the stricken country, noting some facts not widely known—such as the smallness of the garrisons in the forts around Liège—and explaining some facts not generally understood—the fact, for example, that the Liège forts held out so much longer than the town. On the whole, he emphasizes most heavily the fact that Belgium was forced to undertake far more than was originally contemplated in her own or the Allies' plans of defense. "The Belgian plan of campaign was extraordinarily simple, but it implied two assumptions. The Belgians were to limit themselves to a vigorous defensive; the French were to follow up with a vigorous offensive. Belgium did not limit herself to the defensive. Belgium diverted against herself the whole weight of the German attack. On the other hand, France did not at once take up a vigorous offensive. France made her imprudent and premature effort in the direction of Alsace-Lorraine." These general assertions are confirmed and their consequences developed in striking detail. But although Dr. Sarolea's book will appeal to all friends of Belgium as an eloquent and well-informed presentation of her point of view, it contains rather little that is new in the way of either military or political knowledge.

VISIONS AND REVISIONS. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1915.

Mr. Powys is a critic of astonishing brilliancy and insight. Among modern writers upon literature there are few who approach him in the power of perfectly identifying himself with the spirit of the writer whom he describes; there is hardly one who so often gives the reader occasion for a kind of inward shout of joy. A hatred of shallow creeds and narrow dogmas gives vigor and point to his style; a serious and profound feeling for life as a whole lends fervor to his appreciation of strong thoughts and beautiful imaginings. And about the greatest of the writers of whom he treats—about Shakespeare, about Goethe, about Dante, about Dickens—he is in the main tremendously right. There can be no question of his power to guide and almost miraculously to deepen appreciation.

This, in fact, is all that he professes to do. He disclaims philo-

sophic narrowness, and simply relates the adventures of his own soul. And yet he has a philosophy—of course. "If there is any unity in these essays," he writes, "it will be found in a blurred and stammered attempt to indicate how far it may be possible, in spite of the limitations of our ordinary nature, to live in the light of the 'grand style.' . . . I mean that we can live in the atmosphere, the temper, the mood, the attitude toward things which 'the grand style' they [the great writers] use, evokes and sustains." And the users of the 'grand style' are those who have learned that the most important thing in the world is to realize to the fullest limit of their consciousness what it means to be born a Man. All this "has nothing to do with 'right' or 'wrong.' . . . The whole thing consists in growing vividly conscious of those moods and events which are permanent and human as compared with other moods and events which are transitory and unimportant."

This approach to criticism is immensely attractive, in the first place just because it gives a superior significance to the great writers, defying the curse of philistinism and reconciling one's moral with one's esthetic feelings; in the second place, because it suggests the possibility of finding a noble and satisfying way of life outside the narrow confines of any moral system or religious creed—in human nature itself as found at its strongest and freest in great literature.

As one reads on, one discovers that nothing annoys Mr. Powys so much as a shallow optimism. In this feeling one is inclined to join. Nothing *is* more annoying than a shallow optimism. If there is much in this world that is unaccountably good, there is much also that is unaccountably evil, and to profess disbelief in the latter smacks of ignorance or hypocrisy. Mr. Powys, moreover, shows no exclusive preference for those writers who begin with the thesis that "life is a tale told by an idiot," and end with it. Nevertheless, his pessimism goes deep. One begins to see, moreover, that he recommends not merely courage and resignation to the will of the gods, but almost any form of esthetic *escape* from the inconsistency and cruelty of life which a kind of fundamental decency permits. Thus he commends somewhat extravagantly the epicureanism of Pater, the poses and caprices of Charles Lamb, deepening these attitudes toward life to profundity and exalting them to heroism.

Just what this point of view may ultimately mean may be best seen in that passage in which Mr. Powys describes his manner of instructing "the Innocents" in regard to the philosophy of Walter Pater. "I try to explain," he informs us, "how . . . it is our right to test every single experience that life can offer, short of those which would make things harder, narrower, less easy, for 'the other person.' And if my Innocents ask—as they sometimes do—Innocents are like that!—'Why must we consider the other person?' I answer—for no *reason*, and under no threat or danger or categorical imperative; but simply because we have grown to be the sort of animal, the sort

of queer fish, who *cannot* do the things 'that he would.' It is not, I try to indicate, a case of conscience; it is a matter of taste. . . ."

In opposition to the point of view so consistently and successfully applied to criticism by Mr. Powys, it is possible to urge that the great writers are not, after all, "the Law and the Prophets"; that the untutored mind may without them discover the way of life through religious intuition; that what the untutored mind really lacks and what the great writers teach is tolerance, catholicity, that power of imaginative sympathy which makes man feel less lonely and gives a touch of dignity to his poor estate. And if one may be permitted to emulate a certain comfortable brusqueness of speech in which Mr. Powys sometimes indulges, one may suggest that to call the sense of right and wrong a "matter of taste" is perhaps quite as much damned foolishness as are some other things; that it is, possibly, to quote the words of Manson in *The Servant in the House*, "both foolish and damned."

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE CHIEF LIBERAL ORGAN'S ANALYSIS

(*From the Westminster Gazette*)

THOSE who are exploring the mind of America in regard to the present war will find abundant material in the Third Centennial Number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which was delivered in London at the end of last week. Two articles, in particular, catch the eye. One by the editor, Mr. George Harvey, defends President Wilson, and takes the rather singular form of an open letter to Lord Northcliffe, who is wholly innocent of the press comments in this country of which Mr. Harvey complains; the other, by Mr. Garrison Villard, deals in anticipation with the Peace Treaty, and urges a bold initiative upon President Wilson when the right time arrives. The two writers have this in common, that they propound the same theory of President Wilson's present policy. The President has been much blamed by a large number of Americans, including Mr. Roosevelt, as well as by some Englishmen, because, while he has kept silent about the violation of Belgian neutrality, the destruction of Louvain, and other exhibitions of German frightfulness, he has intervened on subjects touching the pecuniary and material interests of America. Two explanations have generally been suggested for his silence, the one—uncharitable and antecedently improbable—that he was thinking of the next Presidential election and was anxious not to offend the German vote; the other, prudential and by no means discreditable, that, being under no obligation to involve his country in the European struggle, he was determined not to make verbal protests which might be flouted with impunity. Mr. Harvey and Mr. Villard have a third theory, which, we imagine, is propounded with authority. This is that President Wilson is looking ahead to the part which he may have to play in the peace negotiations, and is determined to keep himself uncompromised for that eventuality. Mr. Harvey writes:

I believe that I am quite within bounds in saying that the great majority of our people approved the course pursued by President Wilson, upon the theory that any seeming infraction of our professed neutrality, in itself of no practical effect, might subsequently operate to rob our Government of opportunities to render real service to those whom we would befriend and whose success we ardently desired then, as we do even more strongly now. Your Government apparently understood this, else they would have indicated in some way their dissatisfaction; but your people clearly did not and do not now—a most regrettable circumstance, for which, as it seems to me, nobody can be justly blamed.

Mr. Villard looks forward to the same event:

Behind the President stands the sound, generous, and united public opinion of the American people, and that can be focused and expressed when the hour

comes. How to make it tell is the President's task; it cannot be impossible when the belligerents have already besought us to exert it. Failure, of course, may be the President's lot. The bitter hatreds being aroused may end the possibility of even his good offices; but emphatically this is a case where not failure, but low aim, will be the crime. The opportunity is to serve not merely America and the belligerents, but all mankind. And the people of this country would hail as another Lincoln a President who could translate into action their ardent desire to render this service and to give expression to our own pacific aims. By the side of this of what importance is a formal declaration that the United States views with regret the violation of Belgian neutrality? All the world knows that it does; to record it officially might be to antagonize two great nations and to tie our hands for the "final help" which the London *Times* says the United States must give.

Whether this is the true explanation of President Wilson's conduct it is not for us to say, and in any case we have no ground of complaint. But the implications of this particular plea are worth examining, for they have an important bearing on the future action of the United States.

Mr. Villard, apparently, contemplates a victory for the Allies and a disposition on the part of the Allies to make an immoderate use of their victory. "It is precisely," he says, "for the two offending nations" (*i. e.*, the nations whose offenses have not been rebuked) "that the United States ought to step into the breach. The victors, if victors the Allies prove to be, must needs be checked unless smoldering animosities like those left by the peace of 1871 and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine are to rankle for another forty years, then to burst into flames again. Already in England they are beginning to see this. . . . The 'Union of Democratic Control' has been founded, one of the objects of which is to influence the terms of peace so that at least no province or territory shall be torn from its present allegiance, except by the consent of the people, duly registered by a fair vote." . . . "American opinion particularly must be directed towards safeguarding the best interests of Germany when the war ends, for the claims of her people on us cannot be denied, however we may reprobate her participation in the struggle or the policies of her General Staff. This will be the time to show how deep-seated is the friendship between the two nations, and to prove that we remember how German brain and brawn have helped to make this country what it is."

Thus, according to Mr. Villard, Germany is to be beaten, but the United States is to weigh in on her side to mitigate the penalties which she might otherwise have to pay for defeat. On this showing it is not very easy to say why the United States should remain silent in the mean time. She would be in no worse position for helping Germany, and in a considerably better position to influence the Allies, if at the critical moment she were able to say that she had used her influence against the excesses of their enemies. On Mr. Villard's showing the United States would be helping Germany actively at the end of the war, passively during the continuance of the war.

Mr. Villard is tactless, and this, we are sure, is not President Wilson's intention. The President stands for complete neutrality in thought as well as in action, and it would not be in conformity with that attitude to anticipate that intervention will be necessary to save Germany from an immoderate use of victory by the Allies. We turn to Mr. Harvey, and his article throws real light on the attitude of those Americans—he describes them as "the great majority"—who stand by the President in his careful neutrality, while generally sympathizing with the Allies. Certain things he says with blunt

frankness. The United States are not going to interfere for our *beaux yeux*. They do not acknowledge ties of kinship, they do not consider that "as a political entity" they are in debt to England. They have no obligations to France or Russia requiring "embroilment in causes not their own." But their intellectual and moral sympathies are with our *cause*, and they judge that even better than we do. For "the real issue is not," he says, "as your people seem to think, mere militarism; it is the hideous conception of which militarism is but one of many manifestations; it is despotism itself; the despotism which united our people originally in armed resistance, and which is no less hateful to us now than it was then." In support of this thesis Mr. Harvey furnishes a searching analysis of the characteristic Prussian doctrines as propounded by Treitschke, and concludes with a passage which should give ample satisfaction to Englishmen:

> Neutral? Yes, in the name of the nation, but not in our heart of hearts. We are for the England which has been gradually freeing the world while Germany has been planning to enslave it. No one of the great colonies which owe her so much and are responding so nobly to her call is more true to the glorious aspiration for which now she is giving her life-blood than these United States. Gradually and gropingly, I admit, but assuredly at last we have attained a realization and understanding which at the moment of effectiveness will render it impossible for any titular Government to fail to do its full part.

So, according to both these writers, American neutrality is only a prelude to action at "the moment of effectiveness," but there is an essential difference between the kind of action that they contemplate. Mr. Garrison Villard looks forward to protecting Germany from the exorbitancy of the victorious Allies; Mr. Harvey to helping the world—we will not say the Allies—to emancipate itself from the despotism which has made militarism and produced this terrible conflict. The proposition must be left vague, or Mr. Harvey's neutrality might be compromised, like Mr. Villard's. But it is at least conceivable that at the end of this war the co-operation of the United States in securing the peace of the civilized world and its freedom from the burdens of militarism may be a highly important, if not an essential, condition to a permanent settlement.

A CANADIAN OPINION

(*From the Toronto Mail*)

In a recent letter to the London *Times* Colonel Harvey, the noted American writer, pointed out the possibility of Great Britain and the United States drifting apart. The *Times* was of opinion that Colonel Harvey was mistaken, and that whatever friction between the two countries may have been produced by the war will speedily disappear, and that when it is over they will be found much as they were before. The London *Spectator* claims the privilege of a life-long friend of the United States to voice its apprehension upon this subject. That there was general disappointment in Great Britain that the United States as the chief neutral country of the world did not at least protest against the violation of Belgium's neutrality by Germany, and later on against the inhuman methods of warfare that had been adopted by Germany, is not to be denied. There was also some irritation that the first American protest should have concerned itself with restrictions placed upon American trade by the British cordon blockade of German ports, especially

in view of the fact that the Allies are spending tens of millions of dollars in the United States for munitions of war. There is a disposition in some quarters to suspect Uncle Sam of being chiefly interested in matters that concern his own pocket, but in face of the great work that American hospitals and American philanthropists have been doing in Belgium this sneer is undeserved.

In discussing the matter the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, one of the most influential newspapers in the United States, blames the American Government for the secrecy with which it has conducted its foreign negotiations, and says: "There is no possible question as to the extent and the intensity of American sympathy with the Allies." Nor, we think, has this ever been questioned in any responsible British newspaper. It was not to have been expected that the United States Government, whose chief and vital duty was to keep out of the fighting, should have formally passed a motion of sympathy with Great Britain in her hour of trouble. Between the masses of the American people and the American Government a sharp distinction must be always kept in mind. It is the great newspapers of the United States, and not the President and Cabinet, who really represent the American nation at this time. With the people the British Empire was never before held in such high esteem, and relations between the two countries after the war is over ought to be more brotherly than ever before.

PENROSE

(*From the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*)

"Why not Penrose for President?" asks Colonel Harvey, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

We were on the point of answering with another question, "Well, why not, Colonel?" when the thought occurred that Harvey was speaking as a proponent or protagonist of the Pennsylvania Senator, whose popularity was so largely manifested in the primary and general elections of this State last year. He simply challenges any one to produce a reason why Penrose should not be acclaimed generally for President, and if any one has the temerity to attempt it the Colonel will unsheath his trenchant pen and say something sassy.

But, seriously, didn't Colonel Harvey get enough of President-making previous to the election of 1912 when he was Warwicking around with *Harper's Weekly* in behalf of Woodrow Wilson? We dislike to recall to the Colonel's mind that unpleasant incident in the story of his life in which his candidate asked him to suspend publication, for the reason that he was doing the cause more harm than good, but surprise that he should resume President-making in spite of it makes it impossible to do otherwise. The Colonel has brought this on himself. Perhaps, however, he is impressed by contemplation of the public career of Penrose that ingratitude is not one of the Senator's failings, and that, unlike another whom the Colonel boomed for first place in the hearts of his countrymen, the Senator may express appreciation of the motive even if not accepting the service.

(*From the Worcester Post*)

"Why not Penrose for President?" asks Colonel Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. No better fit could be possible for the purposes of the reactionist Republican plunderbund.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT

(*From the New York Sun*)

The *Sun* has deferred until the proper moment the pleasant duty of congratulating THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW upon a rounded century of useful and honorable existence. It is our senior by eighteen years and four months. The whole year 1915 is being celebrated in the anniversary way by THE NORTH AMERICAN, but its actual birth month was May in 1815, and it is therefore just entering upon its second great cycle.

A long succession of able editors, including some of the most eminent of American men of letters, has given uninterrupted distinction to the pages of this REVIEW and imparted considerable variety to its policy and style. No other editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN has dared to attempt so marked a departure from conventional lines as that which has been noted since Colonel George Harvey concentrated his intelligent energies upon the conduct of the venerable publication.

In past days THE NORTH AMERICAN may have been edited at times with equal wisdom and equal dignity, but surely never in the twelve hundred months of its respectable life has it been edited with so flexible a wit, with so keen a sense of the relative value of actualities, with so expert a knowledge of what written things are of human interest.

Colonel Harvey has made of the old magazine a vehicle of real power and a creature of real grace; a trip-hammer and a bibelot; the sort of engine which it used to be the fashion to describe as capable either of coming down hard enough to pulverize a steel ingot or of descending so gently as to rest on a watch crystal without crushing it. The latter treatment is that which the Hon. Woodrow Wilson seems to be getting.

We beg leave to renew to THE NORTH AMERICAN and its admirable editor the assurances of our distinguished consideration.

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

One hundred years ago, May, 1815, the first number of this, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, was published, and it is safe to say that at no time during the century of its existence has it been more vigorous or more influential. The editor's open letter to the London *Times*, printed in a recent number, attracted wide attention at home and abroad. The later article, on the Secretary of the Navy, was one of great ability. In this, the May number, Mr. Harvey writes concerning "Government and the War," a reply to Mr. Roosevelt's charges and accusations, which he takes up, one by one, and effectually discredits them.

(*From the Boston Herald*)

Boston from the start has had intimate associations with THE REVIEW. It has furnished such editors as Everett and Lowell, and Harvard has supplied others, as Jared Sparks and Dana. Thousands will plead with Mr. Lodge to a "personal affection" for the magazine. And it is far younger to-day than many a juvenile monthly with pretty girls on their covers and best-sellers between them. Nowadays, with Col. George Harvey in the chair, it coruscates and scintillates, all unconscious of its venerable age.

(*From the Troy Times*)

The masters of English political satire of the eighteenth century might well admit as entitled to their literary fellowship Col. George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Where was there ever a more keenly thrusting review of a career than that in the April number of the century-old NORTH AMERICAN? No living American can parallel Colonel Harvey's writing in this vein.

(*From the Houston Post*)

Each succeeding issue in its hundredth-anniversary year equals, if it does not surpass, its predecessor.

(*From the Albany Times-Union*)

We do not know how THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW can be any better than it is; but if there is a way Colonel Harvey will find it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT THE VOTE INDICATES

SIR,—Your analysis of the 1914 vote, and what it indicates as to the strength of the parties and as a pointer for 1916, is highly interesting and instructive. It seems to demonstrate that President Wilson has no strong personal popularity among the people. The party is still the minority party, and its only rational hope of winning in 1916 is a continued division of the Progressives and Republicans—or some complication growing out of war conditions that will unite the nation regardless of domestic politics.

With a fairly progressive attitude by the Republicans it is a political certainty that practically all the Progressives will have returned to the Republican fold. With that condition prevailing, the Democratic party will drop back to its old position in the rear rank. The 1914 election has made it clear that it can hope for no accessions. It can hardly hope for such luck as to be twice in succession elected as a minority party.

Aside from these deductions, kindly permit me to call your attention to some other features of the vote which demonstrate that the Democratic strength in the electoral college and in Congress is not based on popular support. Comparing the vote in all Democratic States with the vote in eleven Republican States, as shown by your tables, this anomalous condition is shown:

	Electoral Votes	Popular Votes	Average Popular Vote to Each Electoral Vote
D.—Alabama	12	79,972	6,664
R.—Minnesota	12	292,524	24,376
D.—Arkansas	9	44,671	4,463
R.—West Virginia	8	222,215	27,776
D.—Florida	6	22,761	3,790
R.—North Dakota	5	81,079	16,215
D.—Louisiana	10	49,412	4,941
R.—Kansas	10	474,007	47,400
D.—South Carolina	9	32,950	3,295
R.—Connecticut	7	163,920	23,417
D.—Mississippi	10	36,060	3,606
R.—Iowa	13	388,141	29,857
D.—Texas	20	173,177	8,658
R.—Ohio	24	1017,366	42,390
D.—Virginia	12	82,184	6,922
R.—Michigan	15	373,307	24,867

	Electoral Votes	Popular Votes.	Average Popular Vote to Each Electoral Vote
D.—Georgia	14	205,652	14,689
R.—New Jersey	14	362,841	25,817
D.—North Carolina	12	211,477	17,620
R.—Massachusetts	18	442,155	24,564
D.—Tennessee	12	184,144	15,337
R.—Illinois	29	967,091	33,348
SUMMARY:			
11 Democratic States with	126	1,121,660	8,902
8 (Omitting Ga., Tenn., and N. C.)	88	520,387	5,913
11 Republican States with	154	4,784,646	31,069

What do these figures mean? That in Democratic strongholds only a small fraction of the people participate in the Government; while the reverse is true in Republican States. That in the election of Presidents, one vote in Alabama counts as much as four votes in Minnesota; one vote in Arkansas counts as much as six votes in West Virginia; one vote in Florida equals five votes in North Dakota; one vote in Louisiana balances ten votes in Kansas; one vote in South Carolina equals seven votes in Connecticut; one vote in Mississippi bulks as large as eight votes in Iowa, etc., etc.

In Congress a similar discrepancy exists as to the number of votes each member represents. To this amazing difference are added two other elements, which emphasize the differences in the power of a vote in different sections of the country. Owing to the solidarity of the Southern vote, it dominates the Democratic party; and owing to the absence of political activity in those States the same representatives are returned for many years in succession. Under the rule of promotion by seigniority it happens that the chairmanships of committees under a Democratic organization of Congress goes in disproportionate numbers to this group of members elected by a handful of votes.

Thus we find Congress dominated by members whose voting constituency is a neglible quantity. To call such a Government a Government of the people is a violent and dangerous stretch of the imagination. Yet, but for this condition, the Democratic party would have been dead and buried fifty years ago.

That this condition of government without popular participation should continue without interruption for half a century must appear as a reflection on our form of government. And the most serious phase of the question is that in this zone there is an effectual blockade against all forms of political activity looking toward the exercise of individual judgment of public questions. No national campaign is ever carried on in those sacred precincts; there exists no free press worthy of note. One side only of political questions is discussed on the platform or in the newspapers. The only agitation of a political nature arises from personal contests for public office between candidates of the same political party. That the people of these States are not of one mind is attested by the insignificance of the vote cast. Can a more perfect travesty on popular government be imagined? Yet this condition is the bulwark, the 42-centimeter gun, of the Democratic party.

J. D. Evans.

Kenesaw, Nebraska.

HE DISAGREES WITH MR. DUKE

SIR,—It was with a great deal of interest that I read the article in the April number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled "Politics and Prosperity," by James B. Duke. I have great respect for the article, in that it is the expression of the point of view of the great majority of business men.

As I read that article I felt that I should like to take issue with your esteemed contributor in regard to free trade and the Administration's free-trade policy.

In the first place, he would have us believe that it was the deliberate policy of our Government to lower the tariff for the sole purpose of increasing our foreign purchases. That such should be the case is necessarily inevitable, but he is not justified in assuming that an increase of imports would diminish the opportunities for employment. It undoubtedly would release labor from the less productive industries, but it would only make it available for the more productive industries. He seems oblivious to the fact that imports always tend to equal exports, that these increased imports must necessarily be paid for by increased exports, and not gold.

He, seemingly, is an exponent of the old seventeenth-century mercantilism. He would have us believe that the welfare of our country is dependent on a balance of trade, a balance of exports over imports. He would have us exchange consumable goods for gold bars. He forgets that this incoming gold would so inflate prices as to make continued exportation impossible.

Again, he displays a surprising ignorance of the existence of free-trade policies. Let him consult, if he will, the tariff history of this country, and he will find that a free-trade doctrine lived and was discussed in 1789, and that free trade has always had its exponents since that time. Whether I should have been a free-silver advocate in 1896 I do not know, but I do know that I am in favor of free trade in 1915.

With all due respect for Mr. Duke, and the great mass of business men he represents, to whom no small amount of this country's industrial success may be attributed, I must confess that I am not in harmony with their trade-balance ideas; it seems to me that the industrial evolution of all mankind has been from independence to interdependence. I hope and believe that it will continue to be the case; and I feel assured that this final interdependence will be one of the greatest factors in the final realization of universal peace.

CLETUS V. WOLFE.

BLOOMVILLE, OHIO.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND

SIR,—I write this to thank you for your letter to Lord Northcliffe and the London *Times*. Nothing published that I have seen so completely expresses the sentiment of the American people toward the people of England. I wish it could be read by every intelligent man and woman in both countries. It not only expresses the sentiment, but it gives the reason for the existence of the sentiment. The subject is a delicate one to discuss, but you did it ably, discreetly, and effectively.

Should your fear "that the two peoples are gradually growing asunder from this sentiment" eventuate, it will be a sad day for Christendom, as the evangelization of the race depends upon the final action of these two nations.

The reference to England's hypocritical conduct during our War of the Rebellion was fitting, and adroitly done. But beyond all, and above all, were those candid, true words: "Neutral? Yes, in the name of the nation, but not in our heart of hearts." Like all your letters, it is complete, exhaustive, and will help to correct and establish a better state of feeling between the two nations.

Incidentally, I wish, as one of the common people, to say that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a very important factor in our nation. Like your friend from Georgia, I wish that "the bounteous storehouse of knowledge of THE REVIEW could fill the news-stands of our country, instead of the inferior periodicals of fiction and romance." I rejoice that for a hundred years its stalwart influence for the right has blessed our people.

Please pardon this letter from an old man whose next birthday will be his ninety-second.

Seventy years ago I first read THE REVIEW, and have read it at intervals since. I have several volumes, and prize them highly. It stands at the head of literature in this country. May God bless and keep it for all time as an organ for the improvement and exaltation of man.

J. S. BOIES.

VILLISCA, IOWA.

THE GREATEST OF WORLD'S FAIRS

SIR,—I always read your editorials with the greatest of pleasure. Needless to say, I was not exactly pleased with the last one on page thirty-two of the April number. It is not right for a magazine with so large a circulation as yours to put such a slight on the World Exposition now being held at our gates. Just to see the artistic groupings of trees and shrubs, the wondrous beauty of the hundreds of thousands of flowers, and, more than all, the wonderful harmony of color, is alone worth a trip across the continent. I am not even speaking of the buildings, on which $50,000,000 has been expended, or of the exhibits, which represent $300,000,000 more. They speak for themselves. I have already been forty-three times, and I have not seen one-fourth of its beauties yet. I have traveled the world over, and never have I seen any one thing so beautiful as the Fine Arts Building at night, with its trees, its statuary, its coloring, its architecture, all reflected in its lagoon, and each part brought out in relief by the wonderful lighting effects. Pity unto you and all who may not have an opportunity of visiting this beauty-spot during the brief ten months of its existence!

A SUBSCRIBER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

[We meant no slight upon the great exposition. Everybody who has seen it says that it is the most artistic and impressive ever made by mortals. The whole United States should go.—EDITOR.]

A STATESMAN-LIKE UTTERANCE

SIR,—I have just finished reading "A Letter to *The Times*" in the March edition of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and want to congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. Statesman-like in its utterance, profound in its

reasoning, and so fair and impartial in its deductions, it will live for centuries to come, and your name with it.

Would that every man, woman, and child in this great country of ours could "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what you have written!

I am so heartily in accord with all you say, and under such deep obligation to you for saying what has all the time been in my own mind, but without the power to express it, that I simply can't resist writing you; and I wish you godspeed in the noble work that you are doing.

I hope some day to have the pleasure of meeting you personally and thanking you for what you have done.

S. L. SHOBER.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

FROM A FRIENDLY DEBTOR

SIR,—Your advice of the expiration of my subscription, and inquiry as to my desire of renewal, received to-day. In reply I beg to say that I have already shown my appreciation of THE REVIEW by a yearly subscription through an agency.

Will you not allow me to thank you for the many delightful hours of most pleasant as well as instructive reading your pages have afforded me. I would not now do without THE REVIEW. The contributions by the editor alone are worth the price of subscription. Please continue to make us your debtors.

B. H. LASTROPE.

NAPOLEONVILLE, LA.

A POET'S EXCESSIVE ASSURANCE

SIR,—Allow me, along with so many others, to congratulate you on the one-hundredth birthday of THE REVIEW.

My father and grandfather read it, my "uncles, aunts, and cousins" read it, and I always read it and think it grows better and better.

I beg to differ with my fellow-townsman, O. S. Pulliam, in his estimate of William Watson's poem, and of your reply to the same. I allow the poem some literary merit, but I think your reply the best ever. Nothing but sarcasm could answer what I call Mr. Watson's excessive assurance.

MRS. J. R. CRAIG.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DANTE AND "THE REVIEW"

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was a pioneer, in this country, in arousing interest in Dante at a time when, outside of Italy, the greatest poet of all ages was unknown, misunderstood, or even scorned. In this year of THE NORTH AMERICAN'S centennial, which happens to be the year also of the six-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Dante's birth, it is interesting to look back over the articles about Dante printed in your magazine during the last century.

In March, 1819, attention was called to the appearance of Cary's translation of *The Divine Comedy* as opening a new era of Dante study among English-

speaking peoples. In April, 1846, the American edition of Cary was heralded as an important literary event, and in each of these early issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN there was added an article of at least twenty pages of appreciative and helpful commentary on the poem. In April, 1866, the following notice appeared in THE REVIEW: "During the last year all European and American students were moved to take part in the great national festival at Florence in honor of the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. New translations of *The Divine Comedy* appeared in Germany, France, England, and America." In July, 1847, another long article about Dante, with particular reference to his translators, occasioned by the publication of Longfellow's version, appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN. This new translation was called "a testimony of honor to Dante from another world than his—and of sympathy with Italy in her fulfilment of the patriotic longings and counsels of her greatest son."

And now, after fifty years more have passed since Dante's birth, is anything being done to mark the anniversary?

Italy has recently been planning a national, critical edition of Dante's complete works, to be published in 1921. Even if Italy eventually enters the war, and this great undertaking is delayed, neither her soldiers nor her statesmen will forget Dante, as they fight for the future welfare of Europe, for they are still moved by deep national pride in the kind of patriotism which Dante aroused and which has stirred the Italians many a time since once they began to heed his words and emulate his example. Though Italy long turned a deaf ear to the call of her greatest prophet, she is now realizing some of the political ideals and social customs which Dante had most urgently and persistently advocated as necessary reforms. And Italy, so recently rent by terrible earthquakes, her people led, as one body, in the work of relief by King and Pope, cannot possibly forget, even in the event of war, the Christian poet and seer who taught her the only right relation between Church and State—what brotherly love and Christianity really mean.

And what of America? In these terrible days of conflict, when men can scarcely think of anything but the war, how can America possibly feel or arouse interest in Dante? The world will surely look to this country for leadership not merely in the task of helping the nations to re-establish peace, but also in the important work, to be begun even now, of preparation for such peace as shall become universal and permanent. It is right here, in this work of preparation, that we Americans can, and should, contribute something to the cause of peace through the study of Dante—who lived and died for the sake of universal peace. We are more and more sure that before men of different nations can live in peace, in any true sense of the term, those deep-rooted causes of war, the evil passions of men, must be eradicated and supplanted by love. Now Dante, meeting a Florentine in the third circle of the Inferno, inquires of him the causes of war, and is told that "pride, envy, and avarice are the three sparks that set men's hearts on fire." Furthermore, the main purpose of the whole *Divine Comedy* is to help men to gain those spiritual forces which will curb their baser passions and lead to brotherly love and peace.

There has recently been published in America a new translation of *The Divine Comedy*. Shall we make it the herald of Dante studies in this country during the next six years that precede the great celebration of 1921? May not America do at least something of what poor Belgium planned to do but had to give up? Why should there not be a revival of the American Dante Society, for one thing? And cannot THE NORTH AMERICAN, which did so

much a century ago to arouse interest in Dante, become again a leader in starting the campaign?

MARY W. SMYTH.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILSON AND ROOSEVELT

SIR,—I have read and reread your reply to Colonel Roosevelt's strictures upon the President's "Belgian Policy." It is not only a conclusive refutation of the Colonel's contention, but the most admirable exposition of "neutrality" and "neutralization," as provided for in the several pronouncements of The Hague Convention, which has thus far fallen under my observation. Every American should learn it by heart, and feel thankful that in this great world crisis the Republic is in the hands of a clear-visioned and courageous statesman like President Wilson. Impulsive patriotism is an excellent thing in its place, but when unrestrained by wisdom, intelligence, and forethought it is prone to play havoc with international relations and national policy.

No one can doubt the earnestness, the ability, or the Americanism of our much-loved and much-hated ex-President, but the Colonel would not be our Colonel if he ever stopped to look before or behind when taking a plunge into the depths of any vital problem. Hence it is characteristic that in trying to chase the President into Belgium he should unconsciously run away from his well-beloved "Monroe doctrine." Would that his devotion to treaty obligations had always been as keen as it is just now!

C. S. THOMAS.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER I

When Tiberius Cæsar had been some fifteen years upon the seat of Roman Empire, there arose in an inconsiderable quarter of his realm a man of a destiny so tragic and a character so commanding that a score of centuries have scarcely served to dim the appeal of his unique personality. He arose upon the Bridge of the World, shaken as it was with the passing of Roman power between Egypt and Asia, from a people whose voice among the nations was as the voice of one crying small wares in the midst of traffic. They were the Keepers of the Bridge. Their race had been born amid its ribs and buttresses, they had been swept from it by Egypt and Assyria, whence, after generations of captivity, they had found their way back to it with the instinct of homing pigeons. They sat upon the Bridge between the desert and the sea and trafficked with the nations going past; they trafficked even for the right to sit and traffic in their ancient seats. Sometimes they fought for it, but that was only when they were threatened in their sole other distinction. For they were not only a race of traffickers: they dreamed greatly.

When the bazaars were shut and the smoke of the evening sacrifice gone up, they foregathered upon the housetops with their feet tucked under them and dreamed a splendid and orderly heaven with Him of the Ineffable Name sitting in the midst of the vault, surrounded by rank on rank of Seraphim and Cherubim, angels and archangels, all singing and with flaming wings. They went further, and dreamed a world of men in the same order and symmetry, a world dripping with milk and honey, where there should be none hurt and none crying any more, and the lion and the lamb lying down together. It was, perhaps, a shopkeeper's heaven, with everything ticketed and tucked away in it—think of a people undertaking to name the whole heavenly host!—but it surpassed in grandeur, in singleness of conception, the hybrid theogonies of the pagan world as much as the Greco-Roman Zeus-Pater, the Thunderer, was surpassed by their High and Holy One Who Inhabiteth Eternity.

And for the right to worship this One-God in their own fashion,

and to keep undefiled His holy places, the Jews would fight on occasion, but it was the only thing they would fight for. Their two great national achievements—the winning forth from Egypt and the return from the captivity—they owed not to the sword, but to that quality which has made them before all others a business people. Once religious freedom was assured to them, they made what terms they could for a degree of political independence.

There are two things to remember about the Jews in thinking of the man who arose among them: that their dreaming was all of God, and that when there was anything of great import to be done, they thought of every other way to go about it rather than by fighting. It is well to keep these in mind because, however much a man of any race may seem to oppose the genius of the tribe that produced him, it is impossible that he should not take from them in some fashion the line of his direction. The third item in the resolution of the external forces that determined the mold of the man Jesus was the fact that he was sprung from a mountain people.

That was a country split into shoulders and summits, into narrow knife-cut valleys and flowering oases between high, tumbled barrens. It followed that the inhabitants were divided into tribes and half-tribes, and these into factions. It is always so in mountain countries where field is separated from field by waste, and village is buttressed against village. Carmel has its foot in the sea, Lebanon is cut off, Hermon the white-haired stands up over Naphtali, Gilead and Ephraim are divided. The Samaritans were despised by the Judeans, who found the Galileans crude; and the Galileans themselves doubted if any good thing could come out of Nazareth. When they needed, therefore, a common bond they did not find it as other tribes are prone to do, in political advantage or identity of material interests; they found it in the common dream, in the reality of a common spiritual experience. They fought for Jehovah and the holy places even though they could not agree among themselves which places were holiest. That was how it happened that the people who never achieved anything like national integrity for themselves, except for the briefest periods, were the first to effect a movement toward the universal state. For when their great man came, he walked—though they failed for the time to appreciate it—in the deep-rutted track which Hebrew thought had made for him.

The first that was heard of him was in connection with one of those singular characters which seem to have arisen from time to time among all ancient peoples—a true prophet, by all the marks, of the stripe of Malachi and Habakkuk and Jeremiah.

This John—called The Baptist—must have been a Galilean, an inhabitant of that portion of the Bridge which reached from the roots of Lebanon past Naphtali, past Tabor and Hermon, past the plain of Esdraelon, stretching to the narrow Phœnician coast, down the Rift of Jordan to the dead, desert sea. For this assumption we have the

natural temper of his mind and the fact that he was amenable to the civil authority of Herod, Tetrarch of Galilee. He took a true prophet's liberty with his sovereign by telling him exactly what he thought of him, and Herod for his part accorded John the customary recognition of kings to prophets by shutting him up in prison and finally making an end of him. But before that much had happened.

About the time that the shadow of madness began to grow upon the mind of Tiberius Claudius, Nero and the hateful race of informers fattened under the hand of Sejanus, when Herod Antipas was living openly with his brother's wife, and Aretas, father of his legal consort breathing war against him, this John began suddenly to preach the Kingdom of Heaven at hand. To the orthodox Jew, the phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" meant the specific realization of the great national dream, an institution so Hebraic in its scope and limitation that it was doubtful if the world at large had any place in it beyond a vague consignment to an outer circle of darkness where there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. Therefore, when John began to proclaim its immanence, and declare it in that high impassioned style which is the hall-mark of prophetic inspiration, the little world of Jewry went out to hear him.

In the first place, it might be true; and in the second, John was, on the whole, very good entertainment. He was an ascetic dressed in a garment of camel's-hair girt about with skins, living off the land, on seeds of sparse-grown desert shrubs, and honey from the hiving-rocks along the bluffs of Jordan. Then there was this interesting new ritual of the sprinkling of water—it was a poor Jew indeed who could not make room in his life for one more ceremonial; and he had a lively condemnation for such as are in authority, which is always pleasing to those not themselves among the authorities. Also there were devout souls who were in expectation, looking for the great day of Israel. Among them was the Man from Nazareth.

He must have come on foot from his home, a day's journey, down the deepest rift in the world—it is not for mere poetizing that the river is called Jordan, the Down-comer—to the ford where Naaman washed, where the Ark of the Covenant passed over and the reeds are still shaken in the wind out of Hauran. The soil hereabout is as red as a red heifer, streaked with marl. The river comes down between ribbons of deep poisonous green in a jungle of tamarisk and oleander. Westward Judea rises by terraces, dim under the heat haze, scarred by volcanic waste; eastward lie the level tops of Gilead, out of which the prophet Elias had so mysteriously burst upon the times of Ahab. Many thoughts of Israel past and future must have flocked with the crowds that went out to John's preaching in the shut valley of the Jordan. Crowds there must have been far beyond what is indicated by the meager report, for the prophet succeeded not only in attracting the attention of the reigning house, but in staving off his end for a year or two by reason of his popularity. But for his survival in history

and in the world beyond the Bridge he was debtor to the Man from Nazareth.

Of this man, up to the moment of his contact with John and the reorganization of his spiritual forces which took place immediately afterward, very little is known. His very name of Joshua has come down to us only in the Greek form, Jesus. Beyond that we have the mere mention of his parents, Joseph and Mary, his brothers James and Juda, Simon and Joses, and unnamed sisters. There is a tradition that he was born in Bethlehem while his mother was on a journey, all of which is set down with great circumstantiality by one Luke, a physician writing in the last quarter of the first century; but if this is true, Jesus never referred to the place and never revisited it. He was brought up in the hill town of Nazareth to his father's trade of carpenter. This much seems certain. For the rest, we have a great body of legends such as collect readily about any man of singular gift or destiny. These in their place should be examined; for the light they throw on the way in which, within a generation after his death, he came to be regarded, they have much to commend them. But of plain fact there is this precisely: a young Jew, something under thirty, of the better class of working-men, by name Joshua Ben Joseph, receiving the rite of baptism from a wild anchorite on the mud-banks of a muddy river.

There had been preaching first—perhaps psalm-singing. It would have been in the nature of a pilgrimage, this exodus from Jerusalem, from Samaria, from the parts of Galilee and the east-lying Greco-Syrian Decapolis to hear the prophet. It was a time when men looked every way for salvation. John they heard with an instinctive attempt to connect him with their past, with those of his own trade of prophecy. It was so they could best judge what his teaching might mean to the future of Israel. In their dreams the Jews looked for a Messiah, but in their hearts they expected Elijah, greatest of all True-Speaking. Among the faithful to this day is not the door left open on the paschal evening for the return of the prophet? It was hereabout that he was last seen of men, parting the Jordan with his garment, passing over dry-shod before he was taken up. . . . (*O the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!*) Memories like this prompted inquiry.

"Who art thou?" No doubt, as they waited, a supernatural thrill went over them. It was a time and a place when almost anything might happen. But John had an answer for them:

"The voice of one crying in the Wilderness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" So now, they knew him. He was the forerunner. This also was according to Scripture. But there was more of John's message, and that astonishing.

Of old time the prophets had preached to kings and high priests, to the nation in its entirety, rebuking tyrannies and putting down false gods, restoring alike the altars and the ancient liberties. The new note that came in with John was the note of personal repentance; and

not that only, but fruit mete for repentance brought forth on every bough, for "the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Judge how this was received by the Hebrew who counted himself safe in being of the stock of Abraham. "And think not," John warned them, "to say within yourselves we have Abraham to our father, for . . . God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

This was the astonishment and the affront of John's preaching. The Kingdom was at hand, and being a Jew was not of itself sufficient to get you into it. It seems certain that many of his hearers, among them Herod, rejected such doctrine. But Herod was reproved openly by John for his adulteries; and to the Pharisees and Sadducees when he saw them come to his baptism he scoffed, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned *you* to flee from the wrath to come?"

You perceive here the ancient prophetic touch both in the temper of his mind and in the imagery. It would have been the end of the dry season, and all along the heights of Gilead quick fires ran in the stubble. In his mind's eye John saw the tribes of formalists and hypocrites like swarms of vipers and scorpions scuttling before the fires unquenchable. But for the common people who came asking sincerely what they should do, John had another answer: "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." To the publicans he advised, "Exact no more than that which is appointed to you"; and to the soldiers, "Do violence to no man, neither exact anything wrongly, and be content with your wages."

An all too brief report, but explicit. In that last clause is swept away every possibility of supposing that John came to head a revolt against the power of Rome or to reconstruct the social order. This is important in connection with what happened afterward, for the teaching of the Baptist is the sole personal influence that can be traced in the work of the Man from Nazareth. Words, phrases, of the Forerunner cropped up again in his ministry; its opening slogan was the same call to repentance. On the death of its founder the first definite movement of the Christian organization was in the direction of John's programme—they had all things in common; he that had two coats imparted to him that had none, and he that had meat did likewise. Whether the disciples owed it most to Jesus or to John, it marks for the two men a common source of inspiration, a common expectation.

The message of the Baptist was the thread by which Jesus felt his way to the heart of his own mission. The Kingdom was at hand; it was to be prepared for, but the preparation had not all to do with God and man: it was bound up somehow with the relations between man and his neighbor.

All this could hardly have come of one preaching.

Years afterward Paul found Apollos, an Alexandrine convert, spreading the baptism of John as far afield as Ephesus. All of which

goes to show the pertinence of his doctrine and the man's grip on his audience. Of this there were both numbers and variety. The river here meets the highway; legionaries went by between Petra and Damascus; caravans from Egypt to all parts of Arabia. At the ford the thick ribbon of tamarisk and oleander, called the Pride of Jordan, is set back by the canebrake. Old herons go a-fishing there; the hot air of the Rift is filled with the pestiferous hum of flies. By day there would be the noise of the caravans and the purr of the sleek water; by night the friendly pilgrim camps, the brush fires of the wood-cutters, at times the roar of a lion in the jungle and the snorting of the tethered asses. Over all the voice of the prophet prevailing:

"Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. . . . But one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: . . . whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor and gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with a fire unquenchable.

"I indeed baptize you with water; . . . he shall baptize you with the holy ghost and with fire."

Among those who, hearing, went down to receive the rite of cleansing was the young man from Nazareth. As he went he felt the heavens open and the Spirit of God descend upon him; and as it were a voice saying, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

All the God-tales come straight out of the heart of man; all the devil-tales also.

There is a part of us which lies remote from the region of material sense, open to all manner of undetermined influences. We are torn by these things, exalted, cast down, informed and illumined to a degree surpassing what comes to us through the conscious intelligence. But when we speak of them it can only be in terms shaped for us by the latest guess at the nature of the disturbance—God, demon, or the spirits of ancestors. The young man from Nazareth, as he passed under the Baptist's hand through the water of baptism, knew what sounded in his soul for the voice of God the Father. He was led by it up out of the Rift of Jordan into the Wilderness. But of all that happened to him there we know no more than can be conveyed in a tale he made of it, a kind of allegory of the soul's immaterial conflict in terms of devil and angels.

It was so in those days men spoke to one another of experiences that passed below the threshold of exterior sense. Doubtless it was so understood when he told it: as a thing experienced rather than seen. Not for hundreds of years did the story of the temptation put on the gross materiality under which the Middle Ages knew it.

That it was his most significant experience we gather from the fact that it was the only thing that ever happened to Jesus which he thought worth speaking about. That he spoke of this with such particularity as to impress it on all his disciples is our warrant for believing that

nothing else out of the ordinary had ever happened to him. What he saw, what he lived through, what he heard talked about as a carpenter at Nazareth, was so undistinguished a part of the community experience that we are free to restore it from the copious researches of scholarship. Behind this thin veil of parable we have his own account of the essential elements of his genius.

Here, then, is the story of the carpenter in the Wilderness as he told it. After he had heard sounding through all his soul the acknowledgment of his Sonship, himself part and parcel of the divine being, he went up and out of the Ghor into the Wilderness of Judea between the brook Cherith and the vineyards of En-gedi, a terrible blank land, treeless, spined with low shrubs from under which the adder starts. He was around and about in it forty days, fasting. He saw vultures sailing and the blue wall of Moab through the mist of evaporation from the dead salt sea—"smoke going up for ever"—all opalescent in the unclouded light, but saw no man. He laid himself open to the sense the desert has of being possessed, of being held and occupied by personality and power. Forty days and nights the spirit led and eluded him, and at last he grappled with it. Then said the tempter, Jesus being faint with hunger, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." And again, seeing he got nothing by that method, the devil set him on a high place, as it were the pinnacle of the temple, and bade him cast himself down, since if he were the true son of God the angels should have charge over him, lest he so much as dash his foot against a stone. Finally, from a high mountain the devil showed him the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, saying: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Answering out of the deep wells of Scripture, the Man from Nazareth answered his own soul.

He had gone into the desert a carpenter, with the word of John in his ears and the call of God in his consciousness; he came out of it prophet and teacher. To know the full force in his life of the answer he found to the questing spirit, we must know what went in with him other than John's doctrine. I do not mean what schooling, what human experiences, what things observed and noted among men; for of these he had no more than was common to scores of other young men who went down to John's baptism. It was none of these things which enabled him to clear himself at the stroke of revelation of the old Hebrew notion of man apart from God, as the sheep are apart from the shepherd, of another nature and kind from him. For Israel thought of God as a sheep thinks of a shepherd—One who led by green pastures, fed, fended, or destroyed as He thought good for them. But Jesus, from the first we hear of him, comes filled with the sense of divine kinship, possessed of it as a son is possessed of the attributes of a father—an idea so germane to us now that we can scarcely realize with what effect of the heavens being opened it burst upon him.

It was not, then, any question of the relationship between himself and God that drove him to the Wilderness. There is something still to seek for the clear understanding of the parable of the Temptations: something there was between Jesus and John, something between Jesus and his disciples, which was either so well understood as to require no explanation, or so profoundly felt that it lay beyond the reach of expression. I find it in the one feature of the Hebrew religion which distinguishes it from all its contemporaries: in the conviction of the reality of righteousness.

The cult of Jehovah had outlived on its own ground the gods of Nineveh and Tyre, of Egypt and Babylon. It maintained itself in the face of dying Greco-Romanism by that one article of its faith which was never lost sight of even in its worst apostasy: namely, that ethical rightness is no mere matter of opinion, but a living principle. The pagan had no use whatever of his gods except in what they could do for him. In some fashion he recognized an essential element in things—dung-heaps, orchards, fevers—which, if he could but put himself in harmony with it, could be "worked." When it could be no longer worked in his favor he got him a new god amenable to another sort of persuasion. But Jehovah was the God of Israel conquering or Israel conquered. This point toward which we struggled so slowly with all our science, our knowledge of heredity and the constitution of human society, was the common possession of Jesus and his people: the revelation of righteousness as a thing to be eternally sought after, whether one lost or won by it.

This, then, was what lay behind and renders intelligible the fragments of Scripture with which Jesus met the importunities of his personal life, coming to him in the form of the arch-tempter on the mount of the Wilderness.

In the first and second of these we have a direct answer to two of the most vexed and mistaken problems of his name-people. To the suggestion that he should appease the desires of his man nature by causing stones to be made bread, Jesus had answered that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. It is impossible to think of this as presenting itself to the Man from Nazareth as a personal problem only—the problem of youth with its hungry desires for food, a mate, houses, trappings. This is not the story of a plain man finding himself, but of a soul unselfed from the beginning, apprised of his gifts, sure of his high calling, seeking back of the material lack of his time the essential disharmony which his message was to resolve. But whether settled for himself or for humanity, the question was never reopened. Socially minded as he showed himself to be, he must have faced here and struck out of his own course the futility of attempting to achieve the Kingdom by the relief of immediate social discomfort. Hungry as his time was, sore with poverty and injustice and oppression, when he went back to it it was not with any palliative, but with the keen

sword of the spirit. The misery of his world rose up against him, assailed him through his great gift of compassion, threatened to engulf him; but always we see him striking clear of it, committing himself to the Word with such confidence as a bird commits itself to the air or a great fish to the deep.

But if Jesus rejected the principle of direct relief as a means of bringing the Kingdom to pass, he was even more explicit in his condemnation of direct political action as establishing it. For the devil in Jesus's time was no mere hoof-and-tail bogie, but that Lucifer whose seat was once in heaven. And what else can the worship of him mean in connection with the kingdom of this world and the power and glory of them than the use of satanic means—political intrigue, jealousy, faction, conspiracy—by means of which the rebellious angels fell? We shall come closer than this to the mind of Jesus touching the social organization, but we shall get nothing more decisive than his "Get thee behind me!"

For the second item of the adventure of a soul in the Wilderness there can be no interpretation possible except we begin with what sooner or later must be allowed to Jesus—that he was a mystic. In saying this no more is implied than is true in some degree of every one of us. It is to say that the larger half of him lay consciously in that region of which we have already had occasion to speak, the unmapped region of the subconsciousness. Your true mystic is one who lives at home in that country to which most of us repair infrequently on a visit, or are snatched by compelling incidents of passion or suffering. The notion that mysticism savors somehow of impracticality leads us to deny its existence in ourselves, which amounts to a denial that there is anything in us which is immaterial or uncomprehended. To such as these it is a surprise to know that the states of mysticism preserve an orderly sequence and are accompanied by definite gains and powers. Such powers the Man from Nazareth achieved. To have endured this particular temptation he must already have been aware of them when he went up out of Jordan.

Almost the first we hear of Jesus on his return to Galilee was as a healer of men's bodies and a reader of their minds. Such powers cannot be thought of as coming leaping to the demand; they are attained by growth and development. If, then, we concede that when Jesus went into the Wilderness he knew himself possessed of such capabilities, we have, in the incident of the pinnacle from which he was to cast himself down, a symbol of the peculiar temptation of the gifted. To make himself safe, to make himself wondered at, set apart: this is the devil's bait for the saint and the adept. Whether or not this was what Jesus implied in his personal narrative, it is borne out by his whole attitude toward his special capacities. All through his career he displayed, in the use of his extraordinary gifts, a reticence and sense of proportion unequaled among men of genius.

This was the fruit of the Wilderness: the subordination of bodily

and material needs to the spiritual, based on the perception of the spiritual as the only reality: the consecration of gifts to service rather than to personal aggrandizement; the rejection of political action as a means of attaining the desired social equilibrium. If this were not the implicit meaning of the parable, it was at least a thing achieved within the scope of his personality. Throughout the remainder of his life he is plainly seen so to direct his own operations. For in this he excelled all the saints: in his spiritual efficiency. What he had determined on the mountain he went forth to preach in Galilee.

CHAPTER II

Of this Herod against whom John inveighed we shall see enough to warrant some description. A Jew by religion, Greek in culture, though with a touch of Semitic magnificence, Roman by affiliation; handsome, undisciplined, perfumed, wily, he no doubt deserved the epithet of Fox which the Man of Nazareth afterward applied to him. Fearing Rome a little and his constituents as much as rulers of the Jews have always feared them, he nevertheless claims a greater share of our attention than either of the other sons of Herod the Great among whom his kingdom was divided.

Archelaus, Ethnarch of Idumea, Judea and Samaria, came into direct conflict with the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem, was worsted by them, deposed and superseded by a procurator under the hand of the Emperor. Philip on the north, touching the borders of Galilee, loved peace and got it, and got nothing else; but if Herod, called Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, were judged less objectionable than his father, it was because his restricted field gave him fewer opportunities for getting himself disliked. Of those that he had it cannot be said that he neglected any of them.

On the present occasion he was discovering himself in the irritating position of a man who has flouted society and the gods on the grounds of a justifying passion, and finds that neither the gods nor society has accepted his justification. During a recent visit to Rome he had become enamoured of his brother's wife, whom he had brought away with him; whereupon Aretas, King of Arabia, father of his legal consort, assaulted his southern border. It was while his affairs were at this pass that John arose, shaking out the banner of prophetic denunciation.

Evidently those who accepted his moral conclusions judged John competent to deal with the situation. The Man from Nazareth, though made one of his adherents by the rite of baptism, passed to his own country without any attempt to support the Baptist's attack upon existing conditions. If from the mount of temptation he had seen the thin line of the legionaries fumbling the dry passes of the Arabian border, or, at the ford of Jordan, detachments going down from

the garrison at Capernaum to eke out the Tetrarch's slender resources, it waked in him no impulse of resistance to the established order. Wrapt still in his personal revelation, he came up out of the Rift into Galilee.

From the hills of Nazareth one sees the ships of the Empire low like a flock of gulls on the rim of the Mediterranean; below the oleanders are pink against the whitewashed walls under the olive-trees, and blunt, dark oaks overhang the strips of tillage. A little town, a butt, a Jack Dullard of a town among the smart new cities of Tiberias and Capernaum, with their Greek theaters and Roman garrisons; a little, old, shave-head, bewigged Hebrew housewife of a town, to judge by the proverb, which suckled a prophet and did not know him. But at Capernaum converged all the roads that went over the Bridge: new Roman roads, Phœnician coast roads, the oldest roads in the world between Egypt and Asia, and the traffic of the world went by on them. Herod rebuilt Tiberias and had a palace there; he fortified Sepphoris; village touched village. Here as to a theater more befitting his mission than hill-bent Nazareth, Jesus moved, new-born from the Wilderness. It is believed he had a house there, but of a shop and the appurtenances of his trade there is no mention.

On omissions slight as this a world sick with the sloth of the Middle Ages made of him a kind of respectable mendicant. One finds him, however, going about with other householders, decent folk owning their own business, employing hired servants, paying their own scores, and obliged to ask no man's leave if they chose to lay aside their work for a season to go a-proselyting. It is of record that the Emperor Domitian, having accepted the Davidic descent for the family of Nazareth, sent for what remained of them, fearful lest they set up a belated claim of royalty. There were brought to him two grandsons of Juda, the brother of Jesus, who showed him the callouses of their hands, and confessed to owning about forty acres of land from which they made their living and the taxes. Does the possession of that forty acres in any way account for the freedom with which the brother of Juda drew upon the sowing and the reaping, the wine-press and the orchard, for the figure of the Kingdom? He drew, in fact, far less on his own trade and his father's. Too much has been made of his being a carpenter—every good Jew taught his son a trade. Paul was a tent-maker, and *he* stood before kings and was versed in pagan philosophies.

Nor was there anything in the conditions in Galilee at the time from which to draw the pathetic figure of poverty. Galilee of the Gentiles was a great hostelry; trade flourished, olive-orchards thronged the slopes, vines crowded in the valleys. Here the Semitic strain had received a free admixture of Greek and Phœnician; the speech was fluent, idiomatic. Moreover, it was a time of great leisure—every seventh day was an idle day, every seventh year a Sabbath. They read freely in such books as they had, their sacred histories, the law

and the prophets, and speculated freely. Like all thinking peoples, they became turbulent. Recently Judas the Gaulonite headed an attempt of amazing courage but little discretion, to break the Roman power, holding the payment of tribute little less than slavery. Two thousand of Herod's soldiers revolted. It was a time not so much of lack, but of enormous social and economic disequilibrium. In short, a time very much like our own. Across the active material life of its three million population the beauty of the land struck like an inspiration. Hot harvesters lifted their foreheads to the wind that poured down from Hermon; on the lake sails glittered.

It was a fat land, but rebellious; humming with Zelots, Baptists, Essenes—a people jeoparding their life unto death. All in all an excellent field for hope to flourish in, such a hope as the Man from Nazareth carried back from the Rift of Jordan of a reconstructed social order in which imposition should wither and servitude be replaced by service. A fat land and well watered—but the taxes, the taxes! It is not prolonged underfeeding that makes revolutionists, but enforced compliance in the overfeeding of others. And here now was this new war of Herod's with its levies and impositions!

In the midst of all this Jesus went about quietly fishing for men. He found Peter, and Andrew his brother, and the sons of Zebedee, owners of fishing-smacks on Geneseret. One thinks of him going about, tall and personable—a figure at least of which none ever complained of any lack—free striding, and a Jew, mind you, a high-nosed Jew with an eye at once piercing and veiled, long-haired and bearded. The hair and the beard have become so fixed in tradition that, whether or no, we must accept them. No doubt it was one of the first pieces of personal information that began to be circulated about him; and then, too, they go with the temperament. One could have found him oftenest about the waterfront when the fishing-fleet came in, clad in a long undergarment of linen, and over it a woolen mantle, brown and white or blue girded with leather, and always with the turban. When he stood up in the synagogue of a Sabbath to expound the Scriptures, the linen garment girded about the breast, the mantle would be all white with a fringe upon it, and the long ends of the turban floated over the hair and the mantle. In some such guise he went about Capernaum and the neighboring villages, sowing the word and waiting. And at last the thing that he waited for happened.

Herod, vexed at his failure to scatter the armies of Aretas, and no doubt egged on by Herodias, who must have been in a fury to have her name bruited about at the cross-roads as an adulteress, had taken John and shut him up in prison. He shut him up in that stark fortress which has the Dead Sea on the west and the dead sand and black rock of Macheria on all other sides of it, but in the face of John's popularity he lacked hardihood to make any other end of the matter.

There had been doubts and disaffections in Herod the Great's time because of his being no true Hebrew, but an Idumean. Herod

characteristically has been reported as burning up the books of genealogy in the temple, proving himself a Jew by putting it beyond the possibility of anybody's disproving it. But this double fear and vexation of Herod Antipas is the true mark of Israel. John as a stirrer up of the people must be treated as a nuisance; as a prophet he was to be venerated. Herod accomplished both by putting him in jail and afterward giving his disciples access to him. So for a time the voice of the Wilderness was stilled, but no sooner had the news of John's imprisonment penetrated to the rich lake region of lower Galilee than it rose again in new accents. It was the voice of Jesus beginning to preach openly and, saying, "Repent: for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

The rise of any great man in a community is always an astonishment. His essential processes are secret or obscured by ebullitions which present themselves as offenses in the general eye. And the general eye and ear are so completely filled with their own affairs that what finally disconcerts them and claims anew their attention is the least essential part of the message which the great have to deliver. The interest of the crowd, like the snake, darts at the thing moving.

About the end of the latter rains, when it seemed certain that the Baptist was not to be let preach again, the young carpenter who had recently come from Nazareth stood up in the synagogue at Capernaum and began to expound the Scriptures. There had been the customary singing of psalms, the prayer beginning, "*With great love hast Thou loved us. . . . Enlighten our eyes in thy law, . . . cause our hearts to cleave to thy commandments,*" and so down to "*Blessed be the Lord Who in love chose his people Israel.*" After that the methurgeman read from the Law, reciting in Hebrew, the language in which alone the Scriptures were permitted to be written, and translating into the vernacular. There was a little light burning always in the synagogue since the captivity of Babylon—a tiny oil-fed flicker before the place where the Law was kept. It was a symbol, that little flame, of the little light that was still in Israel, feebly burning in the midst of a decadent formalism.

The light burned, the reader closed the roll of the Law and the Prophets, the leaders of the synagogues in the chief seats facing the congregation looked down their beards at their hands folded upon their knees; the women stirred faintly in the jalousied galleries; and the carpenter rose and sat in the seat of the reader. There was nothing out of the ordinary in this. Whosoever felt the Spirit of the Lord upon him was privileged to speak in the synagogue, but it was a privilege taken seriously. Perhaps nothing would have come of this particular preaching had there not been present a man afflicted with one of those forms of mental disorder which were ranked as possession by an unclean spirit. Roused by the unfamiliar figure, by something impressive and pertinent in the preacher's manner, the spirit cried out

at him. Did it really cry, "I know thee who thou art, . . . Thou Holy One of Israel!" guessing in some dim way, as the afflicted do, the man's power and destiny, or was it merely a disordered outbreak recognizing the speaker as one seen too often with Zelots and Baptists, fomenters of social discontent? "*I* know you, Jesus of Nazareth. Let us alone!" The old cry of the social unawakened. "What have we to do with thee? Thou art come to upset conditions and invite Rome to destroy us." Certainly the words would bear that interpretation—so they sounded yesterday around a soap-box on the street corner. And there were men in that congregation who could remember, in the outbreak of Judas the Gaulonite, the punishment Rome meted to revolutionists. What fixed their attention on this occasion was that Jesus rebuked the interruption as the cry of uncleanness and commanded the evil spirit out of the afflicted. They began to wonder what doctrine this could be, and to observe among themselves that he taught not as the scribes, but as one having authority.

It appears that immediately following the synagogue service Jesus went home with Simon Peter to dinner and found Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever. Possibly she had had a draught from a practising physician, compounded of three black spiders collected from a tomb and an Egyptian herb or two, but it is much more likely that some neighbor had practised for her the Talmudic remedy of an iron knife tied by a braid of the sufferer's hair to a thorn-bush while reciting the first five verses of the third chapter of Exodus. Now comes the carpenter, taking her by the hand, lifting her up, and immediately the fever left her.

In order to understand how the news of such healing would spread with almost frenzied hope to the afflicted, one must pause a moment over the pitiful inefficiency of the healing art of that period. For in that day the practice of medicine had been corrupted from the primitive knowledge of cleanliness and simples to a mass of superstition. The cause of all sickness was a mystery, and it was believable that cures could be equally mysterious. The poor were particularly in evil case. For failing eyes there was no relief; for deformities no appliances; for anguish no boon of anesthetics, only neglect and avoidance and the unendurable pest of flies. Associated with all manner of magic-pocus, mental healing was still more reliable than the pharmacopœia of the time. Between touching the robe of a prophet and a dose of mummy powder as a specific of internal disorders, the chances of recovery were immeasurably in favor of the prophet.

As this is the first record of healing, it is probable that the exercise of it had come upon Jesus as a mere incident in the rush of spiritual certainty which had launched him upon his ministry. Filled with the power of his revelation, he had overflowed with it in the direction of the immediate human impulse, and was as little prepared as any one for what followed. That evening, as soon as the sun was set and the Sabbath inhibition taken away, from every house in the

neighborhood sick were brought forth and laid in the narrow street about Simon Peter's door. Here, as afterward, the Man from Nazareth yielded to the appeal of human misery, but he was more than troubled by it.

No doubt he saw himself—as from this time we must think of him—as having raised the cry of universal deliverance, only to hear it drowned in the wails of immediate material anguish. As soon as it was light, without disturbing the household, he slipped away out of town; he traversed the crescent plain of Geneseret between the stone walls and the hedges of prickly-pear, and sought the treeless foot-hill ridges. It was spring of the year, and thick dew, called the blessing of Hermon, lay on everything. Palms at Tiberias showed darkly against the polished lake, the olive-orchards turned the silvered under sides of leaves. White-fire broke out along the orchard row, anemones, scarlet in the crevices, larkspurs, blue-eyed veronica, and the hillside grass all swimming with the silken sails of poppies. Binding all the fields together, collecting golden drift in unplanted spaces, ran the wild mustard, and the birds of the air lodged in its branches.

Past it all he went to the windy ridges from whence one had the sea and the white slope of Hermon and the Jordan roaring to the deepest rift in the world far below him. Here he prayed, and here, when the day was somewhat advanced, Peter found him with the word that all men sought him. But when all was said Jesus would not go back into Capernaum.

"Let us go into the next town, that I may preach there," he insisted. "For this purpose came I forth." Perhaps he still hoped to avoid the swift congregation of the miserable which clogged about his knees from thenceforth wherever he moved; he was all bent upon his message. It was in this fashion, accompanied by Peter and those that were with him, that he began to go about throughout the cities of Galilee, teaching in the synagogues—John being in prison, Herod in jeopardy with Aretas, Nero in the seat of Rome, and the destruction of Jerusalem some forty years distant.

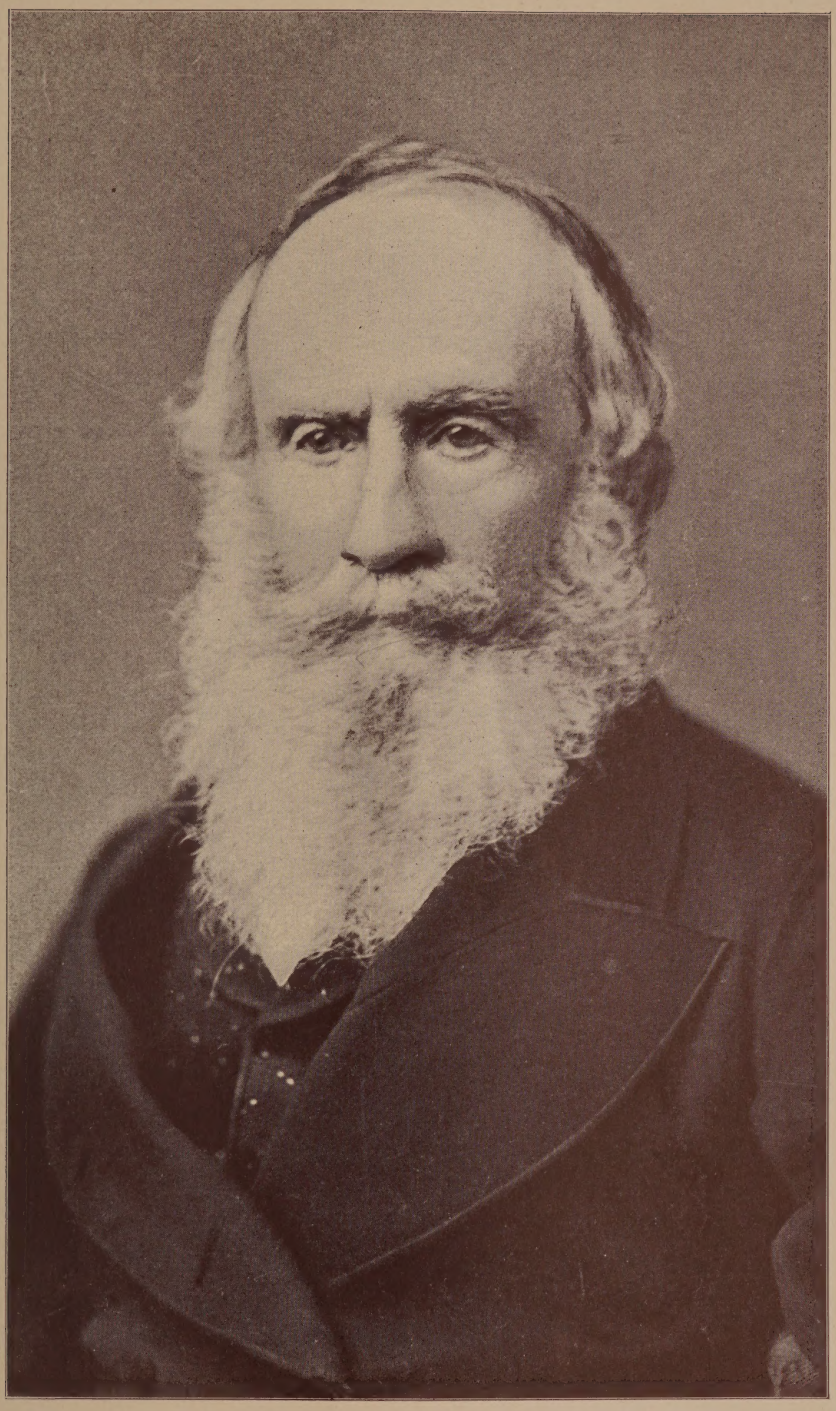
[TO BE CONTINUED]

JOHN G. PALFREY

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, the historian of New England, succeeded his friend, Alexander H. Everett, as editor of THE REVIEW, thereby keeping unbroken the tradition that a Harvard man hold this important position. He was graduated from that institution in 1815, at the age of nineteen, and three years later became the minister of the Brattle Street Church, Boston, just as his editorial predecessor and college instructor, Edward Everett, had done.

His best friend was Jared Sparks, and their friendship covered a long period: first, in the school-days at Exeter; later at Harvard, and continuing to the end of their lives; a rare companionship of mind and spirit. Their lives were closely paralleled—both were Unitarian ministers; both were editors; both distinguished themselves in historical work. In 1830 Dr. Palfrey was asked to occupy the chair of Sacred Literature at the Harvard Divinity School, a position for which his scholarship ably fitted him, and where he remained till 1839. Notwithstanding this claim upon his time, he accepted the editorship of THE REVIEW in 1836, which he held till 1843, and for these seven years worked earnestly to maintain the high reputation which the publication had won. While he was editor, and for many years after, he contributed frequently to THE REVIEW, and the variety of subjects he treated indicates the range of his learning and interests. He was equally at home in reviewing Miss Martineau's *Society in America* and Miss Sedgwick's *Tales* or Noyes's *Translations of the Hebrew Prophets*, and outlining the *Theory and Practice of the Federal Government*. There is a notable paper on "Congressional Eloquence," rich in its persuasive humor, which begins with this modern note: "There are few things in this age and country of reform (1841) more urgently demanding correction than the style of our Congressional debates. . . . There is generally a marked difference in the respect of *long-windedness*, between members from different portions of the country, though the constant force of example tends to assimilate them. Not that, in our opinion, there is much sense in what has been so often and so knowingly said about the contrasts of Southern frankness, fancifulness, and passion, and Northern reasonableness, correctness, and frost. But though there is no want of imagination or enthusiasm in the northern latitudes, nor of logic or far-sightedness in the southern, still the members from different parts naturally bring to their meeting more of the habits of their respective communities."

Dr. Palfrey was familiar with legislative oratory, for he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1842, and went to Congress from that State in 1847. His strong anti-slavery principles and his refusal to support Robert C. Winthrop, the Whig candidate for Speaker, cost him his re-election in 1848, and thereafter he devoted his time to the historical work of his native New England, which secured to him a lasting reputation. He died in Cambridge, April 26, 1881.



JOHN G. PALFREY

THE EIGHTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1836–1843.

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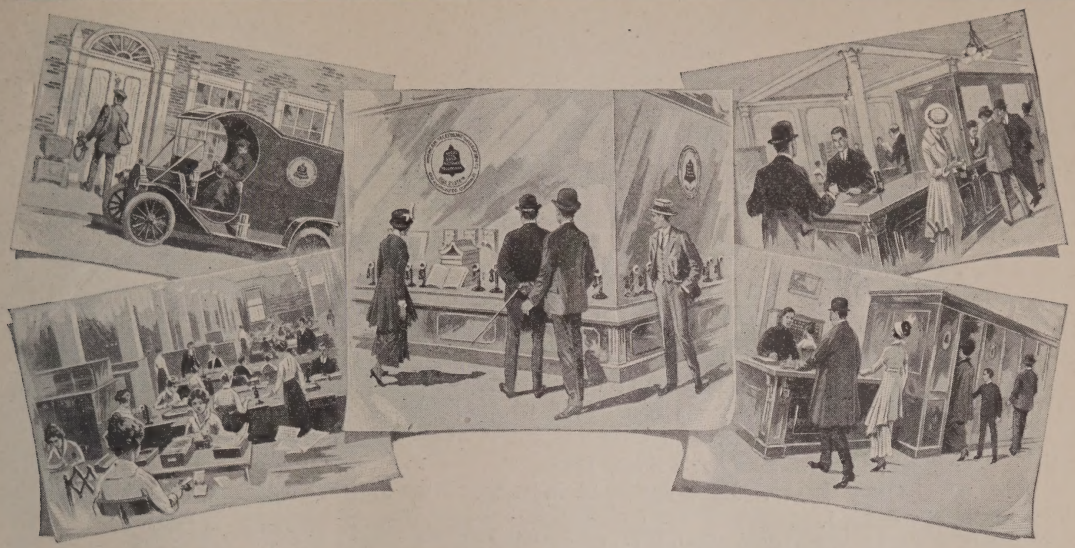

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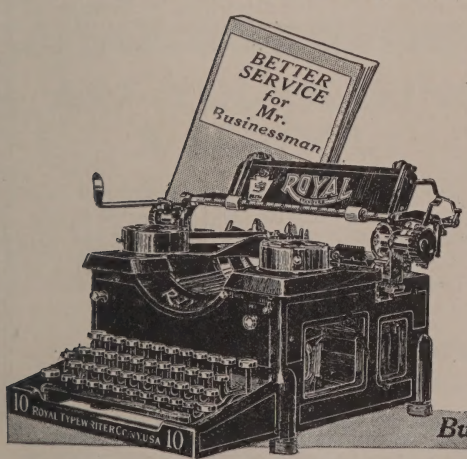

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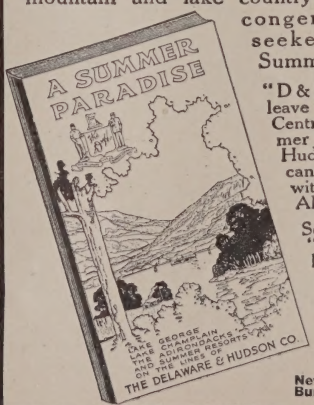
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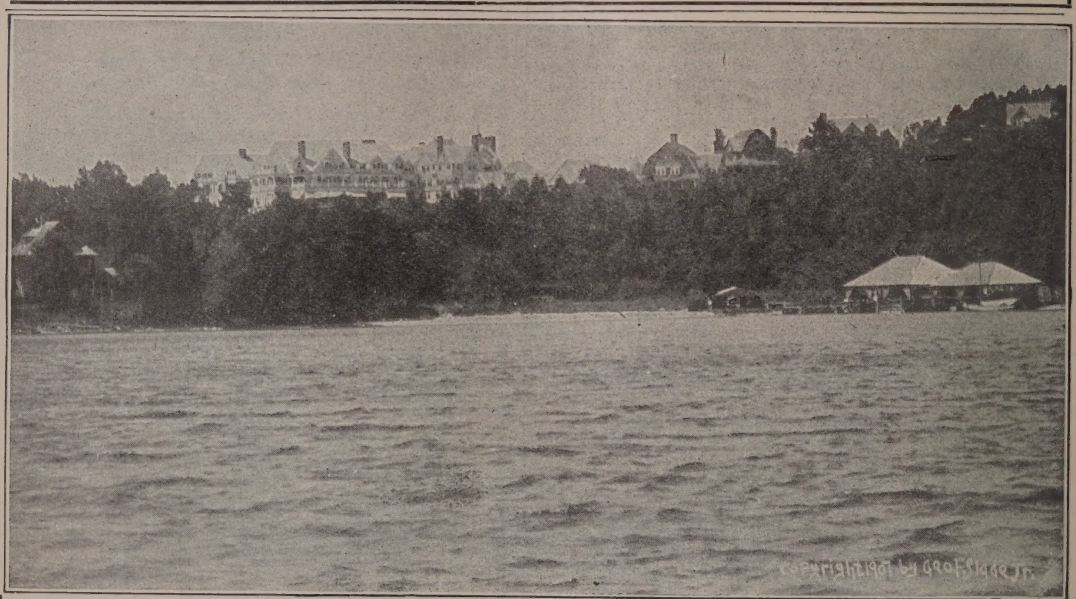

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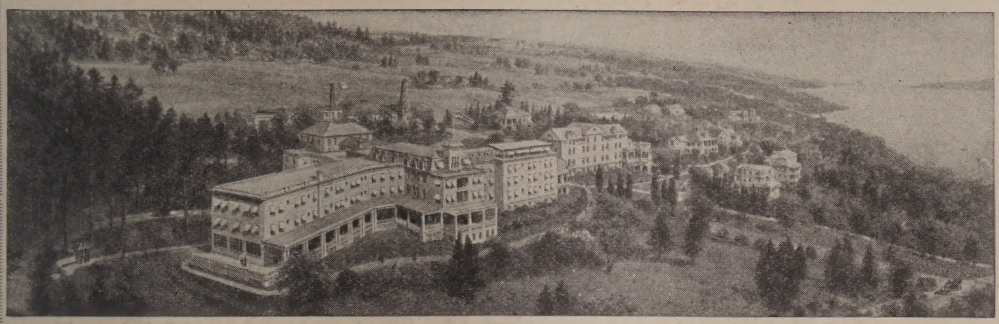

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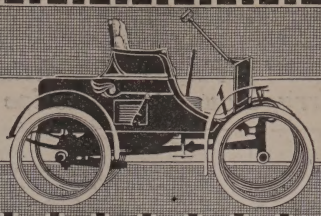

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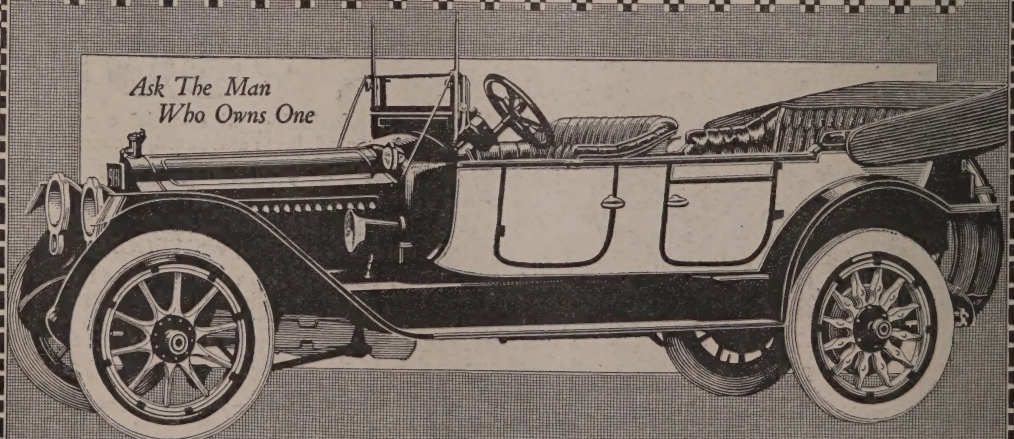

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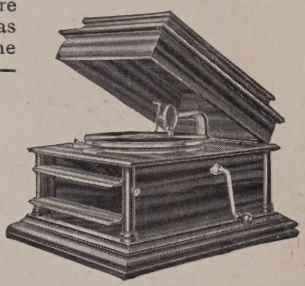

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